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Bridal Coiffures, Figs. 1-5.

Before describing these bridal coiffures we BEFORE describing these bridal confures we shall give a few general directions concerning bridal wreaths and veils. These wreaths are made of orange blossoms, and are generally diadem-shaped, either round or oblong; they usually end in several short and long sprays, which hard barrly hang loose and partly are fastened on partly hang loose and partly are fastened on the head-dress. Directions for making bridal wreaths are given on page 589 of the present number. Bridal veils are usually made of plain white silk tulle, and are worn very long and wide; the ordinary size is two yards long and three yards and three-quarters wide, which must, of course, be varied to suit the figure. The lower corners of bridal veils are now rounded

off, so that the sides are only a yard long, and the outer edge is hemmed two inches wide all around by means of a coarse silk thread run through the several layers of tulle, instead of hem-Sometimes the bot-tom of bridal veils is also trimmed, either along the hem only, or like a foundation twelve inches deep, with small sprays of orange blossoms. which are fastened in the tulle with fine flower wire. Bridal veils are arranged on the head in various ways, according to the coiffure and to the shape of the wreath.

The veil should always rest on the wreath and cover the greater part of it. Figs. 1, 3, and 5 show different styles of arranging veils.

Fig. 1.—For this coffure comb up the front hair and arrange the back hair over crêpes in braids, which are pinned up in a chignon. Diadem of orange leaves and blossoms, and silk tulle veil.

Fig. 2.—For this coiffure arrange all the hair in short and long curls, and comb hair. Diadem of orange blossoms.

Fig. 3.—For this

coiffure the front hair partly combed wn and partly combed up, and the remaining hair is ar-ranged in puffs and curls. Orange wreath with long drooping sprays. Silk tulle

Fig. 4. - This coiffure consists of long and short curls and of puffs, which are arranged over crêpes. Wreath with long sprays of orange leaves and blossoms; the sprays are partly fastened between the

Fig. 5. -The front hair is combed up, and the remaining hair is arranged in several rolls underlaid with crêpes, and twisted about each other. Wreath of natural orange blossoms. Veil of Wreath of natural orange blossoms. silk tulle, falling over the wreath.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.

HE ancient and beautiful art of illuminating, of which so many rare and curious specimens are still preserved in European countries, had, for a time, fallen into disuse, and had, in fact, almost disappeared since the middle of the sixteenth century. The introduction of the great art of printing drove out the slower processes by which those costly manuscripts were produced, and few cared to spend their years in working out these wonders of quaint but exquisite de-

sign, when the new discovery could multiply sign, when the new discovery could multiply copies of the sacred writings at such a vast saving of time and labor. But this was only the utilitarian view, and no true lover of the arts could willingly see abandoned, on such grounds alone, one that had been practiced, and well-nigh perfected, from very early times among the Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and Saxons. Manuscripts were decorated in the richest colors, both on the margins and throughout the text itself. on the margins and throughout the text itself. Sometimes these decorations were in the form of miniatures, or angelic figures, illustrating the subject, or were composed of rich borders filled with delicate tracery, scroll-work, or foliage, while the initial letters stood out in bold relief at the head of every page and paragraph. In these initials the early artists especially excelled, and

many fine models may be found which the ama-

many fine models may be found which the amateur of to-day will do well to study closely.

To all who love true art it will be a source of real joy that this one, almost lost, is being revived, and that through the wonderful discoveries of photography and printing, in their many varieties, we are permitted to see for ourselves at home, and purchase at small cost, reliable copies of some of the rare illuminations contained in

home, and purchase at small cost, reliable copies of some of the rare illuminations contained in European collections, whose execution has called forth the wonder of the art world for centuries. It would be interesting to trace, did the limits of our space permit, the various stages by which the art advanced, from its rise in the second century until the period of its highest glory in the fourteenth, after which it began to decline, keeping pace with the decay of Gothic architecture and medieval art.

and medieval art.
Many parchments
and vellums enriched with years of toil and study were consigned to the gold-beater's use; missals and man-uals became rare, and were hidden from sight among the sight among the treasures of churches and monasteries.— For three centuries the art was almost forgotten; but once more we are learning to appreciate the gro-tesque yet gorgeous models to be seen in glass paintings and thirteenth century architecture, and by degrees this growing degrees this growing taste has adapted it-self to works of mod-ern times. We now have illuminated titlepages to our books, il-luminated texts and picture cards for our Sunday-schools, and even our writing-desks are furnished with emblazoned crests and mono-grams belonging to the same school. Thus the taste of the rising generation is becoming educated to admire the brilliant colors of the olden time, and even the interiors of our churches are glowing with all the vividness of gold and carmine and ultramarine.

In those by-gone ages, when the art was at its height, it was chiefly practiced by those who dwelt the seclusion of religious houses, and who did it as a religious duty. Now, however, it is the fa-vorite employment of cultivated women, as well as of male artists; and as the taste grows the supply of material increases, and new facilities are being provided for beginners who may desire to experiment in various styles. The outline cards and alphabets for sale at artists material shops will furnish all they can ask in the way of specimens for prac-tice. Young illumi-maters will find these



Figs. 1-5.—BRIDAL COIFFURES. [For manner of making Bridal Wreaths see page 589.]

Digitized by GOOS

outlines a great assistance, as designing is always classed among the higher departments of any art, and some will be well satisfied to become even good colorists, without aiming any higher.

good colorists, without aiming any higher.

These outlines are prepared expressly as exercises, and consist of scroll-work patterns, and others of similar order, with the coloring commenced so as to show the style. After practicing with these designs, one may advance at once to some other outline works, prepared in the same way, yet of more elaborate design; thus the tedium of much fine drawing will be saved, at least for the present. Good models may be copied, which will give practice in tracery and fine drawing, both of which are indispensable to a proficient.

In this work great neatness is required, and the hair-lines are to be drawn with finely pointed pens or pencils. A good penman will make the best illuminator, especially in regard to the minute details of the subject. In copying one must study well the model, and measure distances between certain points, dividing the intermediate spaces with faintly penciled parallel lines, that will be most reliable guides to accuracy, and can be easily erased at the last. Only practice will give correctness of eye and freedom of hand, but at the beginning one must work carefully rather

In designing or coloring initials, always draw the letter itself distinctly first, and then fill out the details. Let the color always be strong and solid in the body of the letter, and in contrast with those used in other parts of the illumination. The arrangement of colors will perhaps be found to be the most difficult part of the art, and will require judgment, experience, and taste. Gold adds greatly to the effect, and will harmonize with any color; but certain colors are necessary to shade the pure primaries—red, yellow, and blue, as well as the secondaries—green, purple, and orange. Thus white mixed with any pure color will give a tint either deeper or paler, while black will give the shadow.

Colors for illuminating may be had in tubes all ready for use, and excellent books of directions, with alphabets, etc., are also to be had of any artists' color-man. It would be impossible within the limits of a single paper to do more than call attention to a work which deserves so much study, and will so well repay it.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HAR-PER'S WEEKLY will be sent out a gratuitous EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a most fascinating novelette, entitled

A GIRL'S ROMANCE,

written expressly for the WEEKLY by Mr. F. W. ROBINSON, author of "True to Herself," "Stern Necessity," "For Her Sake," and other popular novels. This story will be given complete in the Supplement, and our readers will find it one of the most charming bits of romance in the English language.

Charles Reade. Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine is commenced a New Novel by Charles Reade, entitled "A Simpleton: A Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins, entitled "The New Magdalen," will be commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

A Cut Paper Pattern of a Set of Gentleman's Lingerie, consisting of French Yoke Shirt, Night-Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing-Gown, will be published with the next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 599.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of numerous Fall Suits for Ladies and Children; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Lingerie; Wrappers, Caps, Dressing Sacques, Fancy Articles, etc.; with choice artistic and literary attractions.

LITTLE RILLS.

W E have perhaps seen and admired the beauty and affluence of some fine river; we have counted the spindles it turns, and have estimated its value as an avenue to the highway of commerce, and through commerce an instrument of civilization and amelioration of the race; and then, some summer's day, perhaps we have taken a skiff and explored its source, and behold! a thousand little rills, like a tangled skein of silver

thread, unite to form this sum total. There they are, steadily pursuing their shining clew in remote solitudes, unknown and uncelebrated; sometimes struggling over rocky paths; sometimes bewildered and delayed by accidents of the way; sometimes scarcely visible, an attenuated line, but yet with the same mysterious impulse in every drop urging it onward. We thought it was the mighty river which had wrought so famously, and lo! it is the little rills, doing duty unobtrusively, but doing it none the less surely.

So in most things it is the little rills that

work great effects; it is the little kindnesses, the little courtesies, the little charities that tell, that smooth away the roughnesses of life, or render them endurable. Men may endow colleges and libraries: they may bequeath to churches and athenæums; they may think to immortalize their names and munificence by great public gifts; they may give all their goods to feed the poor; but yet when they are dust, their memories in oblivion, their munificence a myth, the fame of the widow's mite will still be remembered and repeated—a little rill flowing through the centuries, making them fertile in humble deeds of charity. Jeanette, among thousands of others, wanted a lace parasol cover she wanted it so badly that she sat up nights to earn the money; twenty dollars, as soon as she held it in her hand, seemed little enough to give for something that would last a lifetime-if it wasn't lost or stolen, or otherwise made away with; but just as she was putting on her hat to go out and buy it, she overheard some one talking of a poor girl whose only available talent was an uncultivated voice. "Let me pay for her first quarter's instruction," said Jeanette, speaking from some divine impulse; "and after that somebody else may have some money to And so Jeanette walks the earth with only a common shade between her and the sun; but this little rill flows melodiously on to great results. Little rills of self-de-nial, to be sure, but what delightful effects they produce! When Delia forswore kids and wore cotton gloves all summer, that her seamstress might meet the first payment on her sewing-machine, it was perhaps a very little rill indeed, but its consequence was the comfort and welfare of a family. But it is not only in charities of this sort that these little things make themselves of service. There are charities with which money has no concern, whose tiny rills irrigate the otherwise arid deserts of life, and make charming oases wherever they chance to pass; and yet, after all, they are not affairs of chance—we use the word from habit they are impelled rather from a soul that desires to increase the amount of happiness in the world; for it has gotten to be a truism that the finest courtesy springs from the good heart, without which politeness degenerates into something superficial, a whitewash that will rub off, a mask that will drop, that can be put on at convenience, if the occasion is worth the effort. The charity of a smile where smiles are like angels visits, of words of encouragement and praise as needful for the soul's health as light and air and daily bread for the welfare of the body, are rills whose beauty and utility will only be fairly estimated when the balancesheet of all the nations that serve God is filled out. Little rills of consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, of regard for their self-respect, of tenderness for their sins and failures—rills of sympathy with their joys and triumphs as well as with their losses and sorrows-rills of delicate tact, turning aside the shafts of malice-how pleasant, how refreshing they are to meet flowing through the land! Let no one despise these small things, nor speak lightly of them; let no one believe them beneath their notice or too trivial for attention; let none deem that their omission will pass unnoticed, unreckoned, in the final account. It was a little rill of consolation offered by the thief on the cross, but to what a river of salvation did it lead!

Let no one think that because he may not accomplish great things that his little rills fulfill no mission and pass unrecorded. Because one can not endow hospitals and build model lodging-houses for the poor, there is no reason why she should neglect the small opportunities at hand—the opportunity offered by the beggar at the door, the stranger within the gates, the servants in the kitchen, the members of one's household, one's neighbors and companions, in the small and great journeys of life-opportunities which we are all in danger of overlooking, simply because they are commonplaces of every day's experience, and demand so small an effort. Who has not known a person made happy by some trifling recognition of her virtues, some wise oblivion of or apology for her faults, by a word spoken in season, by an attention which cost nothing but the good-will that produced it? For the little rills that water the city of our God!"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. • 6 Good Pumor.

MY DEAR THADDEUS,—I was wondering yesterday, as I sat in my room as, indeed, I have often wondered beforewhether you young fellows in this age ever read the Tatler and the Spectator, which no longer ago than the time of our fathers and grandfathers were the most classical reading. I have a copy of each upon my table, and I find that I prefer them even to the newspapers of the day. There are a candor and good humor in those early essays which I do not discover in my morning paper, which often does not hesitate to assert what I am very sure the editor knows to be untrue. When I observe this I am led to reflect how little the moralist believes in his morality, and how poorly the preacher practices. Sir Anthony Absolute, in the play, commanding the Captain to be cool in a voice thick with passion, and with an apoplectic swelling of all the veins in his crimson face, is not a more ludicrous and pitiful object than the newspaper which resorts to an ill-natured equivocation or misrepresentation to censure what it calls deceit in

The good humor of the old essays I do not believe to be a trick of style; it was the mental habit of the writers. Steele and Addison were of very different temperaments, but they had this sweet humanity in common. It is so strong and warm in their writings that their essays are a true school of the humanities, to which I would commend many of our more modern preachers. And in the reflected light of this simplicity and candor the life of that time acquires an air of curious quaintness. It seems, as seen from these essays, almost a child's world; and the significance and exquisite skill of the rebuke conveyed to it by the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley has, with all that has been said, not been accurately enough estimated. The humor of that character is gentle, but it is perfectly pure. It is the school in which we might say that Washington Irving studied, if we did not know that such a touch can not be learned. It is a gift of nature. And therefore we must say that Irving did not learn it, but merely developed it by sympathetic study. I suppose that a great deal of what is called imitation in literature is really not what it seems. The excellence, whatever it may be, is in such a case like an invisible writing, which will always remain invisible if it be not exposed to a friendly heat. Do we not call it, and most justly, sympathetic writing? And what else is much apparent echoing and copying in literature ?

Somehow, also, we gather from these old essays that the writers were well-mannered They were not recluses and ascetics and odd students. There was nothing surly or eccentric or affected in their address. They had, indeed, the best manners of their time, doubtless, just as they wore its dress. Addison beams at us blandly from under his full-bottomed wig, and there is a tie of fine lace around his throat, and his coat is laced also, and decorated with large buttons. Yet we can fancy him moving with perfect courtesy in the finest saloons—a little lofty, porhaps, as the King of "Buttons," where he was the chief of the wits, would naturally be. And the descriptions of him at the club are portraits of this kind. Yet Pope's hint that he

"Bears, like the Turk, no rival near the throne" is, of course, an exaggeration of a certain air that might indeed be detected, but was not offensive and overpowering. Pope was writing a satire, and in incisive satire there is always a great deal of caricature. Indeed, in thinking of the essays and of their influence, we must remember that they were really an influence in the civilization of England, and mark an epoch, for the very reason that they were addressed by a well-bred man to a wellbred society. Their special excellence as moral influence was that they showed modesty, decency, intelligence, and the highest cultivation not only to be compatible with the best manners and the highest fashion, but to give them a grace and charm which otherwise were wholly wanting. The preacher had the precise relation to the audience which is indispensable to the best practical effect of his sermon, but which is generally wanting. This is the secret of Thackeray's -for his positive influence has been undoubtedly very great. He was part of the society which he described and criticised. He knew it better than its own courtiers; and when they read him they felt and feel the master, and follow accordingly.

When all is said, however, the freshness and good nature of the Spectator essays are still their perennial charm. They make an atmosphere which it is delightful to breathe. You can hardly think of the Sir Roger papers without an involuntary smile, and with a consciousness that it is Chaucer's London, a little modernized only, to which he comes up from Coverley Hall. I take up my vol-

ume, and happily I open at one of the Coverley chapters. It is that which describes going upon the water from the Temple stairs. It is 1712, and the wars of William are still recent. At once I light upon a stroke which will please many a reader of today in this distant land and time.

"We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking toward it, 'You must know,' said Sir Roger, 'I never make use of any body to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'"

The waterman had lost his leg at the famous naval battle of La Hogue, fourteen or fifteen years before, in which the English and Dutch fleets had beaten the French; and the good knight immediately proceeds to improve the occasion with a few truly British reflections, as "that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world, with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman." What a kindly humor in all this! What a smiling reproof! And how subtle the skill by which the foibles of the knight are laughed at, while the knight himself is still not ridiculous.

Once more, how fresh is this picture. Who of us could take boat upon the Thames and not look out for the knight? As they are tranquilly rowed along, "after some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city [a certain part of London] was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight,' says Sir Roger; 'there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'" Does any body seriously say that he does not know Sir Roger, and that he does not constantly see him, and listen to his wisdom in a city which is nearer than London, and which has various ends in which there is no religion ?

I meant to have said something to you about good humor when I began, but Sir Roger coming in, we could not well have treated him unceremoniously, and have turned him out without a word. And I felt, the moment I saw him, that he was as good a sermon upon that subject as even the rector of Saint Rainbow's is likely to preach, to say nothing of the least of his flock. But why is it that we can not have a little more of that benediction of good humor and candor in the very places which the essayists illuminated with them, the col-umns of the newspaper? I suppose if I were an editor that I should feel the temptation, and read my adversary's article to see not how I could answer its reasoning, but how I could twist it and pervert it, and make it seem to say what it does not say, and what I know that it does not mean. I suppose that in an editorial emergency I should go with the rest, and come so very near to falsehood that my remarks would be quite lost in its shadow, and the reader be entirely unable to distinguish where the truth of my assertion ended and deliberate falsification began.

It is easy to see in the Spectator's portrait of Sir Roger how much more effective the simple statement of a truth is than the most extravagant outlay of rhetoric can make it. How much more effective his humor is also, because it is not overdone, as our phrase is. You taste it, you catch the aroma and the flavor of it, but you are not surfeited with it. I think, as boys, we are all much more impressed with the skill of Saladin, in the Talisman," who severs exquisitely with his cimeter, than by the gross, bestial strength of Richard, who smashes with a tremendous club. The essayists—as we call them—had that fine instinct. And why should we sunpose that in an age of such general education and among readers so cultivated as ours, the delicacy and exquisiteness of treatment to which good humor is indispensable would be any less effective? Our humorous literature has nothing more delightful and more pungent than our earliest work of the kind, Knickerbocker's "History of New York." The good humor is absolute, but it is also so powerful that the general conception of the whole early story of the State is affected by it. Fancy the same

force directed upon Governor Stuyvesant in a political contest! It would be somewhat more effective than calling him an unprincipled knave or a contemptible donkey

You will not understand me to mean that things are not to be called by their right names, or that there may not be the most righteous wrath, and the most fiery denunciation of evil-doers. By all means. I am on that side. Good humor is compatible with the utmost earnestness. It is the peevish, snarling, misrepresenting, insinuating, unfair, and unmanly style that is reproved by the masculine candor and good humor of the Spectator. I don't advise you, as Dr. Johnson did, to give your days and nights to Addison, but a few hours once in a while will be sure to sweeten your mind.

AN OLD BACHELOR. Your friend,

NEW YORK FASHIONS. WEDDING DRESSES.

RICH white brocades, such as delighted the stately dames of past generations, are offered for bridal dresses. A sentiment is folded in the flowers with which these are strewn—the wreaths of orange blossoms and spiræa, bouquets of clematis, and virgin rose-buds; but this is a practical age, and although the dress to be chosen is a wedding dress, there arises the usual suggestions about brocades, viz., they are only a transient fashion, are conspicuous when out of fashion, they do not turn, and will not dye Hence brides expectant prefer the soft creamy faille of last season with its rich grain and fine As bridal trains are shortened, fifteen yards is the quantity required, instead of eighteen or twenty. A basque, apron front, and demitrain almost covered with tulle pleatings is a design to be used when the wedding season sets The polonaise and the basque with an overskirt will also be used: but over-skirts are not in favor for wedding dresses, as they break the graceful drapery of the tulle veil.

BLACK SILKS.

A change is taking place in black silks. They show a tendency toward smoother surfaces, have more natural lustre, and are neither blue-black nor brown-black, but are of deep jetty hue. Low-priced silks especially show smaller grain because they are now free from the heavy dye formerly used to give them a meretricious lustre and weight. Instances are known where by means of this dye 16 ounces of silk were raised to 40 ounces, and silks sold for \$2 or \$3 a yard were as heavily repped as those costing \$4 or \$6. Buyers of silks at \$2 or \$2 50 a yard are advised to abandon the idea of getting corded silks, and to choose instead softer silks with small reps, and nearly the lustre that is natural to pure silk. These do not cut or crease, and their smooth surfaces endure friction far better than do those with projecting cords. Lyons silk at \$3 a yard is the popular choice for street suits; and the same silk of a higher grade, sold for \$4, is as rich and heavy as any lady need care to wear.

There will be a renewed effort to bring black silk into disfavor this winter, and owing to the variety of rich dark colors imported, it may not be as universally worn as at present; but when a lady wants the finest fabric that can be bought, and finds that to be black silk, she will not hesi tate to buy it. Quantities of jet ornaments, em-broidery, velvet, and lace are the trimmings with which black will be enlivened.

Ladies who are renovating the black dresse of last season, whether of silk, cashmere, or alpaca, are advised that they can clean them beau-tifully with borax and tepid water. The proportions are a tea-spoonful of borax to a quart of water. Apply with a black woolen rag or a nail-

The Dolman, with its wide sleeves and the double cape, or else a sacque with a cape and hood, are the outer garments that promise to be most worn during the fall and winter. The sacque worn under a cape will be more closely fitted than those of last season; it has three seams down the back.

Brown and gray camel's-hair cloth, a roughly twilled goods introduced last winter and worn by a few, will be popularized this season and generally worn. It is bought by the yard, and also in ready-made garments. Embroidery, cording, lace, and fringe are its garnitures. Thick beaver cloth and cashmere are still used for wraps. Velvet garments are mostly polonaises trimmed with jet or with fur.

TRIMMINGS.

menteries are unusually hand Crocheted passe some this season. They are three or four inches wide, with or without jet beads, and the designs are arabesques, scrolls, palm leaves, and other Oriental devices. They look like raised embroidery, and are beautifully finished with a lace-like edge of loops.

Finely cut jet beads will be greatly used, not only on black goods, but on dark, grave colors. A novelty in trimmings is tape fringe, formed of a sort of crimped tape, which hangs in sep-arate strands or is tied in tassels. It is shown in black and white, is from one and a half to three inches wide, and costs from \$1 to \$2 a yard. Some very rich fringes are in three suc cessive tiers: first, the under fringe is of twisted silk, a shorter fringe is of crimped tape, and above this is a lattice fringe of jet beads. sels of jet are interspersed in other fringes. Drop fringe, in long olive-shaped drops, or in balls with beads, is also shown.

Among ornaments for cloaks are swinging

cords in front, with hanging tassels on each side. Instead of ribbon Watteaus, cords and tassels are provided for new cloaks. Perfectly shaped flowers of passementerie, roses with leaves in clusters, are offered for looping skirts in place of

A fringe of fur, said to be brown bear and the black marten of last season, edges heavy cloth mantles. The garment is cut into points, and the fur fringe appears between. The fur is sometimes tied in tassels and alternated with tassels of jet, making a very rich fringe.

No satin is used on the new garments. There are many bias bands and pipings of faille and of velvet; also thick passementerie cord, flattened and divided in the middle.

Quantities of woolen guipure lace are being imported in wide showy patterns, and in all the new dark colors, for trimming cashmere and camel's-hair cloth.

SINGLE-WIDTH CASHMERES.

Cashmeres of bingle width are new this season. They are 65 cents a yard, about three-quarters of a yard wide, and in all the winter This will bring this soft, graceful fabric within the reach of people of moderate means, who have hitherto confined themselves to em press cloth and satines.

FALL SHAWLS AND SCARFS.

Bright ottoman striped shawls will be preferred to Scotch plaids for fall and winter. Scarlet, blue, or gold stripes with black, alternate with gay Roman bars. They are square in shape, and are softly twilled or heavily repped. Domestic and imported shawls show the same designs. The range of prices is from \$6 to \$25. For elderly ladies are shaded stripes of gray or brown with white. Narrow scarfs, mere neckties, to be worn outside of cloaks before furs are put on, are in soft ottoman reps and gay Roman They cost from \$1 50 upward. scarfs, to cover the shoulders, are of the same colors and design. These are much worn at the sea-side and country resorts.

KID GLOVES.

Long-wristed gloves will continue in vogue. Conservative ladies who for a long time adhered to short gloves fastened by one button now wear those that are long enough to require two buttons, while the first wearers of gloves with two buttons have gone still greater lengths, and wear those fastened by three or even four buttons. The choice with ladies of taste for all but fulldress occasions is the three-buttoned glove, en tirely without ornamental stitching, and simply bound at the top with white or black kid. Pe-culiar shades of brown and gray will prevail for day wear. The importations of a single house show five thousand dozens of brown gloves. Pale bluish lavender, pearl, and chamois buff will be worn with dressy carriage toilettes, while still fainter tints and immaculate white kids appear for full evening dress. A fresh importation of gloves displays beautiful gradations of color. First is a wide range of tints, beginning with creamy ecru and deepening gradually to the golden marron brown; here are blue-gray shades, and there the stylish stone gray with greenish cast; next are boxes of putty-color, a serviceable neutral tint that may be worn with any dress; here are nut and leaf brown shades to match special dresses, and the soft pinkish gray cameos to wear with shaded costumes blue-tinged lilac is prettily placed in contrast with the loveliest blossom-colors; while to satisfy most outre tastes are bright green and blue, purple, and even reddish-maroon shades. For those who prefer ornamented gloves there is a delicate or black stitching on the back, and welting of kid to match on the wrist; but untrimmed gloves are less conspicuous, and make the hand look slender. There is a reduction in the price of gloves imported for fall and winter. Those fastened by one button are \$1 65 a pair, or \$9 50 for half a dozen pairs; those with two buttons, sold last season for \$2 25, are now \$2; three-buttoned gloves are \$2 50 a pair; four buttoned, \$2 75; and very long gloves, fastened by six buttons, to be worn with short or halflong antique sleeves, are \$3 25.

VARIETIES

Black watered sash ribbons are being largely imported. Some colored moiré sashes are als

A novelty in belt ribbons is black velvet on the outside with an elastic under surface.

The fanciful French bonnet that resembles a

ailor hat is among the importations. The outside is of black velvet; the turned-up brim is faced with sky blue faille. Long loops of black watered ribbon and an ostrich feather are pendent behind, while pale blue tips are on the side. The strings are of blue faille ribbon. This bonnet is not set far forward on the head, but back upon the chignon, and the brim stands out around the face like a frame. The hair is arranged in a thick plait on top and toward the back of the head. The new bonnet is very becoming to round and youthful faces.

Kilt-pleating will continue in favor. The entire back of skirts from the belt to the ground is covered with kilting, while the front has an apron. The apron fronts of over-skirts are very short.

New driving jackets prepared for the days are half-fitting basques, with quilted silk vests of the same or a contrasting shade set in at the armholes. They have also quilted revers on the neck, coat sleeves, and postilion-basque. A model of thick white cloth has a vest and revers of dark blue quilted silk; a garment in more quiet taste is of nut brown cloth with brown silk quilting, and a fringe-like edge of gray fur.

For information received thanks are due

Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; THOM-SON, LANGDON, & Co.; and A. SELIG & Co.

PERSONAL.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, who is about to resign the English Lord Chancellorship on account of ill health, is not more famed for ability as a jurist than for zeal and conscientiousness a a Churchman. No man can be more clear and concise than he when occasion requires; at the concise than he when occasion requires; at the same time his style is particularly graceful and fluent. It is said that on one occasion, having addressed a certain judge without a pause for four hours, and still being apparently as far from concluding as ever, he was interrupted by the Court with the words, "It would be a great assistance to us, Sir ROUNDELL, if you would state what represents the?"

sistance to us, Sir ROUNDELL, if you would state what your point is."
—Our lady readers may have a little curiosity to know something about the presents that were made to Miss Nilsson at her wedding. They are thus mentioned in the London Court Journal: A gold bracelet, set with pink coral and diamonds, from her royal highness the Princess of Wales; locket, set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearl, from Lady Dashwood; gold and enameled locket, set with diamonds, from Lord Calthorpe: silver tea-service, from Bar-Lord Calthorpe; silver tea-service, from Baroness Lionel De Rothschild; three chased silvers. ver tea-canisters, from Lord and Lady Londes BOROUGH; engraved silver dessert centre-piece from Baron Leopold de Rothschild; silver gilt bread-basket, from Baron Alpred de Roths gilt bread-basket, from Baron Alfred de Rothschild; silver-mounted looking-glass, from Sir Samuel Hayes; large silver soup tureen and ladle, from Baroness Wilby de Rothschild; marble and ormolu bound jewel-case, from Dr. and Mrs. Dorrmus, pair of very large silver three-branch girandoles, from Mrs. Lyne Stephens; pair of silver candlesticks, from Dowager Countess of Essex; twelve silver gilt "apostle" dessert-spoons, Mile. Tietjens; gold necklee and locket, set with coral and diamonds, from Duc de Frais; traveling clock, from Miss Jessica Cavendish Bentinck; silver tea-pot, sugar basin. and milk iug. from Mr. Pyke: sugar basin, and milk jug, from Mr. PYKE; black pearl ring, from Miss GERARD. Among the many beautiful presents received by Mile. NILSSON from different members of the aristocracy and other friends were some very unique costly works of ornamental art and bijouterie executed by Messrs. Howell and James. Mr. Streeters, the eminent jeweler of Conduit Street, Bond Street, was intrusted with the manufacture of the nine handsome and costly lookets. lockets worn by the bride-maids and other members of the bridal party. Seven of the lockets are set with rubies and diamonds, forming in a design of her own the monogram of the fair prima donna. All are machine-made, and in accordance with Mr. STREETER'S fixed principle of 18 carat gold. Mr. STREETER had also the honor of supplying a costly necklace, a pres-ent to the bride, composed of three rows of Orient to the bride, composed of three rows of Oriental pearls, representing a monetary value of £1000. The wedding-cake was supplied by Mr. BOLLAND, of Chester. The cake was richly ornamented with musical trophies, and on the top was a harp composed of real pearls. It is not generally known that M. ROUZAUD, as a lover of music, took pleasure in being one of M. Collinet. M. ROUZAUD, as a lover of music, took pleasure in being one of M. Collinet's social circle. Both Mons. R. and Miss N. were then comparative nobodies, and when they were thus obscure they made up their minds to marry each other. Now they have taken a splendid mansion in the Champs Elysées—the same where Patti passed her houey-moon. Her father-in-law, M. ROUZAUD, who is a colonial merchant, has, in honor of his son's marriage, given a sumptuous dinner to his clerks, and placed in each of their napkins a bank-note for 1000 fraces.

—Mr. Jessy. Who has written several pleas. for 1000 francs.

-Mr. JESSE, who has written several please —Mr. Jesse, who has written several pleas-ant books, is engaged on a work which will tell the history of Eton—England's greatest prepar-atory school—and show the influence of its teaching, in narratives of the lives of the most illustrious of its pupils.

—Madame Parepa-Rosa has thrown up her Russian engagement and accepted one for a season of Italian opera at Cairo. She will not return to the United States until 1873.

—Miss Edith Challis, a name familiar to the play-goers of this city, has recently expendenced a nice place of good fortune. While -Madame PAREPA-ROSA has thrown up her

the play-goers of this city, has recently experienced a nice plece of good fortune. While traveling some months since she was very attentive to an old lady who was ill on the journey and subsequently died. Last week Miss CHALLIS was surprised at receiving a letter from her executors stating that her kindness to the old lady had resulted in her being remembered in her will to the extent of a clear two thousand a year for life. Consequently Miss CHALLIS retires from the stage.

—Mrs. DRAKE MILLS, formerly of this city.

sand a year for life. Consequently Miss CHALLIS retires from the stage.

—Mrs. Drake Mills, formerly of this city,
who died recently in Washington, is said to
have deposited securities in various moneyed
institutions, and, what is remarkable, left no
memorandum stating where they were to be
found. In a little gold wallet which she wore
round her neck the executors found four keys.
Two of them unlocked safes which contained
seventy thousand dollars. This, however, is
supposed to be only a part of her fortune, and
the two remaining keys, it is expected, will unlock other safes containing other treasures.

—English ladies sometimes get choice plums
of public preferment. Miss Wreaks, after forty years' service as postmistress of Sheffield,
has retired on a pension. The place is worth
\$3000 a year.

\$3000 a year.

—A witness in the Court of Common Pleas lately gave her name as "ELIZABETH MARTHA SELINA GEORGIANA AUGUSTA CUHAM BUR-ROWS." This, she said, was "her Christendom name;" but she did not always write it in full.

—Miss Kelloog is studying, under the su-pervision of Gounop himself, the opera of "Mi-reille," of which he is the author, and which Rossini declared to be superior to "Faust." It is believed that Miss K. will make a great

Cess in it.

-The London Court Journal, in speaking of

- ADDITATION PHILLIPS, SAVE. "We think we Miss Adelaide Phillips, says, "We think we are right in stating that Miss Phillips's musical education was finished in Italy at the expense of Jenny Lind." The Bazar guesses not.

—How Judge Davis, of the United States Su-

—How Judge DAVIS, of the United States Su-preme Court, commenced his career as a pecu-nious man is briefly stated as follows: Some thirty years ago, when practicing law in the West, he was employed by a Connecticut man to collect \$800. Davis went to the place where the debtor lived, and found him to be rich in landed possessions, but without a spare dollar in money. He finally settled the bill by giving

a deed for a tract of land—a flat, moist, and una deed for a tract of land—a flat, moist, and undesirable piece of land in appearance, lying close by a sheet of water, and consisting, perhaps, of sixty acres. Davis subsequently met his Connecticut client in St. Louis, when the latter (who seemed not to have the usual Connecticut shrewdscemed not to have the usual Connecticut shrewdness) fell to and gave him a regular "blowing up" for taking the land rather than insisting on having the \$800 in cash. He did not want any of your Western land, and he told Davis that, having received it in payment of the debt, he had better keep it himself and pay the money out of his own pocket. To this Davis agreed. Stepping into a friend's office, he borrowed \$800, took the Connecticut man's receipt for the land, and held it for a rise. That land forms part of one of the suburbs of Chicago. Judge Davis has sold two or three hundred thousands worth of the property, and what is left is worth over a million. million

Mrs. Producers, a lady of London, is, un-—Mrs. Proders, a lady of London, is, unhappily, separated from her husband. Recently some one left her a legacy of \$30,000, and she sued to have the legacy given up to her. But her husband opposed her, and succeeded in getting the \$30,000 for himself. Proders doesn't support his wife or live with her, but robs her according to English law, with no help for it.

according to English law, with no help for it.

—Among the "personals" in a recent French journal is the following: "Eliza, you can safely return home. The boil on my nose is gone."

—The widow of Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, has been offered by the Mayor of New Orleans the office of Keeper of the City Archives, with a salary of \$1500 a year.

—Mr. GILMORE, for \$30,000, has become landlord of the big edifice that housed the Jubilee, in Boston. That edifice is one of the first erected in the new style of Boston architecture—the pointed Ironic.

—Prince BISMARCK has turned manufacturer.

-Prince BISMARCK has turned manufacturer, and is making no end of money out of a paper-mill which he runs at Varzin. The material he uses is pine bark, which goes further than the

uses is pine bark, which goes further than the customary rag.

—Lord Walter Campbell, who is now a clerk in a shipping house in this city, is reported engaged to Miss Claughton, a great heiress in London.

—Mr. Luigi Monti, United States consul at Palarmet though a Siglian by bitth hose lived.

London.

—Mr. Luigi Monti, United States consul at Palermo, though a Sicilian by birth, has lived principally in this country, and is a gentleman of rare intelligence. He is one of the life characters described by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Way-side Inn," and none other than the "young Sicilian" who tells the tale of "King Robert of Sicily." The "landlord" of the inn was Lyman Howe, of Sudbury, Massachusetts. The "youth of quiet ways" was a young man named Henry Wales. The "theologian" was Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge. The "poet" was T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; and the "musician" was Ole Bull.

—Edwin Booth has purchased from Charles M. Barras the marine villa of "Cedar Cliff" at Greenwich, Connecticut, for \$50,000, and has gone to take possession. Mr. Barras was an actor of no prominent position, but he put together the "Black Crook," and from its success has accumulated a handsome fortune.

—A new débutante—Madame Santoni—said to be superior to Rachel or Ristori, is now setting wild the youth of Italy.

—The Rev. James Kent Stone, formerly president of Hobart College, Geneva, has just been admitted to the priesthood of the Church of Rome by Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohlo. For two years past he has been preparing for that event.

—Minnie Hauck, our Yankee prima donna,

ing for that event.

—MINNIE HAUCK, our Yankee prima donna, is about to marry an Italian nobleman. She doesn't want to be Minnie Hau-hauck any longer.

The Marquis of Bute is preparing for the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 a complete assortment of metals and ores from Wales, the county of Durham, and the entire basin of South Water, including Monmouth's

line.

—This "personal" appears in a Western journal: "Married, June 26, 1872, by Rev. Mr. ——,
FRANK T—— and MARY A——. FRANK T—
will, as heretofore, pay the highest cash price for all produce."

—From the DE NOAILLES family, whence we

—From the De Noailles family, whence we get our new French minister, there have been four embassadors to England, and one to Rome.

—Bulwer Lytton was born in 1806. He was the third son of William F ale Bulwer, and his eldest brother holds the family lands, which are derived from William the Conqueror. His first story went to the press when he was fifteen.

—Jay Cooke, the banker, has built and presented to the Methodists at Granville, Pennsylvania, a church. That sort of broth could not be overdone by any number of Cookes.

—The Marquis of Lorne and other English noblemen take turns in preaching to the masses in Agricultural Hall, Islington.

—The London Figure says that the grandfather

in Agricultural Hall, Islington.

—The London Figure says that the grandfather of M. ROUZAUD was a poor locksmith. His son left France at fifteen years of age, invited by a merchant to the Isle of Bourbon, who, having observed his intelligence, chose him for his clerk. Once there, the clerk speedily distinguished himself, became a partner, then master, married a young creole, daughter of Admiral Boso, and returned to France at the end of some years, leaving behind him a large commercial establishment, and taking with him his wife and children, three boys and a girl. It is the eldest of these children, Auguste, who married recentof these children, Augusts, who married recent The and Mederik, have continued the business of their father. One of them manages the estab-lishment in the Isle of Bourbon, the other is the representative and correspondent of the firm in Bordeaux, and the father lives in Paris, where he has an office, Rue de l'Echiquier. As to the sister, Mile. JOSEPHINE ROUZAUD, she married her cousin, M. Bosq. M. AUGUSTE ROUZAUD is the cousin, M. Bosq. M. AUGUSTE ROUZAUD is the only one of the family who abandoned commercial pursuits, from which his artistic instincts estranged him. He was living alternately in Paris and at the Château de la Dixmarie, his own property, near Jonzac, when he became acquainted with Mile. NILSSON, and proposed martises to her Actor the wedding by peak fast instincts. riage to her. After the wedding-breakfast, just as they stepped from the door to depart on their bridal tour, a cupful of dry rice was showered on their heads from a window above, and as the carriage drove off all the old foot-coverings about the place were thrown after them. The bridal party were drawn to the bride's hotel, where she sang some of the songs she had learned in this country, accompanying herself upon a banjo which was presented to her while in this city.



Work-Basket with Stand.

This stand is eight inches and seven-eighths high, and consists of three black polished cane bars joined as shown by the illustration, which are furnished with rings of the same. A basket, six inches high and twenty inches named with rings of the same. A basket, six inches high and twenty inches and seven-eighths wide at the top, and egg-shaped at the bottom, is set in the stand; this basket consists of thin wire bars covered with white silk, through which narrow fawn-colored satin gimp is plaited. This gimp consists of card-board strips covered with floss silk. The basket is finished at the top by a lattice edge of white covered wire an inch and a quarter wide. On the upper edge of the basket fasten a bag of fawn-colored satin, which is furnished with fawn colored silk cords tripping with greater for closing. furnished with fawn-colored silk cords trimmed with grelots for closing.

Gray Linen Work-Bag with Point Russe Embroidery, Figs. 1-3.

This bag, which is shown closed by Figs. 1 and 2 and opened by Fig. 3, is made of gray linen, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with fine mamoon sewing silk, and is lined with maroon cashmere and bound with ma-

roon worsted braid. It is furnished with braided handles and with rosettes and tassels of cord and silk. To make the bag cut of linen and cash-mere for the lining one piece fourteen inches and a half long and ten inches and seven-eighths wide; this piece is sloped off on the four corners so that the ends are only six inches and the sides nine inches and three-quarters Work the point long. Russe embroidery on the outer material, observing Figs. 1 and 2. For the two tabs shown by Fig. 1, which serve to close the bag, cut of linen and cashmere two pieces each eleven inches and a quarter long; these pieces are three inches and a half



Fig. 1.—GRAY LINEN WORK-BAG WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.-FRONT. CLOSED.

ing the tabs,

with worst-ed braid,

and sew on the buttons

ed

wide at the top and two inches and three-quarters wide at the bottom, where they are cut in a point and furnished with a button-hôle as shown by the illustration. Embroider these tabs, slope them on the upper end so that the width of the latter corresponds with the width of the sloped corners of the main piece, and join the upper end of each tab with the main

piece as shown by Fig. 3. Set the large and small pockets shown by Fig. 3, which are designed to hold small pieces of fancy-work, needle-books, thread, etc., on the lining of the main piece; these pockets are made of linen and cashmere, and are embroidered and bound. Two bands of double linen are also stitched on



Fig. 1.—Case for Fancy-work, Sewing UTENSILS, ETC.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 27 and 28.

WORK-BASKET WITH STAND.

Fig. 3.—GRAY LINEN WORK-BAG WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY. - OPEN.

for closing and the two handles on the upper edge of the bag. The handles consist each of a three-strand braid, sixteen inches long, of worst-The handles consist each of a ed cord covered with maroon silk. The ends of the handles are finished with rosettes and tassels.

Case for Fancy-work, Sewing Utensils, etc., Figs. 1 and 2

This case is designed to hold tatting, or balls of worsted, pins, needles, etc. For the lower part cut of white stiff linen for the interlining and brown silk for the lining six equal pieces each from Fig. 27, Supplement, overseam the pieces of stiff linen together on the sides, join the pieces

of silk by means of a cross seam of brown silk, and baste the silk into the stiff linen. The points of the lining which meet in the middle are covered by a circular piece of silk an inch and a quarter in diameter, which is fastened with long button-hole stitches of brown silk. Sew covered wire to the upper edge of the shell thus formed, and work the outer covering. To do this stretch formed, and work the outer covering. To do this stretch gray cord on the each of the shell so that twelve ribs are

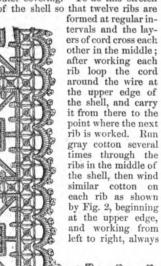
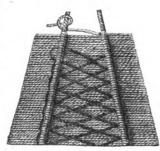


Fig. 1.—Corner of Border for Covers, Handkerchiefs, etc.

FLORENTINE EMBROIDERY.



VELVET FOOTSTOOL WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY For pattern design see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 32-35.



FANCY-WORK.—FULL SIZE.

going forward, until the shell is entirely covered with close layers of thread. On these layers work point Russe embroidery with brown saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized section of the cover. Set a strip of brown silk, scalloped and button-hole stitched with brown silk, on the upper edge of the shell, as shown by Fig. 1, so that it forms a binding at the same time. Cut the pleated part of the case of brown silk and brown muslin lining from Fig. 28, Supplement, having first completed Fig. 28, which gives a quarter section, in a circle according to the middle lines. Transfer the lines indicated on Fig. 28 to the material in the requisite number. Join both parts at the scalloped edge with button-hole stitches of brown saddler's silk and aleat the dauble material in the requisite number. silk, and pleat the double material according to the lines given; the dotted lines indicate the outer folds, and the straight lines the inner folds; all the folds should be well pressed. Finally, overseam the pleated part to the shell, and cover the joining seam with brown silk cord.

Embroidered Pen-Wiper.

This pen-wiper consists of a round brush, which is fastened in a stand of varnished black cane bars, and is covered with embroidered strips of red



Fig. 2.—Gray Linen Work-Bag with Point Russe Embroidery.—Back. CLOSED.

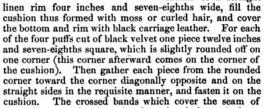
cloth. The four curved bars of the stand are or-namented at the upper point with a bronzed plate and with a round white bead, and half an inch from this with a tassel of green saddler's silk. For the cover of the side edge of the brush, which is an inch high, cut four pieces of red cloth each three inches long and two inches wide. These pieces are pinked very fine all around the outer edge, and ornamented a quarter of an inch from each lengthwise edge with a point Russe border three-quarters of an inch wide of saddler's silk in bright colors, as shown by the illustration, and gathered through the middle to a length of an

inch and a half. Fasten the separate parts each between two bars on the side edge of the brush, which is set in the stand, sewing them on through the middle, and covering the seam with green chenille, and join them on the upper and under corners with several stitches of fine sewing silk.

Velvet Footstool with Application Embroidery.

THE cover of the upper surface of the cushion of the footstool consists of puffs of black velvet on which two cross bands and tabs are fastened. These tabs and bands are worked in application embroidery on colored cloth. For the cushion cut

the bottom of gray linen from Fig. 32, the bottom linen from Fig. 32, which Supplement, which gives the eighth part of it. The part designed for the upper surface is cut from the same pattern, but an inch and a quarter larger all around. Join both parts by means of a straight





EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER. cushion. The crossed bands which cover the seam of the puffs are made of a strip of granite cloth two inches and seven-eighths wide each, bordered on the outer edge with narrow gold braid and red silk soutache, and ornamented besides with application figures of dark green cloth. Fig. 33, Supplement, gives one-half of a design figure. The lower leaf-shaped part of the figure is fastened on the cloth strip along the outlines with chain stitches of red saddler's silk, and is also edged with narrow

gold braid; the veins are formed by chain stitches of red silk. The upper part of the design figure is first edged with gold braid, and then with red and blue silk soutache. The square in the middle of the cushion is made of green cloth, and is edged with red and blue soutache and with gold braid. The application figure on the square is cut of granite cloth from Fig. 34, Supplement, surrounded with gold braid, and ornamented with chain stitches of blue silk. For each of the four tabs cut of green cloth one whole piece from Fig. 35, Suppl.;

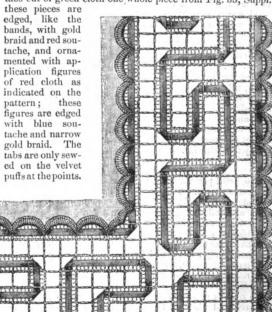
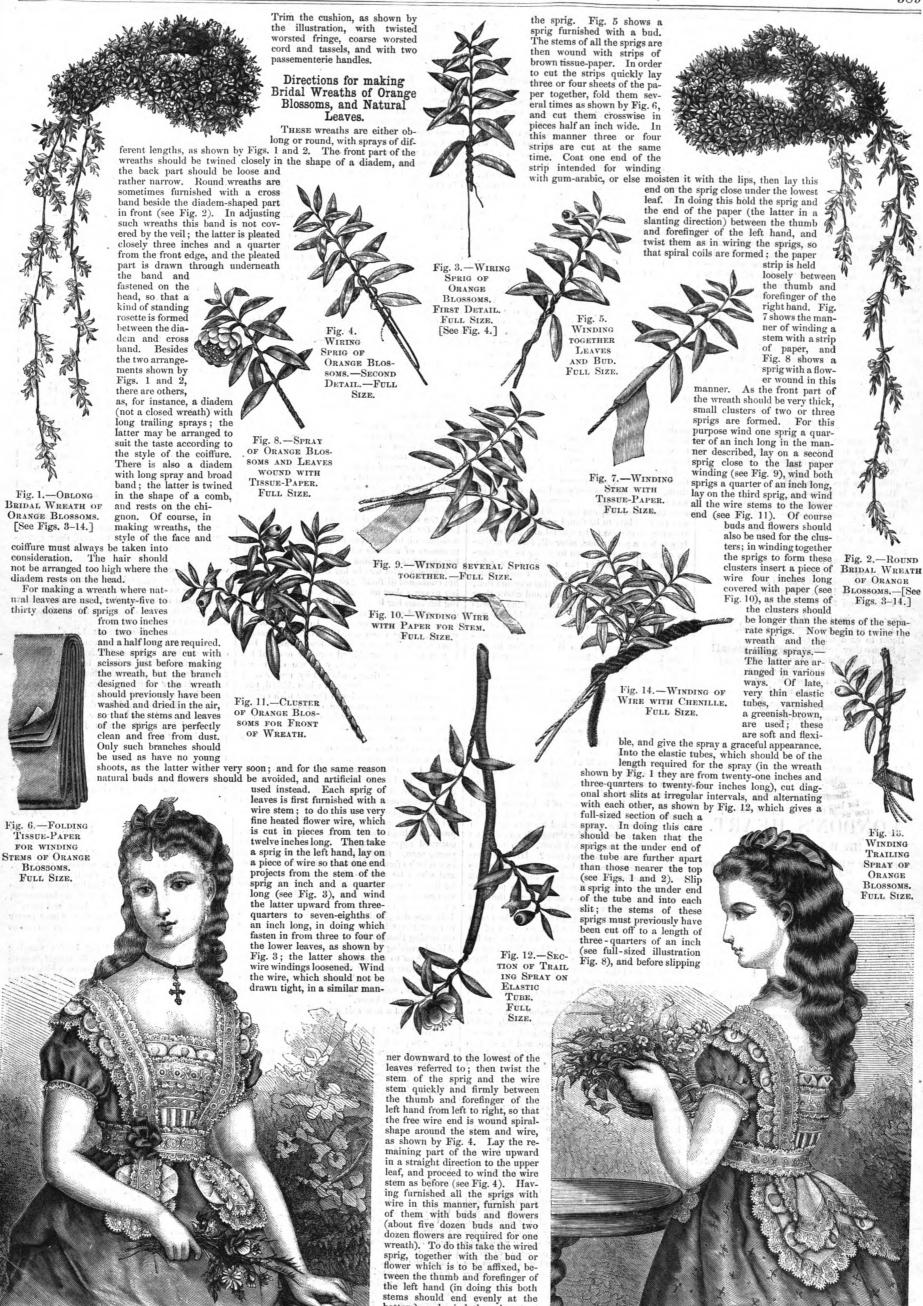


Fig. 2.—Corner of Border for Covers, Handkerchiefs, etc. NETTING BUN WITH POINT LACE BRAID.





bottom), and wind the wire stem of the bud upward around the sprig, in doing which hold the bud between the first three fingers of the

right hand and slip it through care-

fully under and over the leaves of

Fig. 1.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Peasant Waist with Bretelles for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.—Front.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Peasant Waist with Bretelles for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.—Back, For description see Supplement. Digitized by

into the tube dip them into thick gum. Instead of these elastic tubes, two or three pieces of very fine twine or dress cord of the length of the sprays may be used. These serve for a foundasprays may be used. tion, and are wound with narrow brown silk rib-bon, or with bias strips of brown crape threequarters of an inch wide, in doing which lay on and wind the sprigs, the stems of which are not cut shorter in this case, at irregular intervals (see Fig. 13). In doing this also twist the foundation with the fingers of the left hand. The wreath, finally, is twined on a foundation of white, covered, medium-sized wire with narrow brown silk ribbon or brown chenille. (The wreath shown by Fig. 1 is thirteen inches and a quarter wide; that shown by Fig. 2 is eighteen inches and a half wide, and the band is six inches long.) In twining, begin in the middle of the wire, bent in the shape of the wreath, with the front, diadem-shaped part; first twine one half of the wreath, and then twine the second half in of the wreath, and then twine the second hair in the opposite direction again, beginning in the middle. The points of the sprays are thus turn-ed toward each other in the middle of the dia-dem. For the latter set on the sprays in close succession, also using clusters, as described above, and distribute the sprays with flowers and buds regularly. The wire foundation is twisted with the left hand in making the wreath, is it is the spray with a spray with the property of the property wind the property will be property with the property will be property with the property with the property will be property will be property with the property will be property with the property will be property will be property will be property will be property with the property will be property willy similar to the wiring of the sprigs. Wind chenille or ribbon seven-eighths of an inch long on the ends of the foundation wire, and then twist both ends about each other, and fasten them Finally, join the trailing sprays with the wreath by means of fine wire wound with paper.

EMILIA.

FAIRY tocque and fancy feather, Locks by wanton Zephyr blown With such grace, we ask not whether Are those ringlets all thine own? Callimachus has celebrated Berenice's locks divine: They were not, though constellated, Half so golden bright as thine!

And the sweet thing perched above-it Looks a bird-of-paradise; See the faultless gem, and love it— Fashion's gem beyond all price! Hat it's not, I'm sure-I'll swear it; Bonnet neither-not at all! Mab, whate'er it be, might wear it, Leading off the fairies' ball.

Jupe de cerise, robe dark velvet, Point d'Alencon wreathed around, Boots to fit a fairy elf—it Seems they scarcely touch the ground! Parasol and gloves bright yellow, Never steeped in earthly dye, In their saffron radiance mellow E'en Aurora's robe outvie!

Who has penciled those dark lashes?
Was it Nature—was it Art,
To subdue the under flashes That would burn thy lover's heart? 'Neath the duchesse tie thou'rt wearing Sweet forget-me-nots I see; May they, whilst thy love they're sharing, Mind thee, lady fair, of me!

(Continued from No. 34, page 559.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXII.

LOVE LINKS.

Ir integrity and upright conduct be commendable qualities, no man should covet the distinction of being considered a man of the world. And yet to be known as such is to command admiration. But then the world-meaning ourselves—often finds it convenient not to examine too curiously. The man of the world whose reputation rests upon a sound foundation is sure get the best of his neighbors. He is shrewd and sharp and cunning, and, like the fretful por-cupine, so armed at all points as to be almost certain of wounding whatever comes in contact with him. Frankness beams in his eye, but calculation sits in his soul; he gets information out of you by side strokes, and profits by it; he brings you round by the artfulest of roads to the point he is working for: he pumps you dry so skillfully that you do not feel thirsty in the process; and he leaves you under the impression that he is the most amiable of companions. Fortunate it is for you if further experience of his amiability do not compel you, with groans, to reverse this verdict. Attached to the popular interpretation of "man of the world" are pro-found and puzzling depths. A man fails in business, lifts up his eyes, looks mournfully around him, buys sackcloth and ashes, sighs frequently, is soul-despondent, grows a little shabby, meets his creditors, obtains his release, and, hey, presto! smilingly re-enters the circle from which he has been temporarily banished—re-enters it calm and confident, with no sign of defeat upon him. He is received with open arms, for it is whispered that he has "means;" and if one says to another, "Is it not strange that Mr. Plausible, who was in such difficulties last month, and was supposed to be ruined, should be living now in such good style?" it is ten to one that another answers, "He is a man of the world: Sir, a thorough man of the world;" and lifts his hat to Mr. Plausible, who just at that moment happens to pass by. See the other side of the picture. A man fails in business, is soulcrushed, looks mournfully about him, shrinks from his former friends, grows old quickly, sits in sackcloth and ashes, sinks down, down in the world, obtains his release after bitter struggling, and never raises his head again. One says to another, "Poor Mr. Straight! Regularly crush-ed, isn't he?" And another answers, "What else could be expected? Straight never was a man of the world;" and turns his back upon the unfortunate, who, just at that moment, happens to be coming toward them. To be a completely successful man of the world one must be thoroughly selfish, often dishonest, often false, seldom conscientious, and the porcupine quills which guard his precious interests must be well sharpened. If now and then there is blood upon them, what matter? Blood is easily washed off -but they say the smell remains.

Mr. David Sheldrake was such a man. With his quills always sharpened and often drawing blood, he walked through life enjoying its good things, believing that when they did not come to him easily he had a right to appropriate them. The lives of some man present singular contra-The lives of some men present singular dictions. Dishonest persons are often charitable and kindly hearted. Thorough-paced rogues are thusbands and good fathers. Very are often good husbands and good fathers. few men see straight. Nearly every one of us has a moral squint. Not that the career of Mr. Sheldrake presented any such contradiction. If he had been married, he could not have been a good husband; if he had had children, he could not have been a good father: he was too selfish. He was one of those who never have stings of conscience, simply because he believed that he had a right to have and to enjoy what-ever he desired. In his own class he was a triton among the minnows. It was not a very desirable class, nor were its manners and customs to be commended: the first grand aim of its members was not to do unto others as you would others should do unto you, but to do all others, and take care others should not do you. No form of cheating and rascality was too bad for them, if an honest penny could be turned by it; and it is a sad thing to be compelled to say that even the honor that can be found among thieves was very seldom to be found among them—thus showing their tribe to be special and distinctive. It was but a poor game, after all, for the majority of them, as can be seen by going to any race-course and observing the ragged crew who, while the horses are being saddled and taking their preliminary canters, rush this way and that, and hustle each other, and push and elbow their way fiercely, almost mally, through the crowds of their excited brethren. Mr. Sheldrake was above this ragged crew; he floated while others sank. As a proof of his respectability, what better could be desired than the fact that he had been known to shake hands with lords, and had betted ponies and monkeys with them?

But sharp and cunning as he was, armed at all points as he was, he had his vulnerable point. What man has not? Do you know of one? I do not. And you have but to find it out to shake the decorous owner from his propriety. Archimedes would have shaken the world itself, had you given him a convenient place for his lever and standing room for himself

The weak spot in Mr. David Sheldrake's character was that he did not like to be beaten. If he set his heart ever so lightly upon a thing and found it difficult of accomplishment, he instantly grew earnest in the pursuit of it, however trivial it might be. When he first saw Lily in the Royal White Rose Music-hall he was attracted by her pretty face, and he thought it could be no difficult matter to gain her favor. He had been successful before—why not now? His free manners and free purse had been an open sesame to sham affection before to-day; they would not fail him with Lily. But although he paid her pretty compliments in his softest tones, they did not produce the impression he intended. Other girls had received such gratefully, and had been merry with him; but Lily had no word of re-sponse for his honeyed speech. She received his compliments and listened to him always in silence and with eyes cast down. Little by little he discovered the difficulty of the task he had almost unconsciously set himself, and the value of the prize increased. He worked himself into a state of enthusiasm concerning her, and tried to believe that his feeling was genuine. It was not possible that a nature so purely selfish as his could love sincerely; but it pleased him to set up sham sentiment in its place, and he said to himself more than once, in tones of self-applaud-ing satisfaction, "I do believe, David, you love that little beauty."

Lily knew nothing of this, for Mr. Sheldrake, after the futile result of his first tender advances. became cautious in his behavior to her; he saw that there was danger of startling the game, and he went roundabout to secure it. A shrewd worldly girl, in Lily's place, would have seen at once that here were two lovers for her to choose from-Felix and Mr. Sheldrake-and she might, had she been very worldly, have worked one against the other; but Lily was neither shrewd nor worldly. To elevate her to the position of a heroine is a difficult task, for she had no marked qualities to fit her for the distinction. She was not strong-minded, nor willful, nor hoydenish, nor very far-seeing, nor very clever. She required to be led; she was not strong enough to lead. She was capable of devotion, of much love, of personal sacrifice, and was rich in the sion of the tenderest womanly qualitiesof those qualities which make the idea of woman cherished in the innermost heart of every man whose good fortune it is to have been associated at some time of his life with a loving, tender nature. Many a man has been kept pure by the memory of such an association; and although the present and future generations may have the advantage of those that have gone before it in a

more early comprehension of practical matters,

and in the possession of a keener sense of the value of worldly things, it is much to be feared that the good and tender influence of woman is on the wane, and that the idea of womanly gentleness and purity, which has given birth to so much that is beautiful in the best sense of the word, is dying in the light of something infinitely coarser and less beneficial. We admire the sun-

Yes; Lily was dreaming. No word of love had passed between her and Felix, but in her musings she made him the embodiment of all that was good and noble and gentle. He was her hero, and she moulded him to her fancy and beautified him and idealized him. She enshrined her idealism in her heart of hearts, and found her greatest pleasure in worshiping it. So do we all at some time of our lives set up images for ourselves and worship them, and discover too often, alas! that the feet of our idols are made of clay. It must not be supposed that Lily was fated to make this desolating discovery respecting Felix; he was in every way worthy of the love of a pure-minded girl, of such a love as Lily crowned him with and as she was in every way capable of, notwith standing the vitiating atmosphere of the Royal White Rose Music-hall. That she was enabled to retain untarnished the simplicity of character which made her beautiful was due no less to her own innate purity than to the influence of her grandfather, who, from her infancy, had watched and guarded her with jealous care. Lily did not pause to ask herself if it was love she felt for Felix; she was too contented with the present to analyze her feelings; happiness took possession of her when he was with her, and it was sufficient for her to sit and listen and silently wor She delighted to hear the unstinted praise which her grandfather bestowed upon Felix in his absence, and she fed upon the words, secretly repeating them to herself again and again, and finding new meanings for them. When she read in book or paper of a generous-souled man, "Like in book or paper of a generous-souled man, "Like Felix!" she whispered, or of a generous deed performed, "As Felix would do!" she whispered. Felix had no idea of the good things which were credited to him—had no idea, indeed, that he was the idol of the girl whom he had grown to love; for Lily kept her secret close, and only whispered it to herself, and mused over it, in those moments of solitude which she made sacred by moments of solitude which she made sacred by her thoughts. So time went on.

Happy as she was in her dream, her wakeful life contained disturbing elements. It distressed her to see a slow but steady estrangement growing between her brother and her grandfather; it did not find expression in open speech, but it was no less sure, notwithstanding. In thinking of the matter, as she often did, Lily could not resolve from which side the coldness first sprang. But it was certain that Alfred steadily avoided his grandfather, and was uneasy in the old man's society. Many times, when Lily and Alfred were conversing together, and when Alfred, perhaps, was building castles in the air with enthusiastic speech, the entrance of his grandfather drove him into silence, or into monosyllabic answers to the old man's inquiries. He resented the quietly watchful manner with which the old man regarded him on those occasions, and sometimes would leave the room suddenly and fret-fully. Up to this time the old man had avoided speaking to Lily upon the subject. He knew how Lily loved her brother, and that the grow-ing estrangement would be made more painful to her by an explanation of his fears. But although old Wheels seemed to be not satisfied with the progress Alfred was making, every thing, to all outward appearance, was prospering with the young man. Despite a worn expression of anxiety which often stole into his features unaware, and which he threw off resolutely immediately he became conscious of it, his general manner was more cheerful and confident. He was more extravagant in his habits, and dressed better. Lily was delighted at this, but her grandfather did not share her delight. He found cause for disturbing thought in these signs of prosperity. Alfred coming home in a new suit of clothes

caused him to remark. "Another new suit of clothes, Alfred!"
"Yes, grandfather," was Alfred's reply, in a
half-defiant, half-careless tone. "Can't do with-"Can't do without clothes, you know."

"You had a new suit a very little while ago

"Well, Sir! I didn't come to you for the money to pay for them.'

The old man was always gentle in his manner. but Alfred took offense even at this. It would have better pleased the young man if his grandfather had openly quarreled with him.

I hope you are not getting into debt, my said the old man. boy," said the old man.
"Never fear, Sir. I have paid for this suit, and the last one too."

And Alfred avoided further conversation by leaving the old man abruptly. But to Lily he was more affectionate than ever, and spoke glowingly of the future and of the great things he was about to accomplish.

"More than half the people in the world are fools," he said, arrogantly. "They walk about with their eyes shut.

It was useless for Lily to ask him for the application of such trite observations. He evaded her with light laughs, and, being much given to slang, declared that he would "show some of them the road. You'll see, Lily, one of these days; you'll see!"

She liked to hear him speak like this, for his

manner on these occasions was always bright and confident. She attempted on occasions to draw him into conversation about the growing estrangement between him and his grandfather: but he steadily refused to speak upon the sub-ject, further than to say that "grandfather isn't treating me well; he suspects me of I don't know what, and it isn't likely that I'm going to stand it."

"Of what can he suspect you, Alfred?" asked

Lily.
"That's where it is. That's what I ask my."
The fact of it is. self-for he never tells me. The fact of it is, Lily, grandfather is an old man, and I'm a young one. You can't put an old head on young shoulders, you know. I'm fond of pleasure, and of seeing a little bit of life. All young fellows are. He'll confess himself wrong about me one of these days, and then it will be all right. Until then I sha'n't bother myself about it, and don't you. Perhaps I've a secret, and he wants to know it."
"Have you a secret, Alfred? I thought you

told me every thing."
"I only said 'perhaps,' Lily. I'll tell you by-and-by, when the proper time comes."
"Then you really have one. Come"

ingly, and with her arm round his neck—"tell me, Alf; or shall I guess it?" He looked at her hesitatingly, as if half-tempt-

"Not now, Lily—not now. Every body's got a secret, and perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—I've got mine. Girls have their secrets as well as men. All except you, Lily. You haven't got one, I know. You wouldn't keep a secret from me, I'll be bound."

Lily blushed, and felt like a traitor, but she did not answer. She almost guessed his secret, and was glad of it, for it was a new bond of union was giad of it, for it was a new bond or union between them. But as hers was sacred, so she felt his to be. She kissed him tenderly, and looking into his eyes, with all her heart in hers, read something there it thrilled her to see. Then Alfred showed her a new chain he had bought, and while she was admiring it, old Wheels entered the room.

"Show it to grandfather, Alf," she said. But Alfred buttoned his coat, and said that grandfather didn't take an interest in such things. He fretted, however, because the old man glanced at him somewhat sadly and significantly, and

at him somewhat sadiy and significantly, and very soon found an excuse to leave.

"Alfred goes out a great deal now, Lily," said old Wheels. "Do you know where he goes to?"

"No," replied Lily; "but I suspect—I suspect!" with an arch glance at her grandfather.

"What do you suspect, my dear?"

pect!" with an arch giance at her grandiather.
""What do you suspect, my dear?"
"You must guess for yourself, dear grandfather, for I know nothing—nothing yet. But supposing—just supposing, grandfather—that a young man has a portrait in his pocket which he looks at your often and won't let any hody else looks at very often, and won't let any hody else see for the world—that is a sign, isn't it?"

She asked this with a shy look into her grandfather's face. He was silent for a while, and said, presently,
"Alfred has such a portrait, Lily?"

"Perhaps," she said, in unconscious imitation of her brother. "Mind, I only say perhaps." A footfall on the stairs, a brighter flush on Lily's cheek, a knock at the door, and Felix en-

tered. Happy moments followed. There was no lack of conversation when these three were together. But Lily had her duties to perform, and within an hour they were walking toward the Royal White Rose, and Felix bade Lily

good-night at the stage-door.
"She sings early to-night," said old Wheels, as they lingered near the entrance to the hall, and watched the strangely suggestive throng that found their business or their pleasure there. The words of a poet came to Felix, and he murmured the lines,

"'In the street the tide of being, how it surges, how it rolls!
God! what base, ignoble faces! God! what bodies wanting souls!""

But old Wheels interrupted him with,

"Not so, Felix; that is a poet's rhapsody, and not applicable here. Look around you; you will see but few base, ignoble faces. Some of them might be taken as models for innocence, simplicity, guilelessness. See here, and here."

He indicated this girl and that, whose pretty

features and the expression on them served to illustrate his meaning.

"No," he continued, "not bodies wanting souls. They are misguided, ill taught, misdirected, the unhappy ones of a system which seems to create them and make them multiply. The light attracts them; they see only the glitter, and do not feel the flame until they fly to it gayly; when, bewildered and dazzled, they are burned and die, or live maimed lives for the rest of their days.

I did not quote those lines," said Felix, "with any distinct idea of their applicability to this scene. What follows will please you better:

"'Mid this stream of human being, banked by

houses tall and grim,
Pale I stand this shining morrow, with a pant for
woodlands dim;
To hear the soft and whispering rain, feel the
dewy cool of leaves,
Watch the lightning dart like swallows round the
brooding thunder-eaves;
To lose the sense of whirling streets 'mong breezy
crests of hills,
Skies of larks, and hazy landscapes, with fine
threads of silver rills;
Stand with forehead bathed in sunset on a mountain's summer crown,

Stand with forehead bathed in sunset on a mount-ain's summer crown,
And look up and watch the shadow of the great night coming down;
One great life in myriad veins, in leaves, in flowers, in cloudy cars,
Blowing underfoot in clover, beating overhead in stars!"

"How many men have such vague dreams," said old Wheels, "dreams that they can scarce-ly understand and can but feebly express! We live in a world of shadows. Come home with

me: I have something to give you."

They walked in silence to Soho, and when they were in the little house, the old man said, " have avoided speaking to you upon a certain subject for more than one reason, and I was aware that the time must come when silence could no longer be maintained. Our acquaintance was commenced in a strange manner, and

you have been to me almost a new experience.

I have taken such pleasure in your society "It gives me inexpressible pleasure,"

rupted Felix, "to hear you say so."
"—That I have, with somewhat of a cowardly feeling, often restrained myself from speaking to you on the subject which was referred to by your father on the day I buried my daughter."
"Pray, Sir—"
"When" intermed ald Wheels are the

"Nay," interposed old wheels, gold, rmly, "this conversation can not be avoided, Consider the posiinterposed old Wheels, gently and firmly, "this conversation can not be avoided and we must speak plainly. Consider the post tion in which we stand to one another, and ask yourself whether, if you were in my place, you would not feel it due to yourself to act as I am doing. If you remember, you came into your father's room while we were speaking of a matter in which you were pecuniarily interested. Doubtless you were well acquainted with all the

particulars of the affair.'

"No, Sir," exclaimed Felix, eagerly, "I knew comparatively nothing. But a few minutes before your arrival upon your sad mission, my father and I were speaking upon business matters—for the first and only time. I had been away from home nearly all my life, and all the expense of my education and living were borne by an uncle from whom I supposed I had expectations. He died suddenly, and I returned home, possessing certain ideas and certain habits not pleasing to my father. The day on which you came to the rectory was appointed by my father for our business interview, and then I learned that my uncle had not left any property, and that I was not to come into the magnificent fortune my father had anticipated for me. This did not affect me, and all that I knew of the matter you have referred to was that my uncle had left behind him among his papers a document which contained, as my father said, the recital of a sin-gular story, and which in my father's opinion

might be worth money to me. That is all that passed between us until your arrival."

"Until my arrival," said old Wheels, taking up the thread of the narrative, "when you heard from my lips that it was Lily's father who had brought this shame upon us. But doubtless after my departure you learned all the particulars from the document left by your uncle.

"No, Sir, I know nothing more."
Old Wheels looked gratefully at Felix.

"It belongs to your character," he said, "to have practiced such restraint; I might have expected as much. If you have the paper about you—"
"No, Sir, I have not got it."

"You have it at home, then. I should like to see it, for I did not know of its existence before that day, and it might contain misstatements which for the children's sakes should not be allowed to remain uncontradicted or unexplained, If I might ask you to let me read it—"

"It is impossible, Sir; I can not show it to you. Nay, do not misunderstand me,' Felix, quickly, as he saw an expression of disap-pointment in the old man's face; "no one has any claim upon you, neither I nor any one con-nected with me. It is wiped off."
"Shame can never be obliterated," said old

Wheels, in a tone of mingled pride and sternness. "Have you the paper?"

"No, Sir."
"Who has?"

"No one, Sir. It is burned, and there is no record of the circumstance you have referred to." "Burned!" exclaimed old Wheels, with a dim glimmering of the truth. "Who burned

"My uncle left a request that all his papers and documents should be burned, unreservedly. My father acting for me before I returned home, complied with the request, and burned every thing with the exception of this single docu-It is with shame I repeat that he re tained this because he thought it was worth money to me."
"So it was."

"My uncle's wish was sacred to me, and when you left my father's room I burned this paper as all the others had been; it was my simple duty.

"Burned it without reading it?"
"Yes, Sir. What else would you have me do with it? Put yourself in my place, Sir," he said, turning the old man's words against himself, "and say whether you would not have felt

it due to yourself to act as I did."

Old Wheels held out his hand, and Felix grasped it cordially. These two men under-

stood one another.
"You would give me faith if I needed it," said the elder; "you make me young again. It would have been my greatest pride to have had such a son.

Felix's heart beat fast at the words, and a eager light came into his eyes, for he thought of Lily; but he restrained his speech. The time had not yet come; he was very nearly penniless, and had no home for the girl who had won his

heart; he had no right to speak. "And notwithstanding this," said the old man, almost gayly, "a plain duty remains." He went to the cupboard, and took out the iron box in which he deposited his savings. "Here is the which he deposited his savings. "Here is the first installment of the balance due," he said, handing a small packet of money to Felix, whose face grew scarlet as, with reluctant hand, he took the packet, for he divined truly that no other course was open to him; "soon it will all be repaid, and then a great weight will be lifted from us. I know your thought, Felix; but the mon-ey is yours by right, and such a debt as this is must not remain unpaid. Come, come—don't look downcast, or you will cause me to feel sorry that we have grown to be friends."

Felix felt the force of the old man's words, but could not help saying,
"If I could afford it, I would give much if

this had not been."

"And what would I give, think you," said old Wheels, "could it be so? But the past is irrevocable. Were it not for this debt of shame hanging upon us, do you think I would have al-

lowed Lily to occupy her present position?"
"She does not know—" interrupted Felix. "She knows nothing of all this. She may one day; it may be my duty to tell her; and then, if any one reproaches her, she has her answer."
"Need she know, ever?" asked Felix, eagerly, thinking of the pain the knowledge would

cause her.

"I say she may, if only as a warning; for I think I see trouble coming. I pray that I may be mistaken, but I think I see it."

"I do not understand your meaning," said Felix, earnestly; "but if I might venture to ask one thing, and you would great it it would be a one thing, and you would grant it, it would be a great happiness to me."

"Let me hear what it is, Felix," replied old

Wheels, gently.
"That if at any time I can be of use to you if at any time you want a friend upon whom you can depend, and who would sacrifice much to serve you and your granddaughter-"

"That then I will call upon you? I promise."

"Thank you, Sir."
"You must have wondered, seeing, as you have seen, how pure and simple my dear girl is you must have wondered that I should have brought her into contact with such associations as those by which she is surrounded at the Royal White Rose. But it was what I conceived to be a sacred duty; and if I had had a shadow of a doubt that she was other than she is. I would have given my life rather than have done it, as

you know."
"Truly, Sir, as I know," assented Felix.
"I have watched her from infance, and I know her purity. I pray that she may be spared from life's hard trials; but they may come to her, as they come to most of us. They may come to her undeservedly, and through no fault of hers; and if they do, and if, like Imogen, she has to pass through the fire, she will, like Imogen, come out unscathed.

Some hidden fear, some doubt which he was loath to express more plainly, prompted the old man's words. With an effort he returned to his

first theme.
"What else could I do? There was no other way of paying the debt. I have a small pittance of my own, from which not a shilling can be spared; our necessities demand it all. And when I think, as I do often, that this dear child tender as she is, has been and is working to wipe out, as far as is humanly possible, the disgrace entailed upon us by her father's crime, I love her the more dearly for it."

He went to the mantel-shelf, where the potraits of Lily hung, and gazed at them long and lovingly.

"To her as to others," he said, softly, "life's troubles may come. To her may come one day the sweet and bitter experience of love. When it does, I pray to God that she may give her heart to a man who will be worthy of her—to one who holds not lightly, as is unhappily too much the fashion now, the sacred duties of life." The prescience of a coming trouble weighed heavily upon the old man, and his voice grew mournful under its influence. "In a few years I shall have lived my span, Felix; I may be called any day. Should the call come soon, and suddenly, who will protect my darling when I am gone?"

Esliv draw nearests the ald man in the call come soon.

Felix drew nearer to the old man in sympathy, but dared not trust himself to speak.

"I speak to you," continued the old man, "out of my full heart, Felix, for I have faith in you, and believe that I can trust you. It re-lieves me to confide in you; strange as it may sound to you, you are the only person I know to whom I would say what I am saying now—you are the only person in whom I can repose this confidence, lame and incomplete as you will find

'Your granddaughter, Sir-" suggested Fe-

lix.
"The fears that oppress me are on her account," interrupted the old man, "and I dare not at present speak to her of them; they would necessarily suggest doubts which would bring great grief to her."

"Her brother, Sir, Alfred—could you not confide in him?"

The old man turned abruptly from Felix, as if by that sudden movement he could stifle the gasp of pain which involuntarily escaped him at

this reference.

"Least of all in him, Felix—least of all in him! Do not ask me why; do not question me lest I should do an injustice which it would be difficult to repair. Tell me. Have you ever noticed in Lily's manner an abstraction so perfect as to make her unconscious of surrounding

"Not so perfect as you describe, Sir," re-plied Felix, after a little reflection; "but I have noticed sometimes that she looks up suddenly, as if she had been asleep, and had just awoke. Now that you mention it, it strikes me more forcibly. has always occurred when you and I have been engaged in conversation for some little time, and during a pause. But she is awake in an instant, and appears to be quite conscious of what we have been saying."

"These moods have come upon her only lately," said the old man, "and only when she is deeply stirred. There are depths in my darling's soul which even I can not see. I am about to repose a confidence in you, Felix, and to tell you a secret concerning my darling of which she herself is ignorant. With the excepwhich she herself is ignorant. With the exception of one other, I believe that I am the only one that knows it, and it has given rise to fears of possible danger to her in the event of any thing occurring to me by which she would be de prived of my watchful care. She is but the child

of my child, Felix, but she is so near to me, so dear, so precious, that if heart photographs could be taken, you would see my darling in mine, lighting it up with her bright eyes and innocent face. She has so grown into my heart that I rejoice instinctively when she is happy, and am sad when she is sad. Our nature capable of such instinctive emotions of joy and suffering, which spring sympathetically from the joy and suffering of those whom we love heartfully and faithfully."

The old man paused, and Felix waited for his next words in intense anxiety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

TROUT-FISHING is exquisite pleasure. Do some of our lady readers look doubtful, and say they have never tried it? It is not at all say they have never tried it? It is not at all necessary to know by personal experience how that curious little nibble at the end of the line makes one's fingers tingle with delight; it is only needful that your summer abiding-place should be within some twenty miles of well-known brooks and ponds, and that there should be in the house a boy. His age is immaterial—any where from six upward; we have known boyish fishers who counted their years by scores, though the particular one we have in mind inst any where from six upward; we have known boylsh fishers who counted their years by scores, though the particular one we have in mind just now is in his teens. He talks trout by day, dreams trout by night, and wakes before day, break to go on trouting expeditions. A good strong wagon, and a sober-minded horse—one "team" will answer, but "the more the merrier"—are the essentials. No, we mistake; a many-jointed fishing-rod, reels and lines, hooks and flies, and a box of lively worms are the essential articles. Then comes the lunch-basket, though some youths rather disdain the idea of taking any thing to eat, as they will "catch plenty of trout, and cook them." But somehow the lunch-basket is always empty when the excursionists return. When at length the wagon is laden with all things needful, and the early breakfast is hastily swallowed, off go the gay young fellows, with visions of speckled trout swimming before their eyes. Shall we go with them? Well, it is not necessary. We may expect to see them return in due time. Our boy is brown as a nut, and his clothing torn and soiled. But what of that? Is not his fishing-basket heavy with some two or three hundred trout? Mostly small ones, to be sure; but he avers that the smaller they are, the sweeter. Besides, did he not catch one a full foot and a half long—such a beauty—only it fell back into the brook! And he might have caught so many more, only the worms gave out! But he is ravenously hungry; some trout must be instantly more, only the worms gave out! But he is rav-enously hungry; some trout must be instantly cooked; and with what keen relish he devours cooked; and with what keen relish he devours them! Never were fish so nice and fresh and sweet! And the boy never tires of recounting his exploits, of telling how many he caught himself, how many are waiting in their deep holes for another coming of his fish-line—and he grows excited as he thinks of it, and plans a week's fishing, and a "camping out," and in imagination is pulling out more trout before half his present supply are consumed. Nobody who has seen a boy in the height of his trouting fever can doubt that trout-fishing is the most fascinating of summer amusements.

The Marquise de Cornimont Bellefontaine recently died at her château in the Vosges at the advanced age of one hundred and two. She was lady of honor to Queen Marie Antoinette, and owed her preservation, at the time of the inva-sion of the Tulleries, to a Swiss friend, who roll-ed her up in a packet of linen, and afterward concealed her in his house for several days.

The harvest in France promises to be unusually abundant, and of excellent quality. In the Vosges district it is said that the granaries will be insufficient to stow away the produce. The greatest deficiency is in the rye crop.

It is related that Herr Franz Abt remarked, while in Boston, that his "Wenn die Schwalben" was intended as a solo, and that to attempt to make 20,000 swallows out of it was a summary procedure worse than making two bites of a

Every part of Lake George is exceedingly beautiful, but at Bolton and thereabouts Nature has scattered her favors with a lavish hand. The lake is broad at this point, and thickly studded with verdant little islands, luxuriant with vegetation, and around about the mountains rise most picturesquely. Fishing is excellent at Bolton; and although the place is secluded, it is very accessible, three steamers making regular trips every day between the Fort William Henry Hotel and Bolton. Hotel and Bolton.

Sugar seems to be made without much trouble Sugar seems to be made without much trounde from any thing. Recent reports from California show that some enterprising capitalists have engaged in the business of making sugar from melons. It is believed that melons will yield more sugar than beets. The common melon is recommended for small establishments. The cantillustrate Portion of the common melon is recommended for small establishments. taleup and Persian melon yield more sugar, but require more care and cost in manipulation. The require more care and cost in manipulation.

yield from the water-melons is seven per cent. yield from the water-melons is seven per cent.
After putting the juice over the fire and skimming off the scum, lime-water or milk of lime
is added to neutralize the acidity, and the evaporation by heat (never allowing the juice to boil)
is continued until thick enough for sirup or sugar.

According to the Medical and Surgical Reporter, the prolonged use of any mineral water is of doubtful efficacy in sickness, and, sick or well, is generally directly prejudicial.

Children are constantly uttering sayings—things quaint and beautiful—the half of which are never known beyond the immediate circle in which they were spoken. A little French girl, possessed of scarcely a change of clothing, had been performing some household services for a lady of our acquaintance. One day she asked leave of absence to wash out her garments. She returned to her duties in due season with a cheerreturned to her duties in due season with a cheerful face, which, indeed, she always wore. She looked up to her mistress with a little laugh, and lifting her dress a trifle, disclosing her bare skin above the top of her high boots, she said, as if in apology, "I have got on the stockings God gave me!" No complaints, no fretting. Happy child, thus cheerfully to take the deprivations of what are usually considered the com-forts of life! Those possessed of abundant blessings might learn a lesson from such a spirit.

There is nothing more useful than to be able to make an exact calculation. We now learn from a Paris savant that every fly costs its native country twenty cents from its birth to the time of its death, provided it is fed on sugar at thirteen cents a pound, and does not come to an untimely end. This savant had a peculiar antipathy to the fly; nevertheless, he collected three thousand of them, and shut them up in a room with a pound of loaf-sugar. At the end of four days the sugar was all gone, excepting one tea-spoonful. With this data he made his estimate and resched the result we have extended. one tea-spoonful. With this data he made his estimate, and reached the result we have stated.

At the present time there are thirty thousand At the present time there are thirty thousand women and girls under instruction in the mission schools of India. This is an encouraging fact to all friends of Christian education. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that there are one hundred million females in all India.

Somebody, who seems to have been annoyed somebody, who seems to have been annoyed beyond the point of patient endurance, says: "I made a vow long since, and I record it here, never to apologize for stepping on a trailing skirt, outside of the proper place to wear one. Like many another nuisance, the way to abate it is to treat it without mercy; and unless my plan is in harmony with the will of the Lord, I shall be confronted on the judgment-day with an appalling number of torn and ripped dress skirts."

The repugnance which some children exhibit in regard to certain articles of food is generally regarded as mere caprice. It should be remembered, however, that what is wholesome to many is not necessarily wholesome to all. If the repugnance is constant, natural instinct may be safely followed, and a child's appetite should never be forced. Even a mere caprice may indicate a particular state of the system, which it may be harmful to disregard. We all know that many articles of food, commonly considered wholesome, are not only disagreeable but positively poisonous to some persons. Buckwheat, honey, cheese, strawberries, milk, and numerous other articles are known to be injurious to certain individuals. tain individuals.

Not long ago there was an appeal made in St. John's Church, Ithaca, New York, in behalf of "The Society for the Increase of the Ministry." Facts had been presented showing that the supply of young men for the pulpit was too small, and money was asked to aid young men to study for the ministry. Envelopes were placed in the slips to be filled out as promises for future gifts by those lacking present means. A lady wrote, "Name and amount, \$1000; address, Ithaca; time, when women are admitted to the ministry." This youcher she placed on the collection plate as it was passed.

A proposition has been made to establish a botanical garden, or practical school of botany, in New York city, similar to those which exist in the principal cities of Europe. Botany is taught theoretically in medical colleges and in other institutions of learning, but a practical knowledge of plants is exceedingly important. A vast number of medicinal plants are the products of South and Central America, and specimens would soon be sent here if a botanical garden were established. Such a garden would also be a source of great pleasure and amusement to citizens generally. ment to citizens generally.

Robert Collyer says, in a letter to the London Inquirer, that he has written many a sermon in the Pullman cars. The Christian Register thinks this may account for some of his most pro-gressive thoughts as well as for his rapid de-

In the central part of the capital city of Bangkok, in Siam, reside about nine thousand women, among whom no man but the king may enter. The inhabitants of this inner city are the thousand women of the royal barem, and some thousand women of the royal harem, and some eight thousand more, who are soldiers, artificers, and slaves. This little world is ruled by women as magistrates, who administer the laws of the kingdom. There is no appeal from their decisions. If a disturbance arises, it is suppressed by a force of five hundred Amazons, trained from infancy to the use of sword and spear. Meanwhile the slave women carry on a variety of manufactures, or go outside the walls to till the fields. The women of higher birth are "sealed" to the king; the slave women may marry, but their husbands dwell outside the walls. The children, if boys, are banished from the city of women at six years old; only the girls remain. All the Oriental distinctions of rank are scrupulously observed within this strange realm, except that the magistrates are chosen for personal character and wisdom.

Somebody has said that the three hardest words to say are, "I was mistaken." Perhaps; but let those who believe this assertion try their articulating powers on the names of three lakes in Maine: Huknztyabob, Zitmornumgohic, Mahogapragohgug.

In the large Confucian temple at Yedo, Japan, there has been held a very interesting exhibition, especially designed for the improvement of the Japanese people. There was a fine collection of rare and curious articles, such as seaweeds, grasses, ferns, and dwarfed trees; a collection of beautiful butterflies and moths; also of Japanese weapons. The greatest curiosity in the exhibition was a huge fish, twenty feet long and broad in proportion. The scales of this fish are of solid gold. It is quite a work of art, being grand and graceful. It stands on its neck and front fins; its tail is bent upward toward the sky; its mouth is like that of a hippopotamus, and has a terrible-looking row of teeth. The Japanese assert that the whole fish is of solid gold. On grand occasions, such as when the Tycon visits the temple, this fish is placed over the entrance gate. It was given to the Mikado In the large Confucian temple at Yedo, Jathe entrance gate. It was given to the Mikado by the Prince of Owari. The entrance fee to this exhibition was about two cents, and the temple was constantly thronged.

Description of Tapestry Designs on Second Page of Supplement.

The prevailing taste for the Renaissance style in furnishing rooms has also called forth a change in the style of embroidery, especially in tapestry-work, and has brought the elegant, many-colored style of Louis XIII. into favor. Embroidery of this kind consists of flowers leaves, and arabesques, which are drawn on the material or canvas, and the separate parts worked each in one distinct color, which is generally edged with another shade or color. Pale tints predominate; filling silk is generally used for the lightest shade, and zephyr worsted for the remaining parts. The foundation of the em-broidery is worked with black or light gray worsted, or else with filling silk in white, maize, gray, etc. The canvas for the embroidery should always be very fine, so that the design figures may be of a good shape. This embroidery is worked from the drawing on the canvas; this not only saves the tedious counting of stitches necessary with the ordinary symbol designs, but also leaves free scope to the individual taste in selecting colors and shades. In working borders, etc., in which the design figures are re-peated at regular intervals, these repetitions are usually worked in the colors of the finished part of the embroidery; however, for the sake of variety, a different color or shade may be used for each design figure. The border may either be drawn in full length on the canvas, or only to the repetition of the design figures, at pleasure; in the latter case count off the stitches for the parts to be repeated from the figures already completed. To transfer the design to canvas lay the latter on the drawing, and draw the lines, which show through, with a drawing-pen, or with a brush and dissolved black Indian ink; in doing this care should be taken that the drawing lies in the shade, as the lines of the design then show more plainly. The design may also be transferred to the canvas by means of black or colored copying paper. To do this lay the copying paper and the embroidery design drawn on paper on the canvas, so that the colored side of the copying paper lies on the canvas and the de-sign is turned toward the top. Then fasten the sign is turned toward the top. Then fasten the canvas and the layers of paper on a drawing-board with small wire pins, and draw the lines of the design with the blunt point of a folder, bearing on firmly. The copying paper may be prepared with little trouble and expense. Take ansized paper and coat it on one side very evenly with a mixture of sweet-oil and lamp-black; this is best done with a piece of old flannel. When the paper is dry, rub it on the coated side with a clean linen cloth until it does not discolor the hand in passing over it.

In the designs given on the present Supplement the colors are specially indicated; the colors for the inner part of a design figure are always marked inside of the corresponding figure, and the color of the edge is marked in the out-line. Some design figures are filled with small dots; inside of such design figures the color of the foundation and that of the dots are only mentioned once. In other design figures only mentioned once. In other design figures only the color and not the shade is indicated. In such cases the shade may be selected according to taste; it should, however, be in harmony with the color of the edging and with the colors of the nearest design figures. A list of all the colors of each design is given on the Supplement besides. The shades of each color in the design is distributed by former the lightest the ferror of the colors. sign are indicated by figures; the lightest shade is marked 1st, the next shade (darker) is marked 2d, the following is marked 3d, and so on. When a design figure is not worked in different colors, but in several shades of one color, the color is only mentioned once in that figure, while the shades are merely indicated by figures. Some design figures—as, for instance, small buds or narrow pointed leaves, in the outlines of which no color is mentioned—have no edging—that is, the filling at the same time forms the outer edge

of the figure.
Fig. 1.—CENTRE FOR A RUG, TABLE-COVER, Fig. 1.—Centre for a Rug, Table-Cover, etc. This design may be used for a rug, edged with a border of deer-skin, plush, etc., or else it may be set together with either of the tapestry borders shown by Figs. 2 and 3. In the latter case work the design shown by Fig. 4 in the corners. The design shown by Fig. 1 may also be used for larger rugs; to do this the design is not taken as a whole, but as a quarter section, and is thus worked four times, beginning from one side and one end, and in opposite directions, thus quadrupling the size. thus quadrupling the size.

Figs. 2-4. - Borders and Corner for Rugs, COVERS, CURTAINS, CHAIRS, ETC. These borders are used for edging deer-skins, tiger-skins, plush, angora, or cloth covers; work the design shown by Fig. 4 in the corners. The foundation of the rug may also be made of similar tapestry borders set together lengthwise with strips of plush. The place where the design shown by Fig. 2 is repeated is marked A and B; on the border shown by Fig. 3 the letters C and D mark the commencement of the repetition. Thus, in continuing the border always work only the design figures between the points marked with similar letters. Each border may also be used separately for covers, curtains, furniture, etc., and the corner shown by Fig. 4 may be used for cushions, etc. For the latter purpose work the design shown by Fig. 4 four times in such a manner that the points of the design figures are turned toward each other in the cen-

tre of the cushion.

Fig. 5. — BORDER (BAND) FOR TRIMMING CUETAINS, CHAIRS, SOFAS, ETC. This border may also be set together like the borders Figs. 2 and 3, with strips of plush, cloth, or damask, and used for coverings of sofas, fauteuils, hangings, curtains, rugs, etc. The letters E and F indicate the place from where the design is to be repeated.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THEN any change of importance is des VV tined to take place in the fashions, it is at once proclaimed as a thing already accomplished; then, on looking round, every one sees with surprise that the new fashion is nowhere followed, and thence hastily concludes that the announcement was erroneous. This is another mistake; it was only premature. In every thing, and above all in fashions, it is nec-essary to prepare public opinion for a change. It must not be thought that it is as easy to make revolution in coiffures as in the streets.

The revolution in coiffures, which was pre-

dicted three months since, is quietly on the road

ressing.

ontinue to prevail in dress, at least until November. The fushions at present are dictated not by what is worn in Paris, but by what is sent from Paris. Our modistes are busy with dresses for the dinners and soirées that will take place during the autumn at the châteaux in all parts of the paris and parts are the pares. of France. I have been fortunate enough to see many of the most beautiful of these dresses, and will describe them for the benefit of the readers of the Bazar, who will gain therefrom an accurate idea of the fall fashions.

A striking costume had a skirt of pearl gray faye, with a deep gathered flounce, headed with

ques of the Restoration, and in the end shall | broidery and insertion. The sleeve reached only shake off all vestiges of the present style of hair- to the elbow, and the arm was half veiled by a muslin sleeve to match the waist. The hair was The combination of fabrics and colors will ontinue to prevail in dress, at least until Nomber. The fashions at present are dictated of by what is worn in Paris, but by what is sent in the fashions at present are dictated of by what is worn in Paris, but by what is sent in the fashions at present are dictated of by a bow, and falling down the back. This was dinner dress designed for the Marchioness de

Another walking dress for the same lady had a bleu ancien velvet skirt, trimmed with a very deep flounce, slightly gathered, and surmounted by a double bias fold, edged by a piping of chamois fave. Polonaise of chamois fave, trimmed with fringed guipure of the same color.

A dress also designed for a party at a château

was of vert-de-gris taffetas, embroidered all over

they are even made low-nec waists open en carré, or sq following dinner dress, des season (the end of October) this style: Dress of *lilas* pink tinge) faye, trimmed of velvet of the same color edged on each side with rath pure. Over-skirt, bouffant gray crêpeline, looped very of the same color on the bi Basque-waist of the same carré over a vest of the dec This low-necked vest is com gorgerette, or front piece. Similar guipure is set unde waist, which are bordered w



Fig. 1.—WHITE SATIN BRIDAL DRESS.

For pattern and description see Supple ment, No. I., Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 to 12 YEARS OLD.

For description see

Fig. 3.—SILK AND CHALLIE EVENING DRESS.

For pattern and description see Supple-

Fig. 4.—Swiss Muslin Bridal DRESS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14-17.

Fig. 5.-LIGHT BLUE SILK DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-9.—BRIDAL AND E

to its accomplishment. Chignons are not yet | abolished, but they are displaced. They are removed to the crown of the head, so as to leave the nape of the neck free. It is true that as yet this fashion is followed only by extremists; but there is reason to suppose that it will soon become general, since the dress-makers and milliners are moving in this direction; the first by preparing standing collars and stiff frills, which could not be worn with the chignon low in the neck, and the second by modifying the shape of the bonnets to suit the coming style of hair-dressing—that is, by making them with capes, or with trimmings which take the place of capes, and fill up the void in the head—alas! in the back only. We shall probably pass through a transition stage, between the chignon and the muslin, which was elaborately trimmed with em-

three rather wide bias folds, which were edged on each side with a pleated ruche, lined with pink satin. Over-skirt of pink silk gauze, with no other trimming than a simple hem. Waist with very long basques of the same material as the very long basques of the same material as the over-skirt, edged with ruches like those of the skirt, with a pink lining. Under the basques were two rather bouffant poufs of gray faye, edged with a ruche, lined with pink. A bow of pink satin was set at the bottom of the back of the waist. A very wide pink satin ribbon extended from the middle of this bow to a similar bow, which looped the pouf on the left side, and was furnished with fringed ends. The waist was square in front and very low in the back, and was worn over a half-high waist of white

wert-de-gris ruche, and underneath this a straw-colored ruche, both of faye. Over-skirt of gris vapeur crêpe de Chine, embroidered with straw-colored and vert-de-gris stars. Waist with long basques of vert-de-gris faye, with straw-colored vest. Vert-de-gris belt, worn over the basques. Under the basques, on the left side, was set a Vert-da-gris oeit, worn over the basques.

Under the basques, on the left side, was set a knot of loops of straw-colored and vert-da-gris are quite simple. Very snall caftans of any fabric, accord this garment is a sort of long belts are worn in this way at present.

Vests are so much in fashion just now that winter by very full trowsers a

complicated and overloaded produced in miniature in thes and fabrics with Pompadour is true, but nevertheless Pomployed for the same purpose. Boys' costumes are general

be worn with It is closed at the sides, and for summer is made | Basque-waist, with black velvet belt. tront. The of white pique, linen, and white Egyptienne (a br the demi-sort of tough fabric, something like morocco); fr the demire an idea of for winter it is almost always of black velvet, (lilac with a with red trowsers and black boots. The Breton dress, with large vest with plastrons and full trowsers, is also much worn by boys, as is also deper shade, white gui- the sailor costume, composed of a full shirt with hips, of silver a broad collar, with anchors embroidered in the velvet bows corners, and loose trowsers. On reaching the age of seven they adopt a graver costume: nc, open en loose trowsers of violet blue cloth coming a little de of velvet. below the knee, and trimmed down the sides bra half-high with black galloon, with three very large buttons hite guipure, at the bottom on each side; a little vest, closed basques of the with the same buttons, but smaller, and a short issioid of vel- jacket, all of the same cloth, the jacket being ribbon, extending two-thirds the way to the state of things. Either your mother, or your

the basques, on the left side, was set a knot of loops of black velvet and pearl gray ribbon, with two ends, one of black velvet and the other of pearl gray. Over-skirt rounded in front, and trimmed with a rather wide row of pearl gray woolen guipure, above which was set a narrow row of black woolen guipure. Pearl gray bonnet, with feathers shaded from black to pearl gray. Veils are either black or white, but almost

universally of plain tulle.

Bonnets are still very high, and are furnished ith strings that tie under the chin.

Many skirts, worn under polonaises of the mos varied materials, are trimmed, not with flounces or folds, but with lozenges of broad black velvet FOR THE UGLY GIRLS. No. X.

WAS my last too much of a se VV tiana's breakfast? You think so, Kate, you who are longing to learn some art that may make you the bonniest Kate in Christendom. You say your hands are rough and unsightly, your hair is not satisfactory, growing as it does where you do not want it, and none too thick where it ought to be. Your eyebrows are bushy and stand out, a most unfeminine trait, that makes you look fierce as a lamb with mustaches. You don't look lovely to yourself, and this consciousness of demerit makes you stiff and shy in your manner. Somebody is to blame for this

Victor Hugo says that he who would know suffering should know of the sorrows of women. Let him say of ugly women, and he will touch the depth of bitterness. What tears the plain ones shed on silent pillows, shrinking even from the pale beautiful moonshine that contrasts so fatally with their homeliness! They would give years of life to win one of beauty. This regret is natural, irresistible, and not to be forbidden. This regret Better let the grief have its way till the busy period of life takes one's thoughts off one's self, and she forgets to care whether she is beautiful or not. Dam up the sluices of any sorrow, and it deepens and grows wider. Am I treating this peculiarly feminine regret over-tenderly? It is with remembrance of a girl who thought herself so homely that she absolutely prayed that she might die and go to be perfected in heaven. More than one girl makes such a wish this night before small mirrors in cottage or mansion chambers, with no eye but her own to scan the hopeless features. Why doesn't some one open a school of fine arts, literally des beaux-arts, and make a greater success than Worth does, by improving the wearers instead of the costumes?

Till that time comes let us make the best of resent resources, and consider these recipes, mearthed the other day from an ancient bookshelf belonging to a maiden lady who was once, if tradition may be credited, a beauty of no mean order. There is one thing to console us, Kate: you and I will never have to cry for our lost heaver. You hards are to be visited for lost beauty. Your hands are to be pitied, for soft sensitive fingers are what a woman can least afford to lose. They are needed to touch sick folks, and do quick sewing, and handle children with. So we are glad to learn something of this kind.

To soften the hands fill a wash-basin half full of fine white sand and soap-suds hot as can be borne. Wash the hands in this five minutes at a time, brushing and rubbing them in the sand. Rinse in warm lather of fine soap, and after drying rub the hands in dry bran or corn meal. Dust them, and finish with rubbing cold cream well into the skin. The best is flint sand, or the white quartz sold for filters. It may be used repeatedly by pouring the water away after each washing and adding fresh to keep it from blowing about. This effectually removes the roughness caused by house-work, and should be used away day first using sold to remove in the water. every day, first using acid to remove ink or veg-

N.B.—Always rub the spot with cold cream or oil after using acid on the fingers. The cream supplies the place of the natural oil of the skin, which the acid removes in discharging stains.

To give a fine color to the nails, the hands and

fingers must be well lathered and washed with scented soap; then the nails must be rubbed with equal parts of cinnabar and emery, followed by oil of bitter almonds. To remove white specks on the nails, melt equal parts of pitch and turpentine in a small cup; add to it vinegar and powdered sulphur. Rub this on the nails, and the specks will soon disappear. Pitch and myrrh melted together may be used with the

An embrocation for whitening and softening the hands and arms, which dates far back, pos-sibly to King James's times, is made from myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose-water, six ounces. Mix the whole in one well-blended mass for use, melting the wax, rose-water, and honey together in a dish over hot water, and adding the myrrh while hot. Rub this thickly over the skin before going to bed. It is good for chapped surfaces, and would make an excellent mask for the face.

A wash "for removing tan, freckles, blotches, and pimples," as the high-sounding preface assures us, is made from two gallons of strong soap-suds, to which are added one pint of alcohol and a quarter of a pound of rosemary. Apply with a linen rag. This is better when kept in a close jar overnight.

To clean the teeth, rub them with the ashes of burned bread. It must be thoroughly burned, not charred.

The following is said to be an excellent curling fluid: Put two pounds of common soap cut small into three pints of spirits of wine, and melt together, stirring with a clean piece of wood; add essence of ambergris, citron, and neroli, about a quarter of an ounce of each.

Freckle lotion, for the cure of freckles, tan, or sunburned face and hands—something which I would prefer to the rosemary wash before given: Take half a pound of clear ox gall, half a dram each of camphor and burned alum, one dram of borax, two ounces of rock-salt, and the same of This should be mixed and shaken rock-candy. well several times a day for three weeks, until ie gall becomes transpa carefully through filtering-paper, which may be had of the druggists. Apply to the face during the day, and wash it off at night.

Rowland's Macassar Oil for the hair: Take a

quarter of an ounce of the chippings of alkanet root, tie this in a bit of coarse muslin, and suspend it in a jar containing eight ounces of sweetoil for a week, covering from the dust. Add to this sixty drops of the tincture of cantharides, ten drops of oil of rose, neroli and lemon each sixty drops. Let these stand three weeks closely corked, and you will have one of the most powerful stimulants for the growth of the hair ever known.

A fine Cologne for bathing is prepared from one gallon of deodorized alcohol, or the spirit obtained from the Catawba grape, which is nearly if not quite equal to the grape spirit which gives the Farina Cologne its value. To this are added one ounce of oil of lavender, one ounce of really placing the tablier on the back of the skirt.

Over-skirt of pearl gray cashmere, closed in front, and open in the back over the flounces of the and open in the back over the flounces of the last is most endurable.

Over-skirt of pearl gray cashmere, closed in front, simple dress for summer or autumn, while one of challie, foulard, crêpe de Chine, or lace contained in the last is most endurable.

School devotion, another of her pattern temper, oil of orange, two drams of oil of neroli or orange flowers, one dram of oil of neroli or orange flowers, or or orange flowers, or or orange flowers, or orange flowers, or or orange f



GROS GRAIN AND STRIPED uttern and description see Supple-ent, No. IV., Figs. 18 and 19. DRESSES.

Fig. 7.—White Silk and Crêpe For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 20-24.

Fig. 8.—SILK AND SILK GAUZE For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25 and 26.

Fig. 9.—SILK AND GRENADINE For description see Supplement,

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sian son; teal-d in sots.

Dresses are trimmed chiefly in the back; and as to over-skirts, which have so long been worn open in front, the latest decree of Fashion is that they shall be open in the back, so as to show these trimmings. We have just seen a dress of this kind, designed for September. Skirt of black taffetas, trimmed all around with two deep pleated flounces, and up the back with the same flounces, diminishing in width, but covering the back breadth all the way to the belt. This is

trimmed with galloon on the seams like the waist. These ribbons are also often set on in perpendicular stripes, terminating about two you went ought to have taken you in hand beinches from the bottom, under a bow without ends. These stripes are separated by a space about a third greater than their width. With skirts trimmed in this manner all kinds of overskirts and polonaises are worn, from flowered and figured fabrics to black or white guipure, if the skirt is silk. Skirts of this kind are very convenient, as they can be varied to suit any de-

fore you were fourteen and showed you the remedies for these defects that were so to affect your spirits and comfort in after-life. A girl should be taught to take care of her skin and hair just as she is to hold her dress out of the dust, and not to crumple her sash when she sits down. One thing will not make her vain more than another. There are many vanities to be gree of elegance or simplicity, according to the found in women's character. One is vain of over-skirt with which they are worn; if the knowing three languages, one of her Sundayskirt, to which it was fastened at intervals by bows of black velvet mixed with pearl gray faye. For soirées.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

filched from a girl by neglect or design is so much stolen from her dowry that never can be replaced.

Now, Kate, do you see your way clear to the

use and benefit of these mixtures? All these articles are to be found at any large druggist's, or if not, he will tell you where to find them The rosemary and honey may be found in that still fragrant store-room of your aunt's, in the country, unless she has taken to writing very poor serial articles, and let the herb garden run out. To save trouble, take the recipes and have them made up at once by the druggist, who understands such things; but it is pleasant to dabble in washes and lotions one's self, like the Vicar of Wakefield's young ladies. Then have you patience to persevere in their use? For making one's self beautiful is a work of time and perseverance as much as being an artist, or student, or Christian. I wish I were with you, and could keep you up to your preparations, brush your eyebrows with a tooth-brush, and put on the cold cream or cosmetic to make them lie smooth, and do the dozen different offices of sympathy and womanly kindness. For I should feel that I was an artist putting the touches on something more valuable than any statue ever moulded. Can you feel so yourself? For if you can once get hold of that artistic impulse, you have the secret of all these toilette interferences.

FATA MORGANA.

WE have led thee from earthly places; We have borne thee to heights afar; We have taught thee what the grace is Of sun and moon and star; We have brought thee before the faces Of impossible things that are.

We have given to thy sight the seeing Of more than the soul may see; We have given to thy life the being Of more than a man may be;
We have given to thy hands the freeing
Of life from mortality.

We have lured thee unto a heaven Than heaven itself more fair; Unto thee have we given
The kingdoms of the air,
And all the planets seven, And the round world every where

We have throned thee on hills Elysian, And o'er gods have crowned thee; We have fed thee with the vision Of more than may ever be; We have mocked thee with derision, And hurled thee into the sea!

HYACINTH.

HYACINTH was seated at her uncle Sir James O'Shaughnessey's breakfast-table when the following letter was put into her hands:

The James O'Shaughnessey's breakfast-table when the following letter was put into her hands:

"My very own derived the transfer of the transfe

"P.S.—Papa has the gout, and is as cross as any thing.

Loud protests were raised, and Hyacinth herself was loath to cut short her pleasant London visit at this summons from her madcap elder sister Kitty, whose fatal facility for getting into scrapes was well known; but fearing that this one might involve something worse than usual, she returned home without delay. Her father, an impecunious younger son, acted as agent for the Irish estates of his brother, Sir James, whose wife would never consent to live out of England. Kitty met her at the station, and soon put her in possession of the facts concerning her last es-

capade. About six months before this time Miss O'Shaughnessey had been staying at Dublin, with a married school friend some few years older than herself, whose husband was in command

of the —th Lancers.

Kitty "doated on the military" every bit as much as did "the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" in the opera, and had about as many soldier lovers as she could easily reckon; but just then she was in a scrape with a civilian, "a real goose of a lawyer," as she termed him. The young butterfly creature had seldom been entirely free from anxiety on account of her flirtations since the time when she first went to school, and made the German professors all desperately in love with her; but her light frivolous nature general-ly enabled her to extricate herself from all difficulties-to shake them off as she might dew from a beautiful rose—so in this instance she flew off to her friends at Dublin, to make fresh conquests, leaving the poor young moth whose wings

had been so cruelly singed at the flame of her beauty and fascinations to recover or break his heart. I fear she did not think it very important which course he took.

At Dublin, as usual, the lovely Miss O'Shaugh nessey made a triumphant progress; but it was her destiny here to go nearer losing that fragment of heart that I suppose she must have pos

than she had ever been in her life.

The surgeon of the —th Lancers, by name Gustavus (or, as he was invariably called, Gus) Wilding, was a man about as different from all the empty-pated young sparks who had hitherto done homage at the throne of Queen Kitty as it was possible for man to be. He was not goodlooking, nor especially agreeable, and had a brusque, uncouth manner, but he was remark-ably clever, and a wonder in his profession. He danced perfectly, beautifully, and that was the only excuse Miss O'Shaughnessey could offer for the fancy which she decidedly had for him for a brief period. His roughness had a sort of charm for her, because of the firmness of his character, and the power there was in his conversation. She nicknamed him "Bruin," and in her sweet, saucy way, that no one could object to, told him he was "atrocious," "barbare," but that "it was quite refreshing to talk to him, because he was so different to other

people."

Her friend Mrs. Glyn warned her not to trifle with Gus Wilding, if she really meant nothing, as he was seriously in love with her; but he was so clever, loved her with such strength, and was, oh! so different to every one else, that at the end of two months Kitty went home engaged to him, very fond of him, yet with a kind of mis-giving that all was not going to end satisfactorily, and with some dread and shame of him in her heart; for though so very clever, Gus Wilding was scarcely a man to feel proud of as a husband, and then he was "so poor," and "oh, the position of an army surgeon! And his wife! A mere attorney or curate would be better, or even a country doctor!"

Mr. O'Shaughnessey was not told of his daughter's engagement, and for a month or so Kitty corresponded regularly with her lover, worked slippers for him, embroidered his initials on handkerchiefs, drew pictures to adorn his rooms in barracks, and felt very constant to her absent

But in a nature like Kitty's absence very rarely makes the heart grow fonder (i. e., an absence of long duration), and on the principle of Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a, Kitty soon plunged recklessly into several new flirtations, one among the number being the Mr. Kilgower you have already heard about. This gentleman was very rich, and had an es-

tate in Ireland as well as a house in London. tate in Ireland as well as a house in London. His admiration of her was so very great, and so evident, that Kitty knew it would be necessary for her to give Mr. Wilding his conge; but, instead of managing this little jilting business cleverly, I am sorry to say Kitty bungled it most sadly. She allowed Mr. Kilgower's attention tions to arrive at the climax before writing to tell Gus that she had tired of him: she lacked the courage to be off with the old love, even after she was thoroughly on with the new; and the fact of her engagement with Mr. Kilgower had become the talk of the country before poor Gus even knew more than that his mistress had not written to him for three weeks; and at length he only heard of her perfidy through Mrs. Glyn.

He then hastened to Enniskillen, and came upon Kitty suddenly one day when she was sitting alone contemplating some splendid presents of jewelry which had just arrived from her

Overcome with shame, she could only burst into tears, say she was so sorry, beg his pardon, and offer to return him all his letters, and implore him to give back her own: she had never allowed him to give her a ring, or any thing of importance, as she did not wish her father to know any thing about the affair.
Gus replied, "You might have told me your

self, Kitty, and not left me to find it out. I can not give you back your things; you must not ask too much of me. You have taken yourself away, but I shall keep all the tokens I have of your pretended love. Good-by. Never make another man as wretched as you have made me." Then he left her, and returned to his

Somehow or other it happened that Gus had never learned the name of his fortunate rival; Mrs. Glyn had not mentioned it, and it was enough for him to know that he was jilted with-out hearing any more, except whether the man was rich: he asked that question, for Kitty had often told him at the beginning of their acquaintance that she was determined to marry money.

Kitty knew she had not deserved to come off scot-free, but quite thought the matter was at an end, and that she would not be troubled further; but alss for her, poor child! through some whim of the commander-in-chief, or those in authority, the -th Lancers were suddenly ordered to Enniskillen. So very sudden was the movement that Kitty did not know of it till they actually were quartered there; for her friend Mrs. Glyn, was annoved with her on account of Gus, and had not chosen to write to her since her new engagement; so that her astonishment at seeing some soldiers in the well-known uniform one day when she was riding through Enniskillen with Mr. Kilgower may easily be imagined. She could scarcely believe her senses till Mr. Kilgower exclaimed, "Why, I didn't know the —th were here. I must look up a friend I have in it.

"Who indeed?" Kitty asked, innocently, but whipping her horse's neck rather unnecessarily at the same time.

"Don't canter in the town, darling," said her

"My friend is only the surgeon, Gus Wilding, one of the best fellows I know. I haven't seen him for a very long time. I am afraid you would not like him; he is a rough

Kitty turned sick with an indescribable feeling Kitty turned sick with an indescribable feeling of dread and apprehension; but she managed to say, looking up in her lover's face with her sweet blue eyes, "I met Mr. Wilding several times when I was in Dublin. I think he is a dreadfully ugly man, and quite a bear!"
"He is not a lady's man, certainly," was the reply, "but he's one of the best-hearted fellows in the world."

This was all that passed on the subject of Gus Wilding, and the following day Mr. Kilgower left Ireland for London to stay for a few weeks, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place almost immediately after his return, in spite of the very short acquaintance of the

Kitty knew well how particular were Mr. Kilgower's ideas as to what women should be, and quaked when she remembered those letters which Gus had refused to give back to their writer, who had called herself in them "Dear old Bruin's own forever;" those paintings, with the sign of the artist, a kitten's head, in the corner, and the two delicate cambric handkerchiefs, with the same device, embroidered with Gus's initials—a set of which had subsequently been made for Mr. Kilgower—for there was not much originality or variety in Miss O'Shaughnessey's gifts to her lovers, and I should be afraid to say how many monograms with quaint pussies' heads introduced into them her pretty fingers had worked for her different adorers.

Such was the account delivered to Hyacinth by her sister while they were preparing for rest. "If only I could get the things away from him somehow!" wept Kitty. "Fanny Glyn went to his lodgings only the day before yesterday, and implored him to give them up, and spare me; and he only laughed, and said it would teach me not to be so heartless; and he showed her a little leather writing-box with my letters and the handkerchiefs in it, all ready to show to Mr. handkerchiefs in it, all ready to show to Mr. Kilgower; and, of course, he'll send him the pictures too, only they were too big to go into the desk! Oh! they had my kitten so dreadfully distinct. I'll never draw another cat's head as long as I live, that I declare!"

"What did you say about lodgings—does he not live in barracks?" asked Hyacinth.

"Oh! he generally has to sleep there, but he "Oh! he generally has to sleep there, but he has some rooms in — Place, that he shares with a boy who is reading for the bar, I believe — a son of Sir John Farquhar. What in the world he should come here to read for I can't conceive; and why he lives with a military surgeon I can't think at all. Bah! I must have been mad to dream of ever marrying Gus—(poor old Gus!) It would be every bit as respectable to marry a 'vet.!'"

"Veterinary surgeons are not gentlemen, and the others are; and I know that in the Guards

the others are; and I know that in the Guards they rank as captains," quietly observed Hya-cinth; and then, as she was very tired after her journey, Kitty mercifully let her go to sleep.

The next morning was wet, very wet indeed, and accompanied with a cutting March wind. The Misses O'Shaughnessey had talked till so late the night before that the morning was far advanced ere either of them arose. was the first to wake: at about nine o'clock she sprang out of bed, and without disturbing her Bister, put on her riding-habit and hat, hastened down stairs, and ordered her pony to be saddled imme-diately. She took breakfast to her father in his bedroom, after making a very speedy repast her-self, and in answer to Mr. O'Shaughnessey's question, why she was attired for riding on so miserable a day, replied that she must see how Scamp could trot after a year's idleness (for he was very seldom ridden except when Hyacinth was at home, Kitty despising her sister's roan pony), and that it was impossible for the rain to last, as there was such a high wind. So she set off, sans groom, sans cavalier, so perfectly free from feeling "the least alarm" that she might have been an actual descendant, as well as a countrywoman, of her of the rich and rare gems.

An hour's riding brought her into Enniskillen, splashed all over, and wet to the skin. She dismounted at a small hostelry near the barracks, where she desired that Scamp should be rubbed down and fed, and brought to her in half an hour at — Place, whither she now makes her way on foot, with her muddy habit over her arm.

Ringing the bell of one of the houses, she in quires if it is there that Mr. Wilding and Mr. Farquhar lodge. Being informed "No, but that No. 15 is a lodging-house—the only one in — Place"—she then goes to No. 15, which she finds is the right house; but she is told that Mr. Wilding is at the barracks, and Mr. Farquhar gone out, and not expected back till late. "I'll come in, then," Hyacinth says to the maid, "and write him a note; 'tis very tiresome of my brother not to be at home

Now this was a very odd thing for Hyacinth to say, as she had never had a brother in her life; but you see, the servant, naturally enough, looked rather surprised at the arrival of this sweetly pretty little girl, and you must know for certain that the little girl had some decided object in view in thus hurrying off on an expedition of so many miles in such miserable weather, and running the risk of being laid up with rheu matic fever or ague; and although (consummate actress that she was) she declared, with a provoked tone and vexed expression of countenance. that it was tiresome of her brother not to be at home," she was not by any means disappointed really; and as soon as she was alone in the gentlemen's sitting-room she clasped her hands statically above her head, and ejaculated, "What a blessed mercy!" Hyacinth had determined in her own mind the previous night that she would

do all that lay within her small power to frustrate Mr. Wilding's intention of exposing her sister's bad conduct.

She did not for an instant excuse Kitty, but the dear, sensible, worldly-minded little soul knew so very well how desirable it was for the family that their naughty, expensive first-born should be well married, and she feared that there was really some chance of the match being broken off if Mr. Kilgower learned the full extent of Kittle interior with Care William.

The intercession of a friend had been tried, and proved unavailing; so Hyacinth's plan was not to go and fall upon her knees and implore mercy—no, she did not hope or intend to meet Mr. Wilding at all, and had she been told that he was in the house she would quietly have cope he was in the house she would quietly have gone away again, and bided her time; but she had felt certain that his duties would have taken him to the barracks at that hour of the day, as was indeed the case. She now lost no time, but glancing quickly round the room while removing her wringing wet gloves, pounced upon two little pictures on the mantel-piece, and then looked eagerly about for the leathern writingcase her sister had described.

There was only one thing in the room that at all answered to the description, and her next move was to try and unlock it with one of the keys she had on her bunch; but not either of them fitted the lock. "You must come too, then," Hyacinth remarked to the box. "What a thief I am! How lucky that the law does not hang people now for stealing! I wonder if any harm can come of this; 'twould be a fine scandal for Miss O'Shaughnessey to be imprisoned or transported for feloniously abstracting some pic-tures and a desk from the apartments of an offi-cer in the —th Lancers. I hope he doesn't keep

any of his money in you, my dear."

As she said all this to herself she made the plunder up into a parcel, and wrapped it in a newspaper that was lying about. Only ten minutes had elapsed since she en-

tered the room, and Scamp was not due for twenty more. The rain was still falling heavily, and, now that her work was done, Hyacinth had

time to realize how very wet and cold she was. Supposing all chance of immediate detection to be over, she drew a chair to the fire and began to warm her frozen little feet. Her hair was so dripping wet that she removed the pins from the thick dark braids, and let them hang down to dry. She was in this position when the door opened, and a young gentleman with a nice straight nose and a pair of pretty gray eyes came into the room with his hat on, exclaiming, "You in, Gus!" but perceiving Hyacinth with a tail of hair in her hand, seemed very much embarrassed, took off his hat, stammered out an apology, and looked very awkward.

Hyacinth was seldom flurried, and now was

Hyacinth was seldom flurried, and now was quite equal to the occasion. She rose and courtesied, and thinking to herself, "Some stupid cornet in the —th, I suppose," said, "I believe Mr. Wilding is not at home?"

"No," said the youth. "He generally is out at this time—in fact, always—but do you want him? I'll go and fetch him if you like. I won't be very long."

be very long.

"Oh! botheration!" said Hyacinth, mental-"Oh! botheration!" said Hyacinth, mentally, "I was afraid I shouldn't be able to manage without a powerful amount of story-telling.— Thank you," she said aloud; "I don't want Mr. Wilding; I came here to see my brother, Mr. Farquhar, but he has gone out. You see, he didn't expect me at all, and didn't know I was any where near, in fact. I am going to write a note presently, only my hands are so cold I was obliged to warm them a little."

While speaking she had fastened up her hair

"You are a very brave lady to be out on such a day as this," said the young man, confusedly, looking with admiration at the piquante little figure before him. "Your habit is dreadfully wet. I hope you won't catch cold. I—I—it's rather wrong to offer such things to a lady, but really, do you know—I think you had much better have some hot brandy-and-water-or I have some capital Kinahan.'

"Oh no, thank you. I am a very water-proof person; I never take cold scarcely," said Hyacinth, laughing; and rising and going to the writing-table, she continued, "I will write a line now, to show that I have been here. May I ask you to look out of the window and see if a

boy is there with my pony?"

She wrote for a few minutes, and when her note was finished, placed it, with the direction downward, on the blotting-book. Then, Scamp not having arrived, she returned to her easy-

chair by the fire.
"I suppose—I think—I'll wish you good-morning," said the young man, even more awkwardly than he had yet spoken, which is saying a great deal. "I'm afraid there are no books that would amuse you. Here are some photo-graphs—or would you like a paper? Yesterday's Times is here, I know-where can it be?

saw it this morning."
"And I am sitting on it," thought Hyacinth, for she had used it to wrap up her spoils in, and had placed the parcel on the chair she occupied. "Oh, never mind, thank you," she replied. "I know I must go soon, by the time I have been here. I told them to send my pony in half an hour, and it's more than that now. Please tell me - do you know Mr. Wilding and my

"Oh yes, I—I know Wilding, and I know Farquhar a little—that is, I know him perfectly—in fact—I beg your pardon—I have heard so much of his sisters—will you think me very rude if I ask which of them you are—Jean or Kath-

"My sister is Katherine," said Hyacinth, hurriedly rising; and going to the window, she continued: "Ah! my pony has just come.

Digitized by GOOGLE

good-morning, Sir!" and taking her parcel in her arms, and making him a grand courtesy, she was about to leave the room; but just as the youth was opening the door for her, she remembered her gloves, which were being roasted in the fend-er, and returned for them. They were quite dry by this time, but had shrunk so much that buttoning them was an impossibility. The awkward young man begged permission to assist her, so she held out one little hand to bim, and he struggled hard to make the fastening meet his handsome face getting rather red as he did

so, but in vain.
"Tis no use," said Hyacinth, herself giving the glove one more wrench, in which desperate effort the button came off and rolled away on the floor; then, from sheer bravado, and the height of her spirits consequent on the great success she had achieved, the daring young hussy allowed her admiring swain to carry her par-cel down stairs for her; and when he had placed ti in the saddle-bag and mounted her, she re-plied to his question, "Can I give any message to your brother for you?"

"Nothing but my best love, thank you—give him that, if you think it worth while. Good-

morning!" and with a smile and wave of her hand, she rode off at a brisk trot.

When Hyacinth returned she found Kitty standing before one of the tall old-fashioned mirrors in the drawing-room, admiring herself, and being admired by a certain high-born dowager, at whose house a great fancy ball was to

take place the following week.
"See!" said she, as she opened her parcel, and produced first one picture, then the other, and finally the leathern box.
"Hyacinth!"

Kitty rummaged out every key the house contained, and at last found one that would open the desk; and then her eyes gloated over each wellremembered letter, the beautiful handkerchiefs her photographs, and a broken fan her lover had taken from her one night. She had forgotten that. She threw every thing into the fire, and hugged her sister to her bosom, while she made the little heroine recount her adventures from beginning to end.

Hyacinth had only ridden away from -Place a few minutes, and the young man was still gazing after her, and thinking that in all his life he had never seen any one half so beautiful, on horseback or elsewhere, when he was touched on the shoulder, and some one said to him:
"Dick, what in the world are you standing out here in the rain without your hat for?
You look as if you had been Gorgonized. I

tou look as it you had been Gorgonized. I thought you had gone to Derry."

He replied, "I am all abroad, Gus. I don't know what to make of it. A young lady, ever so pretty, has just been here, and she says she's my sister Jean, who is six feet high, you know, and has red hair and nine children and she with her least the relations. dren, and she sent her love to me, by myself—her best love, too. Oh! she is so awfully pretty—her hair is ever so much below her waist, and such little feet, with such muddy boots! Gus, tell me, am I myself, or some other fellow?"

"Look here, young man; if I hadn't seen you at breakfast this morning I should think our wines at breakfast this morning I should think our wines had been too much for you last night, and never allow you to dine at mess again. Don't be such an ass," said Gus Wilding, taking the lad's arm and leading him in-doors. No sooner were they in the sitting-room than Dick made a bound, and sprang on something lying on the hearth-rug.
"The button off her glove!" he exclaimed, putting it to his lips theatrically, and then into his waistcoat pocket.

"Are you mad?" asked his friend. "What

is all this rubbish about?

"I tell you I can't tell you at all," replied the other. "I came in a few minutes ago, having been too late for the train, and found a lady with all her hair down, and a very wet riding-habit, sitting in that chair warming her feet, who told me that you were not at home, and that she was my sister—at least, Dick Farquhar's sister. I always believed that I was Dick Farquhar; but she didn't seem to be aware of the fact; so perhaps I am mistaken as to my identity.

Dick was going on to regret that he had not a little dog at home to "laugh and wag his tail," like that of the unfortunate old lady in our nursery books, whose petticoats the felonious and in-delicate peddler "cut all round about," when Mr. Wilding broke in with, "Good gracious! I suppose the woman came after the spoons; only no one in her senses would imagine the plate in Irish lodgings to be silver.

"I tell you she was a lady," said Dick, indig nantly, "although she did ride away without a servant. Stay; she wrote me a letter, as I wasn't at home. Ah! what's this? 'Augustus Wilding, Esquire;' this is the note she wrote.

(What pretty writing!) What can it mean?"
"She doesn't seem to know much about either of us; she hasn't even called me by my right name," said Gus Wilding, opening the letter. As he read it a deep color suffused his face,

and he burst into a loud laugh.
"Plucky girl!" he exclaimed. "Well, I have succeeded in giving Miss O'Shaughnessey

a good fright."
"Do explain!" cried the other.

And Gus proceeded: You know that I believed that the lovely Miss O'Shaughnessey you have heard of cared for me-I was a fool ever to think so, but I did. I was madly in love with her, and she treated me abominably. She used to receive my letters, and send darling little notes in reply; made me a complete baby or idiot in her hands, and then coolly accepted another man without even having the grace to take the trouble to tell me I was jilted. The man is a fellow I like very much, and for whom I could have wished a more true-

hearted wife than Miss O'Shaughnessey. In the first rage of my disappointment I imagined that she was thoroughly bad, and would behave to every man as she had treated me, and I determined to balk her, and, like a beast and a cad, threatened to tell her new lover of her conduct to me. Poor Kitty! As if I would hurt one hair of her silly little head. She won't jilt Kil-gower, though, because of his money. Poor child—the O'Shaughnesseys are very poor, and she often used to tell me before we were engaged (engaged!) that it was her intention to sell herwere engaged self for money."

"But," here interrupted Dick, "was that girl Miss O'Shaughnessey? And why did she pretend to be my sister, and what is the letter about?

"Listen." And Gus read:

"I have come here at a time when I felt certain you would be absent, to do my very best to frustrate your cruel intentions. When it is out of your power to harm the poor girl who is so very, zery sorry for the wrong way in which she has behaved to you, you will, I think, be reasonable enough to consider that she was much too poor and ambitious to make you a good wife. I know I have acted dishonestly in thus removing all proofs of her foolish conduct. I act thus entirely out of my own head. I believe I know enough of men's nature to be very sure that you will never own to having been tricked in this way, and may hope we are safe.

"She must be a clever girl," said Gus. "'Her ster'—her sister Hyacinth, whom I have never seen. Do you see, she has not mentioned Kitty's name once; there is nothing in this letter to show who it is she has 'acted thus' for! Hyacinth is more gifted with brains than her sister. I won-der if she is as lovely. How did she steal the things away? Pictures gone! and the desk too! what an ass I was to let them lie about! However, poor Kitty has been teased long enough."

"You have entirely got over your spoon for that lady, I think," said Dick. "Yes; when I don't see her I am all right,

but if I were to meet her to-morrow, and she were to exercise her matchless little arts of fascination, I should be as much of a fool as ever. I never loved any woman before I saw Kitty, and always thought that when I did fall in love, it would be with a clever one; but Kitty has no sense, no originality, only a perfect face and winning manners. You will see her on Tuesday at Lady Conniston's bal costwas."

Kitty, ravishingly attired as Undine, was drinking coffee in the library at Conniston Lodge, on the night of the bal costume, with a goodly group of officers and courtiers of different nations and periods in attendance.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Gus Wilding, in the uniform of the -th Lancers, and Dick Farquhar as Romeo, in a suit of exquisite pale blue satin, had just arrived. They found their way to Kitty, who bit her lips and looked red and uncomfortable when Gus asked her for a

As she made a pretense of seeing how deeply she was engaged, to hide her confusion, Gus just whispered in her ear, "You need not be afraid of me;" and she beamed upon him out of her blue eyes, saying, "I will dance this next valse with you." And she took his arm, ignoring utterly a Mephistopheles who was approaching to claim her hand.

Will you present me to your sister?" said Gus, as they left the room together. "Kitty—Miss O'Shaughnessey—did you really think I should be such a brute as to tell tales about you?'

"I know I deserve quite every thing," Kitty replied, penitently. "I want you to believe that I had no idea at all about Hyacinth's going to you. Oh! and you must not scold her, please!"

Lovely as she looked then, the blue eyes had

lost their old magic for Gus Wilding, and before the valse was over he more than ever realized the fact that he had made a grand mistake, and felt thankful that he had been released in time, and that this beautiful, vapid creature was not

to be his wife.

"How splendid The O'Shaughnessey looks towas the most hackneyed expression of the evening; and certainly Kitty was the most exquisitely lovely thing imaginable; but some few people, those chiefly who were in the habit of witnessing Miss O'Shaughnessey's triumphs constantly, were not entirely disposed to yield the palm of beauty to her, and deserted in favor of her sister, who had the charm of novelty, and was most becomingly attired as Madame De Pompadour in an ancient primrose-colored brocade that had belonged to an ancestress of the

O'Shaughnesseys, and which clever Hyacinth had adapted splendidly to her own little figure.

Young Farquhar, who knew scarcely any one in the room, was measuring his height of sixfeet-one against the wall, most anxious to discover the daring little creature whose acquaintance he had made so very oddly the week before, when she waltzed past him with Colonel Glyn, and he knew her at once. Of course he felt that he could not speak to her unless she first made some sign of recognition; but fortune favored him. When the dance was over, and the couples were, so to speak, letting the steam down gradually by promenading round the room, a small trinket fell from Madame De Pompadour's necklace.

She did not discover her loss, and as Dick was slightly acquainted with Colonel Glyn, he found courage enough to pick up the locket and restore it to its owner.

That Hyacinth knew him again was unmistakable, from the pretty color that mounted to her cheeks. As she courtesied her thanks to Dick, Colonel Glyn said, "Miss O'Shaughnessey, I will leave you in better hands than my own, if you will allow me. May I present Mr. Farquhar, Miss Hyacinth O'Shaughnessey?"

Both the young persons were rather embar-assed when Colonel Glyn left them, but Dick naturally was not so confused as Hyacinth, and

pretty calmly asked her hand for the next

"I am not engaged," she said to him; "but let me speak to you, please. I must pray you never to seek to know why I imposed upon you so the other day. Believe me, my case was very urgent, and—how could I have guessed you were Mr. Farquhar?"

"Miss O'Shaughnessey—" She motioned him with her hand not to interrupt her, and continued:

"I knew you to-night directly I saw you when you came and spoke to me, and I hoped I might have the chance of asking you not to betray me; but when Colonel Glyn said your name! Oh! I beg your pardon so much! How rude you must think me to have told you all those fearful stories!"

"Indeed I was only too charmed to think I had such a beautiful sister," said Dick, "and I wish most heartily that you had never found out who I was. At least I don't mean that-but-Miss O'Shaughnessey, I hope you won't minddon't be angry, please; but the fact is, I know what you came for, and I think your conduct is the most heroic and jolly thing I ever heard of, and so awfully clever too; and, in fact, I haven't been able to think of any thing else ever since. Oh! I wish you would keep on our relationship, and let me be your brother still. Do!"

They were alone together in a small antechamber adjoining the dancing-room, with mus-lin curtains veiling the doorway. Dick had lin curtains veiling the doorway. taken one of Hyacinth's hands as he spoke, and was looking into her face with earnest, pleading gray eyes.

He was very much in love, and was already aware of it. It does not take a long acquaint-ance for folks to fall in love with each other; but I think they scarcely ever own it, even to themselves, after only two short meetings. But as Romeo and Madame De Pompadour stood there, he knew that, over and above all his bovish flirtations, this was the one great absorbing passion of his life, and that he had loved her from the moment he had first seen her; and Hyacinth, though the thought of "being in love" hardly entered her matter-of-fact little head, felt confused, though not uncomfortably hen the lad's handsome face bent over her, and somehow did not want to take her hand away, although it was a liberty she generally

would have indignantly resented.

The band struck up the "Amoretten Tanze," and he put his arm round her without a word. and they went back to the ball-room and valsed

till the music ceased.

And they danced the next dance together, and the next, and the next. Their conduct was disgraceful, and the worst of it was that they did not seem to be the least ashamed of themselves. Dick never said, "May I have the pleasure of this dance with you?" and Hyacinth not once went through the farce of looking at her card to see if she were engaged or no; there was simply

"You must call me Dick, you know," he told her in the course of the evening, "as I am your brother;" and though she was far too proper to promise this, Hyacinth found she could not think

of him as "Mr. Farquhar."

As I do not wish this story to bear any resemblance to a Chinese play, which continues from night to night, commencing at the birth of the hero and following him to the grave, where, as Artemus Ward says, "it cheerfully ends," I shall conclude. Who does not know that when matters have arrived so far, Hyacinth will reward Dick Farquhar and that Kitty becomes Mrs. Kilgower?

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] The Nautical Drama.—The Prince's Debts.—A Curiosity of Literature.—Domestic Snakes.

CURIOUS instance has been lately afforded A in our law courts of how soon sentiment is extinguished after the custom which first evoked it has disappeared. One would have thought, it has disappeared. One would have thought, in Dibdin's time, that whatever change might take place in the shape of our ships, the nautical drama would never lose its popularity in England. Yet we find that this is not the case. Perhaps a sense of dignity prevents people from going to see a performance every phrase of which has become out of date; it seems being treated like children to hear folks talk of ' ering their timbers," or announce their readiness to perish in defense of "our wooden walls." when there is no timber to shiver, and no wood our walls; but, at all events, they do not go The iron-clads have extinguished that popular class of melodrama of which 'Black-eyed Susan' was the queen. The late T. P. Cooke, the famous actor in plays of that class, and who danced his hornpipes to some purpose, since he realized an ample fortune on the boards, bequeathed £2000, the interest of which was to be iven yearly to the author of the best nautical drama; but for the last two years it seems no-body has thought it worth his while to write such a thing, and the Court of Chancery has very properly decided that the bequest shall be applied to the general purposes of the Dramatic College. If the sum had been larger it might have been applied to relieving the embarrase ments of a certain great personage who, it is rumored, will have to apply to Parliament during its next session for the payment of his debts. Nobody grudges the Prince of Wales his annual allowance of a hundred thousand pounds or so; but it is generally considered to be sufficient; and if, as alleged, he has more expenses thrust upon him than it is usual for an heir-apparent to bear, through the neglect of the reigning sovereign of her public duties, it is to her that sovereign of her public auties, it is to ite. but he should look for reimbursement, rather than proprietor.

to the national purse. It is certain that the queen is very wealthy, and that the sums annually expended in other reigns in maintaining the state befitting a court, and still more in the en-tertainment of foreign visitors, have not been so spent. It is lamented by the sagacious that the rumored application for pecuniary assistance was not made during the convalescence of his royal highness; for he would then have received whatever was required without cavil. As it is, he will doubtless gain his object, but not so easily. The readiest way to do so would be to open a public subscription, whereby, too, it would be seen what the fulsome adulation of a certain portion of the public is really worth. Was it not James II. who, in the presence of two bishops, inquired whether he had not a right to his subjects' money?

"Most assuredly," replied A, "for you are the breath of our nostrils."

"But what do you say, B?" inquired James of the other bishop.

"I think your majesty has a perfect right to A's money," was the cautious rejoinder, "be-cause he offers it."

It is said that in the prince's younger days his

father, wearied with reproaching him for his lit-tle extravagances, commissioned a learned divine to speak a few words with him upon that subject, to whose lecture the royal youth listened with exemplary patience and in submissive silence. When it was all over, the prince, as though deepby impressed, but willing to change the subject on the reverend man's account, who had been much embarrassed in delivering bimself of his charge, inquired, with an air of interest, whether new how Rothschild had made his money.

"Indeed, your royal highness, I do not; but I should like to know, for such information must

be very interesting."

"He made it in this way, Sir—by confining himself solely to his own business," was the to-

tally unexpected reply.

Talking of bishops (for this unsuccessful divine was afterward made one—consoled with a mitre, perhaps, for his disappointment), there is a funny story affoat of a certain prelate said to have his eye on the archiepiscopal chair (at present, how-ever, occupied, and so well that I hope it will ever, occupied, and so went that I hope It will long remain so). He had an unruly son, as bishops are apt to have, and had punished the child by putting him in a corner, when suddenly

Mr. Gladstone was announced.
"Come out of the corner, boy!" cried the bishop. But the lad stuck in it like another Jack Horner.
"Come out of the corner, Sir, this instant!"

repeated the bishop, horrified that the dispenser of sees should find his offspring in disgrace and under punishment.

"Not I," said the child, "unless you give me half a crown," which the astute infant pocketed accordingly.

To exchange the bench for the door-step is to descend indeed; but what say you to a housemaid writing a novel! I have not read "The Rose of Avondale" myself, so can not tell wheth-er the internal evidence bears out the assertion that it is written by a young person "in domestic service," but so it is publicly announced. It is not even usual (for "Pamela" is an exception) for young ladies in this position to be even the heroines of this class of literature; but only imagine their taking to the creation of heroines! I am told the book is not bad; and, indeed, the views of life set forth in it ought to be novel enough. No one, I believe, has ever before described how the world looks through that end of the telescope. Thackeray used to say that no-body knew half as much about us as our own servants, which is true, I suppose, within certain limits, or, as we should rather say in this case, area. We shall now have "The Greatest Plague of Life," I conclude, written from another stand-point—with the mistresses for the plagues in-stead of the maids. As time goes on, we may look for poetesses as well as prose writers in the same sphere: "Aspirations," by an under housemaid, for instance; or "Simmerings," by a plain cook. At all events, "The Rose of Avondale" is a curiosity of literature. I wonder whether Messrs. Asher or the great baron will secure this novelty for their Continental series. You know, of course, that the former have started up as rivals of the famous Tauchnitz. Curiously enough, their first battle will come off in our law courts upon a question of American copyrights. A novel by Ouida, it seems, appeared originally in the United States, and has been added without leave or license by the Messrs. Asher to their series, though the authoress made it over to Baron Tauchnitz & Son. The former publishers contend that since the book was published first across the Atlantic it has lost its copyright in Europe, which the latter deny.

A more knotty case at present occupying our lawyers is whether a householder has a right to keep tame snakes, which climb over his wall into his neighbor's premises. They are described (by the defendant's friends, among whom is that lover of all "varmint," Mr. Frank Buckland) as not only quite harmless, but perfectly charming. The anacondas, for example, are, it seems, the pets of the family, and to see them "wreathing themselves about their children's limbs," who are delighted with their spotted playmates, is a most touching domestic incident. This may be all very true, says the complainant (though he obviously doubts it), but to my children, who are not accustomed to these engaging creatures, it is very alarming to meet an anaconda wriggling up the stairs; nor does the baby take the rattle of the rattlesnake for an agreeable toy. As the case is in chancery, it will probably,

"Like a wounded snake, drag its slow length along,"

until these boneless bones of contention shall have died a natural death, or swallowed their R. KEMBLE, of London.

LADY GYMNASTS AT THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM, LONDON.

THIS pretty engraving represents an animated scene in the Ladies' Class of a German gymnasium in London. The gymnasium in question was established some ten years since, by

sand volumes. The exercises are under the direction of a master, who is responsible to the council, and the members are told off into squads, according to their proficiency. Each squad has a leader, and the exercises are so arranged that every member has the opportunity of learning the use of each kind of apparatus in its turn.

vaulting-horse, are favorite apparatus. Of course the exercises are regulated according to the age, strength, and sex of the student, and are carried on under a system which is called "drill," but is as unlike the stiff military drill of the soldier as could well be imagined. There is so much variety, such constant change, that the pupil

It would be well if this admirable institution could be extensively imitated in this country, and all our ladies encouraged to practice this excellent system of physical training, which is too much neglected among us. At present a few ladies' gymnasia exist in large cities, and calisthenics are taught to a limited extent in



LADY GYMNASTS AT THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM, LONDON.

the German students in London, for the promotion of physical education and social intercourse. Subsequently other nationalities were permitted to join, and it is now quite a cosmopolitan insti-tution. The building is fitted up with every conceivable apparatus for gymnastic exercises, and has also a spacious club-room, with chess, bill-jards, etc., and a fine library of over two thou-

as well as muscle, and include performances with dumb-bells, bar-bells, and the wand or quarter-staff, with which some very graceful movements can be effected. Nor are the more difficult kinds of gymnastics neglected; the swing, or stirrups, the giant-stride, the horizontal and aven the parallel bars, the leaping-stand, and even the

The exercises are calculated to develop nerve | never wearies of her task; and while every limb and muscle of the body is in turn required to exercise its office, the confidence and nerve of the pupil increase with each fresh effort. The picturesque costume has a jacket of scarlet, skirt of gray, with scarlet trimmings; trowsers of gray, drawn in at the ankle in Turkish fashion; a black belt, and white gymnastic shoes.

some schools, but the mass of our feminine population are wholly indifferent to any such systematic development of muscle. When American women follow the example of their English sisters more fully, and accustom themselves from childhood to long walks and active exercise, we shall hear less of the nervousness and fragility that now are sapping the life of our race.

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Fig. 3.

SPRIG IN

RAISED EM-

BROIDERY.

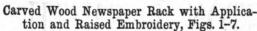
FULL SIZE.

largest leaves, and Fig. 31 gives the pattern

for one of the smallest leaves), and are ornamented with long stitches of chêne green saddler's silk, which are also drawn tighter on the

under side. Work the remaining leaves and sprays, observing the full-sized illustra-

tions Figs. 3, 4, and 7; the leaves for



This newspaper rack is of carved brown polished wood, covered on the inside with white and on the outside with dark watered paper. The front is ornamented with embroidery in the shape of a medallion (see Fig. 2). The border of this medallion is worked in application, half-polka stitch, and point Russe embroidery on a foundation of black velvet, and the centre is worked in raised em-broidery on a foundation of light gray cloth. To work the medallion cut, first, for the raised embroidery the requisite number of separate flowers, leaves, and sprays of cloth in different colors and shades. The violets (Fig. 5 shows a violet in full size) are made of violet velvet. Fig. 29, Supplement, gives the pattern of a medium-sized violet; the remaining violets are cut from the same pattern, larger or smaller, observing the illustration Fig. 2. All the leaves of the violet are ornamented with long stitches of violet filling silk; in doing this draw the stitches tighter on the wrong side of the leaf, so that it becomes raised. In the middle of each flower work a knot with gold-colored saddler's silk, and then fasten the leaves on and above each other with several stitches in the

position shown by Fig. 2. The large and small pointed leaves are made of green cloth in three shades,

observing Figs. 2 and 6 (Fig.

30, Supplement, gives the pattern for one of the

this on a foundation of black velvet, and edge all the design figures with fine gold cord; the latter is fast-ened with cross stitches of fine yellow silk. Pay no attention for the present to the two inner lines nearest the centre. In sewing on the cord always pass the needle through both layers of material, letting the stitches show as little as possible. The veins of the leaves are worked with dark gray saddler's silk in half-polka stitch (see full-sized illustration Fig. 2). The narrow point Russe trimming is also worked with saddler's silk in two shades of gray. After finishing the border cut out the silk reps along all the outlines, and the velvet only along the inner outlines, paste the border on the cloth foundation, and then sew on the remaining rows of gold cord, passing the needle through all the layers of material.

Corners of Borders for Covers, Handker-chiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 588.

Вотн of these borders are worked in straight netting with medium-sized cotton on a mesh half an inch in circumference.

Fig. 1.—Corner of Border in Florentine Gui-This border is worked according to the de-scription accompanying Fig. 13, page 476, Harper's Bazar,

Fig. 1.—Embroidered For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 29-31.

Fig. 5.—Embroid-ERED VELVET VIOLET. FULL SIZE. For pattern see Supplement. No. VIII., Fig. 29.

Fig. 7.—SPRAY IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

NEWSPAPER RACK

Fig. 6.—Embroidered CLOTH LEAF. -FULL SIZE. For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 31.

MODERA

Vol. V., No. 29. For the scallops on the out-er edge run a double thread and button-

hole stitch it close-

Fig. 4. SPRIG IN RAISED EMBROIDERY. FULL SIZE.

stitches always form a knot. Cut away the projecting netted foun-dation on the outer edge. Fig. 2.—Border in Straight Netting RUN WITH POINT LACE BRAID. — For this border baste the netting on a

TUTTE

foundation of stiff paper or linen, and run it, in the design shown

by the illustration, with

ly, after working several button-hole

the sprays Figs. 3 and 4 are made of cloth in three shades of green, and the leaves of the spray shown by Fig. 7 are made of cloth in two shades of green only. These leaves are then fastened on a foundation of gray cloth (this foundation should be exactly as large as the medallion shown by Fig. 2); in doing this at the same time work the stems and veins in half-polka stitch. After finishing these sprays arrange the remaining flowers and leaves on the foundation as shown by the illustration, fasten them with several stitches, and work the remaining stems. For the border first transfer the design

to a piece of gray silk reps of the corresponding size, baste

-MEDALLION IN APPLICATION AND RAISED EMBROIDERY FOR NEWSPAPER RACK, Fig. 1.—[See Figs. 3-7.]

point lace braid of a width to suit the size of the holes of the netting. On the outer edge carry the ribbon always underneath every second following thread bar; in working the Greek design, however, the braid is only slipped through, always underneath the first thread bar after a curve, and for the remainder it lies above the thread bars. The outer edges of the point lace braid are fastened on the corresponding thread bars of the foundation with overhand stitches of fine white thread. To work the button-hole stitch scallops at both sides of the border baste the material which is to be trimmed on

the netting, run the outlines of the scallops, in doing which pass the needle through the point lace braid and the material, and cover them closely with button-hole stitches. In doing this of course the outer threads of the netted foundation are also surrounded. Finally, cut away the material underneath the netted foundation and on the outer edge.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. Y.—For yourself and bride-maid get long-wristed kid gloves of a lighter shade than your traveling suit. Select those without fancy stitching on the back, and with three buttons at the wrists. The groom should have gloves of a similar shade.

L.—A gray polonaise of foulard or cashmere could be worn with your four short dresses of blue, gray, green, and lavender silk. For some of them you might buy silk of a darker shade and make ruffles and an overskirt. The lavender would look well ruffled with Swiss muslin and worn with over-skirt and basque, or else a polonaise of muslin.

HURRY.—You will find the earliest information about fall fashions in Madame Raymond's letters, and in the New York Fashions of Bazar No. 38, Vol. V., and in the New York Fashions of Bazar No. 83, Vol. V., and in the present number. You can safely make the dresses of your tronseen for the middle of September, but you should postpone trimming them until the new garnitures arrive. Jet will be much used.

ALLE S. L.—Make your black silk skirt by demi-train pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 37, Vol. V. Trim with several narrow ruffles. Then add an apron front and basque. Cashmere over-garments will be worn again. Von will find hints about their shape in Medarma East.

basque. Cashmere over-garments will be worn again. You will find hints about their shape in Madame Raymond's last letters. We think you can safely use the pattern in Bazar No. 18, Vol. V.

AN OLD STREAMER.—The Gabrielle pattern is the best model for your little girl's fiannel dresses. It is illustrated in Bazar No. 27, Vol. IV.

J. B. F.—A soft English straw turban trimmed with white unext values and an excitch tin will be pretty for

white uncut velvet and an ostrich tip will be pretty for your boy of fourteen months. For directions about making a black alpaca dress read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V. It is best to use the polo-naise pattern for such a suit at this season of the year.

Mrs. E. C. L.—"Wednesdays in September" at the bottom of wedding cards announces receptions to be held on those days.

SARA.—Your sample is French velours.—The invita tion you suggest is in good taste.

A FRIEND OF THE "BAZAR."—Sailor blouse dresses

of blue or gray flannel would be pretty and comfortable for your little girls to wear on their California trip. For your boy of twenty months make a little kilt skirt and jacket of gray flannel, or else of black and white checked flannel.

L. C.-White fleece-lined piqué is used here for wintre dresses for children. If you prefer colors, get soft pressed fiannels and merinoes. It is too soon to make your velvet cloak. The earliest hints of the new shapes will be given in the Bazar.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—English bombazine, tamise cloth, and serge are the materials most generally used for mourning. They are made in the fash-ions described for colored suits, and are trimmed with lons described for colored suits, and are trimmed with folds of themselves or of English crape. Bonnets and hats of crape are worn at all seasons. Widows wear plain collars of doubled crape. White standing frills of crape-lises are worn by those in mourning for parents. Very little jeweiry is used. A Bazar with hints about mourning dresses has been sent you.

HALLIE.—Your purple stone is probably an amethyst. Its value varies according to the demand. Two years ago it was a fashionable stone, but it is not much in

ago it was a fashionable stone, but it is not much in

favor now, except for rings.

Mrs. L. A. T.—A black cashmere dress made by directions given for black alpaca suits in Bazar No. 34,

Vol. V., will be what you want.

An Anxious Inquiere.—Soak your mildewed muslin in buttermilk and salt, and expose it to the sun. The cape pattern is straight in front. It is not necreseary to cut the cape open behind. Make your black velours by pattern of Loose Polonaise Suit illustrated in Bazar No. 29, Vol. V. The material is too heavy to be much trimmed. A band of blas velvet will be

COUNTRY.—A toque is a peculiar kind of round hat.

Miss M. O. S.—We have no cut paper patterns of
trimming for dresses. Illustrations of the suit pat-

trimming for dresses. Illustrations of the suit pattern sent you will be found in Bazar Nos. 8 and 29, Vol. V.; these will show you designs for trimming.

ALMA.—Try oxalic acid for removing ink stains.

MES. T. R. L.—Your sample is Japanese slik of very poor quality. It is composed of silk and linen.

OLLIE.—Get a light gray or a sage green cashmere polonaise, and wear with a silk skirt of the same color, or else black slik. Over-skirts and narrow ruffes will be worn scain. Cami-sole is proponenced with the second be worn again. Cam-i-sole is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

SARATOGA.—A black tulle high-crowned turben with autumn leaves and a gray feather, would suit you. Wear the sacque you describe, if it is becoming to you.

CHIOAGO.—A black silk suit, and one of sage green or bronze, part silk and part cashmere, will be enough street dresses for you on your visit here in October. A violet cashmere morning dress, and your wedding dress for evening, will also be useful, and with what you probably now have will be a sufficient outfit.

EIRRAO.—Lace mitts are worn without fingers.
Shawls are worn straight, in scarf fashion. Flowing hair and long braids are still worn by young girls.

Mrs. R. H. S.—Jet will be much worn this winter.

both on bonnets and dresses. It is not the long bu-gles you have, but small fine beads.

EDITH MAY.—Make your black all given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V. The buff Chambéry would do well made by the same pattern, or else with a box-pleated blouse and over-skirt simply hemmed. Make your green silk with basque and over-skirt, and trim with narrow ruffles of the same, alternating with silk of a lighter green. You could also have a vest and the coat eleeves of the light green shade.

ELLA R.—A gray delaine or empress cloth wrapper, trimmed with bands of blas blue silk, would be very

pretty for you. We can furnish a cut paper pattern.
Quastron.—We do not give information concerning our editorial corps to unknown correspondents. Any communication addressed to this office to the lady in question, under your own name, will receive the attention it deserves

Paxton.—The sample of trimming sent would trim velvet or cashmere very handsomely. Crocheted garnitures will be largely imported for the winter season.

MABELLE .- Make your white silk with a demi-train, short over-skirt, and a basque with heart-shaped front.

Trim with pleatings of tulle.

M. L. D.—Drap d'été is suitable for such manties.

You will probably have enough.

GRACE-Make your plaid poplin with single skirt basque, and wear a black cashmere polonaise over it.

Miss E. C. T.—Make your suit by the loose polonaise pattern sent you. Trim with bias ruffies of the same, headed by bands of bias black velvet.

MARY G.—The Zouave front of the blouse mentioned is rounded nearly to the side seam, where it falls in a short point below the waist.

F. N.—Any fancy store in New York will supply you with many larger than the supply in the state of the s

with spangles.

CLARA L.—Black cashmere mantles will be more worn than those made of cloth. We can furnish you a cut paper pattern of sacque and cape. Embroider it with black instead of colors, and add some fine jet

Stationers say the wedding - cards are usually furnished by the groom. The Bazar thinks

they should be supplied by the bride's parents.

XAPL—Long curls attached to the chignon are not moth worn. They are occasionally seen with full-dress cofferes. The Dolly Varden over-skirt pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 20, Vol. V., is one of the new-

Mrs. M. A. S.—Get pearl gray cashmere, line with rose or blue silk, and quilt a soft warm hood for your A walking coat of the same cashmere co pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 27, Vol. IV., will also

PERPLEXITY.—A simple apron-front over-skirt and slightly trinmed walking skirt would be most suitable for a school dress of garnet merino. However, if you prefer a skirt ruffled to the waist, seven ruffles will be enough, and these may be alternately pleated and gathered. Add an extra ruffle to the top of the back breadths, and let the ends be concealed under the apron front. The apron front extends to the knees, and rounds up the sides on the tournure like knees, and rounds up the sides on the tournure like the Dolly Varden skirt. The waist should be a short basque, with the back pleated to form a postilion. Get a black straw Revere hat, and trim with brown velvet and wings. Read about millinery in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 35, Vol. V.

A SOUND LADY.—Make your black alpaca dress by directions given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V. The back breadths of the dress skirts wentlend are literally founced to the weight but the

mentioned are literally flounced to the waist, but the front widths under the apron are, of course, plain. When a basque is worn the upper flounce may be omitted behind. We have not given a cut paper pattern of this suit.

M. E. F. S.—Pressed fiannel in stripes or broken plaids, or else low-priced empress cloth, will make you a good wrapper for every day. We have given directions for crocheting boods. Trim your wrapper with bias bands of the material piped with black vel-

-Gray silk will trim a gray serge better than LELLA blue. Three yards cut in blas strips and lined with crinoline will be sufficient for trimming. Mrs. L. W. W.—The Zouave front hangs separate

from the blouse-waist. Wear a drawing-string and belt over the front of the blouse under the jacket.

Mss. M. D.—You can not make a dress skirt of your three yards of brown China crape, but you can make a beautiful wrap of it. Make either a Watteau sacque or an embroidered taima, and trim with fringe. Get a colid heaving ally about the machacan delication of the same ally a series of the same ally a series of the same ally a series of the same all the sa solid brown silk skirt, if you choose, and trim with

ruffles of crape.

E. B.—An extra wrap of cloth, velvet, or cashmere will be worn in the winter with polonaise suits, when more warmth is required.

Lizziz.—Tamise cloth, or else black alpaca, will make

an excellent traveling dress for you in September, as you wear mourning. Get dark blue flannel sailor suits for your little girls to travel in.

Lizzik.—The divorce laws differ in each State. You had better consult a lawyer concerning your individual case, in regard to which we can give you no advice.

MES. P.—Address the principal of the School of Design, Cooper Institute, New York, for particulars concerning admissions the textitation. cerning admission to the institution.

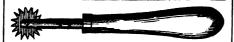
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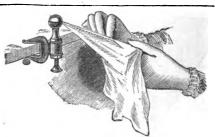
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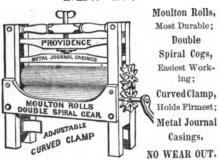
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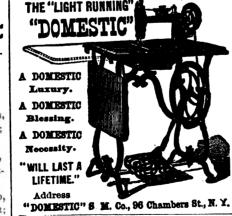
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In this number is given the second installment of CHARLES READE'S serial story, "A Simpleton."
WILKIE COLLINS'S new story, to be commenced in the October Number, is entitled "The New Magdalen," and

promises to be one of the most remarkable and characteristic of this author's novels.

"Recollections of an Old Stager" will be continued; and R. H. Stoddard's biographical sketch of Edgar A. Poe, given in this Number, will be followed in the next by a similar sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne, from the same author.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S STORY, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the ne ending with November, 1873—making SIXTERN NUMBERS-FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

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FACETIÆ.

TRE characteristic of the umbrella is its power of changing shapes. You may leave a brand-new slik with an ivory and rose-wood handle at any public gathering, and within three hours it will transform itself into light blue or faded brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, with a handle like a telegraph pole, and five fractured ribs.

A NARCOTIC.

A NARCOTIC.
Dooros. "Look here,
Mrs. M'Cawdle. Don'tgive
him any more physic. A
sound sleep will do him
more good than any thing."
GUDRWIFE. "Eh, docthor, if we could only get
him tae the kirk!"

A CENTER ORNAMENT-Your nose.

Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake a South American Paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall:

call:
"Dear P—— Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

An Aristoe-Cratic Com Plaint—The gout

A Connecticut paper says: "At present two-thirds of the population of Peduence pass Sunday fishing for musk-rats with shot-guns. This is the way the other third knows when Sunday comes."



AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER. "Ach! Meess! I goncratulade you vrom de Pottom FAIR PERFORMER. "Quite Execrably?"

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER. "Ach! Yes! Daís is de Vort!—qvile Exekraply!" "Ach! Meess! I goncratulade you vrom de Pottom of my Harrt! You have Blayed and Zung kvite-kvite-" STORY OF A MISER.

The Italia, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station:

"On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket-office for a third-class ticket.

"What! exclaimed the official, who knew him, 'you, Sir, take a third-class on such a day as this?"

"Why, I must, 'was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth-class.'

"I be your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there is—here is one."

"The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and rushed forward to take his place. On the door-keeper aking to see his ticket, the traveler produced it, but was rather taken aback on being told that the ticket would not do for him.

"'And why not?' he exclaimed.

"'Why, Sir, because it is a dog-licket!"

SET TOGETHER BY THE EARS—Sheaves of wheat.

COMPENSATION.—A little boy's grief, upon being refused permission to attend a neighboring circus, was in part assuaged by the assurance from his mother that if he would dry his tears he might go up the street in the afternoon and see his father have a tooth extracted.

THE BEST GET-UP FOR LADIES—Eight o'clock A.M.

A pair of twins born in Lowndes County, Missir-sippi, the other day—a boy and a girl—were named re-spectively Horace Greeley and Dolly Varden.



SHAM SENTIMENT.

Servant-Girl. "There's your Hot Lobster, Sir; and Missus says she'd rather not cook another Live One. She don't like to do it."

Old Epicurs. "Oh, she don't, don't she? So she sympathizes with a confounded Indigestible Beast of that sort, whose only object in life is to Disagree with People."



DUX FEMINA FACTI.

YOUNG WALKIST. "I'm in Luck, to come with such a Good Appetite for such a Savory Bit as this Duck."

LANDLADY. "You may say that, Sir; for we should have had nothing in the place but Bacon and Eggs, if the poor thing hadn't been so Sickly for the last few days. We thought it was just Kindness to put it out of its Misery!"

A Great Loss.—A contemporary is in pain about the removal of a boy from his city. He has been a fount of much joy to the itemizers of the press. It gives the following brief sketch of his many exploits: "He started out two years ago by shooting himself. Two months after he choked himself with a fish-bone. A few days after he built a fire in the harn, which resulted in the destruction of half a dozen houses. He then swallowed a top, got run over by an ice-wagon, fell out of a second-story window, was taken senseless from the river, was lost for three days, knocked over a kerosene lamp into his mother's lap, ran a knife-blade into his little sister's eye, and scared a maiden aunt into fits." Any paper should mourn the loss of such an interesting worth. should mourn the loss of such an interesting youth, and the reporters ought to wear crape for six months after his departure.

Neptune is like a mam-ma with a large family of unmarried daughters just now; he has got such a lot of girls on his ands.

The young Ladies of the Period must be given to dreamy speculations, they build such castles in the

Under the head of "How we Assist the Devil," a re-ligious paper says, "We consume millions of gal-lons of distilled spirits yearly." The editorial "we" in this case makes an awkward confession.



CONSIDERATE.

MRS. CLOVERMEAD. "What's the matter, Daniel?" (He had kept his hand to his cheek during the drive.) "Hav Daniel. "No, Mum, thanky, Mum. But I was afeard, Mum— I've been a-having Ingons at my Dinner, Mum!" "Have you got a Toothache?" How to Catoli Owls.—
When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all that you have to do is to run round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions until it wrings its head off!

Do only the Irish make pats of butter?

Notice of a Prat.—A flash of lightning.

SEA-SIDE VIEWS — That visitors should be plundered unmercifully.

V(0)10ES OF THE OUEAN-Piracy and smuggling.

A Pas Seul.—Papa, when mamma is out of town.

PAS DE DEUX-The fa-ther of twins.

Agility is good at cricket, but give me Grace.

A Chicago dry-goods dealer advertises "the most alarming sacrifice since the days of Abra-ham and Isaac."

Is there any peculiarity in the way a shoe-maker breathes his "last?"

Picnics in Pennsylvania wind up with what is called the "Dolly Varden March" —the young ladies stand-ing in a row, and the young men passing along the line and kissing each good-night.





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Lady's and Child's Dresses.

Fig. 1.—LIGHT GRAY CASHMERE WRAPPER. This light gray cashmere wrapper with long train is trimmed with revers, scarfs, and bows of blue silk and agrafes with tassels of blue silk cord. The front corners of the wrapper, which are turned over in revers, are faced with blue silk and joined with blue silk scarfs as shown by the illustration. Swiss muslin and lace chemisette and sleeves. White nansook petticoat. Swiss muslin and lace cap, trimmed with blue silk ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Suit for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old. The skirt of this suit is made of blue poplin, trimmed with bands of blue

lin, trimmed with bands of blue velvet. These bands are pointed on the upper end and fastened with a button. Square-necked over dress of blue poplin, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon. Blouse of white Swiss muslin, needle-work, and lace.

HOME-MADE CARPETS.

MUCH discredit has been cast LVI upon this branch of industry by an ill-directed expenditure of effort on the part of those not well enough acquainted with the art to have any right to expect success to crown their enterprise. A very old saying, "What is worth doing is worth doing well," may here find its fitting exemplification. We regard the fact as indisputable that rag-carpet making is an efficient and valuable adjunct to the list of expedients whereby the housekeeper of moderate means seeks to surround her family with comforts unattainable but for the exertion of incessant energy on the part of her own fertile brain and ever - busy hands. However, let this proviso be held continually in mind, that she understands what she is about, else she may find that she has made but a poor investment of her time and little capital; like one friend of mine, who had a carpet made which lasted but for a month or two, in consequence of the ready-dyed warp being rotten; or another, who allowed her weaver to use double the amount of warping cotton needful, in blissful ignorance of any injustice having been perpetrated. A few hints may not be misplaced for the guidance of those who for the first time engage in this work. Let us state a few reasons why the design is in itself commendable and expedient. In the first place, it enables you to furnish with work poor, unhandy women, who could not serve you in any higher capacity. I know persons glad to undertake the preparatory work of ripping, cutting, and tacking pieces together for the small sum of ten cents per pound. Secondly, old furniture covers, cursecondly, old turniture covers, curtains, cast-off garments, etc., may be torn up and turned to good advantage in this manner, which would be otherwise thrown away, not having strength enough to serve not having strength enough to serve any good purpose as clothes for even the very poor. Lastly, it is such a snug, pleasant way of clear-ing a house of its accumulated trash. Cotton, woolen, or silk fab-rics answer equally well, and are strong enough if they can be wound into balls without breaking. Cut your pieces half an inch wide, un-less very rotten, then a little wider: less very rotten, then a little wider; if the material is coarse woolen stuff, still wider. The narrower the pieces are cut, the more filling they will make. The nicest carpet

of the kind I have ever seen ran one yard and three-quarters to the pound, although one pound per yard is the common allowance when the pieces are carelessly cut. Bale cotton No. 6 is the best to purchase, although No. 7 will answer, and goes farther. The Clarence brand is said to make the smoothest, strongest warp. Let the warp be doubled, not twisted; it wears best so. Here comes in a hint the young manufacturer would do well to heed. Instruct the weaver to insert two threads breadthwise between each row of filling—that is (let me be understood), weave in one strand of the pieces provided for filling, then with the shuttle throw a doubled thread of the warping cotton across the width

from selvedge to selvedge; these being inserted to strengthen the warp running lengthwise. Be sure that your warp is of fresh, strong cotton, and if these two precautions are attended to, your carpet will certainly wear until perhaps you are tired of it, or rich enough to buy an imported one. I doubt, though, if another will ever give you as much pleasure as this, the fruit of your own contrivance. Spring and early sumer are the seasons for making such arrangements, and, if industrious, before winter comes you may have carpet enough to cover more than one floor. In a bunch of bale cotton No. 6 there are ordinarily thirty hanks—two hanks are the weaver's allowance to a yard of carpeting nearly

a yard wide. One bunch, then, will make fifteen yards, but a few extra hanks, say two, should be allowed for what is to go across, upon doing which I again lay emphasis. Two bunches, then, will make twenty-eight yards. Two bunches of No. 7 cotton forty-four yards. Now for arrangements to secure the good appearance of the carpet when done. Divide your cotton into two equal portions, and with logwood dye half a good black, using as a mordant a little copperas and blue-stone. One pound of logwood suffices for coloring a whole bunch of cotton. The other half dye buff with copperas, afterward washing it out in weak lye. This is your warp. Lay it in stripes not more than four inches in width. Check with your filling, arranged

as tastefully and systematically as possible, so as to form exact squares with the stripes of the warp. An-other style of carpet said to look very well, and certainly easier to wery well, and certainly easier to manage, is to have no designing of check or stripe, but with the warp dyed any good, serviceable color, weave in pieces of all shades of hue, sewed together in such a way as to diversify the colors as much as possible. When turned out of as possible. When turned out of the loom the effect is somewhat similar to what we see in chêné goods, and is pronounced to be very All the old flannels and white pieces you have may be put together and dyed to make the carpet brighter and more serviceable. A simple way of dyeing a beautiful red color is to purchase fifteen cents' worth of red aniline from the drug store, tie it up in a thin muslin bag, soak it in cold water, adding it afterward to a large kettle of boiling water, in which has been dissolved a table-spoonful of alum. Wet your pieces well, and color as much as the kettle will conveniently hold. The dye will keep, and may be used more than once. Green, as also blue, aniline is used by dissolving first in a little is used by dissolving hist in a hand alcohol, the rest of the process be-ing the same. In the country for dyeing brown they use walnut, bark and hulls, red oak bark and pine, or sumac berries, in each case dipping in lye to set the coloring



Fig. 1.—LIGHT GRAY CASHMERE WRAPPER.

Fig. 2.—Suit for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

DRYING FLOWERS IN SAND.

THERE are many of our brilliant-colored flowers, such as dahlias, pansies, pinks, geraniums, sweet - williams, carnations, gladioli, etc., which may be preserved so as to retain their colors and look well for years. White flowers will not answer well for this purpose, nor any very succulent plants, as hyacinths or cactuses. Take half-shallow dishes, of sufficient depth to allow of covering the plants an inch deep with sand. Get the common white sand such as is used for scouring purposes, cover the bottom of the dish itself with a layer of the sand about half an inch deep, and then lay in the flowers with their stems downward, holding them firmly in place while you sprinkle more sand over them, until all the interstices between the petals are completely filled, and the petals are completely filled, and the whole flower buried out of sight. A broad dish will accommodate quite a number, allowing sufficient sand between. Set the dish in a dry, warm place where they will dry gradually, and at the end of a week pour off the sand and examine them. If there is any moisture in the sand, it must be dried bein the sand, it must be dried be-fore using again, or fresh sand

may be poured over them in the same manner Some flowers require weeks to dry perfectly, while others will become sufficiently so to put away in a week or ten days. simple process flowers, ferns, etc., are preserved in their proper shape, as well as their natural colors, which is far better than to press them in books. When arranged in groups, and mounted on a card or in little straw baskets, they may be placed in deep frames under glass.

THE FIRST GOLDEN-ROD.

By MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A YELLOW gleam beside the brook, The golden-rod's first nodding plume! And by those road-side alders, look! The purple aster is in bloom. All other flowers I'm glad to see The changeful year bring back to me; But when These first return I only righ, Ob. why So quickly have they come again!

They seem to say, "The end is here Of summer's bright and fragrant hours; We have but come to strew her bier-Our blossoms are her funeral flowers!"
The rocky cliff, the dusty way, They make with gold and purple gay; Yet when see them bloom I only sigh, Oh, why So quickly have they come again!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

Charles Reade. \mathbf{W} ilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled "THE NEW MAGDALEN," will be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873-making SIXTEEN NUMBERS-FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Cut Paper Patterns of a New and Stylish Lady's Fall Suit; a Highland Suit for Boy from 2 to 5 Years old; and a Double-breasted Incket. with Shirt-Waist and Knickerbockers, for Boy from 5 to 10 Years old, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 631. Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Fall Dresses, Bonnets, Jackets, Capes, Hoods, etc.; Children's Lingerie; Knitted and Crochet Petticoats, Capes, Fichus, Trimmings, Fancy-work, etc.; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

SIESTA.

In those days when, as recently, the Dog-star had things all its own way up in the noon azure, we must all of us have been able to feel a fresher and deeper significance in the word "siesta."

It is a luxurious word, that we can hardly sever from luxurious association. It carries a certain refinement of voluptuousness in its sound. It belongs, in the original, not to cottages and farm-yards, but to palaces and court-yards, where Dorian lutes and soft recorders breathe across the tinkling of fountains. We do not think of JEANNE D'ARC taking siestas, but we are sure that CLEO-PATRA did. In the teeth of all historical fact, we feel as if the thing were a custom imported from no place but Sybaris, and was a rite celebrated there upon pillows of uncrumpled rose leaves. We are forced to doubt if the wolf-suckled Romans ever took kindly to the fashion, but we have no shadow of doubt that the Pompeiians did.

But as water will find its level, so, perhaps, the tendency to liquefaction produced the heat of the dog-days reduces mankind to one great democracy; and if the fine lady takes siestas on her lace and embroidered pillow, the teamster also sleeps beneath his cart, and even the cook finds some corner where she can dream a flying dream of Mi-CHAEL SCOTT in the King of France's kitchen, and where the disregarded flies buzz and light about her as if she were one vast sweetmeat-and all enjoy their siesta equally with the Spanish girl who first named her slumber for the fervid noon of which it was born.

For who is there that can endure life with the thermometer above the nineties without that little interim of forgetfulness, that swift sweet plunge into Lethe, which the siesta means? It may be that we are all so hateful to ourselves that we reeds must forsake the companionship for a time, or, glad to evade any part of our identity, escape to that other half which performs such fantastic vagaries in our sleep. Or is it that the burden and heat of the day are more than flesh can bear, and, as Moses of old veiled his face before the splendors of Sinai, the full power of the summer sun, that fountain of light and vitality, that viceroy of creation, is not to be met without the thin veil of slumber across the senses?

For siesta, be it known, is no deep and heavy lethargy like the midnight sleep, in which the soul might almost be said to desert the body, and in which one is little more than a half-animated clod; it is a subtile and sublimated condition that holds the same relation to common animal sleep that some viewless and volatile gas does to the gross material that once confined it. In it our senses are always just within call. We are afloat, indeed, but have not cast loose from the world. Its murmurs steal across our ears, its light sifts softly through our evelids vet, its odors kindle those delicious fancies that play like marsh-lights on the twilight border land between dreaming and waking; we are resting as easily as a bird seems to rest on the bosom of a cloud; we have ceased to be a reasoning, responsible being; we have no vexations, no troubles; have ceased to be organized and palpitating with pain or pleasure; we have returned to some primitive combination of nature, to that portion of chaos, possibly, out of which I'den was formed; have become a part of the wind and weather, and where the tides drift us, there we float.

The siesta, in real truth, is half a reverie and half a dream; yet from a reverie we often start rebuked, from a dream we start trembling; but in the siesta conscience has slept too, fear and joy have slept, the world takes us up again a little further on than where it left us-ten minutes further, and the corresponding leagues of space—we are rested and refreshed, and ready to ravel the sleeve of care again.

For if one wishes to enjoy the siesta thoroughly, it should never be suffered to degenerate into the long dull afternoon nap, where sleep clogs the very pores, and where that vegetable life that goes on all the time in lungs and heart, whether we sleep or wake, would seem, with its actually quickened pulsations, to have so much gotten the better of the voluntary animal life which sleeps when we do that the sluggish currents of the nerves would seem to be reversed, so sad and stupid does it leave us after a couple of hours have flown, soggy as leaves in autumn rain, and dazed and dizzy as if we were walking with our heads in a cloud. Far more is it like those moments of the morning sleep, when the body, well comforted by the night, lies quiescent and no longer wearies the spirit, while the last sweet lees of sleep are slowly drawn off from the consciousness of dew and sunshine and the songs of birds.

We imagine that there are some hardy beings who do not weary of themselves and the world, and to whom it makes no difference how the glass stands-stolid souls who do not know what a mercurial temperament signifies, and who can go through all the vary ing phases of summer and winter life calmly as a clock, the regulated brass and iron of whose pendulum give no token of change for pole or for equator! These beings never take siesta; bolt upright themselves, they scorn the flaccid wretch who does. regard it as a part of that world, the flesh, and the devil from which they pray to be delivered. The hours of daylight with them are so much prey to be hunted down. They rake up the ashes at curfew, and are out of bed as soon as they can see across the room; and they are doubtless of the same tribe as that uncomfortable woman in Proverbs who rose in the middle of the night and made her maids' lives a burden to them. We imagine that there are such people, but their opponents will not quarrel with them; they would rather send a missionary to themone who should convert them to the beauty of the idea that, as weekly, on Sundays, a heavenly peace seems to have descended, and while the globe rolls slowly round into the day, rest and gladness follow it for all of Christendom, so, daily, at high noon there should be a moment when every eye is veiled beneath the ardor of the sun, so far as his radiance reaches, and as there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, so there shall be rest on earth for the space of the siesta. But doubtless the missionary, if he were sent, would be served up, à la Feejee, in his own sauce, or condemned to that furious Chinese punishment where sleep is banished that death may come. And as there must always be workers where there are drones, it is perhaps best to let the Atlantean beings uphold the great arch of the noon on their own shoulders; and while they see to it that the universe runs smoothly, that the wheels and cogs and joints all move together as they

have moved since the morning stars sung to-

gether-while they stand sentinels to the sun, the advocates of the other side will take their repose with a comfortable sense that the watch is kept, and, silver sweet, the voice and verse of SPENSER lull them off into the brief experience of ineffable serenity which never poet sung so well before or since:

"And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe. And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft, And, more to lule him in his summer soit,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne. No other noyse, nor people's troublous cryes, As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne, Might there be heard: but carelesse quiet lyes Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. Of Safety-Valbes.

MY DEAR EDGAR,—Mrs. Margery, going lately to buy eggs at a neighboring farmer's, took me and one of her children with her in the little wagon. As we stood at the farmer's door chatting pleasantly, the old man picked a beautiful dahlia, and handing it to little Posy Honeysuckle, said to me, "I remember to this day, and shall never forget, the old people who were kind to me when I was young; and perhaps this little girl will think of me kindly hereafter for giving her a flower." The old farmer was not a scholar. He had never read Ovid nor heard of him, nor did he know the Latin grammar. Consequently he could not say that he had built with that flower a perennial monument. But he had. That tender fondness of the old heart for children which inspired him to give the flower, and which led him constantly to smile upon them and speak to them kindly, did really build in their hearts a monument more durable than brass, and time-defying.

My grandmother, of whom I wrote to Herbert lust week, was like the old farmer; and happy those who can recall the grandmother as the benign genius of the household. I sit at this moment in my room at Mrs. Margery's, and the wind rustles among the leaves of the maples before the window. The morning is soft and fair, fresh without chill, and warm without sultriness. How bright it is! How still! And the world seems young and new. But that rustling wind is somehow a song of memory, and reminds me of the old familiar faces. It has the restless cadence of the ocean, a murmur forever rising and falling, an inarticulate voice lamenting. As I listen I am young again, and my grandmother is not old, nor her husband yet fallen silent and infirm. The old house rings with merry shouting. The children thunder and clatter through the rooms. There is universal confusion, Pandemonium. Perhaps my parents were impatient and insisted upon less noise. But my grandmother said, pleasantly, as she beamed over her knitting, "They are children, remember, and noise and play are their safety-valves." I did not know what she meant. But a hundred times since, as I have grown old alone, I have thought that had Heaven given me a wife and children, I should have remembered my grandmother's wisdom. Ah! darlings never born! how I should have tried to remember what I felt when a child, and have ruled my conduct toward you by that knowledge! As you romped and raced, and the house shook and hummed with your spirits, I should have believed no music to be so sweet as your happy shouting. I should have said to my wife, "Gently, my dear, gently! 'Tis their safety-valve!"

I know you smile as you read, my boy and I hear your ejaculation, "Bachelor's children." You shall have your joke, but I can at least do what the old farmer did. can give the children flowers or fruit, and leave in their memories a vague and pleasant 'Tis a shadowy association with my name. monument, but it is something. Perhaps, too, I may not only show them a little kindness which they will not forget, but I may say something which they will remember to their profit. A few words, a simple phrase, who knows? it may be seed dropped into a generous soil, and grow up and blossom into a gracious influence. Youth is seed-time: yes, life is seed-time, and looks, words, acts, are all seed sown. Phrases that I heard long ago and did not understand were like closed buds which have been developing ever since into flowers of unsuspected fragrance and splendor, for so the hidden wisdom expands into significance. "Tis their safety-valve," said my grandmother. I knew not what she meant. But constantly since then the meaning becomes plainer and plainer. I smile when I think of my grandmother and hear little Bob Sparrow say that women should confine themselves to their sphere. Why, Bobby, my grandmother was as wise as a whole town-meeting of ordinary men, and she would have taken as good care of you and your friends when you were famous public men as she did when you were little

Pickle in the nursery.

Take your own case, Bobby. You are a gentleman of very moderate talents and of immoderate conceit. Like the rest of us Americans, you have a nimble tongue, and you are fond of using it. I think I have heard you make a great many speeches. You were much applauded and congratulated, and you felt very happy. Indeed, my dear boy, you walked loftily on air as you repaired to your home, where Mrs. Sparrow sat awaiting you. She has the sympathy which you naturally expect in your bosom's partner. But somehow she does not swing incense under vour illustrious nostrils. Instead of praising and repeating the pæans of others, and, as it were, strewing flowers and beating cymbals before you, she greets you kindly, and presently she has you engaged in quiet domestic conversation, in which the hubbub of the platform has entirely died away. You are not in the least grateful, but you ought to be. For if Mrs. Sparrow took up the wondrous tale from the generous, shouting crowds, and fed your already inflamed fancy with continuous flattery, you would become absolutely insufferable. You would offer us all your hand or your foot to kiss. Society would rise in insurrection against you. My dear Bobby, your wife's manner is your safety-valve.

Yes, and so is your success. For if all this eloquence in you should find no vent, if this mad desire that hurries you to stand upon platforms, and see your name in the papers, and be greeted with respect, and be acknowledged to be a great man, were ungratified, if it were all closely confined in you abroad, it would explode at home. You would devastate your family. You would be the most petulant, ill-humored, and intolerable of men. But the notoriety and the applause lift your lid, as it were, supposing you to be a boiler, and there is a puff of steam and no fear of explosion. Indeed, when at some distance I have heard you upon these oratorical occasions, the sound was not unlike that of a steamer relieving itself at the wharf by blowing off steam. Tis a safety-valve for you, that precious platform, and I have no doubt that Mrs.

Sparrow is secretly grateful for its service.

Criticism is the same, my boy. Small men are very large in little circles. you are measured only by your village you are possibly a phenomenon. But the town shrinks us all, and the State is really unkind in the swiftness of our self-reduction. The lord of the village town meeting with a fluent tongue swells suddenly into the size of a statesman to the village eye. Off he goes to the Legislature, and he finds plenty of peers. Higher still he rises to Congress, and he is silent. The village wonders that its great man has dwindled so sadly, and that his eloquent voice is not heard. But the truth is that the Legislature and Congress have lifted his lid, and the vapor of conceit has escaped. He, too, would have exploded in the village, but the world has been his safety-valve. For the higher a man rises the more immediately he is measured by picked men. The public, we think, is often deceived, and even prefers gilt to gold. But the world knows a great deal about its greatest men despite the proverb. It does not admire Shadwell, but it deifies Shakespeare. The instinct of respect for Washington is as true as any other law of nature. Lucy sings sweetly in the parlor, and we smile or weep as she sways us with her song. What more could Pasta do, or Catalani? So Lucy must go to Paris and he a prima donna. But then it is no longer Jane in the next house, and Mrs. Jones, who sings in the choir, with whom she is to be measured: it is with Malibran, with Jenny Lind. And only if she be really one of the great singers will she stand the tremendous test.

It is so with your verses, my dear Corydon. You have the post of honor in the county paper. You are the poet at the cattle-show, and yours are the odes on the Fourth of July and the original hymns when the new pastor is ordained. It is understood that you are a genius, and such a brisk fire of adulation is kept up under your boilers that you are perilously full of steam. It would be sad that such an excellent boiler should burst for want of a safety-valve. And as you have just published a neat volume of the poetry that has been commended by the paper in which most of it first appeared as combining the sublimity of Milton with the sweetness of Thomas Moore, your pressure of steam is extraordinary. Really no man and no boiler ought to carry so much; and when you find a safety-valve in the great city journal you ought to be very grateful that you have been saved from a catastrophe—but I fear that you are

The little notice which says that your book is a feeble echo of second-rate sensational poets, showing no spark of sincere feeling or original perception, and that "the judicious friends" who advised the publica-

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tion should be compelled to buy the whole edition, permits your steam to escape very rapidly. Indeed, there has been a double action, as with Bob Sparrow; for the book itself is the safety-valve of the sentimentalities which made your life futile and yourself vaporous and disagreeable, and the puncturing criticism is the safety-valve of the sublime conceit which the publication of the flattery engendered. They are but children, said my grandmother, and their noise is their safety-valve. Do you sometimes think so, Edgar, when you see the new books and hear the eloquent orators Do you look upon the books kindly and listen contentedly to the eloquence, remembering what immense relief they afford?

But a better safety-valve is observation. Measure yourself always by the best men, and your achievements by the greatest deeds. There will be no pressure of foolish steam in your boilers then, and no fear of a disastrous explosion.

Your friend. An OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WRAPS.

THE composite garments announced by Madame Raymond are found in great variety among the importations. They are combina-tions of the sacque and mantle arranged in fan-ciful ways; sometimes the back of the garment is a pointed cape, while the front is a regular sacque, and again there are postilion and sacque backs with graceful mantilla fronts.

THE DOLMAN.

The new garment of which most is seen and heard is the Dolman. There are varieties of this wrap, but its peculiar feature is its great wing-like sleeve, or a side piece over the arm hanging in a point below the rest of the garment. The back may be either a nearly fitted postilion with pleats, or else a looser sacque with a single seam up the middle, slashed over the tournure; but the long sleeve over a coat sleeve, or else the drooping side piece beginning high on the shoulder, is invariable. In effect the Dolman somewhat resembles the bashlik of three years ago. It hangs close to the figure in a graceful way, though not belted down as the bashlik was; it is easily put on and off, as the arm opening is much larger than an ordinary armhole. Inner sleeves of coat shape are added for warmth. Ladies who have velvet or cashmere sacques left from last year can add to them a deep pointed fall, beginning at the shoulder point, extending far behind, and disappearing under the arm in front; this will give the effect of the new gar-

The most elegant imported Dolmans are of velvet and cashmere. One of Lyons velvet has a closely fitted postilion back, and is trimmed with a band of very glossy black fur. A rich jet ornament is in the point of the sleeve. Another, especially elegant, is of fine drap d'ététhick cashmere. A vine of leaves in richly raised embroidery and fine jet surrounds the garment, and leaves and buds are wrought at intervals all over it. A guipure edge over heavy jet fringe is sewed in the leaf scallops of the border. A lace ruche is around the neck, and a bow of faille ribbon at the throat. Two loops and long ends of faille ribbon hang back of each shoulder. This notably handsome garment is \$225. This notably handsome garment is \$225.

THE SACQUE WITH CAPE.

Double capes or sleeved sacques with capes are largely imported. They look dumpy and cut off beside the stately winged Dolmans, but ladies who have the large double capes of last year will wear them again. A new composite wrap has a sacque and sleeves in front, and also an upper cape, which is continued very deep to form the entire back of the garment. It is laid over in pleats to form an inverted Watteau fold, that is very graceful. Talmas are larger than those of last season, and are more pointed in front and behind. The handsomest garment for early fall is a pointed talma of black cashmere, richly embroidered with raised flowers done in black floss and seed jet, and edged with yak lace.

THE NEAPOLITAN.

A most comfortable winter garment is the Neapolitan, a round, half-loose sacque, with deep Dolman sleeves that fold over the arms in front in a way that dispenses with the use of a muff. It is shown in the new Siberian cloth—a thick, the feeb nable bronze brown, gray, and plum-color. The trimming is wide soutache braid, in Gothic designs, and the new brown fur fringe called bear fringe.

CLOAKS AND CARRIAGE ROBES.

A few large cloaks are shown. They are circulars, and double capes with a pointed collar. They are without armholes, and are buttoned half-way down the front. A pair of half-sleeves are attached to tapes that hang from the shoulders underneath the cloak, and the arms are thrust into these sleeves when it is necessary to extend them from under the comfortable wrap. This is an excellent garment for very cold weather.

Elegant carriage cloaks are large single circulars of black faille lined throughout with fur. Gray squirrel lock is the fur most used. Halfsleeves and a hood complete these comfortable garments for long rides in midwinter.

Cloth muffs, round hats, and even cloth bonnets, are trimmed with fur to match the wraps.

ABOUT POLONAISES.

The importations of each week show an increased quantity of polonaises. As we have

already said, lovers of novelty will adopt the new suits made with elaborately trimmed single skirt and basque and worn with a Dolman; yet, as a separate garment to wear with various skirts, there can be nothing handsomer than a polonaise of black velvet or cashmere. The Marguerite polonaise has disappeared from among imported goods, and in its place we have the loose belted polonaise, with a single seam down the middle of the back, of which we gave a cut paper pattern late in the summer. This is largely imported in black velvet and drap d'été, richly embroidered, or else ornate with jet passementerie, jet fringe, and guipure lace. It is lined throughout with thin silk, and the waist is interlined with fiannel. The belt is four lapping folds of faille fastened in front by a small bow of ribbon, and a similar bow fastens the lace ruche that trims the neck of most wraps. The effect of this polonaise is slightly changed by leaving it open in front from the belt down, and having two rows of large buttons set near together down the front, or else it is buttoned half-way down the skirt, and the remainder is trimmed on the edge and falls open. The drapery is also newly arranged by deep pleats in each seam, and by a loop being placed low on the side seams, and fastened over a button two inches below the belt on the middle seam. A wide sash ribbon then begins under the belt of the polonaise on the side seams, crosses over the back of the skirt on the outside catches it up in a panier puff, and is fastened low down on the skir: in a large bow with ends. Other polonaises have side sashes, and some have each side of the skirt draped differently. There are some handsome garments with slashed basque backs, richly trimmed with wide soutache. Sleeves are half-flowing. A few polonaises have capes or hoods.

YAK LACE, ETC.

The yak lace introduced two years ago is a feature in the trimming of cashmeres and velvets. This is wool guipure made from the fleece of the llama. It is strong and serviceable, and more llama. It is strong and serviceable, and more expensive than silk guipure. Other guipure laces have edges like the Spanish blonde lace now so popular; and thread lace patterns are also mixed with guipure designs, producing a very pretty effect. Cloth cloaks are trimmed with bear chief bedded by soutcabe Gathia figures. fringe, headed by soutache Gothic figures.

HOUSE SACQUES.

For morning wear at home there are most jaunty and serviceable jackets of striped flannel. They have black grounds, with double stripes of white, cherry, or blue, and there are also plain gray flannel sacques. The front is double-breasted, the back is sailor-jacket shape. A revers collar, cuffs, binding, and large buttons of black corded silk complete this pretty garment. Price

Breakfast capes of Berlin wool are talma shape. The grounds are chinchilla wool, beautifully overwrought with silk floss.

More dressy sacques for afternoon wear and for driving are postilions of white basket-woven cloth, trimmed with a bias band of white silk piped with a color: price \$16.

OPERA CLOAKS.

The circular and the Dolman are the shapes for opera cloaks. A very rich new fabric for evening cloaks has a soft ottoman repped ground of silk, either rose, blue, or Nile green, with wide white stripes of heavy pile like velvet, and dotted with a color like the ground. This is made in large circulars with hoods, and trimmed with crimped tape fringes of all the colors of the goods. Price \$110.

THE NATIONAL DRESS TRIMMING.

The pretty ready-made trimming known under this name forms an economical and stylish garniture for the alpacas and mohairs which continue the staple goods for the million, and will save much from the cost of those elaborate hand-made trimmings which often double the dress-makers' bills. It consists of a puffing fluted on each side, and either plain or with a double row of piping on the edge, and is from one to three inches wide. It is made of the buffalo and otter alpaca and beaver mohair, and costs from 371/2 cents a yard upward.

FURTHER HINTS.

An inspection of the new goods shows that black wraps are more largely imported than colored ones. Among colored garments bronze brown, mouse gray, olive, and plum-color are the stylish shades. Mixed laces, jet fringe, passementerie, embroidery of black silk with seed jet, will be the trimmings for black garments; bear fringe, black bands of fur, bias silk, and wide controls for alexad and so fur, bias silk, and wide soutache for colored garments. Trimmings pass straight up the front and border the garment. A hood, cape, or pointed collar is either made or outlined by trimming; a ruche of lace trims the neck. Sleeves are trimmed about the lower edge, but are without epaulets. Large silk or crocheted buttons, or else lapped cords or frog buttons, fasten the front of the garment.

A MODEL FOR SILK SUITS.

An elegant silk costume just sent out by Worth shows the new way of combining shades and of making fall suits. It is of souris gray silk with reseda silk facings, and bands and bows of deepest claret brown velvet. The skirt trains slightly, and is composed of the usual gored front breadth and two side-gored widths; the back, however, is formed of three straight breadths of silk of ordinary width, laid in kilt pleats from the belt to the bottom of the skirt. These pleats are wide, are folded in very deeply, and are not sewed down, but merely pressed fatly and held in place by a single tape sewed underneath the pleats about half a yard from the lower edge. There is no facing of cambric or wigging, but a sort of half lining of soft crinoline net or foun-

dation; a thick passementerie cord edges the skirt. On all but the pleated widths are two wide lapping bias flounces, bound with claret velvet and gathered in clusters, leaving plain spaces in which lengthwise bows of velvet are placed. The heading is an upright ruffle showing a réséda facing. This trims the skirt to the knee. Above this is a ruffled apron of three gored breadths extending back to the pleated widths. A diagonal pleating showing a réséda lining passes down the seam where the kilt pleats begin. The basque is a very simple shape, with a ruche around the neck and down the front. Coat sleeves, with a cuff formed of a sash-like pleating that falls low on the outer side, are lined with reseda and fringed at the ends.

For information received we are indebted to Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co.; Thomson, Langdon, & Co.; Peake, Opdycke, & Co.; and Lord & Taylor.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP UPFOLD, of Indiana, who died a few days since, stood ninth on the roll of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, having been consecrated in 1849. He was next in date to Bishop SOUTHGATE, of Zion Church, in this city, who was consecrated Bishop of Constantinople in 1844. Bishop UPFOLD

op of Constantinopie in 1844. Bishop UPFOLD has for some time past ceased to be the practical administrator of his diocese, his assistant bishop, Talbor, performing most of the duties.

—Mr. Emerson's house at Concord was not entirely destroyed, as was at first reported, and fortunately most of the furniture, clothing, and all the books and papers were saved, and removed with tenderest care. For which Mr. Emerson has written a letter, thanking the chief engineer and members of the Fire Department.

ment.
—Since we published the sketch of the lady doctor of dental surgery, Madame DE SWIDER-SKA, we have learned that there are still other Richmonds in this field. Among these are Mrs. Lucy Hobbs Taylon, who graduated at the Cincinnati Dental College in 1866, and has now a flourishing practice in Kansas; Mrs. Henrietta Herschfeld, of Berlin, also a graduate of an American college, and we know not how many more. Why not? The profession of dentistry seems certainly as well fitted for women as that of medicine, and we wish the fair dental doctors all success.

seems certainly as well fitted for women as that of medicine, and we wish the fair dental doctors all success.

—The Prince of Wales is really endeavoring to make himself popular with his future subjects, and appears to succeed, as may be inferred from the following little incident that took place recently at Norwich. It appears that the Seventh Dragoon Guards, the cavalry regiment at present quartered at Norwich, in the ordinary run of garrison duty was told off to furnish the usual "royal cavalry escort" to the prince on his arrival at that city. The officers sent a request to their colonel that permission might be granted them to take the place of the troopers on the occasion. The colonel—Peyton—one of the most popular officers in the British army, granted the request, and the rather extraordinary sight was witnessed of a troop of cavalry composed entirely of officers, commanded by the colonel of the regiment as captain, and the two majors as subalterns, escorting the prince on his way to his country residence at Sandringham. The prince, it seems, was completely surprised and overcome at the honor thus paid him, and expressed to the colonel the sense of his very deep obligations to the gentlemen who voluntarily came forward to pay him a mark of respect which was one of the most gratifying he had ever the pleasure of receiving.

—Mr. John Dodd Family Abroad," has just received the silver medallion of the Royal Humane Society of England, for having in the most courageous and daring manner, in the nightime, by the ald of a brilliant light of burning camphor, swam off with a rope to the schooner Annie and the bark Adde, and after eight hours of heroic effort, during which he was several times washed overboard, finally succeeded in saving the crews of both vessels. He was nobly aided throughout by Mr. Augustus Margary, of the British consular service.

—The Japanese functionaries are doing the

saving the crews of both vessels. He was nobly aided throughout by Mr. Augustus Margary, of the British consular service.

—The Japanese functionaries are doing the splendid thing for Professor B. G. Northrup, the recently appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction in that country. They authorize him to take along fifty of the best teachers he can find in the United States.

—Bierstadt has found out something, namely, that a valley has been discovered one hundred miles south of Yosemite that far surpasses even the wonderful Yo. Bierstadt has proceeded for it.

—One of Marie Antoinette's maids of honor, who accompanied her unfortunate friend to

or, who accompanied her unfortunate friend to the foot of the scaffold, has just died at the age of one hundred and two years.

—CATACAZY, who has been rattling about the Continent since his diplomatic extinction, has

finally become a newspaper man, and settled down in Paris as an assistant editor of Figuro.

—Hannah More said, "The only remarkable thing which belonged to me as an authoress was that I had written eleven books after I was sixty

years of age."
—Mr. John Stuyvesant Cruger, of this city, one of our really old CRUGERS, is about to marry Mile. NATALIE DOSNE, a niece of President

THIERS.

—The chaplain at West Point is the Rev. Dr. Forsyth, of the Reformed Dutch Church, a man of ability, high tone, and popular with the cadets. He uses the Episcopal liturgy for the morning's service, wears the scholastic gown, and, besides his duties as chaplain, is Professor of Civil Law and Ethics. The entire pulpit is paneled or covered with crimson cloth, and the American flag is very prominently displayed.

—We forbear to give the name of an Indianapolis correspondent who states that at the funeral of a woman in that city recently a sympathetic and admiring neighbor volunteered the information that "for patient resignation the corpse could dance all around any woman living."

—Among the peculiar institutions at West Point are two maiden ladies named Thompson, who enjoy certain privileges not possessed by any other ladies in the land—namely, the right to

board twelve students of the senior class of cadets. Their father, Colonel Thompson, performed some special service during the Revolutionary War, for which a novel pension was settled on his widow—viz., the use of a house at West Point during her life at an annual rent of six cents, to which was added the above boarding privilege. On the death of the widow the pension was continued to her three daughters, and for sixty years the family have held the privilege, and maintained themselves handsomely from it. One of the daughters is dead, and the remaining two are very aged, one seventy-two, the other eighty. They are very aristocratic and dignited, and if the cadets "carry on" too much, they find a polite note under their plates intimating that they can depart. They have their pick of cadets, and it is considered a great favor to get there.

—Miss Kate Field, who, since her return from the effete monarchies of the Old World, has been residing with her uncle at Newport, has received a large offer from the American Register, in Paris, to continue her contributions to that journal. In London she was the guest of Sir Charles Dilke, proprietor of the Athenœum, and M.P., whose late experiment at changing the existing order of things in Great Britain can not accurately be called a success.

—This is not to be pooh-poohed. At the dinner given to Stanley in Paris he was accompanied by his native African boy, Kufullu, a robust lad of ten. A correspondent of the London News says, "The ebony child displayed a modest assurance and really gentlemanly manner under these trying circumstances: when he went away I saw a great many ladies in the court-yard kissing him."

—Mile. Tamberlik, daughter of the Tamberlik, is this mouth to be married to a clever oculist, Dr. Galezowski. Not long since this young lady was suddenly stricken with blindness, and her father traveled over South America and Europe to consult the most famous eyemen. Wherever he went he was told that the case was incurable; but Galezowski thought he could anyth, but

The Duc d'Aumale is reputed to have said

order.

The Duc d'Aumale is reputed to have said to certain of his friends, after the death of his son: "I have no more happiness to expect, no ambition to satisfy. But let it be known I will not fail to fulfill my duty toward my country."

About Dorre: He is a little man, with dense black hair and a ruddy complexion, healthy and sinewy, and with a confiding, friendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black mustache shades clear-cut and firm lips, indexes to a character which has always held him above the level of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul are in his work. He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires; and at the very moment that his admirers are swallowing their night-cap cup of coffee he is sketching vigorously, or pacing up and down in the studio, overmastered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper.

Miss Abby D. Beede, having been employed for many years by a druggist in Lynn, Massachusetts, has become a partner in the firm of S. C. Tozer & Co., of that city. She is thoroughly up in lotions, and as for the disgusting pill, she knoweth how first to roll out into the pipe-stem shape, and then cunningly to roll the same into ye little pill. So bright an Abby

oughly up in lotions, and as for the disgusting pill, she knoweth how first to roll out into the pipe-stem shape, and then cunningly to roll the same into ye little pill. So bright an Abby should not become a venerable Beede.

—Mr. J. B. Fenimore, of Middletown, Delaware, has sent to England's Queen a box of choice peaches packed in a new kind of paper made for preserving fruits from decay. He also shipped a crate to the captain of the steamer, upon condition it should not be opened until arriving at Liverpool, which will give a fair test of the practicability of the experiment.

—On some day during the present month Miss Sallie Shannon, the Kansas belle who so fascinated Prince Alexis, will "change her local habitation and her name," and become Mrs. Somebody, of St. Louis.

—T. uchnitz, the publisher of Leipsic, will "critings of Bret Harre, the selections from the ritings of Bret Harre, the selections being made by the author, who will furnish an original preface. Tauchnitz does the correct thing with Harre as to pay.

—General Julius White is one of the few gentlemen who disdain the honors of diplomacy.

gentlemen who disdain the honors of diplomacy. The general decides not to accept the mission to the Argentine Confederation recently offered

him by General Grant.

—President THIERS has a notion of proposing to the French National Assembly to form a sec-

ond Chamber.

—The Hon. Horace Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, whose fame as a maker of scales has gone abroad into many lands, and who continues to do business on the largest and philanthropy on the most liberal scale, has not only given to the town the Athenæum building and an extensive library, but has commenced the erection of a building adjoining to be used as a gallery of art. In the future history of Vermont he will be fairly weighed and not form mont he will be fairly weighed, and not found wanting.
—Queen VICTORIA has gone to Osborne to re-

—Queen Victoria has gone to Osborne to remain until January, while a thorough overhauling of Windsor Castle is going on. Osborne is her favorite residence. There she draws around her every member of her family, and her life is that of thorough liberty and ease. The artists who have visited London during the season generally manage to get invited to Osborne before leaving the country. Foreign artists, too, are called over; for it is at Osborne that her Majesty devotes her leisure to the examination and criticism of the works which are to occupy the world for the ensuing season, and it is here that she makes herself acquainted with all the works of art which have been successful during the past one. London gossip tells us that Bispast one. London gossip tells us that Bis-MARCK will order himself to the Isle of Wight for any complaint under which he may be laboring as soon as ever the Queen is established at Osborne, and that the Queen and the Princess Victoria look on with satisfaction at the recon-

Box for Ironing Utensils, Figs. 1 and 2.

This box for ironing utensils, such as starch and bluing bags, wax, ironing cloth, fluting irons, etc., is made of a cigar-box, and is furnished on the inside with pockets and bands. The trimming consists of lambrequins and pointed strips of pale brown carriage leather, which are fastened with small brass nails called tapestry tacks; the box is furnished besides with a handle and with bands and buttons for closing. Take a medium-sized cigar-box (the original is ten inches long, six inches and three-quarters wide, and five inches and a quarter high), wash it carefully, and strip off the paper which is pasted on. Scrape off the brand with a piece of glass. On the front of the box cleaned in this manner paste two double bands of carriage leather, as shown by the illustration, which are two inches and seven-eighths long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, and are fastened besides on the upper end with a large bronzed button. To do this slip the eye of each button through a hole in the

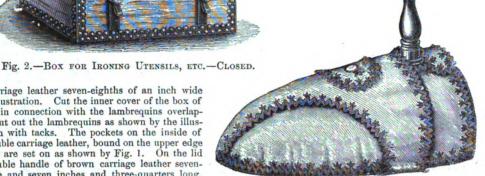
through a hole in the tab and front of the box, and run a small wire pin through from the inside.—
Cover the four side corners of the box each with a strip of carriage leather an inch and three-quarters wide, scalloped on both sides; these strips are first pasted on the box as shown by the illustration, and are then fastened with the small tacks before referred to. On the under

edge of the box set a scalloped strip of carriage leather seven-eighths of an inch wide only, as shown by the illustration. Cut the inner cover of the box of brown carriage leather in connection with the lambrequins overlapping on the outside. Cut out the lambrequins as shown by the illustrations and fasten them with tacks. The pockets on the inside of the box are made of double carriage leather, bound on the upper edge with worsted braid, and are set on as shown by Fig. 1. On the lid of the box fasten a double handle of brown carriage leather seven-eighths of an inch wide and seven inches and three-quarters long. Line the lid with carriage leather, the scalloped outer edge of which overlaps on the outside of the lid seven-eighths of an inch wide; the scallops are fastened on the lid with tacks. Before setting on the lining furnish it with a band to hold the fluting irons, as shown by Fig. 1. Finally, make two bands of carriage leather, each seven-eighths of an inch wide and fifteen inches and a quarter long, and one end of which is sewed to a brass ring. By means of these bands the lid is joined to the box, fastening the bands on the lid and on the



Fig. 2.—Letters in Cross Stitch for marking Linen.

Fig. 2.—Section of Embroidery for Ironing Cloth.—Full Size.



COVER FOR FLAT-IRON.

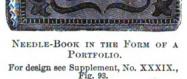
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXVI., Figs. 87-89.



Fig. 1.—Box for Ironing Utensils, etc.—Open.

cation figures of brown velvet in a darker shade. Cut of pasteboard two pieces each four inches wide and three inches high, and of brown silk two pieces each four inches and a half wide and six inches and three-quarters long. Having transferred the design on Fig. 93, Supplement (which gives a quarter section), to both halves of the silk designed for the outside, fold down the edges of both pieces of silk a quarter of an inch wide, and, turning the edges toward each other, baste the silk on the pieces of pasteboard in such a manner that between the latter a quarter of an inch of the material is left loose, which forms the back of the portfolio. Join both pieces of material on the outer edge from the inside with long button-hole stitches of brown silk, in doing which at the same time fasten in the handles, formed each of a bias strip of brown silk, and the band for closing the needle-book, as shown by the illustration; this band is furnished with a button-hole, and trimmed on the

and trimmed on the outer edge with very narrow strips of velvet sewed on with long button-hole stitches of brown silk. Set a similar strip of velvet along the outer edge of each half of the needle-book, as shown by the illustration. Paste brown velvet on tissue-paper on which the design has been drawn, cut out the design figures, and paste them on the silk cover. Finally, furnish the needle book at the corresponding point with a button, and on the inside set several pieces of flannel, which are cut in points all around, for holding the needles.



Cover for Flat-Iron.

This cover is made of white frieze, and is trimmed with red serpentine braid and point Russe embroidery with red Saxony wool, and is closed with a button and button-hole. Cut, first, for the bottom and back one whole piece each from Figs. 87 and 88, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 89, cutting one of these pieces only from the under edge to seven-eighths of an inch beyond the dotted line. Of course these patterns should be enlarged or reduced in size according to the size of the iron. Join the parts according to the corresponding figures, in doing which lay Fig. 89 in several pleats on the under edge. Set on the trimming as shown by the illustration. It will be observed that this cover corresponds with the Embroidered White Frieze Iroming Cloth described above.

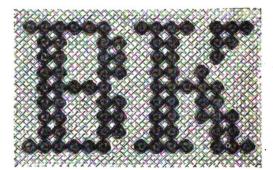


Fig. 3.—LETTERS IN KNOT STITCH FOR MARKING LINEN.

Alphabet for marking Linen, Figs. 1-3.

The letters of the alphabet shown by Fig. 1 are

suitable for marking articles of linen in which the letter is set diagonally in a corner, as, for instance, sheets,

show different ways of working the alphabet. For the sake of greater distinctness, these letters are shown worked on canvas instead of linen. The letters shown

by Fig. 2 are worked in the usual cross stitch, covering

two lengthwise and two crosswise threads of the foundation. For the letters shown by Fig. 3 edge two lengthwise and two crosswise threads of the foundation

with four back stitches, and in the middle of the square thus formed work a knot,

Breakfast Caps, Figs. 1-7.

upper and under edge of the back of the box with tacks, as shown by the illustration; the end furnished with the ring should project free from the front edge of the lid. In each brass ring then set a double loop of carriage leather, which serves for a handle in opening and closing the case. Embroidered White Frieze Ironing Cloth, Figs. 1 and 2.

This cloth is used for a foundation in ironing fine embroidery. To make the cloth cut of heavy white frieze two pieces each twenty-four inches and seven-eighths long and twelve inches and seven-eighths wide. Cut out each of these pieces in deep scallops all along the outer edge, observing Fig. 2, and trim them with red woolen serpentine braid and in point Russe embroidery with red Saxony wool. The holes are formed with a piercer, and are button-hole stitched on one-half. Run both parts of the cloth together so that the embroidered parts are turned outward and the scallops come exactly on each other, and join them with crochet-work of red Saxony wool. To do this always work one single crochet on each point of the braid which comes on the outer

chet on each point edge of the scallop, then 5 chain stitches. In working the single crochet pass the needle through the double material, and at the same time through the corresponding point on the wrong side of the cloth. Then work six single crochet on each chain stitch scallop of the preceding round (see

Needle-Book in the Form of a Portfolio.

Fig. 2).

THIS needlebook is covered on the outside and inside with brown silk, and ornamented with appli-

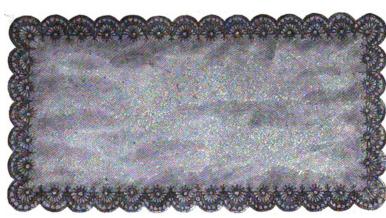


Fig. 1.—Embroidered White Frieze Ironing Cloth.

See illustrations on page 621.

Fig. 1.—Breakfast Cap with Lilac Silk Ribbon. This cap is made of Swiss muslin, and is trimmed with Valenciennes lace and lilac silk ribbon. For the crown cut of Swiss muslin one whole piece on the bias from Fig. 68, Supplement, arrange the front edge in

box-pleats, and the back edge in simple pleats, bringing × on ●. Set the crown all around into straight double strip of Swiss muslin an inch wide, in the mid-dle of the front and back of which a point is formed by sewing in a pleat. This strip is bound on the outer edge with lilac silk ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide. Then cut a straight strip of Swiss. muslin eighty inches long and four inches and seven-eighths wide, slope it off on one side from both ends so that

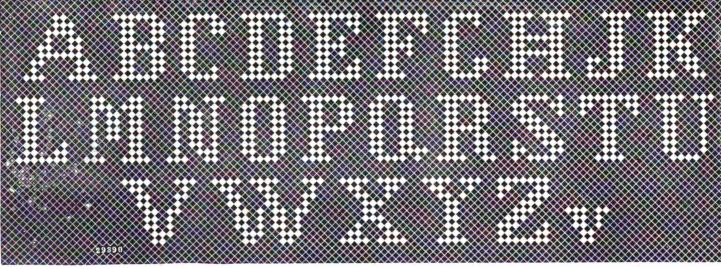


Fig. 1.—Alphabet for marking Linen.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

the middle part, thirty-two inches long, is only an inch wide, and edge the strip on the sloped side and on the ends with Valenciennes lace seven-eighths of an inch wide; arrange it in side pleats, which are deeper at the ends than in the middle of the strip, and sew the latter on the straight double strip of Swiss muslin. The seam of this pleated strip is covered with lilac silk ribbon. Bow of similar ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin with Brown and

Salmon-colored Ribbon. For the crown of this cap cut of Swiss muslin on the bias one oblong piece sixteen inches long and fourteen inches and a half wide; for the front cut of double stiff lace one whole piece from Fig. 74, Supplement, and hem covered wire into the front edge of this piece. Pleat the crown on the outer edge, set the front on the front edge of the crown, and set the back of the crown into a straight double strip of Swiss muslin ten inches and a half long and seven-eighths of an inch wide. For the ruffle in the back cut a straight strip of Swiss muslin thirty-one inches and a quarter long and four inches and seven-eighths wide, slope it off on one side from the middle toward both ends to a width

of an inch and a quarter, edge it

ciennes lace an inch

and a quarter wide, and lay it in pleats

half an inch deep; then set the ruffle

on the straight strip of Swiss muslin,

and sew on Valen-

inch wide. Under-neath one half of

this insertion run salmon-colored silk

ribbon, and under-

insertion seven-eighths of an

ciennes



-Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin with Brown and Salmon-colored Ribbon.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 74.

neath the other half brown silk ribbon, each twentyeight inches long and an inch and a quarter wide; both ribbons serve to gather the back of the cap. On the front edge of the front of the cap set a pleated strip of Swiss muslin an inch and three-quarters wide edged with lace an inch and a quarter wide, and which is sloped off toward the ends to a width of seven-eighths of an inch, and join the ends of this strip with the ends of the ruffle in the back. A simstrip of Swiss muslin, somewhat shorter and pointed toward the ends, is sewed along the front so that it rests on the crown. Set on the remaining

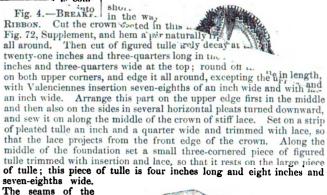
trimming as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin and LIGHT GREEN GROS GRAIN RIBBON. For this cap cut of white stiff lace one piece from Fig. 69, Supplement, and of Swiss muslin on the bias one piece from Fig. 70. Bind the crown of stiff lace on the outer edge



Fig. 1.—Breakfast Cap with Lilac SILK RIBBON. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 68.





The seams of the smaller piece and the strip are covered with five rosettes of very narrow blue velvet ribbon; set similar rosettes on the larger three-cornered piece as shown by the illustration.

≠4 is com-

Fig. 5.—Break-fast Cap of Swiss Muslin and Pink GROS GRAIN. For the crown of the cap cut of stiff lace one piece from Fig. 71, Supplement; hem in



Fig. 3.—Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin and LIGHT GREEN GROS GRAIN RIBBON. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 69 and 70.

a piece of covered wire all around, and bind it with pink gros grain. Cut of Swiss muslin a three-cornered piece twelve inches and a half long and twenty inches wide, then a smaller three-cornered piece of pink gros grain eight inches and seven-eighths long and sixteen inches and seven-eighths wide, and edge each part, excepting the upper edge, with lace an inch and a quarter wide; arrange each part on the upper edge in several pleats turned toward the mid-dle, and sew these parts on the crown along the straight line on Fig. 71. Trim the cap in front with bows of Swiss muslin and lace, with gathered lace,

and pink gros grain ribbon.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Breakfast Cap of Needlework and Lace Insertion and Lilac Silk Ribbon.

The crown of this cap is cut of stiff lace from



Hoop.

Fig. 4.—Breakfast Cap of Figured Tulle AND BLUE VELVET RIBBON.

with green ribbon, pleat the Swiss muslin, bringing × on •, and sew the Swiss muslin on the crown according to the corresponding figures. Then cut a straight strip of Swiss muslin forty-nine inches and three-quarters long and two inches and a half wide, edge it with lace seven-eighths of an inch wide, arrange it in box-pleats through the middle seven-eighths of an inch deep, and set it on along the outer edge of the crown, so that an inch and three-quarters of the crown remains free in the mid-dle of the back. The seam of the Swiss muslin strip is covered by two twisted green gros grain ribbons and a bow.

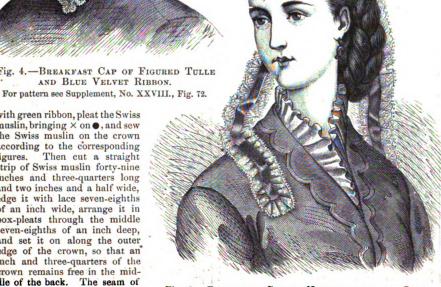


Fig. 6.—Breakfast Cap of Needle-work and Lace INSERTION AND LILAC SILK RIBBON.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 7.] INSERTION AND LILAC SILK RIBBON.—BACK.—[See Fig. 6.] For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 73.

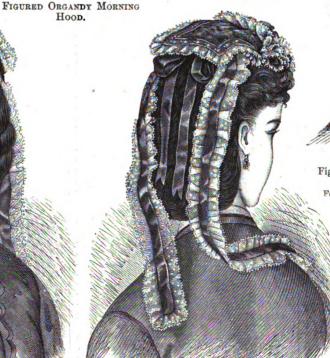


Fig. 7.—Breakfast Cap of Needle-work and Lace For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 78.



Fig. 5.—Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin AND PINK GROS GRAIN. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Fig. 71.

Fig. 73, Supplement; sew up the pleat indicated in the crown, and edge it with wire ribbon and a binding of lilac silk ribbon. Then make of needle-work and lace insertion three-quarters of an inch wide and four inches and a half long one four-cornered piece six inches and three-quarters long and four inches and a half wide, and edge it all around with lace insertion and gathered lace seveneighths of an inch wide. Fasten this part on the back edge of the crown two inches and three everytees from the months. inches and three-quarters from the upper edge, in doing which form two small pleats, so that it is only five inches and three-quarters wide there, including the lace; the projecting up-per edge of this part is folded back. Trim the front edge of the crown with two strips of tulle seven-eighths of an

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Box for Ironing Utensils, Figs. 1 arset

This box for ironing utensils. In by Fig. bluing bags, wax, ironing the illustration. Fasten made of a cigar-box mode of a cigar-box forty-six inches and a half pockets and be under corners of the crown, so that quins amiddle part of the ribbon forms a loose band six inches and a half long underneath the square of insertion, and the ends of the ribbon hang down nineteen inches and three-quarters long each from the corners of the crown. Edge these each from the corners of the crown. ribbon ends all around with gathered lace; on the middle of the band set loops and ends of similar ribbon as shown by Fig. 7

Figured Organdy Morning Hood. See illustration on page 621

This hood, which is especially designed to be worn in the garden in the morning before dressing the hair, is made of figured white organdy lined with pink linen. The trimming consists of ruches and ruffles of plain organdy and pink silk ribbon; the hood is tied with strings of similar ribbon.

(Continued from No. 36, page 591.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.) LOVE LINKS.

"A FEW months since there was a benefit at the Royal White Rose, and a variety of new entertainments was introduced for the occasion.

Among them was a short performance by a man who called himself an electro-biolo-gist, and who professed to be able to so control the mental powers of make them completely subservient to his will. This is common enough and feasible enough. and whether this man was a charlatan or not, it is certain that what he professes is not all delusion, and may in time lead to important discoveries. The fact that mere carnestness on the part of one person produces certain effects upon the minds of others is a sufficient proof that this so-called new science is founded upon a tangible basis. When Lily came home from the music-hall on the night of this benefit I noticed that she was much agitated, and al-though she tried to laugh away my inquiries into the cause of her agitation by saying that she was a foolish girl, I could see that her gayety was assumed. After a little while she told me that she had been frightened by this man, and that while she was watching his performances from the

side of the stage she seemed to be in some degree under his influence. The man, it appears, noticed the interest she took in his performance, and, when the curtain was down, ad-dressed her, saying she was a good subject, and that he could make her do whatever he pleased. Lily was terrified, and tried to escape from him, but could not take her eyes from his face until his attention was diverted from her; then she ran
to her room. Knowing how highly sensitive
and nervous Lily's nature is, I was not surprised
at the effect this man produced on her, but I need scarcely tell you that the incident gave me new cause for fear, and that I watched Lily more carefully. I purposely refrained from speaking with her upon the subject again, and since that time it has never been referred to between us. But soon afterward another circumstance occurred to cause me alarm. It was the night on which her mother died. We none of us knew on the day of her death that it was so near, and Lily went as usual to the music-hall to fulfill her duties. She came home late—at midnight. Shortly after she came home her mother died. Alfred was away—had been away all the night; and it was not until two o'clock in the morning that we heard his step upon the stairs. Lily went out to meet him. I being angry with him for his thoughtlessness, and for another reason, which I can not ex-plain, remained for a little while with the dead body of his mother—thinking, also, that at such a solemn time the undisturbed communion of brother and sister would be consoling to Lily.
When I went into Lily's room I saw that Lily's grief had been deepened by her brother's com-ing home flushed with drink. I had a solemn duty to fulfill that night; Alfred is but a young , with many temptations thrown in his way, and I hoped that something which I had to say

might, under the influence of such an vent as had occurred, have a good effect upon him in the future—might teach him a lesson which would make him less selfishly wrapt in his own pleasures, and more thoughtful of us—no, not of us, of Lily, whom he loves, I believe, very truly, and whom he would not consciously harm for any consideration. But the old lines are bitterly true, 'that evil is a support of the support o wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.' In justice to Alfred I must not relate to you the nature of our conversation. I brought him into this room, where his dead mother lay. Lily begged that she might come and sit with us, but I could not permit her—the pain she would have suffered would have been greater than that she had already experienced, and I bade her good-night, and begged her to go to bed. She submitted unresistingly—her nature is singularly gentle—and Alfred and I left her. It was daylight when our interview was ended; Alfred and I went to the door, and opening it, saw Lily lying on the ground, asleep. Poor child! she had been much agitated by the events of the night, and was frightened of solitude; so she had come to the door of the room where we were sitting, finding companionship in being near us, and in hearing, perhaps, the murmur of our voices. Thus she must have fallen asleep. I called to her, 'Lily!' To my surprise she rose slowly, and stood before us; but she was not awake. She nestled to me, and came into the room, still asleep; and even when I led her into her own room, she followed me, still sleeping. We laid her upon her bed, and I sat by her for hours, watching her. When she awoke, she had no consciousness of what had passed, and I would not distress her by telling her. Three times since that night I have dis-covered her in the same condition. Her room opens into mine, as well as into the passage, and it is usual for her to call out a good-night to me as she puts out her candle. I always wait strange habit, I consulted in confidence a doctor who lives near here, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and whose knowledge and ability deserve a larger practice than he enjoys. He much interested in my recital; he knows Lily, and has attended on her on occasions. More than once he has spoken to me about her delicate mental organization. 'The girl is all nerves,' he has said; 'an unkind word will cut her as surely as a knife; she is like a sensitive plant, and should be cared for tenderly. And then he has said that as she grew older she might grow stronger. But, you see, it has not been so. I asked him whether he could account for the condition in which I found her, and at his request I related to him every particular and every de-tail which might be supposed to be associated with it. He said he could come to but one conclusion—that these abstractions, as he called them, came upon her when she was brooding upon some pet idea, or when her feelings were unusually stirred by surrounding circumstances. If her mind were perfectly at rest, he said, she would not be subject to these abstractions. theory sufficiently accounted for her condition on the night of her mother's death, but did not account for what occurred afterward. I knew of nothing that was agitating her, and so I told him; but he only smiled, and said, 'You will probably know one day; still waters run deep. Quiet as your granddaughter is, she is, from my knowledge of her, capable of much deeper and stronger feeling than most women. And then he made me promise the next time I found her in this condition to run round for him. 'It should not be allowed to grow upon her,' he said, 'and I may be able to advise you better after personal observation of her.' Last night the opportunity occurred. I found Lily kneeling by her bed, dressed and asleep. I closed the door softly upon her, and went for the doctor. 'Now,' he said, as we hurried here, 'I do not think it well that she should hear a strange voice, so I

being susceptible to outward sound, and especially to the sound of voices that she loves. musings are happy ones, and please her-so that when she hears a familiar voice, one that is inwoven with her affections, as it were, it harmonizes with her mental condition; it pleases her, and she seems to listen. This is all that I can say up to this point, with my imperfect knowledge of her inner life, and with the brief observation that I have made. But I have no doubt that I am right.' It seems to me, Felix, that his theory am right. It seems to me, Felix, that his theory is very near the truth, and if you knew the fears by which I am tortured, but which I dare not commit to words, you would better understand my grief. But it has relieved me to open my heart to you thus far, for I know that you will "Indeed I will, Sir," said Felix, in a tone of deep earnestness, "for your sake and Lily's;

and if ever I can be of service to you or to her, depend upon my truth and honor, and trust me to do it. If I dared to ask you one question—"

"Ask it, Felix," said the old man, as Felix hesitated.

"Do not answer it, Sir, if it is a wrong one. What you said to Lily at the doctor's request, and which you must not repeat-" he hesitated again.
"Well?" said the old man, kindly and encour-

wear same the old man, kindly and encouragingly, and yet with a certain sadness.

"Did it refer to matters in which you suppose she took an affectionate interest?"

"Yes, Felix."

"And did she answer you, Sir?" "By signs, Felix, not by words.

be content with this."

Felix asked no more questions, but after he bade the old man good-night, thought much of

"How much hidden good there is in the world!" he mused. "What a sweet lesson is contained in the life of this dear gir!! She has

a secret. Ah, if that secret concerns me, and I can win her heart! But how dare I think of it, I, without a nest

to take my bird to? Ah, if I could build a



"HE SAW LILY SITTING ON THE GARDEN-SEAT, AND MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE BENDING OVER HER.

for these last words from her before I retire to rest. My bed, you see, is behind this screen, where her poor mother lay sick for so long a On the first of the three occasions I have mentioned she kissed me, thoughtfully, as I observed, and went into her room. I waited for a long time for her 'Good-night, grandfa-ther,' but it did not come. I whispered her name at the door, and asked in a low voice if she were asleep. I spoke low on purpose, for if she were sleeping I did not wish to disturb her. She did not answer me; but I saw the light still burning in her room, and I opened the door gently, and saw her sitting by the table. She had not undressed herself. I went to her side and took her hand. She rose, and I saw that she was asleep. Fearful of the consequences of suddenly arousing her, I thought it best to leave her; I led her to the bed, and left the room, taking the candle with me. I did not sleep, however; I waited and listened, and within an hour I heard her moving about the room. When she was quiet again I went in and found that she had undressed and gone to bed. The following morning I thought she would have spoken to me about it and about the candle being removed, but she made no reference to the circumstance. After that I was more carefully observant of her, and in less than a fortnight I discovered her in the same condition for the second time. Anxious to test whether her mind was in a wakeful state, I returned to my room, and called to her. She turned her head at the sound of my voice, and I called again. She came from her room slowly, and sat down when I bade her; seemed to listen to what I said to her, and smiled, as if following my words, but did not speak. More and more distressed at this new experience of Lily, and fear-ful lest some evil to her might arise from this

But I may wish you to say certain things to her, perhaps to ask a question or two; I will write them in pencil, so that I shall have no occasion to speak.' We found Lily in the same position -still kneeling by her bedside. I did had done on the previous occasion, I called her by name; but I had to place my hand upon her shoulder, and call her again, before she rose. She followed me into this room, as she had done before, and at my bidding sat down, resting her head upon her hand. The doctor wrote upon head upon her hand. The queen wrote upon in-paper, 'Speak to her in a gentle voice upon in-different subjects, about the weather, or any thing that suggests itself to you.' I obeyed, thing that suggests itself to you.' and she seemed to listen to what I said. But the doctor wrote. 'She hears your voice, which harmonizes with her condition, as would the voice of any one that she loved; it falls upon her senses like a fountain, but it is the sound only that she hears—she does not understand your words. Appeal to her through her affections by speaking to her of some one whom she loves.' I said then, 'Lily, I am going to speak to you about Alfred.' Her face lighted up as I mentioned her brother's name, and she leaned forward eagerly. 'She hears and understands,' wrote the doctor, and then desired me to say other things to her. But I must not tell you more of the details of that interview, Felix; for the dear girl's sake, I must not. The doctor told me, before he went away, that he was satisfied that his theory was correct. 'She retires to her room,' he said, 'and sits or kneels, as we found her tonight, in a state of wakefulness. While in this position she muses upon something dear to her, and so completely lost does she become in the contemplation that she sinks into slumber, and continues musing upon her thought even in her sleep. This to a certain extent accounts for her

will not speak while I am in the room with her.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE COMMENCEMENT OF A HAPPY DAY.

A MOTHER could not have watched her only child with more jealons devotion than that with which old Wheels watched his darling Lily. He could not bear her out of his sight, and he even begrudged the time she gave to her brother Alfred; for Lily clung to her brother, and seemed to have discovered a new bond of affection to bind them closer to each other. Beset as he was with doubts and fears, old Wheels found a fresh cause for disturbance in this circumstance; and he was not successful in hiding his disturbance from Alfred, who showed his consciousness of it in a certain defiant fashion, which gave his grandfather inexpressible pain. But the old man bore with this without open re-pining; he gave all his

love to Lily, and he blamed himself for the jeal-ous feeling he bore to Alfred. He strove against it, but he could not weaken it, and he could only watch and wait. In the mean time, Lily, to his eyes, was growing thinner and paler. He spoke

eyes, was growing thinner and paier. He spoke to Gribble junior about it.
"Don't you think Lily is not looking so well as she did?" he asked of the umbrella-maker.
"Mrs. J. G. was saying the very same thing to me," replied Gribble junior, "only the night before last. 'I don't think Lily is strong,' said Mrs. J. G. to me; 'she looks pale.' And I said, 'I''s that much hell the least and the gas and

'It's that music-hall; the heat and the gas and

the smoke's too much for her.' "You are right—you are right," said old Wheels, the lines in his face deepening. "Such

a place is not fit for a young girl—so tender as my Lily is, too. I will take her from it soon."
(Thinking: "I shall be able to, for the debt will

"Ah lough," added Gribble junior, scarcely heeding the old man's words, "to my thinking a music-hall's the jolliest place in the world. I could sit all night and listen to the comic songs." And Gribble junior, to whom a music-hall was really a joy and a delight, hummed the chorus of a comic song as a proof of the correctness of his opinion; breaking off in the middle, however, with the remark, "Yes, Lily does look pale."
"And thin?" asked old Wheels, auxiously.
"And thin," assented Gribble junior. "But

then we all of us have our pale days and our red days, and our thin days and our fat days, as a body might say. Look at me, now; I'm three stone heavier than I was four years ago. But I wasn't married then, and perhaps Mrs. J. G. has something to do with it-though she hasn't lost either, mind you! I was going to say something — what was it?" Here Gribble junior scratched his head. "Oh, I know. Well, when

I said to Mrs. J. G., 'It's that music-hall,' she said, with a curl of the nose, though I didn't see it, for we were abed, 'You men's got no eyes, which was news to me, and sounded queer too, for Mrs. J. G. don't generally speak to me in that way. 'You men's got no eyes,' she said; 'it's my belief that Lily is in love, and that makes her pale. I don't often give in to Mrs. J. G., but I give in to her in this, and it's my opinion she's right. It's natural that girls, and boys too,

should fall in love. Keep moving."

Thus Gribble junior rattled on for half an hour, being, as you know, fond of the sound of his own voice, while old Wheels pondered over Mrs. Gribble junior's summing up of the cause of Lily's paleness; and wondered if she were right. "There is but one man whom I know," he thought, "who is worthy of my pearl. I should be happy if this were so, and if he returned her love." Then he thought of Mr. Sheldrake, and of that gentleman's intimacy with Alfred, and the glimmer of light faded in that contemplation. contemplation.

The following morning, as he and his grandchildren were sitting at breakfast, Alfred said, "Lily, I've got a holiday to-day, and I'm going to take you to Hampton Court.

Lily's eyes sparkled; she looked up with a flush of delight. Old Wheels also looked at Alfred with an expression of gratification.

"Lily doesn't go out very often," continued [fred; "it is a fine day, and the outing will do Alfred; her good."

Lily, who was sitting close to Alfred, kissed his hand; the pleasure was all the greater because it was unexpected.

cause it was unexpected.

"It is kind of you, Alf," said old Wheels, with a nod of approval, and with more cordiality in his manner toward his grandson than he had expressed for many a day; "Lily seldom gets an opportunity to breathe the fresh air. A run in the park will bring the roses in my darling's face again."

"Do I want them, grandfather?" asked Lily,

gayly.

Her face was bright with anticipation. Old

Wheels looked at her fondly.
"Not now, my dear," he replied; "but you have been looking pale lately."

"You are too anxious about me, grandfuther," said Lily, affectionately: "I am very well. I think—I think—that you love me just a little bit too much." And she took his face between her hands and kissed him, once, twice, thrice-making a rose-bud of her mouth, as a little child might have done. He was delighted at her

merry humor.

"I can't be that, darling," he said; "you are worthy of all the love that we can give you."

Alfred assented with, "That she is, grand-

"You are in a conspiracy to spoil me," said Lily, greatly elated. She was standing between them, holding a hand of each, and out of her affectionate nature and her gladness at their more cordial manner toward each other, she brought their hands together, and held them clasped within her own.

As the old man's fingers tightened upon those of his grandson, he thought that perhaps after all he was torturing himself unnecessarily, and, out of his hopes, he smiled and nodded affectionately at Alfred. Alfred smiled in return, but the next moment a shadow passed into his face. It did not rest there long; his lighter mood soon asserted itself.

"How soon shall we start, Alfred?" asked

Lily.

"As soon as you can get dressed, Lil. It will be best to go early. Then we can have a will be best to go early. Then we can have a ramble and a bit of dinner, and a row on the river, perhaps.

"That will be nice, and grandfather shall go with us.

Alfred's face became overclouded at the suggestion, and old Wheels saw the cloud. Invol-

matrily his grasp of Alfred's hand relaxed.

"No, my dear," he said, quickly; "I can't go with you. I have something to do at home. Run away now and get dressed." Lily being gone, the old man continued, "I spared you the awkwardness of a refusal, Alfred; I saw that you would rather I should not accompany you.'

"Oh, Sir," was the reply, spoken with exceeding ill grace, "if you wish—"
"I don't wish, my boy. Why should I do any thing to spoil Lily's enjoyment? and it would spoil her enjoyment if she noticed that you con-

"Of course it's me." exclaimed Alfred, pet-tishly; "I thought I had had enough lecturing. I won't stand it much longer, and so I tell you,

"Don't let us quarrel, Alfred; Lily will be back presently, and we must do every thing in r power to avoid giving he that you are going to take her out. Can you afford it?"

"Afford it! I should think I could!" 'Alfred rattled the money in his pocket.

Old Wheels sighed. "Your wages at the office are still the same, Alfred—fifteen shillings a week?"

"Yes—the old skinflints! I don't believe I should be any better off if I stopped there all

my life."
"You seem to be well off, notwithstanding," observed the old man, with a grave look.

"You're going to preach again, I suppose!" exclaimed Alfred in a fretful tone. "A young fellow can't have a shilling in his pocket without being preached at. I tell you what it is, grand-

But Alfred was prevented from telling his grandfather what it was by the entrance of Lily, who came in, dressed in her best, and looking as pretty and modest as any girl in England; and in a few moments brother and sister were in the streets, arm in arm.

The old man watched them from the window ntil they were out of sight. 'I am glad my darling has gone to enjoy herself," he thought, but he could not keep back an uneasy feeling because she was away from him. He accounted for it by saying that old age was selfish; but that reflection brought no consolation to him. The room had never looked so dreary as now, and he was in such a discontented mood that he could neither work nor read. He went to the street-door and stood there, and felt more than ordinarily pleased as he saw Felix turn the cor-

"I have come on purpose to tell you something," said Felix, as they shook hands; "you know that I am looking out for something to do."

"Yes, Felix."

"Brought up to no trade or profession," continued Felix, "the matter is difficult enough. I can't go to work as a shoe-maker, or a carpenter or a bricklayer, because I am Jack-of-no-trade. and don't know any thing. I am neither this nor that, nor any thing else. But last night there was a great fire not very far from here-

"I read of it in the papers this morning."
"It occurred, as you know, then, after mid-I was there at the commencement of it, and saw it-saw the children and the mother standing in their night-dresses at the third-floor -saw the flames surrounding them and creeping to them like fiery serpents-saw that brave fireman, God bless him! scale the ladder and rescue the poor things, nearly losing his life in the effort—spoke to him, shook hands with him, hurriedly got some particulars from him

and the poor woman, and then—"
"Yes, and then," said old Wheels, sharing

Felix's excitement.
"Then went to the newspaper office with an account of the fire, which they inserted. What you read this morning was mine, and I feel quite proud of it. It is the first bit of real work that I have ever done."

"It is boutifully written," exclaimed old Wheels. "Bravo, Felix!"
"That's what I said to myself, 'Bravo,

Felix!' Why should this not lead to other things? And I am so elated that I came to ask you if you would come with me into the country for a few hours, somewhere close enough to this city of wonders to enable us to get back in the evening. It is a lovely day, and perhaps Lily will accompany you."

"Lily is not at home," said the old man, "She has gone out with Alfred on just such a trip as you so kindly propose. She wanted me to come, but I have business at home and could not, so I can not accompany you. If you are not fixed upon any place, why not go yourself to Hampton Court, where they have gone? You may meet them; I am sure Lily will be pleased

to see you."

"I should like it above all things in the world," said Felix, eagerly. "Have they gone by themselves?"
"Yes."

Felix looked earnestly at the old man. "Thank you, Sir, a thousand times. I will

Old Wheels smiled to himself as he turned into the house, and sat down contentedly to his work—a cart which he was making for Pollypod.

"I feel easier now," he said, as he worked.

But although Felix went down at once to Hampton Court, and strolled into the palace and the picture-gallery and over the gardens, and stood above the maze to see who were in it, he saw no signs of Lily or Alfred. This occupied him a couple of hours, and then he resolved to go into Bushey Park. "I ought to have gone there at first," he thought. He strolled into the heaviiful grounds and down the grand are not a significant to the sawiiful grounds and down the grand are not a significant to the sawiiful grounds. beautiful grounds, and down the grand avenue with its lines of noble chestnut-trees. In the distance he saw a lady on a seat, and a gentle-man standing by her. His sight, quickened by love, recognized Lily's form; but the man was not Alfred. He approached slowly, until he was near enough to distinguish more clearly, and a keen pang shot through him as he saw Lily sit-ting on the garden-seat, and Mr. David Sheldrake bending over her. Alfred was not in sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERVICE.

No man "liveth to himself." There is a natural craving for the society of their fellows, which makes men gregarious, and the aid, protection, and comfort thus afforded imply corresponding duties and responsibilities. As in all communities there are diversities of talents, and chara —the clever pid, the strong and the weak, the industrious and the idle, the prudent and the unwise, the good and the badit is only reasonable to suppose that there will be an equal variety of positions and pursuits, and that according to men's industry, talents, and conduct will be their relative success in life. Equality is hence impossible. and service becomes a necessity. The all-wise and gracious Providence who overrules all things for our happiness has placed us in the position of life most suited to us, and in which we can best answer the purposes of our being. Men rise to power and honor, not by being discontented with their humble origin, but by patient continuance in well-doing. Were the choice left to ourselves, no one would elect to live in a state of penury, or which rendered incessant la-bor a necessity. We should rebel against being nurtured in the humble cot or the dismal attic; but, as our lot has been chosen for us, we somehow acquire a resignation and adaptation to it.

The number of those who lead, who are the employers of labor, the directors of enterprise,

and the conductors of public business is comparatively small. The vast majority fall into the rank and file of subordination. This arrangement is so specially adapted to the necessities of every-day life and to the constitution of society that we can come to no other conclusion than that it has been designed in the highest wisdom. There are certain capacities which, in their very nature, are unfitted to command; and it is by no means unusual to find a faithful and diligent servant make a very inefficient master, when called upon to exercise faculties and functions which he had never previously had occasion to call into requisition. Certain qualifica-tions are found to be essential for different kinds of work, and in the faithful performance of duty the humble, patient, plodding laborer is filling his appointed sphere as suitably and honorably as the minister of state and the general of division in their respective positions.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PEACHES, peaches, every where, as we pen this paragraph—in the markets, at the street corners, in slowly drawn carts, followed by man and measure, at the grocers', and on the breakfast, dinner, and tea table. We eat them in their natural and most delicious state; and we at them in nies and puddings in computers and eat them in pies and puddings, in compotes and in preserves. It would seem that every man, woman, and child in the city must have an abundant supply of this luscious fruit—so plending the city must have an abundant supply of this luscious fruit—so plending the city must have an abundant supply of this luscious fruit—so plending the city must have a city must be compared to the city must have a city must be city must have a city must be city mu abundant supply of this fuscious fruit—so pien-ty and so cheap has it been. And yet this is one of the years when, according to the predic-tions of croakers in early spring, we were to have only "half a crop" of peaches! In some sections we are informed that growers allow the public to enter their orchards and help them-selves to the fruit, which would otherwise spoil public to enter their orchards and help themselves to the fruit, which would otherwise spoil before it could be brought to market. Really, just for the novelty, we would like to see a "full crop" of peaches! Our earliest peaches come from the South—from Virginia and North Carolina; then comes the rich and juicy crop from Maryland and Delaware; later still from New Jersey and New York. If this delicate fruit were less perishable, it would be sent broadcast all over the country, and our New York markets would not be so overcrowded. Jork markets would not be so overcrowded. But traveling is not beneficial to the soft and fragrant peach; it resents being touched by rough hands; and when, with benevolent intent, we send a basket to distant friends, we are chagrined to learn in what a shocking condition that are received. So we must be content to they are received. So we must be content to eat as many as we can ourselves.

Yellow Stone Lake, sixteen miles above the upper fall of the Yellow Stone River, lies among the snow peaks of the highest mountains, 7500 feet above the sea. It is about twenty-two miles long, and ifteen wide. The mountain rim of the lake rises from 1500 to 4000 feet above the surface and except in two discretions in the surface, and, except in two directions, is unbroken. Through one of the breaks appears the outlines of a conspicuous conical peak, 10,500 feet in height. Various wild fowl and many kinds of fish inhabit the waters of this curious lake.

"Bluffing" is a Newport word, though equally appropriate at Long Branch. It is simply a moonlight filtration, done on a bluff, and when the wind is so high that the two—only two—must sit very close together to keep from butter to be a constant. being blown away.

The Great Boston Jubilee appears to have cost its projectors something like \$210,000 over and above all receipts. It is proposed to make up this deficit by a grand concert and ball. One hundred thousand tickets are to be issued.

The question is often asked by careful mothers, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" An exchange says that simply wetting and rubbing the stained cloth in cold water will remove all traces of the grass. Fruit stains will disappear on the application of boiling-hot water. No some should be used in cling-hot water. ing-hot water. No soap should be used in ei-

The Great Eastern, though too huge for ordinary uses, has done good service to the world. Since 1865 she has laid not less than 20,000 miles of deep-sea electric cables, the capital invested in which is estimated at \$35,000,000. She has recently been chartered to lay a fourth transat-

California forest fires have destroyed thou-sands of acres of woodland and the houses on many ranches. The giant trees burn rapidly in the dry California summer.

European harvests promise to be unusually abundant. In France there will probably be more grain than will be consumed, which has not been the case for several years. The Black country has hitherto supplied France with

Many improvements are being made in the Executive Mansion at Washington. A more spacious staircase has been erected in the west wing, and some painting and decorating has been done. No one will be sorry to learn that the unsightly Turkish carpet has been removed from the East Room, and is to be cut for upstairs rooms, while a new one will be placed upon the floor of the East Room. The greenhouse is to be thoroughly renovated. house is to be thoroughly renovated.

It has been suggested that on wedding-cards there be printed something like this: "Please adapt your presents to an income of \$1800," or adapt your presents to an income of sixton, or \$5000, or any other sum, according to facts. If wedding presents must be given, such a restric-tion would be most beneficial. Many brides re-ceive gifts which are ill suited to their necessary style of living; or they are incited thereby to ex-travagances which lead to misfortune or ruin.

Pears are usually picked from the tree before they are fully ripened, and put in some dark place to become perfected. The Agriculturist says that all that is necessary to cause pears to color handsomely is to spread a blanket on the floor of a cool room, and then to place the fruit thinly and evenly on the blanket. A second province of Benevento.

in the wa, perfected in this ... ness of their naturally do they prematurely decay at left on the trees.

Avalanche Lake, scarcely half a mile in length, is the wildest of all the Adirondack lakes, and is nearly three thousand feet above the level of tide-water. Though its waters are as smooth as glass on a calm summer day, it has gained its name from the terrific slides which have again and again plowed through the mountains, bringand again plowed through the mountains, bringing down such a quantity of débris into the lake as greatly to change its appearance.

There have been two camp-meetings at Sea Cliff Grove this year. This beautiful spot is about two hours' sail from New York, and the ground owned by the Sea Cliff Grove Association includes about two hundred and forty acres. Hotels and boarding-houses are now being erected, and this promises to be one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the vicinity of the city.

An exciting incident recently occurred at the Yorkshire Station of the Metropolitan Railway, near London, during a heavy thunder-shower. The station is in a deep cutting, in which a large quantity of water accumulated during the rain. A passenger train emerged from the tunnel, and was brought to a stop by the waters, which were so high as to put out the engine fires. The telegraph wires would not work on account of the storm, and the express train was momentarily expected. All efforts to move the train by another engine were unsuccessful; the passengers could not leave the cars on account of the water, which was flowing in a perfect torrent. A few of them, by the greatest exertions, had been removed from the train, when suddenly a shout announced that by the greatest exertions, had been removed from the train, when suddenly a shout announced that the express was coming, and a huge wave was seen issuing from the tunuel as the train approached. The same cause, however, which had placed the passenger train in its terrible position, proved its salvation, for the water also put ont the fires in the express engine, which drew up, to the immense relief of all the by-standers, with the object of the hinderment courtege as with in about five feet of the hindermost carriage of the former train.

Cod-fish are curious creatures, if the stories told of them are true. It is said that when caught just before a storm, large stones, sometimes weighing several pounds, are found in their stomachs. It is a popular belief among fishermen that these stones are swallowed for the purpose of anchoring themselves during the expected swell of the sea.

There are in Paris, according to recent statistical accounts, no less than 5800 establishments where wine is sold. About 15,000 persons are in the employ of these establishments.

Homburg, in common with its sister establishments of Baden and Wiesbaden, has petitioned the German Parliament that they may be permitted to retain the gaming tables for a further period of two years. But the government has been inexorable, and has rejected their petition, and now nothing remains to be done but to acquiesce in the decision. In future years some of these German cities will seem deserted, when the moths who have been fluttering around the gaming tables are no more attracted thither.

"Monte Christo," a magnificent villa a few miles from Paris, which was built by Alexandre Dumas, is offered for sale at the price of thirty thousand dollars. It was there that Dumas really personified the imaginary hero of his celebrated novel "Monte Christo." In less than two years he and his companions expandered a brated novel "Monte Christo." In less than two years he and his companions squandered a million of francs at this beautiful villa. Dumas was always liberal, but often uselessly so. At Monte Christo the table was generally laid for thirty guests, and wit and conviviality met around the hospitable board. Most of Dumas's later novels were written at this villa. It is related that one day at dinner Dumas was asked how much time he would require to write a novel of two volumes, say four hundred pages. "Seventy-two hours." answered Dumas. A wager was immediately proposed and accepted, mally, that at the end of seventy-two hours he could not complete a novel. Dumas called for namely, that at the end of seventy-two hours he could not complete a novel. Dumas called for pen and paper, four hundred pages were numbered out for him, and he began at the dinnertable. With the exception of a few hours' repose, he wrote incessantly, and before the time had expired one of his most interesting novels, "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," had received its finishing touch its finishing touch.

The Royal Observatory of Vesuvius stands two thousand feet above the sea, and five hundred feet below the small mountain or chain of hills called the Atrio del Cavello. It was built in the time of Ferdinand II. Professor Palmieri was appointed director of it in 1847, and with great energy has provided instruments of all kinds for scientific observation of the phenomena connected with the volcano, arranged a chemical laboratory, and collected a library of literature concerning Vesuvius in all languages. He has since labored incessantly to accumulate since labored scientific facts and data as to the state of the mountain and the probable advent of eruptions, so as to admit of precautionary measures being taken when one of these destructive visitations taken when one of these destructive visitations seems imminent. The courage and devotion of Professor Palmieri during the recent eruption will not speedily pass away from the memories of men, and his conduct has received the unanimous approbation of his countrymen. The Academy of Naples has voted him a flattering acknowledgment of his intrepldity and perseverance; the citizens of Rome have presented him with an address on the success of his efforts in saving numerous victims from destruction; and he is to have the honor of being nominated a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy.

The recipient of these well-deserved honors is well known in the Italian scientific world, where he has held various appointments since 1834,

well known in the Italian scientific word, where he has held various appointments since 1834, when he was Professor of Mathematics and Physics in the Marine College at Naples. He now holds the position of Director of the Royal Observatory of Vesuvius and Professor of Cosmical Science. He is somewhat advanced in life, having been born in 1807, at Faicchio, in the province of Benevator.







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For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 8.

AT RYE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE red mail-coach came lumbering round the curve of the beach road at Rye, bringing one of the excitements of the day to the gay visitors at the Farragut House. They clustered on the steps and the piazzas, watching the arrivals, on the look-out for friends, criticising dress, face, and manner of descent, waiting for their letters. And a gayer scene was not to be thought of, and scarcely a prettier one—a scene made of the picturesque inn; the bright groups, brighter yet with the earliest sunset reflections the woods and orchards coming down to meet the sea, whose great blue and silver field was lifted against the horizon till the Isles of Shoals, lying in their perpetual mirage, seemed to be hanging half-way up the sky. The people in the coach, who had been exclaiming almost ever since they left the Hampton station, exclaimed anew with pleasure now-there was something so cheerful and welcoming in the sight. And then bags and umbrellas and boxes and shawls —they began to creep out of their shelter till you wondered where in the world they had bestowed

One of the first to alight was a tall young man, who swung himself lightly down from the top, and waited at the door to assist a couple of elderly ladies, and having been laden with their wraps and luncheon-basket and sachel, he attended them up the steps and to the rooms se cured by telegraph, delaying only to register the names of the Misses Murray and Mr. Jasper Murray. As he stood at the desk in the hall no one particularly remarked a young lady in the door-way who had lifted her fan to her face, shielding her eyes from the light when he passed as she gently stepped down and moved away, round the corner of the house to the other piazza, where she seated herself on a faldstool, and fanned herself, and gazed at the sea now and then through the little brass telescope standing

on a tripod before her.

Of course she had not been there a moment when others were there also. Whether they sprung out of the ground or took shape from the air, people always seemed to gather round her, so that Maria Mothershed declared that she was a witch. But she was really nothing of the sort. She was only a belle; by name Lucia De Large; still young; very beautiful in the eyes of those who liked her looks at all; of perfect toilette; without enough fortune for any one to marry her for the sake of it, but with just sufficient to render her tolerably independent; visiting the beach with her cousins and their mother—the Mothersheds.

"Are you waiting for the tea-bell, Lu?" said attie Mothershed. "Are you so desperately Mattie Mothershed. hungry as all that?"

"Desperately," was the reply.
"Well, this air does make one inappeasable.

Mr. Burns is sighing for his scrod already-

"'Oh, why thus longing, thus forever sighing For the far-off, unattained and dim?'"

sang the light-hearted thing.
"I confess it," said Mr. Burns, a pale and slender gentleman, whose face might have been attractive could it have been seen for the hair on Sighing, at any rate, for the unattained, though by the redolence of the air I should say it was not very far off. I wonder why it is that the scrod, though crisp to a miracle, brown as the

sand, and white as the foam—"
"'And fresh drawn frae the sea,'" sang Mat-

-"Why it is that the scrod at its perfection never quite equals our expectations?"
"Is it a conundrum?" asked Lucia, leaning

forward with every appearance of interest.

"Well, yes—perhaps so; for there's an answer to it." That it smells better than it tastes," said

Miss Warden.

"No, indeed. That you can not possibly eat all you wish of it."

"For shame!" cried Mattie.

"Why so?" asked Mr. Burns. "A sin confessed is half redressed, you know."
"Then you acknowledge it to be a sin?"

"To have an appetite? And here at the beach it is ever before me. A sin? It is a crown of glory!"

"That woman who ate rice with a bodkin and by the single grain ought to have been sent to the sea-side for an appetite. It would have been a better scourge than the bastinado," said Miss Warden.

"She would have died of shame," said Mattie. "Why so?" asked Mr. Burns again. sea-side is nothing but a great water-cure the best appetite is the most creditable patient.'

Oh. Lu! broke in Helen Jovce, as she joined them, "do you know who has come? I saw their names on the book. Your old friends. those dear Miss Murrays! Just think of the fun if they should try to get into your shell! And Jasper Murray too, if you'll believe it!"

"Have they, indeed?" said Lu.

"I thought Jasper Murray was outside the borders of Christendom, where he has been this last half-dozen years, hasn't he, Lu?" said Mat-

tie; "at any rate, ever since I grew up. Oh! I forgot," she rattled on; "why, Lu, wasn't he a flame of yours once? 'There's the gong!" cried Lu. "Mr. Burns. your scrod awaits you in perfection; and as for me, I find myself looking forward to my cup of

tea like any crone. I never thought I should come to that, but we must all grow old."
"Thank you for that," said the gentleman,

sotto voce, going on beside her; "for any thing that lessens the gulf between us." Can you be sentimental with that scrod in view?" asked Lucia of the lover, her senior by more than a dozen summers, and proceeded forthwith to drink her tea in a state which, if she were not made of brassas some of her rivals declared she was—must have been no less than scalding.

desperately hungry, it took very little to bring Miss De Large to despair; for, save a dry biscuit, she tasted nothing, and in a few minutes she rose and left the room. But before the door swung behind her she saw her mistake in hastening so, for coming down the hall was Mr. Murray. Should she go back for her handkerchief? No; here it was in her hand. Should she go on without a glance? No; that was too conscious. Before she had made up her mind what to do he had passed her. In stantly afterward Mr. Murray turned with a sudden start, taking a step or two in her direction as she hurried forward, then, losing her as she passed out of one of the long parlor windows, he retraced his steps to the tea-room.

Had only six or seven years made such a difference in her appearance that one should fail to know her, she said, especially one who had known her as Jasper Murray had? Lucia looked at herself in the tiny glass on her fan. Truly it was hardly to be called the same face, she thought. How many years ago was it when it had been so thin and worn? For she had been in grief then for the loss of her parents and her home; suspicions of a lover's neglect and indifference had tried her too, till they gave lines of care to the face not seventeen years old; and sad and sallow, in a black gown, shrinking from gayety, and exacting more from him than he cared to give, it was no wonder he wearied of her, she said now, no wonder he made it a necessity for her to give him back his ring one day. She had never asked herself before whether that act were one of stern virtue or of petulant temper. She had considered herself very ill used. Jasper had said to the few who knew any thing about it that Lucia had broken their engagement: Lucia would have said, if she had told what she thought, that Jasper had thrown her over for a prettier face. Whose, she could not exactly have declared; apparently it was nobody's, as he had gone out on his adventures instantly, and here he was alone. For the first time since that early youth Lucia made excuse to herself for him. Why should he have loved her, plain and unformed and unlearned? how could he have loved her, exigeante, ill-tempered, and selfish? But in half a dozen years, when one is seven-

teen, much is forgotten, much is healed, every thing is to gain. When the wound closed for thing is to gain. Lucia, and she was able once more to see the delights of the earth, and to feel the happines of being alive on it, when travel and excitemen and society began to divert her, she moved in the world and added to her own simplicity certain of its graces; her form rounded; her gait lost its heaviness and became elastic: her became an oval where it had only not been gaunt, fair now as the oval of a Madonne' ; the lines were slowly effaced there; the rich blood acquired a trick of hurrying at her words that clothed the cheek with damask and filled the eye with soft fire; the rude exercise of boating, summer after summer, had developed a superb figure; and Lucia De Large today was as different from the Lucia of six years ago or more as noonday is different from the dawn. Not that the girl had reached her meridian yet-she was but twenty-three years old, a time when the loveliness of girlhood is still like a bloom upon the ripeness of womanhood. Yes, she knew very well, as she looked at herself in the little replica, that this dark sweet face, with its velvety mouth, its brilliant eyes, its rose-stained cheek, its black hair waving away above it, bore only the resemblance to that same face six years ago and more that a bough all draped with roses and rose leaves might bear to a naked and briery vine. For all that it had been lovely in the old time too, and

Jasper Murray thought so.

She sat upon the lower ledge of the rocks, looking out at sea and the sunset painted there. There was a certain enjoyment in the scene where she was at rest and every thing else in motion. The water washed in and out among the brown weeds; a fishing-boat anchored not far away rocked to and fro; some bare-legged children were wading in the shallows, and running with shrieks from the low roller of the curving beach beyond. A wave came running over part of the rock where she sat; she rose from it to take a place higher up, when a hand was extended toward her, and "This way, Lusaid Jasper Murray's voice.

For an instant—it is the truth—Lucia hesitated as to whether she would stay where she was and be well washed over by the tide, or give her hand to Jasper and be helped up the slippery But it was the briefest possible instant: and then the strong brown fingers had clasped around her wrist, and she stood on the ledge above and picked her way along by Jasper's side. Would he speak? Should she speak?

They both spoke together. I hear your aunts have arrived."

"I saw you leaving the supper-room."

"I hope you are very well.

"I need not ask how you are. You have been here long? With the Mothersheds, I suppose. Mrs. Mothershed is as pretty as ever? shall be glad to see her, then; it will be as re-freshing as looking on an old picture is, always

So this was to be the style, trivialities and nothings. No allusion to the past, evidently no flirting. Very well; Lucia could meet him flirting. Very we there, she thought.

You have not been at Rye before?" she asked, tossing away a long weed with the point

of her parasol.

"No. My aunts were packed for the journey when I reached their house, so I came along, not indispensable to their comfort, but acceptable, I | It is a pleasant beach.

"Delightful. The woods and orchards coming close to the water, and all the rich old farms roundabout giving it a charm different from that of other beaches. But then I am fond of any

"So am I. Mountains suggest barriers and the end of things, but the sea only suggests in-

finity."
"That is strange, isn't it? Mountains, which is are immovable, tiring one; and the sea, which is perpetual motion, making you feel nothing but

Mr. Murray looked at her as she turned her head; the Lucia of his old acquaintance had no such thoughts as these. "And the company is pleasant here?" he asked, as her glance came back from where it had wandered.

"That you must judge for yourself. There are lovely families who have been here year after year, children who can hardly remember any other summer home, new-comers and transients, of course. Here come some of them: Maria Mothershed, my cousin, good and gay; her sister Mattie; Miss Warden-she is worth a million—look at her diamonds; she sleeps in them. they say," said Lucia, with a pleasant laugh. "But she is a nice bright girl. And there is my dear friend Mr. Burns, the salt of the earth—"

"To you?"

"To every body."

"Yes. I know Burns well. He is a good fellow, the prince of all good fellows. Shall we sit here and await them?"

After this beginning the day and the night followed each other at Rye, with the tides coming in and out, with dancing and driving and bathing and rowing, and Lucia was as cool brilliant as always, and Mr. Burns as ardent, and Jasper was still as quiet and courteous as on the day he came, a quiet and courtesy that were very much like indifference. The indiffer-ence piqued Lucia a little; she was half con-scious of a determination to reduce him to subjection; then she remembered that those who nlay with edged tools must expect to be cut, and perhaps the scars of the old wound still burned and throbbed enough to remind her how sharp the pain had been. For all that, more than once she put forth her power in some slight degree, and then withdrew again in a sort of haughty sweetness that made it impossible to believe you had really seen her unbend. Sometimes she went out and sat with the old Misses Murray, and held their wersted skeins for them, or read them a column from the Church Register, and listened to their babble about old times, and talked with them so charmingly that one of the dear old things would make some pretense to bustle away and find and bring Jasper; but Miss De Large had a way of using her eyes so deftly that she was always just going as he came. Sometimes he went with her. But he came readily enough; he was always swift to serve her, exactly as swift as to serve Miss Warden, but no swifter. Once, indeed, he took her from her saddle as she returned from a gallop down the Little Boar's Head road, and held her, she fancied, just one instant longer than any need was-perhaps felt her heart plunge at the holdthe color that had mantled her cheek paled with the thought, and the next instant she was icier than ice.

Another day, as Mr. Murray came from Ports mouth, whither he had driven, he passed her in the hall and handed her from a bunch of flowers in his hand a splendid scarlet passion-flower. She pinned it in the lace at her breast.

"Look at your posy, Ln," cried Mattie Moth ershed, an hour later, as she entered the bowling-alley with Mr. Burns. "It is nothing but ing-alley with Mr. Burns. a faded weed !"

"Highly symbolical," said Lucia, lightly, twisting the stem free, and twirling the withered blossom in her fingers; but nevertheless she did not throw it away, and Mr. Burns saw that she did not; and Jasper, who was leaving now against the door, having finished marking for Mattie and Miss Warden, may have marked that point in his own game too.

"Highly symbolical!" repeated Mattie. "Do you mean that you are in the sere and yellow leaf vourself, Lu?

Why? Do I look it?" replied Lucia, turning triumphant from a ten-strike

Truly like nothing less," said Mr. Burns. "Like a ripe red maple leaf," said Miss War-

den.
"Like a leaf when June is at her height," said Jasper, with a merry mock reverence.

"Not like a leaf at all, but like a rose," said Helen Joyce.

"Lucia, they're practicing on you! Don't believe a word they say!" cried Mattie. "Smothered in sweets," answered Lucia,

sweeping a courtesy as her ball went crashing among the pins. "Thanks, thanks; not quite so bad as Tarpeia." "Mr. Murray has the same opinion of you

that Charlie Bates had of Oliver, Lu," laughed Mattie. "He thinks you are so 'precious green.

''He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,' said Lucia.

"After all, it is a flattery to be called green," said Mr. Burns. "If any one could say as much to me, I should take it as the subtlest sort of compliment. But if I were half my age, as Miss Lucia is—"

"Pardon, Mr. Burns," said Lucia. "Twothirds.

"I thought you were ages older," said Helen.
"It is my wisdom you looked at," said Lucia.
"To be sure, you are such a belle you must

have had experience enough to make you old."
"Dear me!" said Mat. "They have all

been kissing the blarney stone! Next thing they will be asking you, Lu, if you regret your youth, poor old thing!"
"Regret it!" said Lucia.

"Look out for the balls," exclaimed Mr. Burns,

as they came rolling down again.
"A spare, is it not, Mr. Murray?" asked Lu-

cia. "Are you marking?"
"I am marking, Lucia."
"Tell me, Lu," continu continued Miss Warden,

when you refuse a lover does it hurt you any i "It makes my hair turn gray!" cried Lucia, facing her, the beautiful locks crisping in shadow and lustre round her white brow, the color reddening her cheek, the smile that so illuminated the face curving the perfect lips and kindling light in the darkness of the eyes. "Now talk

about somebody else. "Then you never refused one?"

"Nor ever had one. There! It is too warm for bowling, or else," with a laugh for Helen and Miss Warden, "I am too old. Come, I know a way to the bathing beach through some little woods, where every wild flower under heaven blows; and the bathers are just going in, the tide

They strolled along, singly or together; and now Lucia stooped for a late wild rose, and now for a ground-nut vine, till she found herself behind them all, and sat down on an old mossy fence-rail, arranging her trophies. Jasper turned his head, and came back for her. something for your bouquet," he said.

"It is poison," said she, laying it aside. He stood with an arm on the low bough over-ead. "Lucia," said he, "why did you tell head.

Miss Warden you never had a lover?"
"I never did," said she. "Have you brought
me poison too, Mr. Burns?" as that gentleman

also came retracing his steps through the sun-light and shadow of the wood. "Miss Warden is not altogether out," said

Jasper, in an under-tone, turning away. are just six years too old, Lucia;" and he paused at Miss Warden's side, when he had overtaken and he paused her, to fasten the bracelet on her arm as it flashed in his eyes, and then went on with her beneath the trees

"That is a good match for Murray," said Mr. Burns. "A good girl, with a good million; and good millions don't grow on every bough."
"I thought they said your millions were to go

together," answered Lucia, the least in the world disturbed, and for no earthly reason, since of course it was all nothing to her.
"They know better—" began Mr. Burns.

But just here, aware of her imprudence, Lucia fell to admiring a strange fungus growing at her feet, and hastened on with it to Mattie, whose presumed botanical knowledge had more than once stood her in good stead this summer.

They were all in the water a few days after, frolicking like a parcel of mer-people. tire and the wetness together were not, it must be confessed, very well calculated to enhance the charms of the bathers. There was a pitiable plucked look about both Mr. Burns and Miss Warden in their dripping condition; Mrs. Mothershed's plump, firm outlines lost nothing by the plastic touch of the water, but her face was as red as Maria's was blue; while Mattie's short saucy curls became a positive relief to the eve. But you would have supposed Lucia to be in her element; her long dark hair floated out in its wet rings and clustered in defiant curls about the eks that were flushed and the eyes that were sparkling, and her white dress might have been worn by a nymph of the wave. She could swim the least bit too, after an enviable fashion in the eves of Miss Warden, who considered such little splashing and floating worthy of Amphitrite her-self; for while Miss Warden needed the combined help of Mr. Burns and some other knight to keep her up as the roller came in, she saw Lucia go slipping in and out of the water, rising on one wave and bending with another, in a way that made her feel more than ever as if Lucia belonged to a superior race. Lucia stood on the sand beside her a moment, flinging out the long dark hair that fell below her knees, giving some little bathers each a dip, then sliding off into the sea. Mr. Murray swam with her some way out into the deep water.

At that time Miss Warden had ventured a couple of steps beyond her depth, and was calling exultantly for every one to take notice of her floundering, when suddenly the calling changed to crying, and a panic-stricken voice on shore shricked, "A shark! a shark!" and a great chance wave-one of the monsters that are seen but once a summer, and not always then-came plowing and plunging in, and Mr. Burns and Mattie were thrown high and dry upon the beach, Lucia was tossing in a swell that robbed her of all mastery and reduced her to a mote, and Jasper, springing up waist-high in the wave. had cried out for her to keep heart, while he was off and away for Miss Warden, who was being washed out to sea. Almost directly afterward he was swimming shoreward with the rescued young lady clinging to his shoulder, more frightened, after all, than she was hurt; and Lucia, who should have been upon the sand, was no-where to be seen. Mr. Murray was in the water again instantly; but Mr. Burns and others had been before him, and they brought the half-drowned girl to shore and carried her up to the bathing-houses, and of course the accident put an end to the bathing for that day.

Mrs. Mothershed, not being able to make the sound of her disapproval reach the ocean depths that sent the big chance wave rolling in, took care that it should reach Lucia, and thanked Heaven that her daughters had never professed to learn any thing so unfeminine as swimming and rowing, and begged to know of what use was all Lucia's swimming, and her shell, and her cedar oars, and her gymnastic dress, if she was no safer than other people, and how in the world



she could have been so overcome with fright as to lose her head entirely! And then she forced her to swallow hot drinks, and wrapped her in flannels, and tucked her up in bed, and kissed her, and cried, and left her. But when Lucia was all alone she sat up in bed and wrung her hands, for it was not fright that had caused her to lose her head—Jasper Murray had left her in danger, and had followed after Miss Warden!

When dinner and tea were over, and the dark had fallen, and Lucia came down stairs, Mrs. Mothershed would not hear of such a thing as her sitting on the rocks or the piazza, or walking on the pebbles or the grass, nor would she let her visit the old Indian camp at the foot of the field, where, other amusements failing, the rest of the young people had gone to buy baskets; and, finally, unable to stay in the house and un der the lights that seemed to oppress her and scorch her, Lucia slipped away to walk alone in the half dark on the long planking between the two houses. Before long another shadow fell with her own, cast by the distant lamps, and some one was walking beside her.
"I thought you could swim," said Mr. Mur-

ray. It might be an expression of his surprise or regret at finding that she could not; it might be apology for leaving her for Miss Warden.

"We are all liable to err," said Lucia, lightly; and at the motion of her head the hair came tumbling down from the great careless coil in which she had knotted it.

"I suppose it was the weight of that magnificent hair that pulled your head back, and kept your mouth above water, and so saved you," said

he.
"It was Mr. Burns that saved me!" cried Lucia, in a flash.

"And I can never thank him enough," said Mr. Murray, coolly or warmly, as you choose. "Indeed!" cried Lucia.

"Though the delight of doing so should have belonged to me.'

"To you!" she exclaimed.

"Pardon me, Lucia, if sometimes I forget the

years between us, when I had a right."
"You are mistaken," said Lucia, "in alluding to such a time. I and the girl of that experience are two entirely different persons.

"Different, and yet the same. The bud becomes a rose. "Thanks, Mr. Murray. But since you speak

of the past you must understand that gallantry is something out of place between you and me,"

said Lucia, haughtily.
"Gallantry—yes. I am not speaking it."
"Oh, well, if your remarks only tend toward

natural history, buds do become roses, I believe."
"And the affection of the boy for the pale and quiet girl," said Mr. Murray, hotly, "becomes passion in the man for the beautiful and perfect . woman!

Of a sudden there were sobs in Lucia's throat. She trembled with a sort of superstitious fear of him—she had endured so much once. "You must not talk to me so," she murmured. And then an angry warmth of recollection came to her. "You!" she cried, "who left me to drown in order that Miss Warden should not drown!"

"I left you, whom I thought in no danger, for another in peril of her life. You know that your life is worth more to me than my- Lucia, you can not doubt which-

"Certainly not. She is good and gentle, and worth a million. I am bad and ill-tempered, with not enough money to buy me three silk gowns a year. Of course I can not doubt

which."

Her heart was beating at her lips, but her head was turned away. She had to speak in such unworthy words to prevent betraying the joy that bubbled like wine in her veins, to keep back the tears that threatened to overwhelm all words. But how was he to know that? Nevertheless, lovers do know a great deal that it is incomprehensible how they should have learned -possibly through those unnamed, unnumbered senses that spring into life and action with their

"Lucia!" he exclaimed. "I believe you could have swum to shore this morning as safely as I could! But you chose to abandon yourself; you did not care.

"And you would like to think such a thing!" "No, no! It would pierce me to the heart to

think of your suffering."
"Be pierced, then!" she would have liked to say. "Be pierced!" But she dared not, and did not; she only turned and looked in his eyes, and turned away again indignant and yet pleased

"It was a pique that parted us," he murmured,
"a freak of ill temper, a nothing; I never knew See, I have worn ever since the ring you sent back to me, faithful to a memory or a hope. Which was it? Take it again, Lucia."

A carriage came rolling by, its lamps sending out a little avenue of light as it turned to the door; she saw his face clearly in the light an instant, white and impassioned, with its star-like eves; she saw the ring he held; she put out her hand, though whether with a gesture of repulsion or the contrary might be doubtful: then steps were heard approaching, and suddenly without a word she turned and fled; and if she had taken the ring, or if it had fallen at her touch and rolled away, he could only divine. But with a strange glad stirring of the heart he told himself that never before had Lucia De Large fled from a suitor in that wise. As for Lucia, she did not wait to think, she was in a bewilderment, uncertain of herself, of her anger, of her pride, of her love, of her future, wondering if she had done wrong once when she tore that ring from her hand, wondering how he had ever forgiven her, wondering could she forgive him, wondering if the still, indifferent life with the one lover that she had were not better worth in the end than all the burning and palpitation and disquiet of life

with the other. She ran to her aunt's closet, swallowed a spoonful of hydrate of chloral with-out any but the single thought that she would not think, and presently lay in her own bed with the sea-breeze blowing over her, and wrapped in the deep sleep that has no dreams.

It was dawn when Lucia awoke, whether be cause her chloral was not sufficient, or because the last claps of a thunder-storm had aroused her. Her eyes were heavy and ached. She went into the adjoining room for some of the tumblerful of tea that Maria always carried up stairs to curl her hair, and then she sat down at her window looking out to sea, idly dipping her fingers in the glass and laving her eyes.

The shower had passed; she thought it must have been a sudden and violent gust, for a great bough of the nearest willow had been snapped off and landed many rods away; there was havoc with the corn, and with the fences and flowers, and the sea was white with froth. She rose and began to bathe and dress herself, thinking she would go down on the rocks, watching, as she moved about, the changes come over the water while the light crept softly up. She thought she would like to row out upon it, if her shell could ride in such a heavy surf; there was a boat now far, far out—a strange-looking boat—was it one of the fishing-boats, or a lobster-trap broken loose? had any one capsized? She imagined she saw a figure on it, as it tossed up and down in the swell: she wondered if any one in any of the houses could have risen early and been out in the thunder-storm; she wondered if it were an accident; and then, her toilette concluded, she softly opened and closed her door, and ran down to get the glass and adjust it as she could on the

It needed only a look, a single look, and the glass was dashed down, and she was flying to the beach. She had seen it all in that look, had guessed that, restless and uncertain as herself, made restless and uncertain by her wicked behavior, Jasper had gone out for a lonely sail as the day broke, and the storm had burst and capsized him, and now he clung to the drifting wreck of his little craft till rescue came, if he did not weaken and go down before. She re-membered as she ran that her shell would never float a moment in such a sea, even if it were not swamped in the launching; there was a wherry with the oars in it anchored just out of reach for any one that would wade for it; she could not wait for help, she only paused to sound the alarm and let any one follow or get before that might, and then she was in the wherry and had lifted the oars and was off.

Never a boat seemed so heavy, never oars so worthless, never a sea so cruel; she noted nothing of the flushing skies, the answering waters, the bloomy crests, the purple depths; she only saw that one spot still ahead, and she rowed for dear life. Now she could make out his position, now could see his form, now his face; she called to him if he were tired to take courage; and at last she trailed an oar and guided the wherry alongside the little wreck for Jasper to step across from where he sat on the upturned keel, dripping, but perfectly at ease otherwise and not at all tired out or needing to take courage, but, if the truth were told, grinning at her with an unmistakable grin of triumph. "Step

across!" she cried, impetuously.
"Wait a moment," said he, stooping and holding the boat's edge. "I want to know first by what right you are saving my life. Show me your hand!"

A moment she hesitated, although she knew that danger was all past, and he was laughing; and then, with downcast eyes and a perfect happiness of humiliation, she shipped her up to him the hand where glittered the little sapphire with blood red glints in all its azure facets, sparkling as it had sparkled in the light of the carriage-lamps last night. He caught the hand and kissed it. "It is mine," said he. "And I am going to seal it with another ring before this sun sets!" Then he stepped across and took the oars and pushed off, and Lucia made no opposition, for she knew that wet as he was the exercise would be his salvation. Once or twice as they went he paused and pulled in his oars and rested on them, leaning across and gazing at her.
"If I took you in my arms," he said, "you would think a wet and slippery merman had you. But wait! Do you understand? It is you that are slippery, after all, and I am not going to be deluded by any such marsh-light again. When breakfast is over you are going to drive to Portsmouth with me-with as many more, too as you choose—but they are to sit in the pews, and you are to stand at the altar by my side, in St. John's Church, D.V. We'll find the parson when we get there. I have been planning it all over ever since I made out that it was you com-ing for me. I was miserable enough before, Lu-We will drive back here and take a sailboat for the Shoals, and we will spend half our honey-moon there, and then come back for the other half here—for I want to go over every inch of the ground, the fields, the farms, the woods, the sands and rocks, the piazzas, the baths, the drives, where you have made me wild with doubts and despair!

"It is you who have driven me wild!" cried Lucia. And then the two faces bent together and retreated red with the consciousness that by that time a hundred pairs of eyes, at least, were watching them from the windows and the rocks. Presently Lucia took one of the oars, and they rowed silently back over the subsiding sea that rocked them in to shore. The sun came broad ly up, and silver blue the great stretch rolled away, enameled over with sheets of rosy light and threads of foam; the deeps sang softly all around them, and every now and then they paused again and looked in one another's eyes.

"It is to be as I have arranged," said Jasper, as they peared the shore.

"I don't know," whispered Lucia. "I am

afraid— Aunt Mothershed—"
"Aunt Mothershed be hanged! You are mine, not hers. Say another word, and I will not let you have time for breakfast!" And Lucia said not another word, but stepped ashore amidst the cries and congratulations of those who had thronged down to meet them, and ran away to her room.

"Mrs. Mothershed," said Jasper, meekly, as they came out on the piazza after breakfast, "will you and the girls drive to Portsmouth this morning? Lucia and I are to be married in St. John's Church there at half past ten, and, of course, our happiness will be incomplete without

"What!" cried Mrs. Mothershed. "Did I hear what you said? Lucia and you—and I have been told nothing! Mr. Murray, it is an outrage!

"Oh, pardon me, dear madam, it is nothing of the sort. Lucia and I are peculiar. There is a happiness of which one does not care to say too much. As it is, you are the first person to whom we have spoken." And the handsome, happy hypocrite, who was only telling the truth after all, stood hat in hand before the slightly

mollified lady.

"But, Mr. Murray, no announcement, no gifts! I never heard of such a thing! No wedding."

ding—"
"The wedding we wish, madam," said Jasper, gently.
"No trousseau!"

"None is needed. What was good enough for Lucia before she was married will be good

enough afterward."

"May I ask how long a period," said Mrs. Mothershed, irately, for allor she never would have been so polite-" your engagement has ex-

"We were engaged more than six years ago,"

answered Jasper, unblushingly.
"I must speak to Lucia. I disapprove of any such proceeding. But if you are obstinate, to lend respectability, I will—"

"We are totally and unalterably obstinate, Aunt Mothershed," said Jasper, laughing. "Now I must tell my good aunts, and have their best caps tied on for a nine miles' drive."
"It is too bad that Mr. Burns left the beach

this morning in the early stage," said Mattie, with mischievous intent, as Jasper came out again on the piazza some half hour later.

"The carriages are ready," said Jasper. "Mr. Burns has been to Portsmouth this morning and back by rail, making our arrangements.
He has kindly requested to give the bride away, and he will drive you over while I take Lucia and my aunts are to follow by themselves, with a driver who is to be made to understand that to the preservation of their dear old bones. Au revoir!" And he handed I was a the occasion is funereal, not festive, with a view ered up the reins, and was gone. And there is not a shadow of doubt that as soon as they were out of sight he took her in his arms and revenged himself for all his waiting.
What measures were taken to obtain a license,

or whether one was gotten at all, I never learned. I only know the marriage is registered in the books of St. John's Church. And the last I saw of Mr. and Mrs. Murray (no cards), they had just returned from their drive, and had tossed a couple of sachels into a boat, and under the white wing of the sail they were flying away into the east, with the afternoon breeze wrinkling the blue sheet of the ocean, and the great white light-house of the Shoals far out on the horizon just kindling its faint spark, as if from the sunset fires, and looming like a friendly beacon of welcome before them.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ASHION has suddenly decided on a change I of base. Fall dresses are being made after a new pattern, by which the over-skirt is abolished, while preserving its general aspect. For short dresses the skirt is cut very long, the back breadth being two yards in length; then the side breadths are pleated in precisely the same manner as for polonaises and over-skirts, and buttons are set on so as to drape the back breadth at pleasure, or leave it its whole length if a trained skirt is desired. In a word, the dress is composed of a single garment, instead of having an over-skirt or a polonaise. The general effect is exactly the same as that of the present costume; the sole advantage rests in the possibility of using the same dress both for a walking suit and trained dress, and also, and above all, in the pleasure of change and of wearing something new, or at least that is considered such.

Dresses are also in preparation that depart still more widely from the present fashion; these are generally short, and are entirely covered the waist to the bottom with flounces from two to two and a half inches wide. I will describe one of these that is being made for an elegant dame who is noted for her desire to take the lead in new fashions. Skirt of blue-gray faye, entirely covered with gathered flounces of blue-gray batiste of the same shade. High fave waist with blue-gray batiste trimmings, forming with rolls a large sailor collar and plastron. Sleeves trimmed with the same rolls and three gathered flounces. The waist is made without basques, and has a belt with three bows—one in the middle of the back, with very short ends; an other at the right side, composed of a cluster of long loops without ends, extending one-third the way down the skirt; and the third on the left side, very large, with long ends reaching almost to the bottom of the dress. The wrapping des-tined to be worn with this dress was the Roman mantle, a very pretty novelty copied from the

classic mantle in which Julius Cæsar envelops himself when assassinated to hide his wounds This mantle falls loosely about the bust, and the ends are fastened by a large silver clasp on the left shoulder. The one in question is of soft blue-gray cloth of the same shade as the dress, which is of a medium tint, neither very light nor

Skirts kilt pleated entirely from the bottom to the waist, with no other trimming, are coming into general use. They are made both of silken and woolen fabrics, and are worn with silk or woolen polonaises, opening in front over a vest.

The styles of basques and waists are of infinite variety. Some waists have only a long pleated postilion-basque in the back, and nothing at the sides or in front; others are cut in rounded scallops coming in front but little below the belt, if one is worn, and lengthening gradually at the sides till in the back it becomes almost a small over-skirt; others again, and these are the most numerous, have a vest, over which the waist opens. These vest-basques are of all shapes-square, pointed, triangular, and diagonal at the bottom. For dinners and even-ing parties many vests are made of embroidered muslin with large basques. These vests are lined with silk or satin of a color contrasting with the dress, and are generally open en fichu, or carre, with the opening filled in with a ruche of white lace. I have seen a maize dress with a muslin vest lined with pink, and a very light

chocolate dress with a muslin vest lined with blue.
The fashions, though always devised at Paris, are not yet worn there; the best-informed people respecting the present and even the future styles are just now the packers, for it is through their hands that the original, unpublished toilettes pass that are sent to every part of France. Castle life, which is the true fashionable life—the life of our exclusives—will be extremely brilliant this autumn. The leading amusement of the season will consist not only in playing comedies and operettas, but above all in playing proverbs, comedies, operettas composed by the master of the house or some one of the guests. The French nobility not only furnishes soldiers of chivalrous bravery, but also amateurs in all the arts, some of whom are of remarkable talent. Certain noble ladies write books, under cover of the strictest privacy, which are marvels of taste and delicacy; and certain mar-quises bearing historic names have established studios in the Gothic turrets of their castles, where their happiest hours are spent; others are not only excellent musicians, but meritorious composers; and one and all delight in amateur theatricals. These nobles, who have so long held aloof from the current of the time, and have played a passive rôle, like the Sleeping Beauty, seem ready to shake off their lethargy and to return to society through the door of art. I say nothing of their inexhaustible charity, for which they have been distinguished in all places and at all epochs.

At this moment, however, the fashionable world is still at the sea-side, and castle life is only in preparation. It begins with the hunting season, and ends only for those most eager to return to Paris in December, and for those who like to linger in January. Every thing is calm; we are reposing on the laurels of the forty-four milliards of francs subscribed to the loan. It is well known that the army is organizing with wonderful rapidity, and that the future is full of hope for France.

People are sometimes astonished at the wealth of France, with the facility with which she recovers from disaster, and her productive force. This is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that in France the population works twice as much as in any other country, since French women work as much and sometimes more than French men. Whatever may be the occupation of the husband or father, the wife or daughter assists him therein; she keeps books, sells goods, superintends and assists in manufactories; copies and puts in order the papers of the lawyers and the manuscripts of the literary men whom she aids in their researches: in a word, Frenchwomen are worthy descendants of the women of Gaul who had the casting vote in the councils where the destinies of the nation were discussed, marched to battle with the armies, and ruled in time of peace. To-day they content themselves with aiding men in the battle of life, and their cooperation doubles the wealth of the country. In the article of bonnets alone they manufacture millions in France.

Speaking of bonnets, they are to be worn a little farther back on the head, something in the manner that the sailors are accustomed to wear their hats. The crown is large and the front small; this crown is designed to hold the hair, which is and will be worn very high. The chi-gnon will no longer be visible beneath the bonnet, from which a few curls stray down the nape of the neck. Bonnets are in preparation for October and November composed of a mixture of silk gauze and velvet of the same or a different color, harmonizing with the prevailing tint.
Many fronts are lined with a contrasting color; for instance, a vert-de-gris bonnet is lined with pink, bear's-ear with maize, smoke gray with cherry, brown with blue, and so on. Some fronts are slightly bent back and trimined with ruches of illusion edged with narrow blonde of the same color as the lining. The strings are drawn close to the face, behind the ears for young girls, and over them for older persons. and tied under the chin or at the right or left side, to suit the shape of the face. For cool days at the sea-side black tulle scarfs, rather long and wide, are twisted round the bonnet in such a manner as to protect the forehead, with long ends hanging at the side. This fashion, however, is worn only by those in the country, or passing through Paris on their way thither.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.



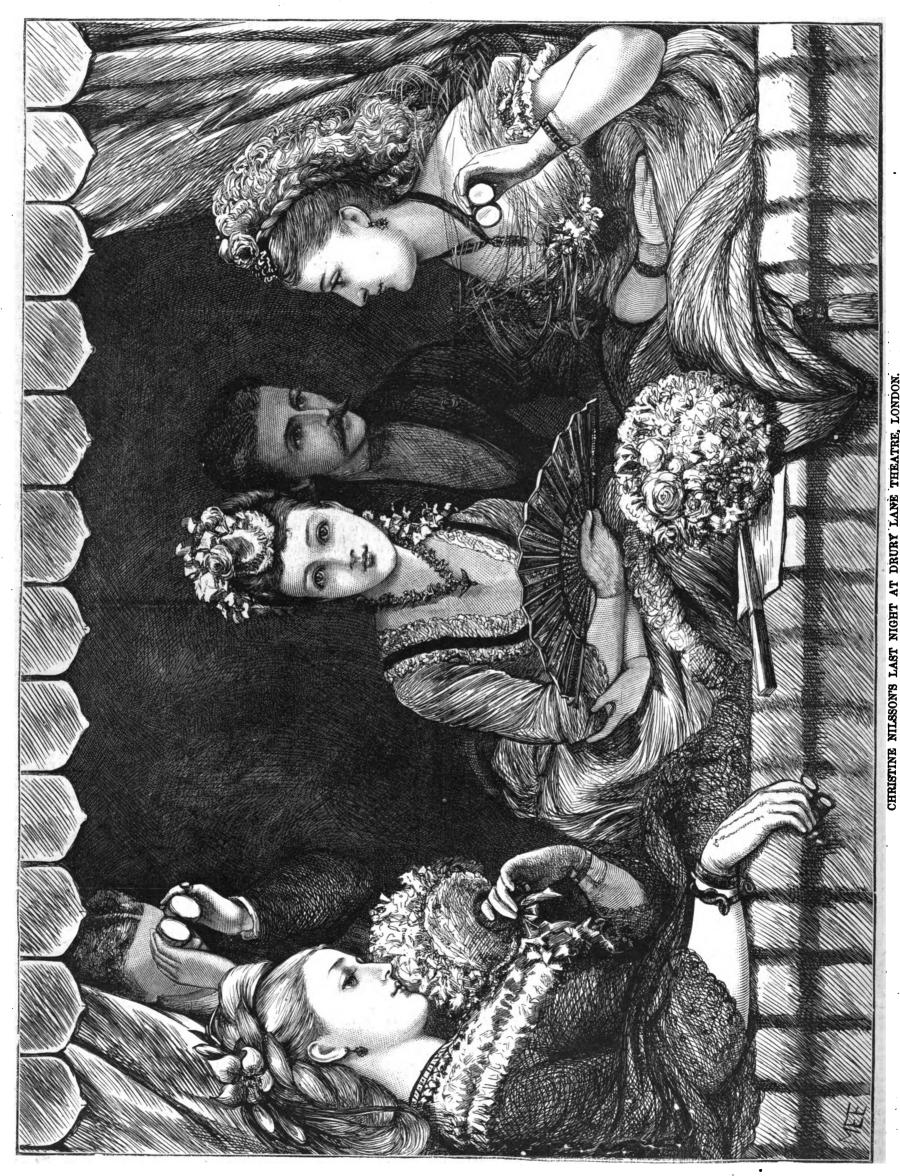
MISS NILSSON'S LAST APPEARANCE.

HERE we have a reminiscence of the last appearance in public in London of Mile. Christine Nilsson, two days before the Swedish prima donna became Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud. In spite of unkind critics and their mysterious hints

she be a public character? Let us turn, however, to the fair dames in our engraving, so comfortably ensconced in a box in "Old Drury," or, as it is now called, Her Majesty's Opera. The opera is Gounod's "Faust," a work in which the talented Swede is superb. Margherita has just entered, and, prayer-book in hand, and with modest, downcast eyes, is returning from her morn-

who has been so closely scrutinizing the tournure of the German maiden through her opera-glasses. Admiration, probably, for we notice that our party have come well provided with bouquets, with which they intend by-and-by to honor Goethe's unfortunate heroine, and to bid farewell to the maiden whom they will next meet under a new name.

saccharine substance will absolutely replace cream. The butter, of course, must be perfectly sweet. They give the following recipe for vanilla ice-cream as furnishing a very satisfactory result. The ingredients are, fifteen ounces of sugar, two eggs, two ounces of good sweet butter, one quart of milk, one gill of water, and a small piece of vanilla for flavoring. Here the cream



about a weakened voice, and constant grumbles over the "superfluous energy" of her acting, Mile. Nilsson has been as great a favorite as ever this year in England—even more so, thanks to her absence across the Atlantic throughout the whole of last season, as well as to the announcement of her coming marriage; for do not ladies love dearly to look upon a bride elect, particularly if

ing's devotions, unconscious of the dread fate in store for her, and yet haunted by an indefinable presentiment of coming evil. The house is stilled to silence; all are anxious for those first few cold words with which the overtures of Faust are politely declined; and yet we can almost fancy we hear a whisper of admiration, or maybe criticism, from the fair spectator on the right,

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.

SOME German experts maintain that cream can be dispensed with in the manufacture of ice-cream without appreciably affecting the quality of the product. They consider cream as milk rich in butter, and contend that milk changed into an emulsion by boiling with butter and some

is represented by milk and butter. The yolk of the egg is essentially a fatty albumen. Housekeepers are advised, wherever economy is desirable, to make use of the above substitutes. As to fruit ices, it is to be observed that concentrated sirups do not freeze at all, and when too much diluted they are hard and watery; as to strawberries, boiling entirely destroys their peculiar flavor.

Needle-work and Tatted Chemise Yokes, Figs. 1-5.

Both of these yokes are made of fine linen, and trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with needle-work, tatting, and bias strips stitched on.

Figs. 1 and 2.—LINEN AND TATTED CHEMISE YOKE. For the foundation of this voke cut of fine linen two pieces from Fig. 90, Supplement, sew them up in the middle of the back, transfer the lines partly indicated on the pattern to the linen, and button-hole stitch the tatted insertion on the yoke according to these lines, and as shown by Fig. 2 work the insertion with tatting cotton, No. 120, observing the illustration. Cut away the foundation underneath the insertion, and between the rows of insertion set on bias strips of linen by means of knotted stitches.

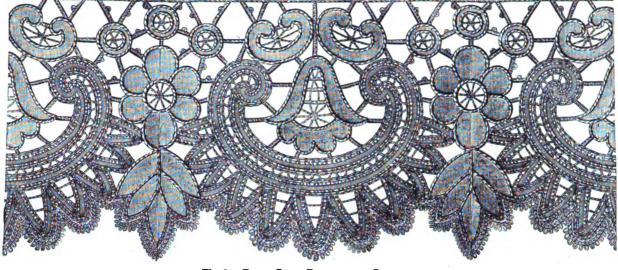


Fig. 1.—Point Lace Border for Lingerie.

Trim the outer edge of the yoke with tatted rings.

Figs. 3-5.—Embroidered Linen Chemise Yoke. For this yoke cut of linen or jaconet one piece each from Figs. 91 and 92, Supplement, laying the material in a straight fold along the middle line, and join these pieces according to the corresponding figures. Then transfer the design shown by Fig. 4 to the yoke, baste a piece of strong lace on the under side of the yoke along the upper edge and at both sides of the middle of the front, and work the embroidery with white embroidery cotton in half-polka, satin, back, and button-hole stitch as shown by the illustration. Having finished the

embroidery, cut away the upper layer of material between the de-sign figures, and both layers all along the outer edge, furnish the yoke on the shoul-ders with buttons and button-holes for closing, and set the yoke

on the chemise, the sleeves of which are embroidered to match. Instead of the border Fig. 4, Fig. 5 may be used.

Buttons and But-ton-Holes for Lin-gerie, Figs. 1-10. THE buttons and button-holes shown by the

Fig. 7.—BUTTON-HOLE

FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 9.—BUTTON-HOLE

FOR LINGERIE.

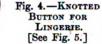
Fig. 2.—Manner of knot-

TING BUTTON, Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.-KNOTTED BUTTON FOR LIN-GERIE. - See

-CROCHET ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 6.—CROCHET BUT-TON FOR LINGERIE.



doing which wind the working thread once around each scallop. Finally, wind the working thread once more around all the scallops together.

polka stitch.

Fig. 6.-Begin the cover of this button in the middle with a foundation of 4 ch. (chain stitch), which are closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work in sl., always going for-ward, one round as follows: Work 2 sl. on every founds. tion st. (stitch); then work five rounds, widening grad-ually, so that the last round counts 14 sl., and work two rounds without changing the number of stitches; work eight rounds more of sl., in which 14 st. are widened gradually, the last round thus counting 28 sl. Fasten the thread, draw the small elevation in the middle of the work to the wrong side (the wrong side of the cro chet-work forms the right side of the button), and fasten the stitches of the eighth round together from the under side with several stitches, so that a small button is formed in the middle of the crochet-work. fasten the crochet part to a

brass ring, crocheting on each sl. of the last round and on the ring at the same time 3 sc. separated each by throwing the thread over once, and work off the st. and threads thrown over together, drawing the thread through once. For the foundation for sewing on the button, on the under side, form a number of crossed layers of thread, in doing which always insert the needle in the sc. worked on the ring.

Fig. 7.-To work this button-hole first run a thread for the outer edge as shown by the illustration, and button-hole stitch closely. Then cut away the material inside of the button-hole

stitched edge, and on the latter work a row of long button-hole attch scallops, always passing the needle through the button-hole stitch veins, in

Fig. 8.—Overcast the edge of this button-hole and work several buttonhole stitches in the corner, to strengthen the button-hole. Work the points in straight half-



-Section of Embroidery for CHEMISE YOKE. -- FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 5.—Section of Embroidery for Chemise Yoke, etc.—Full Size. [See Fig. 3.]

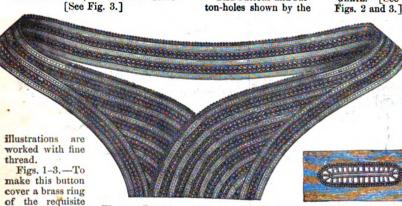


Fig. 1.—LINEN AND TATTED CHEMISE YOKE.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXXVII., Fig. 90.

as shown by Fig. 2, passing the working thread always from one side to the opposite side through the button-hole stitches, so that the ring is wound closely; in doing this always leave an interval of two button-hole stitches after every three layers of thread, and an interval of one button-hole stitch for the remainder, as shown by the illustration. Fasten the double layers of thread together in the middle with a cross stitch as shown by

edge, and there work one round inside of the ring as shown by Fig. 3, in which wind the working thread once around each of the double layers of thread. Close to this round work a second round in a similar manner, then wind thread around every three of the double layers of

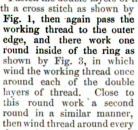
Fig. 3.—CROCHET GIMP INSERTION.

size closely with

button-hole stitch-

thread on the ring

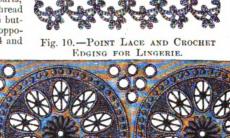
Then stretch



FIRST DETAIL. shown by Figs. 1 and 3, and fasten the

working thread carefully. Figs. 4 and 5.—For this button cover a brass ring closely with button-hole stitches, then divide these stitches into six equal parts, and stretch close layers of thread always from one part of the button-hole stitch edge to the opposite part as shown by Figs. 4 and All the layers of

thread are fastened together in the middle with several stitches as shown by Fig. 4.



CROCHET GIMP INSERTIONS,

Figs. 5, 8, AND 9.

Fig. 12.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

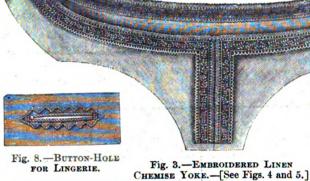






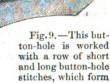


Fig. 3.-MANNER OF KNOT-TING BUTTON, FIG. 1. SECOND DETAIL.

Fig. 5. MANNER OF MAKING KNOTTED BUTTON, FIG. 4.

gather the point lace braid slightly at the curves, and fasten it at the folds and at the intersecting points with sev-eral stitches. Work the lace stitches and button-hole stitch bars as shown by the illustration, and edge the jaconet figures with embroidery cotton in half-polka stitch, and

the remaining figures in buttonhole stitch (see illustration).



regular points.
Fig. 10.—For this button-hole first run a thread all around, cut a slit, and cover the thread with button - hole stitches;

ton-hole stitch edge with long button-hole stitches at the sides and with close button-hole stitches in the middle. The latter are graduated in length, so that two points are

Needle-work, Point Lace, and Crochet Borders, Rosettes, Insertions, and Edgings for Lingerie, Figs. 1-12.

ALL of these borders, insertions, etc., are suitable for

trimming lingerie.
Fig. 1.—Point Lace Bor-DER FOR DRESSING SACQUES, PETTICOATS, ETC. To work PETTICOATS, ETC. To work this border transfer the design to linen, then for each of the larger shell-shaped figures baste on a piece of point-lace braid, and for the remaining flower and leaf figures baste on a piece of jaconet or nansook each;

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXVIII., Figs. 91 and 92.



-CROCHET GIMP INSERTION.



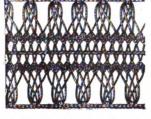
-CROCHET GIMP EDGING FOR LINGERIE.—[See Fig. 6.]



Fig. 11.—Needle-work Border for

UNDER-WAISTS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—Section of Linen and TATTED CHEMISE YOKE. [See Fig. 1.]



thread as

-CROCHET GIMP Insertion. [See Figs. 6 and 7.]



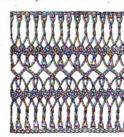


Fig. 9.—CROCHET GIMP Insertion. [See Fig. 6.]



Fig. 7.-MANNER OF OVER-SEAMING GIMP TOGETHER. [See Fig. 5.]

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away the projecting material on the cuter edge of the jaconet figures; border the under pointed edge of the border with woven picots, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, This rosette is worked with white crochet cotton, No. 50. Begin with a foundation of 9 st. (stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip st. (stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work the 1st round.—2 sc. (single crochet) on each st. 2d round.—*9 ch. (chain stitch), 3 sc. on the ring formed of the foundation and the first round, and repeat five times from *. 3d round.—Lay on the thread anew, 11 tc. (treble crochet) on each ch. scallop of the preceding round. 4th round.—*1 sc. on the two upper veins of each of the first two to of two upper veins of each of the first two tc. of the next tc. scallop, 1 p. (picot, that is, 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 sc. each on the tc., three scallops consisting each of 8 ch., after each scallop 1 sc. on the sixth tc.; 1 sc. on the following tc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 3 tc., 1 p., 1 sc. on the last tc., and repeat from *. Finally, fasten the threads and cut them off.

Figs. 3 and 4.—CROCHET INSERTIONS. The middle part of both insertions is worked with tatting cotton, No. 60, in the ordinary gimp crochet-work, for which directions were given in Harper's Bazar, Vol. III., No. 32, page 500, Figs. 1 and 2; the rounds at both sides of this gimp are worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. For the insertion Fig. 2 works. rounds on each side of the gimp as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next two loops of the gimp, 2 ch.; in working the stc. draw the second loop through the first, and work the first stc. on this second loop, and the second stc. on the first loop. 2d round.—Work 1 dc. (double crochet) on each st. The gimp of the insertion Fig. 4 is edged on both sides with 3 rounds. 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc., with which the next two loops are held together, 5 ch. 2d round.—1 dc. on each st. 3d round.—Always

1 sc. on the dc., which has been worked on the middle of every 5 ch., then 4 ch.

Figs. 5-7.—The insertion shown by Fig. 5 is set together of two separate rows of gimp, which are crocheted with white thread, somewhat different conditions which the state of the stat ferent from the ordinary method, observing Fig. 6. Work the crochet-work very close to one prong of the needle (see illustration), thus forming short loops at one and long loops at the other side of the gimp. On these loops, in order to form the outer edge of the insertion, crochet with fine thread, always working together 3 loops with 1 sc. and doing this pass the hook of the needle through each loop from back to front), then 5 ch. Join both rows of gimp, going backward and forward, with two rows of overhand stitches, in doing which always fasten together two (short) loops, which meet, with one stitch

(see Fig. 7).
Fig. 8.—CROCHET GIMP EDGING. Having worked a piece of gimp of the requisite length for this edging as shown by Fig. 6, crochet on the short loops of the gimp with fine thread one round of ch. scallops as follows: * 1 sc., with which fasten together the next 3 loops, 5 ch., six times alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, then 5 ch., and repeat from *. This round forms the scalloped edge of the edging. The upper part is worked on the other side of the gimp as follows: 1st round.—* Fasten together the two long loops which are above the hollow between the next two scallops, and on these cro-chet 4 dc. separated each by 4 ch., then 7 sc. on the next 7 loops, in doing which pass the needle through from the back to the front so that the layers of thread in each loop are crossed as shown by the illustration; repeat from *. 2d round.—1 stc. on the next dc. of the preceding round, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the second following ch. scallop, 6 ch., 1 stc. on the second following dc., stc. on the fourth following sc. of the preceding round; repeat from *.

For the insertion shown by Fig. 9 first work two rows of gimp as before described, and on the long loops work 1 sc. each, then 1 ch.; in working the sc., however, insert the hook from the back of the loop, twist the latter several times, and work the sc. Then join both rows of gimp along the short loops by a round of ch. scallops, working always alternately 1 sc., with which the next two loops of one row of gimp are fastened together, 3 ch., 1 sc., with which the next two loops of the other row of gimp are fastened together, 3 ch.

Fig. 10.—Point Lace and Crochet Edg-ing. For this edging crochet on the open-work edge of a piece of point lace braid of the requisite length with fine white thread one round of always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch.; with the latter pass over two thread bars of the edge. work on the other open-work edge of the braid one round as follows: 1 dc., 1 ch., * 4 dc. separated each by 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 p. (picot, that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 5 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., fasten to the first ch. of this round then, going backward on the scallops just worked, 2 sl. on the next two ch., 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 3 p. on the ch. after the next p., which is now turned downward, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third following ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sl. on the last (fourth) dc. crocheted on the edge of the braid, 1 ch.; repeat from *. In the course of the work, however, instead of fastoning to the first ch. as before, now always fasten to that sc. which was worked before the last p. (see illustration).

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Figs. 11 and 12.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDERS FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC. Both borders are worked on white jaconet or nansook in button-hole, back, and satin stitch in white emwheels of the border shown by Fig. 12 are worked with white thread. The latter border is very pretty, and makes an effective trimming for the bottom of infants' robes, and also for ladies' petticoats and lingerie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD TIMBY.—The descriptions of new goods in late numbers of the Bazar will tell you what you want for a polonaise. There are flannels, camel's-hair cloth, tweed, undressed cashmere, and the Jacquard figured fabrics. These are all handsome for traveling polonaises. Bronze brown and ruseda gray will be the leading colors for traveling, and also for visiting dresses. Marie Louise blue is old-fashioned. The new blues have green tinges, and are called ocean blue and peacock blue. A set of round point lace, and another of Valenciennes, the latter with a frill and jabot instead of a collar, are what you want.
Other questions are answered in the New York Fash-

MILDEED.—There is no fixed length of time for we ing crape veils. They are warm, cause headache, and are injurious to the eyes; hence most ladies after wearing them a few weeks fasten them over the side of the bonnet instead of letting them hang before the face. Plain linen collars, or those with a black stripe near the edge, are more suitable than needle-worked linen Calls are not returned during the first year of mourn

ing.

MRS. C. R. G.—Make a kilt-pleated skirt to the sailor blouse, if the suit is for a little boy. If it is for a girl, gore the skirt and trim with wide black or white braid. The kilt skirt should have resettes in front

LIVINGSTON.—Put four deep flounces on the back of your dress, and edge with a narrow ruffle. Put many narrow ruffles in front, and wear a loose polonaise of Swiss muslin.

MINNEAPOLIS.—A bolster and two large pillows are sed for beds.

SACRAMENTO.—Your pattern was sent you. Make your mohair by directions for alpaca suits in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 84, Vol. V. Make the

striped poplin with basque and over-skirt.

NELLY DARLING.—Your suggestions about the sacque and its trimmings are excellent. Make your black dress with kilt-pleated back breadths, narrower pleating in front, and an apron. See further hints in New York

JANE R.—Precede the lady guests when taking them into your own parlor.

-A smoke gray or a bronze silk suit is appropriate for returning bridal calls. Your black slik will be stylish trimmed as you suggest. You will require about eight yards.

CASHMERE.—The soft cashmeres will be worn again There are also many other new goods that drape as handsomely as cashmere. Read New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 83, 34, and the present number for information about fall goods and the manner of making

W. V. B.—Make a Dolly Varden suit of your silk by cut paper pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 11, Vol. V. SUBSORIBER.—A ruffle of blonde or Valenciennes lace, or a side-pleated frill of doubled tulle, will lengthen your white kid gloves prettily. Such trimmings are, however, quite out of fashion. Plain long-wristed gloves buttoned by four or six buttons are worn in-

Miss Fuss.-Make a demi-trained skirt to your dress, and put five bias flounces on the back breadths letting the top one be gathered in with the belt. Put two or three flounces on the front, an apron, and a basque. Begin to sew shoulder seams at the neck, not at the armhole. Put three-fourths extra fullness in gathered bias ruffles.

—In your nine yards of nut brown silk you A. I. H.—In your line yards of nut brown slik you have the foundation of a very stylish suit. Make the silk into a skirt of walking length, match it if possible, but if not, get darker or lighter brown, just as you choose, and flounce it to the knee, or else make deep kilt pleating. Then get cashmere of similar or lighter shade for a loose polonaise, with belt and sash, and bias hand of the silk for trimming. Such a certain would bands of the silk for trimming. Such a costume would be warm for your winter in Virginia. It is designed for the street, but such suits are worn in the house A black velvet basque with this brown skirt would not be stylish.

Mrs. J. W.—You will have to omit the kilt pleats, as

you have only sixteen and a half yards.

Vexarion.—Get a very dark gray cashmere or a tamise cloth for your traveling dress in November. A tweed suit might also suit you. A gray or even a blue grenadine veil is selected to protect the eyes when traveling, even by ladies wearing fresh mourning. The dust and cinders would ruin a crape veil, and as The dust and cinders would ruin a crape ven, and as you are beginning to lighten your mourning, you should leave off crape. Trim your cashmere suit with bias bands of heavily corded silk. Crape is not an appropriate trimming for cashmere, and cashmere is not considered suitable for mourning. It is too glossy, and is too much worn by ladies in colors

Distingué.-We can not tell in advance what cut paper patterns we shall give.

A Bosron Girl.—It is too soon to alter the shape of your velvet cloak. Get bronze cashmere or plum-colored ottoman serge for your winter suit. Get a velvet Mont Blanc hat of the same color. A blue sailor cloth double-breasted sacque would be more stylish than one of blue plush. Use the vest-basque and upper skirt pattern of girl's suit illustrated in Bazar No. 21, Vol. ., for a girl of twelve. Get small plaid and merino resees for a child of six. Make by the Girl's Princesse

Suit pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 25, Vol. IV.
LETTIE M.—Make your gray poplin with a basque
and Dolly Varden upper skirt. Trim with pleatings and ruffles. You will find hints about stylish costumes in the New York Fashions. Wear pale pink or sky blue ribbons with it. Make your black silk with a kilt-pleated skirt and basque

A SIMPLETON.—Put silk flounces from the belt to the bottom of the back breadths of your pink silk. Trim the front breadths with pleatings. Then have a heart-shaped basque with antique sleeves, and you will have a beautiful and stylish evening dress.

DOLLY VARDEN.-We can not commend any preparation for changing the color of your hair

FAN.-A polonaise and single skirt is the best design for your blue water-proof suit. A talma added to the polonaise will be in good taste. Trim with black Hercules braid.

Luella.—It is too soon to announce fall fashions for gentlemen. Seal rings of dark stones and the long oval marquise medallions are worn by gentlemen. Read about wraps in the New York Fashions.

JEANNETTE W.—Black velvet bonnets are worn every

winter. You can have yours lightened by pipings of pale blue royale and a blue ostrich tip.

KITTY. - We can not prescribe for you. Consult some An Inquirre.—Fouqué is pronounced as if spelled

oo-kay.'
SUBSURIBER.—Make kilt pleating of your gray goods, and put bands of black or maroon velvet for heading.
Young Housekerper.—Read an article called the Dining-Room, in Bazar No. 37, Vol. V.

FANCIE. -The lines,

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave i' the earth so chilly; Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily,"

are found in Tennyson's poem, "A Spirit haunts," etc.
A. M. D.—The figures 6 26 on the wrapper of your Bazar signify that your subscription will cease

VI., No. 26.

A. H. P.—We do not recall the author of the lines you quote. They sound as if they might have been aken from Watts's hymn-book.

Frankir.—There are several importers of French

and German books in New York, but we do not know of any that make the publication of French books a

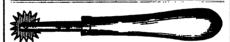
How is This?—Over 86,000,000 Sewing Machines for 1872.—Some of the sewing-machine agents in our city have been continuously advertising the rate of increase of manufacture of their particular machine. These statements have induced us to ascertain which machine actually has the largest per cent. of increase, and we find, from the sworn statement of all the companies, that the New Under-Feed Wilson Sewing Machine's manufacture in 1871 was an increase over 1870 of 4100 per cent., the most wonderful increase ever recorded in the world. If the Wilson manufacture increases at the same rate in 1872, they will manufacture over 86,000,000 sewing machines this year. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES. - Mrs. B. H. MAN, Westville Centre, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1856 in sewing for several families, without any repairs; eleven persons have learned to use it. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

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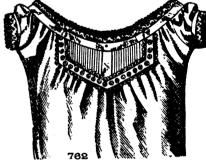


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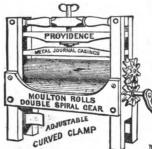
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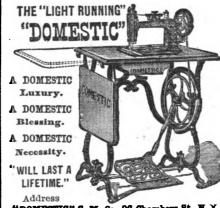
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you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.

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FACETIÆ.

THIS rather awkward confusion of persons may be taken as one of the penalties paid for fame and popularity. Two young ladies were catechising their class of children at the Sundayschool on the ninth chapter of St. Matthew. The class exhibited the usual dense rural ignorance, till at the thirty-fourth verse there came a transient spark of light. Their teacher asked them, "By whom did the Pharisees say that our Lord cast out devils?" There was a dead silence, followed by leading questions to put them on the scent. "By a great personage, was it?" Silonce. "By a great personage, was it?" put them on the scent. "By a great personage, was it?" Silence. "By a—a great prince?" Silence. "By the prince of—" The whole class, in a perfect roar to be first, "Wales, teacher!"

A music-master is wanted by a good many tradesmen — to teach them the scales correctly.

Swindlers Again.—A great number of people have been done brown at the sea-side this year.

FEE SIMPLE—A fee to a quack.

Men often criticise girls' figures; but when a girl has a few thousands of her own, they generally think the figure about right.

A LIBERTY OF THE PRESS
—Squeezing a pretty girl in a crowd.

How do we know that Lord Macaulay regarded his great work as a fiction? —Because he called it his—

Sowing seed is, no doubt, an active exercise, but may it not also be considered a sedentary (seed-entry) occupation?

A Bir of Advice.—If you don't look carefully after the bits of your horses, you may one day be looking after the bits of your carriage.

A gentleman, on being asked whether he was weather-wise, said no, but, on the other hand, he was otherwise.

A kangaroo is a curious chap: when it's wide awake it's leaping.

You Ber!—A paper informs us that Elizabethstown, in Indiana, is called Betsey for short. It is not the Bess't name they could have chosen for brevity.

FARMING MEM.—There is always wet weather at sheep-washing.

My first is quick, my second dead, My whole has just been shown To be my first, as I have read: So make the riddle known. r.—Livingstone.

A policeman was seen the other day during a rain-storm with an umbrella, trying to arrest the rain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Young Beginner.—Because Benjamin Franklin was in the habit of kicking his aged mother, that is no reason why you should do so. Reason with the old girl first. Give her a jolly good shaking, and knock her head against the wall: it is always better to try kindness.

kindess.

An Olosist.—We have no reason for supposing that butterfiles object to having a pin stuck through them —on the contrary.

A Parant.—To make a boy a good ratter, clip his ears when young.

Innoonos.—The practice of striking the person you are betrothed to an unexpected and violent blow with the fist between the shoulders has always been looked upon as an indication of affectionate feelings. It will most likely make him cough, but he is sure to like it.



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

"You seem to be a great Favorite with the Young Ladies of the House, Miss Mundayne?"
"Yes; I'm always civil to Girls! One never Knows whom they may Marry, you know?"

TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS.

YOUNG MIDDY (to his uncls, who's never seen the sea).
"You want to know why the sea goes back, ch? Well, you see, the waves are caused by the little fishes wagging their tails; then they swim away in order to get caught by the fishing-smacks; and then, as they can't live without water, the sea follows them. This causes high tide and low tide." (Uncle marvels at his nephew's knowledge.)

When does an infant evince a taste for a literary life?—When it takes kindly to its squills.

A NOTORIOUS KAVESDROPPER-Rain.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking man, accosting Jones.
"Well, yes, thank you, as it's a cold morning, I don't mind," replied Jones, removing his quid of tobacco.
"Don't do it any more," rejolned the mild man, "or you will eventually be utterly lost. Good-morning. Heaven bless you!"

Why was Paris, the brother of Hector, like an in-expert bell-ringer?—Because he made discord in a peal of bells (appeal of bellss).

HOP MERCHANTS-Dancing-masters.

TREMENDOUS!

"Josh, I say, I was going down the street the other day, and seed a tree bark!"

"Golly, Sam, I seed it hollow !"

"I seed the same one leave!"

"Did it take it's trunk with it?"

"Oh, it left that for board!"

Human Constance—Two fools promising to make a straight journey over a crooked road.

Farmers are like fowls—neither will get full crops without industry.

A Long Branch beauty was recently weighed in her promenade costume, and turned the scales at 165 pounds. In her bath-ing dress she weighs 105

Although brevity is the soul of wit, did you eyer know a man more funny when he was a little short?

COUNSEL (to witness).
"Now, Sir, what is the character of the plaintiff in this suit?"
WITNESS. "Her char-

WITNESS. "Her character is slightly matri-monial."

monial."

COUNSEL. "What do you mean by a slightly matrimonial character?"

WITNESS. "She's been married seven times."

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned, with a note saying, "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

It is an error to imthat women talk

more than men. They're listened to more, that's

A poet has pot-hooked the following after-din-ner thought: "O kit-tens! in our hours of eare, uncertain toys and full of feas; when pain and anguish hang o'er men, we turn you into sausage then."

"I resort to wine to

stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. an old one.

"Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I
began; but now I have

DEFIANT DEFINITION.

BAR-MAID. "We never serve any body who's had Sufficient; you've taken too much already..."

THIRSTY CUSTOMER. "You'll 'xshcushe me, Maram! I may've 'ad too mush (hic), bu' I 'aven't had Enough!"

METHOD OF CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

You must sail about, if at sea, and walk about, if on land, until you see one of those numbers stuck up corresponding exactly to the number marked on the times in the map. These numbers have been as carefully and systematically appointed to their particular spots as have those of the houses in our city streets. Off the coast of Africa, at sea, look out for Nos. 10 and 30. If on shore, for No. 20, No. 30, No. 40. You'll find them first in your atlas. All excellent establishments, and equally to be recommended. Perhaps at No. 10 the sea-cooking is a trifle better than at No. 30, but that is sail. The view on land from No. 20 is simply lovely. You look along the equator for miles, and if you have a room with a Southern aspect, it will be with great difficulty that you'll tear yourself away in order to continue your journey. Should you not patronize any one of these houses, the owners will be unwilling to render you any assistance, as their season is a very short one, and their sole means of subsistence are the summer tourists.

tourists.

Here, where there is a good deal of latitude about, you will be able to discuss the questions recently raised as to whether King David was a college-bred man, in consequence of his so often singing a song of degrees. Of course about this part of the world there are several colonies of genuine latitudinarians, and it is supposed that Bishop Colenso must have fallen in with some of them before falling out with others. After ninety-five the latitudinarians are called longitudinarians.

In going across the equator you'll make a regular

A Missouri agriculturist tells a story of his having corn thirty-three feethigh, and expects the public to give ear to it.

to resort to my wits to get my wine." The only industrious loafers are the bakers. Why are elections like tents?—Because the can-vass ends at the polls.

HINTS TO TRAVELERS.

In going across the equator you'll make a regular plenic party of it. Champagne, sausages of the country, African port, and Cape Frio potatoes. They call the last-named "potaters" in this part. So the Negrotic poet sings:

"On the equator
I ate a potater.
Gave up my Brahma,
Worshiped the Lama."

Locke, the author of the moon hoax, instructed a Jersey school-teacher how to square the circle. The man at once conceded that a circle had 369 degrees. "Now add a unit," says Locke, "and you have 361, the square of 19: that squares the circle."

A comical verbal rommo of programme of a concert lately given by M. Gou-nod in London, the eighth number being thus inscribed, "Song, 'She wandered down-the Mountain-Side,' accompanied by the com-

The most important needle-work ever done in the world is supposed to have been done by the mariner's compass.

A school-master in Ohio advertises that he will keep Sunday-school twice a week—on Tues-days and Saturdays.

The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

NOTES FOR THE TIMES.

NOTES FOR THE TIMES.

The season is not yet dull enough for the appearance of our old friend the gigantic gooseberry; the only fruit we think about just now is the electric current, which has been so very provalent of late.

Very hot weather is always exceedingly trying to many. Not a few of our friends are being so continually tried by it that they are to be found almost constantly at the bar. They take their sentence most calmly, and sometimes even ask for more.

Do not stand too much

caimly, and sometimes even ask for more.

Do not stand too much from your thermometer. When it is 93° in the shade, or any thing like it, have no compunction in telling it such behavior is a great many degrees too bad.

This is a time when you should be careful even about your reading. It is an appropriate season to take up Snowball's "Trigonometry;" and Parry's "Trip to the North Pole" would be conveniently refreshing amidst any thing of a summary description; and never go to the theatre unless it be to see an ice piece on, such as the "Frozen Reaf."

If you are of any reasonable are use all your of

If you are of any reasonable age, use all able age, use all your efforts to get into some school. Remember, a man can not fall to enjoy his cool days over again this weather.

weather.

Never miss your liquors.
Keep them all well sorted, so that you may be able to put your hand on any kind you want—in the dark, if

you want—in the dark, if necessary.

Don't forget to procure summer grate-coats for your fire-places. They keep the coal out.

Have nothing to do with patent freezing -machines or blocks of "Croton Lake;" rather keep your dictionary handy, and turn to its columns for ice when you want it.

When every other method of keeping cool fails, sit in the sun and think of the price of coal.

The simplest way of getting a nice scream is to pinch a pretty girl's arm, or kiss her unawares. You need not look far for a spoon.

SUPPLEMENTAL TREATY—"I shall smoke, dear, now married."

A Chicago bridegroom is reported to have worn a diamond pin in his shirt bosom, and a sardonyx smile on his brow.

The time to possess your soul in patience is when your hat blows off in the street, and your eyes are too full of dust to see which way it goes.

A contemporary thinks that sky blue is a pretty color for cellings, but not so tasty for country milk at eight cents a quart.

What is the largest room in the world?—The room or improvement.

A little paradoxical, perhaps, but it appears that "blunt" people say very "sharp" things.

A down East shop-keeper advertises: "Quart bowls of all sizes for sale cheap." The smaller sizes are to measure berries with.

The reason why "figures can't lie" is plain. When they're not running and mounting up, their nearest approach to quiescence is in a standing account.

A German the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the last word, so referred to his dictionary and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when he said, "Dey must haf very hot wedder dere. I ret an agount of a meeting where all de peoples meited away."



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

"Yes, Robert. But oh! do Look at the exquisite Evening Glow on yon Distant Hills! How Solemn! how Sublime!"

"Oh! stunning. Well, then I measured the Laundry—six feet by ten. That 'll just do, won't it?"

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"TOO GREEN!"—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"TOO GREEN!" See illustration on first page.

SUCH is the damsel's verdict on the cluster of grapes which she is coquettishly testing with the tip of her parasol. Her bashful lover looks as if he fancied that the words implied some covert sarcasm on himself-that she was "ironing" him, mayhap; and we are not quite sure that he is not in the right. There is certainly an unmistakable air of verdancy about the whole scene, in which the swain does not play the least conspicuous part, and it is not impossible that the bright young girl toying with the grapes may find both fruit and youth too immature for her liking.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

Charles Reade. Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY." A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled, "THE NEW MAGDALEN," will be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

Mew Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873-making SIXTEEN NUMBERS-FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Highland Suit for Boy from 2 to 5 Years old; and the Doublebreasted Jacket, Shirt-Waist, and Knickerbockers for Boy from 5 to 10 Years old, illustrated on page 637; and also of the Basque with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-Skirt, and Full-trained Skirt, illustrated on double page, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 647.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Fall Dresses and Wrappings, Children's Lingerie, Knitted Jackets, Capes, Petticoats, Hoods, Caps, Fichus, Slippers, etc., etc., with choice literary and artistic attractions.

MOURNING.

COMPLAINT frequently to be heard during the last half century or so is one concerning the custom of wearing mourning for the dead.

It seems to the complainants a foolish and barbarous custom, much the same in nature as the gashing of face and arm by certain savages when celebrating the funereal rites, and an inconsequent one, since the color of the mourning varies with the earth's meridians-violet being the mourning of courts, and yellow or black or white being the symbol of grief in several lands

respectively.

These complainants urge that as an outward expression the sad-colored garment is an idle thing, since crapes and bombazines can be worn over the coldest and most unfeeling hearts, while they are as often the shield of hypocrisy as of sorrow, and in so far as they are parts of form and ceremonial are but barriers between the wearer and much deep experience. They believe the custom also to be one involving a cruel tax on the poor, and on all those who, if not actnally to be called poor, yet feel seriously in a small economy any additional expense. It is, moreover, they claim, an outrage upon the finer feelings, which, at the moment when the beloved dead are lying in the house, must be laid aside for the discussion of goods and fashions, the cut of a bias, the depth of a fold, the width of a weed, the design of cap or cape or collar. They insist, too, that the whole thing is detrimental to health, occasioning morbid depression as it does, and at the same time requiring, for instance, the repeated inhalation of air confined behind a veil; so that, disguise it as we may, as continual a sacrifice of human lives at the tomb of the newly dead goes on with us as with the ancients; and then, to crown the whole, we hear them talk of the suttee of the widow's veil-that kind shelter behind which she retires to hug her grief alone.

These and a hundred other points the complainants set forth, and, like the deaf old man who took down his trumpet when another wished to say what he did not wish to hear, they refuse to listen to a word upon the other side.

But there are many words to be said on the other side, and words of quite as much weight. To answer one of the objections, for example, there is no need of any one's wearing a veil across the face constantly: it is a thing for use upon occasion, when se-

clusion is particularly desirable, and it is not at all intended that any one should perpetually look at the world through its sombre folds till every thing acquires as sombre a tint. And for the morbid depression that its use may occasion, if one can not accept so great a fact of nature as death is, but is to be tortured by any reminder of it, one had best sit down and do nothing else but try and be reconciled to the fate which comes to all, and which, being universal, can hardly be evil.

But this special objection to the wearing of mourning is, in fact, an unreal one, and is generally used, we imagine, by those who mourn the least. Life and health are not so very precious to those whose hearts are breaking; to the real mourner the veil is something sacred, the sad garment a comfort, and every time it is put on the mourner feels as if doing one last service to the loved and lost.

This same sad garment is, indeed, a shield between the mourner and many rude blows: gayety at which one cringes is subdued a little by the sight of it; words and explanations as to conduct and emotions are rendered unnecessary; and one passes through the bitter experience of the years of affliction cheered in some small degree by the involuntary kindness and deference that it calls forth from all those who have been spared like pain.

It may be that in wearing mourning, in paying such token of respect to the dead, one is no wiser than those who sacrifice to the manes of the departed; but if it helps the wearer and hurts no one else, why should such comfort be denied us? Bright colors, gay raiment, are a mockery to us when our soul sits in sackcloth and ashes, and it does not follow that we are rebellious or vile because when the light has gone out of our life we sit a little while in the dark. It is well said that the death of our dear ones, in the end, strips from our eyes the film that hindered our seeing the glory and light beyond this life; but when such film is stripped away even from the physical eye, we are forced to stay a while in shadow before we may see the glory of the sun.

It is certainly true that the custom involves heavy expenditure on the part of those often unable to meet it without pinching themselves otherwhere. Yet is it from those we hear murmuring? By no means. Spent otherwise, the same money procures but alleviation of their lot, and this is an alleviation they desire the most-the comfort and happiness of mourning their dead with as much respect as the rich yield to theirs. But as to the fancy concerning the outrage upon the finer feelings by the intrusion of dress-makers and trades-people with their wares at a time when those feelings are sorest, that we think will be found on examination to be a healthy intrusion, rather than the contrary. It is possible that there are families who live in such an ideal state —and indeed we have known them—as to be able fully to realize that death is but the withdrawing of a curtain, the opening of a door, the passing from room to room of our Father's house. But to the majority of us it is, and must be for many generations to come, a thing through which we see our friends pass, and leave us for a while the prey to pangs of grief; and in the long days before we give the cherished dust back to the bosom of the great mother, constant reflection on our loss, and on the themes whose dark and mighty pinions overshadow it, is something capable of stringing the tired nerves up to a pitch of insanity; so that whatever breaks the strain, whatever trivial incidents of domestic life can invade the hour, are a blessing. The very arrangement of the funeral proprieties, the recalling of names, the dictation of notes, the counting of coaches, all which must be done by some one, trying though it be, is yet merciful; and it is only a poor and vapid soul that, mourning or no mourning, can not take away from the experience all the treasure it has the strength to carry. We doubt, indeed, if ceremonials are any hinderance to deep feeling, though they perhaps break the fall of the wave which we could not receive in its full force and live. There is a profound wisdom, a healthy habit, in the preparation of paraphernalia that forces the bride to cease thinking altogether of her lover and her love; in the decoration of the bride till she is filleted and bound with flowers like a lamb led to the altar that causes the groom to feel perchance something more deeply the religious significance of the action to which he is a party. And doubtless there is much of the same wisdom in the conventionality of mourning garments and funeral observ-

The accepted rules of society are not, after all, a capricious conglomeration of chance whims and notions. They are a slow growth of the necessary regulations which bind the entire fabric together, as the long grass roots and fibres bind the sandy dunes of sea-shores. No rule has been given till its need has been

felt, or been accepted till its value has been recognized. They are the accumulation of past generations, modified and perfected by the wants of the present one, and guarded by the "general sense of most." And it will usually be seen that what they demand is best for every one upon the whole, and that those who defy these rules do not merely set society at naught, but their own happiness and comfort, which the long practice and experience of society have found the best means of securing to them by such way, and no other. The person who, in a community holding established canons of the fit and becoming, dares to set up a new standard should be very sure that such a standard has incontestable advantages over the prevailing custom; that it is more comfortable more virtuous; at once more elevating and more humanizing. But whether in such instances as that of which we speak the complainants are right or wrong, personal liberty remains the same, the most sacred of all rights; and while claiming for these the right to wear orapes if they will, we would allow those a corresponding right to go without them. Grief is an arbitrary fact, and none of us escape its yoke. If there are any strong enough to dispense with outward expression, it is well; but for most of us that expression is a solace; and doubtless it is equally to be found in the sackcloth and ashes of the ancient, the Quaker's garb of unchanging gray, the white robe of the Swedenborgian, or the black one of those who choose to wear it.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. of Getting the Best.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Some time ago I opened my newspaper, and I saw a line constantly repeated in the advertising columns, "Get the best! Get the best!" looked more closely to see what the best was, and discovered that it was a certain preparation of mustard. It was a wise dealer who wrote the advertisement; for who would not get the best mustard? And what could be more convenient than to be told where to find it? Indeed, I was very grateful to this merchant of mustard, until the next morning I saw the same exhortation applied to another preparation of mustard by another merchant, and I ruefully perceived that I was at sea again, and knew not the best mustard. Since then I have often remarked the same invitation addressed to the public by a score of rival dealers in the same commodities; so that no words now are more commonplace and unmeaning, when I see them in an advertisement.

But while they have lost their point as applied to any particular preparation of mustard, they have still a wonderful significance. If we should see upon the curb-stones or along the gutters a placard exhorting us to repent, for the kingdom is at hand, we should smile at the mad fancy of some itinerant preacher who was striving to excite a sensation. But although for his especial purpose an offensive placard, yet the warning would be still independent of the uses to which it was compelled. Amidst the selfish fury of the street those words would suggest those higher thoughts, those eternal relations, which are the only permanent possessions. In the bustle, the brilliancy, the fashion, the suffering, the crime, and filth of the highway we should feel as we read those words as if we heard the voice again crying in the wilderness, "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

In the same way, as I read regularly through my paper, and consider the pettifogging and insincere smartness of some of the articles, and the pseudo-patriotism and factitious virtue of the speeches, and then ascending to the advertisements, am besought to get the best-mustard or magazine or ginger-beer—the familiar words linger in my mind. The best—what is the best? "'What is truth?' asked jesting Pilate, nor staid for an answer." But for Pilate the test question is not, What is truth? but. Do I seek for it? So with us, dear boy. it is not whether we have the best mustard, but whether we have tried to get the best The practical difficulty is, that we insist that our brand is the best because we have paid money for it and happen to have it. When we say, Get the best, we really mean, Get mine, get such as I get. For to own that ours is not the best would be to impeach our own judgment or our own generosity.

I go to hear my young friend Clericus, who has just graduated at Andover, or Princeton, or New Haven, or Newton, or Middletown or Madison, or Cambridge-I really forget which—and he preaches an excellent sermon from that glorious text, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good"-I think those are the words. The moral of his discourse is the exhortation of the mustard merchant, Get the best. I listen with my ears and my heart. But while I feel his sincerity, I also see with regret that he

misses what seems to me the true spirit of his text, which is to prove, to try, and only to hold fast after trial. But he seems to think that the important part is the holding fast, and I observe that, after all, what he is really trying to do is to persuade me to hold fast that which he thinks to be good. And to my greater sorrow he plainly intimates that if I prove for myself, and hold fast what he does not think is good, he must regard me as given over to the buffetings of Satan.

It is the usual way, and I ought not to be surprised. Nearly forty years ago a reverend gentleman defined "republican liberty" as "liberty to say and do what the prevailing voice and will of the brotherhood will allow and protect." Read to-day, how comical that is! When I think of the progress we have made in that direction within forty years, what seems impossible? Yet you see that the reverend gentleman's theory was not that we should get the best, but what our neighbors wished us to have. 'Tis the very doctrine of Clericus. "Hold fast what I think is good." But the mischief of that doctrine is, that good would never be better. It is only those who prove all things for themselves, and hold fast what they think good, although their neighbors think it the very sum of all evil, who constantly make the good better and lift the world along.
I wish Clericus were like the hen who

hatched ducks, and with perfect equanimity saw them take to the water. I don't know whether hens are familiar with Dr. Watts his hymns; but that hen was satisfied, as she contemplated her unique offspring, that "'twas their nature to." In other words, she wished them to prove all things, and hold fast what they thought good. They took to the water. Amen, said mother hen; let them get the best for themselves. Indeed, her resignation, or, more truly, her wisdom, was like that of the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert. "We are as near to heaven by water as by land." I suppose Clericus would be mortified—if it really were at Princeton that he graduated-if one of his flock should tell him that he had become a Methodist, or a Baptist, or an Episcopalian, or an Israelite, because of Clericus's preaching. "You told me," the sheep would say, "to prove all things, and hold fast what I found to be good. I have obeyed to the letter. Your views seem to me to be wrong, and those which you oppose right, and I have therefore been made an Armenian by your Calvinistic preaching."

I say that I fear Clericus would be mortified, but he ought not to be. He ought to say to his hearer, "I told you to get the best, not to get mine, and so God speed you." Do you reflect, my friend George, that if that had been always the principle of Clericus's profession, oceans of blood cruelly shed and untold suffering would have been spared the world, and that we should all have been infinitely happier to-day? If the Christian Church had said from the first, "Get the best," and practiced its own preaching, what a heaven the world would be! And when we come to look at history closely we shall find that it is mainly the story of the effort to practice the apostle's exhortation, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Wars every where and always have been chiefly efforts of one man, or one nation, or one sect to make others hold fast what the first thought good. Servetus proves for himself and tries to hold fast the result. But it is not Calvin's result, so Servetus burns. The old Church said, "I have the only good worth holding fast. You will die eternally if you don't agree. Now you, my good heretic, undertake to prove for yourself and to hold fast what you and not I find to be good. If I leave you to yourself, you will persuade others to do the same thing. I won't have it. Promise to hold fast what I say to be good, or the stake is

This, in religion, is precisely the same doctrine which our reverend friend from whom I quoted laid down in politics. Liberty, he said, is liberty to say and do what our neighbors approve. And there is that tone in the sermon of Clericus. He seems to say, honestly, I am sure, but fatally, "Hold fast what the rest of us believe." Have they sufficient reason for their faith? Is it a sincere faith, or only a tradition? Why should they decide for me? What is acquiescence worth as a substitute for real belief? These questions and a thousand more Clericus does not ask, Torquemada's faith could not be deeper or surer than that of a hundred fellow-beings whom he burned, and to each of whom the apostle had said, as to him, "Hold fast that which is good." The Heavenly warrant of every man whom Torquemada burned to burn him was exactly the same as that which he claimed. The apostle nowhere says hold fast what your neighbors approve; and as I ponder the woe which the doctrine of the reverend gentleman, which is the same as that of Torquemada, has brought upon the world,



I look at my newspaper and read, "A 1 Mustard! Get the best!" And I see in it the rule of human wisdom and happiness.

It is the rule of perfect charity, and therefore of good manners. Sir Launcelot sees the shield to be silver, Sir Galahad sees it to be gold. Let each prove for himself, and hold fast what he finds. Should they lay lance in rest and rush upon each other, as they fell mortally stricken, each, as he rolled upon the ground and beheld what the other saw, would exclaim, "Brother, forgive me; you were right," and so die. And because we will not listen to the wisdom of the mustard merchant, we are more careful of our opinions than of the spirit of our opinions and our mental disposition. It is probably of much less importance what we believe than how we believe it. That is to say, love, charity, generosity, hospitality of soul, are much more essential to spiritual progress than any set of opinions. We must hold moral as we do physical truth, subject to the correction of higher and clearer light. Prove all things; get the best. But how prove every thing if we reject any thing? How say what is absolutely best so long as something claims to be better? My dear boy, if we join any church, let it be the Church Catholic-in other words, the Church Universal, which is named so because it is always open upon all sides to all truth, like the Eastern khans, which have no gates, but stand open night and day forever to all travelers. I will obey the mustard merchant: I will get the best. But I do not promise to find that his is the best. I will hold it fast only if I find it good.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. BOY'S HIGHLAND SUIT.

THE Highland suit of which we give a cut paper pattern is universally worn by boys who are too small for trowsers. This suit is exceedingly comfortable for fall and winter. The vest and jacket amply protect the body, and the thickly pleated kilt skirt hangs closely and warm-ly about the limbs. When cold weather arrives, thick woolen stockings extending above the knee will be added; but for the present intermediate season short half-hose are worn, leaving part of the bare limb visible in true Highland fashion. A plaid kilt, with black or brown velveteen jack-et, and a Scotch cap of velveteen with a plaid band, is the regular Scotch suit. Plaid suits. however, are not now as popular as suits of a solid color, such as Lincoln green, navy blue, cadet gray, or dark brown, made by the pattern of the Highland suit. Ladies' cloth, twilled cloth, tweed, and fine gray flannel are the materials Gilt or steel buttons are used on these solid colors, and the trimming is black silk braid and binding. Very handsome kilt suits are made of Lyons velvet, either black or brown, and cost From \$12 to \$20 is the range of prices for woolen suits. The scarf and pouch are not used with suits of plain color. Solid-colored stockings, either scarlet, blue, or white, are also preferred to the plaid and striped hose formerly worn

A cut paper pattern is given of a school suit for boys who have left off wearing petticoats. The "roundabout" and knickerbocker pantaloons are of simple shape, and easily made. Heavy Scotch cheviot of dark color, with almost invisible lines of white, is much worn by small boys. It is serviceable, does not show soil, and wears well. For more dressy suits dark blue and green cloth are chosen.

TRAINED HOUSE DRESS.

A cut paper pattern is also given of a trained house dress. The dress illustrated is of heavy black faille, and this model may be used for colored silks also. The skirt is the length now worn for reception and carriage dresses. The illustration shows the tablier trimming now in vogue. open over-skirt is very bouffant behind, and re-cedes from the waist, leaving the front width flat and without fullness. The basque has a heart-shaped neck and open sleeves. The trimming extends straight up the front over the buttonholes in the way seen on most imported dresses this season. The novelty of this dress is the Grecian cape that gives an appearance of breadth of shoulders. It is simply a bertha of foundation covered with overlapping folds of silk, made to fit smoothly over the upper part of the corsage. The folds may be alternately of silk or velvet, or else altogether of velvet. capes of lace are also worn. This dress, worn with a cashmere or velvet Dolman, is handsome enough for afternoon receptions, church weddings, and ceremonious visits; its trained skirt. however, limits it to carriage and house wear.

BLACK SILK SUITS

Black silk costumes for the street show kiltpleated or flounced back breadths and tablier Very full bias ruffles, with box-pleated and kilt-pleated flounces, are the hand-made trimmings, with embroidery, jet, passementerie, lace, and most elaborate fringes. A suit worthy of description consists of but two pieces, a basque and demi-train. It has an over-skirt, but this is separate breadths, sewed in with the seams of the lower skirt. The basque has three seams down the back, exclusive of the side forms. On the skirt there are box-pleated flounces caught up at the lower edges to show full double gathered ruffles beneath. The over-skirt is trimmed with a bias band headed by five very narrow folds in a cluster.

CAMEL'S-HAIR COSTUMES.

Full suits of the roughly twilled camel's-hair introduced last year are imported for midwinter suits. They are gray or brown, and are trimmed with a narrow fringe of brown fur called bear fringe. They are made with two skirts and a postilion-basque with a cape.

Camel's-hair polonaises are in the loose polonaise shape shown in Bazar No. 29, Vol. V., or else the back of the corsage forms a plain basque, or one with postilion pleats. Heavy wool embroidery, done in vines and flowers of many shades of the color of the polonaise, is the trimming most frequently seen on new garments of camel's-hair. The worsted guipure called yak camel's-hair. The wor lace edges the garment.

CONTINENTAL VESTS, BASQUES, ETC.

Long Continental vests, extending far below the waist, are being made with silk and woolen suits. They form the front of polonaises, and are usually of a darker shade than the dress proper. An olive brown cashmere suit, with a darker brown gros grain vest, revers, cuffs, and facings of flounces, is a very stylish suit. Black silk suits have black velvet vests. The newest fancy has the dress corsage meeting at the throat, concealing the vest there, and gradually widening to the end of the long vest. A lace spiral is added in the back and front of vest-po-

Instead of being edged with ruffles of silk or of lace, many basques are now merely corded on the edges, or else finished with a piping fold in the way seen on riding-habits. This simple fashion is stylish and inexpensive. Sleeveless basques of cashmere or of velvet will again be worn over silk bodies of the same color, with coat sleeves of silk. Sleeveless polonaises have also grown into popularity. A favorite costume for fall has the skirt and coat sleeves of black silk, while the sleeveless polonaise is of gray cashmere or of heavy gray pongee. A plum-colored suit is made in the same manner of cashmere and faille.

TWEED SUITS.

Substantial suits of gray tweed, like twilled flannel, are neatly and stylishly made. A wide gathered flounce scalloped and braided trims the skirts. The basque is heavily braided, and a short talma completes the costume.

VACHTING COSTUME.

An appropriate costume imported for autumn yachting is of navy blue serge, trimmed with white Hercules braid piped with pale blue cash-mere. It has a loose belted polonaise with sailor collar, and a short skirt with Spanish flounce.

BALL DRESSES.

A ball dress of white tarlatan is made up in the new design that discards over-skirts. It has a demi-trained skirt trimmed with three deep, straight, gathered flounces on all the breadths but the front. Each flounce is headed and edged by a thick ruche of bias tarlatan laid in treble box-pleats. The flounces are placed quite apart from each other, and three rouleaux of white satin fill up the space between. The front breadth has a kilt pleating to the knee, with a ruche on the lowest edge, and three ruches curved on the top of the breadth to form a tablier. Lengthwise bows of white satin and tarlatan are on the side seams to hide the termination of the flounces. Flowers are mingled with the satin loops. The pointed low corsage is of white satin, and is worn with a tarlatan fichu trimmed with satin rouleaux and a ruche. This is an excellent model for bride-maids' dresses.

An India sky blue faille, made in the same manner, is trimmed with embroidered flounces of white gauze.

GROS D'ORLEANS.

A new repped fabric imported for making and trimming bonnets is called gros d'Orleans. is a soft, supple goods, with a silken surface thrown up on both sides, though the filling that makes the heavy reps is of fine wool. The new tints, serpent (a yellow-green shade), bronze, deep grenat, and reseda, are all shown in this fine flexible fabric. It is effectively used in combination with velvet.

FALL BONNETS.

The beauty of fall bonnets consists in their rich fabrics, exquisitely combined colors, their tinted feathers, bronzed leaves, and fine laces. Of their heterogeneous shapes there is little to be said; they are simply caricatures, and leading milliners say they must be greatly modified to make them popular.

The most conspicuous change is in the way the bonnet is to be worn. The head covering, whether bonnet or hat, is to be placed far back on the chignon, leaving the forehead and frizzed front hair quite uncovered-a fashion that milliners say is generally unbecoming. High revers coronets are on almost all bonnets, and capes are scarcely seen at all. Long ends and loops of ribbon and lace, three or four of each, hang from the back of the bonnet low down on the A folded band encircles the crown, and the left side is the base from which spring trimmings that pass directly across the crown. These trimmings are usually two long wide loops laid unward on the crown, a sharn-pointed wing (blue-green wings are most used), and two ostrich tips that curl over the top to the right side, and give additional height to the crown. A jet ornament is on the right side, and sometimes a jet bandeau is in front. Bonnets and round hats are trimmed similarly; their only difference exists in the strings, and these are often omitted from the new sailor bonnet.

Black velvet bonnets are enlivened by facings of faille of pale tint, such as ciel blue, reseda, and plum-color. One of Virot's tasteful bonnets is of black velvet laid plainly on the crown and coronet and piped with sky blue faille. Two great loops on the left side show their blue faille lining; a wing of bronze and blue is stuck in the loops, and a vine of bronzed leaves with a faded tea-rose is pendent in a lace scarf and loops behind. A plainer bonnet is of soft black straw with a velvet coronet; wide black watered ribbon and réséda velvet are twined about the crown, a jet ornament is on the side, and a long black ostrich feather curls over the crown and falls on the chignon. A black velvet bonnet with rose faille facings has the coronet studded with fine jet; watered black ribbon surrounds the crown, and pink and black ostrich tips curl over it. A bonnet of black velvet and peacock blue is made in the manner just described.

A Nile green velvet hat has facings of deepest myrtle green. Nile watered ribbon and a willow plume of pale and dark green complete the trimming.

The new sailor bonnet, shaped like a sailor hat, is shown in black and colored velvet. Colored felt round hats are of graceful shape, with

merely a wide hat-band, wing, and ostrich tip.

A mourning bonnet from Virot's is fine straw in sailor shape, with a lustreless silk scarf wound around the crown. Two jet feathers are on the left side with two loops of the silk; a long black ostrich plume passes over the crown and falls behind.

For information received thanks are due Messis. A. T. Stewart & Co.; Lord & Tay-LOR; and BALLARD & HALLEY.

PERSONAL.

Eight years ago one of the girls of the United Presbyterian Mission Schools in Cairo, Egypt, was married to the Mahrajah Dhuller Singh. In celebration of that event, this year, as hereto-fore, he has sent to the mission his check for

\$500. He feels pleasantly about it.
—Señor DUENA, the deposed President of San
Salvador, who has been spending a little time
here en route to Europe, is a lawyer, and a man
of fortune—estimated at a million of dollars, one-

of fortune—estimated at a million of dollars, one-half of which came so him with his wife. For four years, the term of his banishment, he will reside in Paris. Even that is not very "bad to take"—four years in a gay capital, with seventy or eighty thousand a year, a nice wife, and the prestige of an ex-President.

—An idea of the vast wealth and the com-mand of the wealth of others possessed by the great bankers of Europe may be inferred from the fact that the ROTHSCHILDS subscription to the last French loan amounted to \$550,000,000, and that of the Barings to \$220,000,000. One gentleman alone, a member of the House of gentleman alone, a member of the House of Commons, put down his name, through the ROTHSCHILDS, for \$40,000,000.

ROTHSCHILDS, for \$40,000,000.

The last London Figuro has this curious paragraph about MARIO: "The private subscription in aid of Signor MARIO is progressing wonderfully well, several thousand pounds being already collected. The eminent tenor has concluded an engagement with M. MAURICE STRAKOSCH for an extended concert tour in the United States in company with Madame Car-LOTTA PATTI. He is under bond, with a heavy penalty, to Mr. Gyr not to sing again in En-gland."

-Governor HOFFMAN's fair daughter, Miss —Governor Hoffman's fair daughter, Miss Kate Hoffman, is thus gracefully complimented by "Margery Deane," the Newport correspondent of the New York Evening Mail: "A word about the belies of the season. I pass by the woman who for many years, it is said, has reigned, and is by no means ready to retire on past honors, to a pretty, unassuming little New Yorker, the daughter of your highest dignitary. She is indebted to nature only for her charms, and belladonna, black-lead, and lily-white are not to be found on her toilette-table. This little flower is a charming and refreshing contrast to the fearfully and wonderfully made-up woman first mentioned."

—Miss Jewett, daughter of a gentleman in

inst mentioned."

—Miss Jewett, daughter of a gentleman in the Treasury at Washington, has lately made her debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her mother is the authoress of "The old Corner Cupboard" and "From Fourteen to Fourscore," lately published. Miss Jewett at first proposed to go in for opera, having a fine voice, but afterward concluded that the drama was her forte. She is said to be refined, clover, and eminently right in every particular.

—Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomerot, of Newton, Massachusetts, writes to the Boston Wachman and Reflector refuting the statement in Colonel Lamon's book that Abraham Lincoln had no religious belief. She gives several instances

namon's ook that Abraham Lincoln had no religious belief. She gives several instances during the late war where he expressed his belief in, and dependence on, God, and in the efficacy of prayer. Whatever may have been his notions in early life, it seems to be certain that the sober second thought of his later years, tempered doubtless hy great sollisting for the country. pered, doubtless, by great solicitude for the country, and the loss of his son, led him to believe in

the Christian religion.

—DÉJAZET, one of the cleverest of modern French actresses, and now in her seventy-fifth year, is drawing crowds nightly at Marseilles, and dances with the greatest ease, grace, and

A daughter of General BIRNEY is learning to

—A daughter of General BIRNEY is learning to set type in the office of the Boston Gazette, as a qualification for editing a paper in the South.

—Miss SNEAD ("Miss Grundy"), one of the most entertaining and industrious of the lady correspondents at Washington, has been engaged to make a weekly mélange of the best that types on there part winter for one of the leading

odd titles for his lectures, such as "The Devil's Meal is all Bran," "There's nae Luck about the House," "Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish," "Stop Thief," "Five Shillings and Costs," "Taking Care of Number One," etc., etc.

—Romance in little: party named MATCHETT; doctor; resides in Illinois. In 1865 he was passing through Chicago, and while walting for train at the dépôt saw a lady with a child in her arms also waiting for train. Child was suddenly selzed with violent sickness. Mother seriously alarmed. Doctor rushed to assistance. Child restored before train started. Lady's heart won. Expressions of gratitude. Doctor went off on his train. Lady inquired name of preserver. Found it out. Years elapse. A few months ago the lady died in Aberdeen, Scotland, and in her will bequeathed to her benefactor the sum of \$100,000. Money deposited in bank. MATCHETT tickled.

—The French Countess de Macrolly, whose husband was killed in the Franco-German war, has taken the veil as a Sister of Charity. She was once a reigning beauty.

—The Princess Salm-Salm, well remembered in this city, and favorably remembered on the Continent for her devotion to "poor Carlotta," has become a convert to Catholicism, and, weary of fashionable life and the world's people, has entered a convent at Innsprück, in the Tyrol. By birth she is an American. Her name was AGNES LECLERCQ, and her life has been a romance. At one time she was a circus rider. She saved her husband's life in Mexico, and got him restored to his military rank in Germany. He was killed at Gravelotte at the head of his

him restored to his military rank in Germany. He was killed at Gravelotte at the head of his regiment.

There are instances in this country, especially in New England, where the minister sticks to his congregation with as much tenacity as an There are instances in this country, espeto his congregation with as much tenacity as an English rector does to a good living. For instance, there is the Rev. Dr. ELDRIDGE, of Norfolk, Connecticut, who was installed pastor of his congregation forty years ago. He is the oldest Congregational minister in the State. Next to him stands the Rev. Dr. Reid, of Salisbury, who was installed in 1836.

—M. JULES JANIN sends forth to the world his opinion that CHATEAUBRIAND is the most illustrious poet on this planet.

—HIRAM POWERS is now Sir HIRAM, having been made by the Emperor of Brazil a Knight of the Order of the Rose. "Carry the news," etc.

—MAGGIE MITCHELL that was, has purchased

—MAGGIE MITCHELL that was, has purchased the horse Aldebaran, once so famous on the turf, and uses him daily as a saddle-horse at Long Branch. He is aged twelve, and in respectable

—The best portrait of BISMARCK is said to be engraved as a frontispiece to his life, published two years ago by HARPER & BROTHERS. In this the "remarkable fullness under the eyes" is very perceptible. In England the term "frog-eyes" is given to such sky-lights. It has been remarked that this fullness under the eyes is always peculiar to persons whose memory is unusually good. GEORGE III., who is said never to have forgotten a face once seen, possessed these "frog-eyes." When Dr. Gall was beginning to build up his system of phrenology, he noticed that each of his friends who had "frog-eyes" had a particularly good memory, as well as an aptitude for acquiring languages, and he therefore placed the organs of language and form in the region of the eyes. It happ "a that BISMARCK speaks several languages fluen...y, and also has an unusually good memory. The best portrait of BISMARCK is said to be

good memory.

—Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, journalist and author, proposes to lecture in this country during the coming season. His leading subjects will embrace "An Irishman's Impressions of the Old Country," "The Career of Louis Napoleon," a philosophical and humorous "Discourse on Beards and Barbers," and "The Rise, Progress, and Perfection of Language and Literature."

—In the recently published "Recollections of Society," by Lady CLEMENTINA DAVIES, is the following "personal," which will interest the lady readers of the Bazar: "Lady Cork was a most remarkable person, nearly, at the time I mention, ninety years old. She used to dress entirely in white, and always wore a white crape cottage bonnet, and a white satin shawl trimmed with the finest point lace. She was never seen with a cap, and although so old, her complexion, which was really white and pink, not put on, but her own natural color, was most beautiful At dinner she never drank any thing but barleywater." She was particularly fond of arranging marriages, and never rested till she succeeded in her plans. Colonel Campbell used to say that he only hoped the old peeress would not take he only hoped the old peeress would not take it into her head to make him marry her maid, for he was sure if she did she would succeed, nuless he at once made his escape, and went off to India at the first attack. This little old lady

to India at the first attack. This little old lady either had a dinner-party, a rout, or else went out, every night of her life.

—Mr. Wendell Phillips, in illustrating the precocity of the Massachusetts infant, says, "Put him on his feet when he is six months old, and he will immediately say 'Mr. Chairman,' and call the next cradle to order."

—SHENGTONE one hundred and thirty years

-Shenstone, one hundred and thirty years ago, wrote,

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn:"

which brings to mind the fact, suggested by the which brings to mind the fact, suggested by the death of Paran Stevens and Simeon Leland, that from one little tract in New England have come nearly all the men who have given prominence to the American hotel system. Taking Bellows Falls, Vermont, as a centre, a sweep of forty miles radius includes Paran Stevens and the younger Stevens, of Claremont, New Hampshire; the Leland brothers, of Chester, Vermont; both the WILLARDS, of Washington, from Westminster, Vermont; HITCHCOCK, long of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, from Drewsville, New Hampshire; Darling and Griswold. most entertaining and industrious of the lady correspondents at Washington, has been engaged to make a weekly melange of the best that goes on there next winter for one of the leading weekly journals of London.

—It is announced in the World that Mr. Manton Marble is so far recovered from his somewhat protracted poor turn as to warrant his speedy resumption of the editorial management of that paper.

—The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, who is just now the prevailing sensation in Baptist circles in this city, is the son of a Church of England parson, and was educated for a rallway engineer. He is a clever man, very, and takes

Digitized by GOGIE

Borders for Bags, Cigar-Cases, etc., Figs. 1-3.

THESE borders are worked on canvas with worsted, silk, and beads. The colors to be used are given in the description of symbols.

Tatted Initials for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1-4.

THESE initials are suitable for marking handker-

chiefs, and for trimming toilette cushions, handker-chief and glove boxes, etc. They are worked with fine tatting cotton or fine silk, partly with one and partly with two threads. The number of knots and picots is plain-ly shown by the illustrations. The separate figures are either fastened together by means of the picots in working them, or are tied together with thread after they are finished. On the upper edge of the letter C several picots are joined with a separate thread in the fashion of a cross seam. With a little experience in tat-

ting it will be easy to work any letter that may be desired in the style of the initials shown by the illustrations. Baste the finished letters, when designed for handkerchiefs, the material, run outlines with thread, in doing which eatch the nearest picots at the same time, and cover the thread with close button - hole stitches. Cut away the material underneath the tatting. When used for other purposes the letters may also be applied to the material

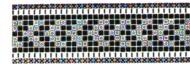


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY BORDER FOR BAGS, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Blue; ⊠ Black; © Chalk; I Steel Beads.

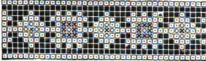


Fig. 2.—Tapestry Border for Bags, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; □ Red; ■ Blue Wool; □ Maize Silk.



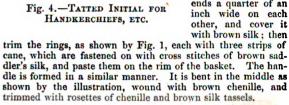
silk, and is trimmed with very narrow flat strips of which are fastened on the silk with embroidery of fine brown chenille. Cut of pasteboard for the rim one strip fourteen inches and a half long and two inches and seven-eighths wide, and close it in a ring, pasting the ends half an inch wide on each other; for the bottom cut of pasteboard also a circular piece of the requisite size, and cover it on both sides with silk. For the cover of the rim cut a strip of silk three inches and a quarter wide, furnish it with

Yarn Basket with Silk and Cane Cover.

This basket is made of pasteboard and brown

the latter gives a full-sized section of the cover), and on the intersecting points stretch foundation figures with fine brown chenille; in the middle of each foundation figure work a knot with light brown silk. The upper and under edge of this part, however, is left untrimmed three-quarters of an inch wide for the rings,

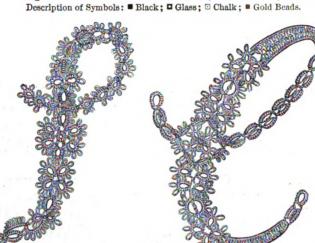




Point Lace and Needle-work Tidy.

-TATTED INITIAL FOR





Knitted, Crochet, and Knotted Starch Bag with Slide.

Fig. 1.—TATTED

INITIAL FOR HANDKER-

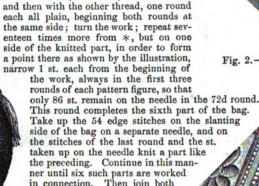
CHIEFS, ETC.

This starch bag is knitted and crocheted with white fatting cotton, No. 30, and is furnished with a slide of cane rings and knot-work, which serves for pressing the starch through it into the bag. make the bag, which is worked in a ribbed design with two threads (balls), work a foundation of

140 st. (stitch) with the cotton before referred to and medium-sized steel knittingneedles, and on this foundation knit as follows: 1st round.—* All knit plain, then with the second thread, beginning at the same side, work one round more all plain; turn the work, and knit, first with one and then with the other thread, one round each all plain, beginning both rounds at the same side; turn the work; repeat sev-

Fig. 2.—TATTED INITIAL FOR

HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

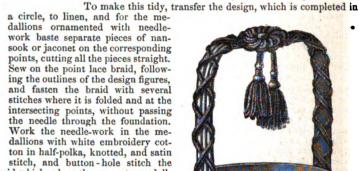


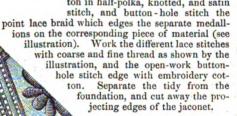
Always alternately one single cro-chet on the next double

2d round.

Fig. 3.—TATTED INITIAL FOR HANDKER-CHIEFS, ETC.

-Section of Cover of YARN BASKET.





Dress for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old.

skirt and over

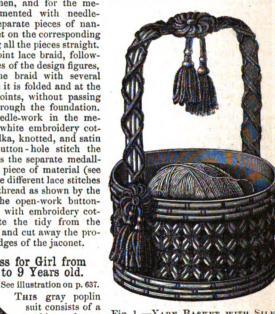


Fig. 1.—YARN BASKET WITH SILK AND CANE COVER.

dress, which are cut in scallops and bound with bias strips of poplin a quarter of an inch wide.

Dress for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old. See illustration on page 637. This dress consists of a double skirt and low-necked basquewaist, and is made of challie;

the trimming is formed by ruffles of the material two inches and an inch and a half wide. The over-skirt is draped on the sides with bows of

black velvet, and in the back with tapes Suits for Girls and Boys from 3 to 12 Years old,

Figs. 1-7. See illustration on page 637.

Fig. 1.—Sult for Girl From 5 to 7
Years old. This suit is made of blue poplin, and consists of
a double skirt and basque-waist. The skirt, over-skirt, and basque-waist
are cut in scallops, as shown by the illustration, and bound with bias strips of blue silk. The skirt is also frimmed with folds of poplin. Cut the basque-waist from No. XV., Supplement to Harper's Bazar, No. 24, Vol. V. Fig. 2.—Suit for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old. The skirt and

over dress are made of brown serge; the over dress is trimmed with brown



slide, which is two inches and three-quarters high and two inches in diameter. take a piece of Spanish cane nine ty-three inches and three-quarters long. which has been soaked in water several hours before using; wind it, while still damp, on a round wooden bar from an inch and a

STARCH BAG WITH SLIDE.

thread scallop there, two chain stitches.

-Two double crochet on each chain stitch scal-

lop of the preceding round, then 1 ch. 3d round.—With double thread * work one

single crochet on the next and one single crochet on the following chain stitch of

the preceding round, six chain stitch-

es; with these pass over 5 st., and repeat from *. Into this outer

row of scallops knot four times three double cords each at

regular intervals, which

The ends of every six double cords are tied together.

serve for a handle of the

bag.

quarter to an inch and three-quarters in diameter, and let it dry there. After drying, strip the cane from the wooden bar and join the spiral-shaped coils of the cane thus formed by means of button-hole stitches of coarse white tatting cotton, in doing which always at the same time surround the button-hole stitches of the previous coil. Bevel off the ends of the cane and fasten them with several stitches. Coarse gray cotton may be used instead of white tatting cotton, always following the foregoing description.





on the left side with two ro-

settes of velvet about three-

fourths of an

inch wide, and with short ends,

placing one above the other. Join the skirt to

the belt. The sash is made of

plaid the same

as the skirt and vest. Cut this on the bias three - quarters of a yard in

about a quar-ter of a yard

in width; make 4 pleats about

twelve inches from one end, and fasten on

the right shoulder under a vel-

vet rosette, with the short end falling over the

back and finished with fringe.

The pouch is made of leather

covered with white Angora fur, and is or-

namented with two tassels of

black Angora fur, and joined to a belt deco-

rated with two

and

length

silk fringe. Collar and under-sleeves of sidepleated Swiss muslin. White straw round hat, trimmed with brown gros grain ribbon and a spray of flowers.

Fig. 3.—Suit for GIRL FROM 4 to 6 YEARS OLD. The skirt and blouse are of white cambric; the former is trimmed with a kilt-pleated batiste ruffle. The blouse, the fronts and back

of which are pleated, is trimmed with nee-dle-work batiste strips.— The over-skirt and peasant waist of blue and alpaca are trimmed with blue silk rolls. Blue silk bow for the hair. Cut the Figs. 42-44, No. XVI., of Supplement to Harper's Bazar, No. 32, Vol. V.

Fig.4.—HIGH-LAND SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 5 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PA-PER PATTERN) This pretty suit consists of a vest, jacket, kilt skirt. pouch, and cap. In the original the vest and skirt are made of red and black Scotch plaid, with tartan rosettes on the skirt. The kilt skirt may be made of any material, and worn with a shirt - waist. — The jacket in the original is

of black velvet, trimmed with black silk braid and steel buttons. A plaid scarf is fastened with a rosette on the right shoulder. The black velvet cap is trimmed with Scotch plaid ribbon. The pouch is made of leather and white Angora fur, and is trimmed with black Angora tassels and brass anchors. The pattern is furnished in four sizes, from 19 to 22 inches bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises five articles-jacket, vest, kilt skirt, cap, and pouch, and is in twelve pieces: two pieces for the skirt; front and back for the half of the front, half of the back, sleeve, cuff, and collar for the jacket; pouch; crown and side piece for the cap. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them to-

straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Cut a slit from the lower edge up to the notch for the tabs in the back. Close the seams of the jacket and vest according to the notches. Try on wrong side out, and if alteration is required, take up more or less in the seams. Place the cuff on the sleeve of the jacket at the wrist with the notches in each evenly to-

front of the jacket, cuffs, and tabs with velvet an inch and a half wide, arranged as shown by the illustration. Finish the end of each strip of velvet with a small button, as the holes denote. Join the skirt according to the notches, make twentytwo pleats an inch and a half deep at the top of the skirt, commencing at the right side seam of the front gore, all turning one way from the front; fasten the first pleat



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

gether. The holes show where to place the buttons on the front of the jacket and vest; those in the sleeve show the size and shape of the un-der part. Cut the skirt with the longest straight edge of the front gore and the shortest straight edge (without the notch) of the straight breadth laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut the back of the jacket with the longest

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

gether. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Finish the neck with a standing collar. Close the front of the vest the entire length with buttons and button-holes. Bind the edge of the jacket around the tabs, the cuff and collar, and also the vest, with relative the form inch wide and covernment the with velvet half an inch wide, and ornament the

metal anchors. Cut the crown of the cap with the straight edge of the pattern laid on the fold of the goods; cut the side piece with the longest straight edge of the pattern laid on a bias edge of the cloth, and make a seam. Cut the lining of some stiff ma-terial, and take the seams a trifle deeper than for the outside, which should be sewed sepa-rately. Baste and try on wrong side out, and



Figs. 1-7.—SUITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS FROM 2 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 1.—Suft for Fig. 2.—Suit for GIRL FROM 5 TO GIRL FROM 10 TO 7 YEARS OLD. 12 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—Suit for GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—HIGHLAND SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 5 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 5.—Double-breasted Jacket with Shirt- Fig. 6.—Suit for WAIST AND KNICKERBOCKERS FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 10 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Boy from 6 to 10 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 7.—Suit for GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Fig. 4 (Highland Suit for Boy from 3 to 5 Years old), from 19 to 33 Inches Bust Measure, and Fig. 5 (Double-breasted Jacket with Shirt-Waist and Knickerbockers for Boy from 5 to 10 Years old), from 22 to 27 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.]





if alteration is required, take up more or less in the seams. Baste the outside and lining to-gether, and bind around the edges. Place a band of plaid ribbon around the cap, ornament the right side with loops and an end, and finish the centre with a small rosette.

Allowance for quarter-inch seams are made Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for jack-

et, 11/4 yards. Quantity of material for skirt, vest, and sash,

Quantity of material for skirt, vest, and sash, 3½ yards.

Velvet for rosettes, 2½ yards.

Trimming and binding, 9 yards.

Buttons, 36.

Velvet for cap, ½ yard.

This measure is for two years of age. A quarter of a yard is added for every year.

Fig. 5.—Double-breasted Jacket with Shirt-Waist and Knickerbockers for Boy FROM 5 TO 10 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPE PATTERN). This suit is well adapted for fall and winter wear, and may be made of any material. The original is of gray mixed cloth. The pattern is furnished in six sizes, from 22 to 27 inches bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises three articles-double breasted jacket, shirt-waist, and knickerbocker trowsers—and is in fourteen pieces: six pieces for the jacket—front, side form, back, sleeve, cuff, and collar; five pieces for the shirt-waist—front and back, sleeve, cuff, and belt; and three pieces for the knickerbockers—front, back, and belt. The pieces are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The holes show where to place the buttons on the front of the jacket, to cut the opening for the pockets, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. The jacket is double-breasted, and is cut in the back with side forms and centre seam, and extra fullness below the waist line at each seam. width on the side seam is laid in a side pleat: the middle width is bound, and laps over to the left. Cut all the pieces lengthwise of the goods. The neck is finished with a standing collar. Close the fronts the entire length with buttons and button-holes. Cut an opening ac-cording to the holes for the lower and breast pockets. The latter are set in and bound with narrow binding braid. Set the cuffs on the sleeves at the wrist, with the notches placed evenly together. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch at the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Bind the edge of the jacket and cuffs with the narrow binding braid, and sew buttons on the front as the holes denote. Cut the back of the shirt-waist and sleeve with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut the cuff the size of the pattern given. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. Gather the sleeve at the top and bottom, join the cuff at the wrist, sew the sleeves in the armholes, holding the sleeves toward you, finish the neck with a cord, and close the front with small buttons and button-holes. Gather the bottom of the waist, and set the belt on its width above the edge. Tuck the goods before cutting out. Cut two pieces each like the pattern given for the knickerbockers. The waistband is cut on, and a false belt sewed underneath with six button-holes to button to the shirt-waist. The pocket is sewed in between the notches at the outside seam. The band at the bottom of the leg is cut on, and can be fast-ened with a button and button-hole on the outer seam, or drawn to the leg with an elastic. Sew the facing on the width of the band, and stitch one row on the entire edge, and on the width of the band on the right side.

Allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for jack-

et and trowsers, 3½ yards.

Quantity of material for shirt-waist, 27 inches

wide, 13/2 yards. Braid, 5 yards.

Number of buttons, 10.

This estimate is made for a boy five years old.

This estimate is made for a boy uve years old. A quarter of a yard is added for every year.

Fig. 6.—Sult for Boy from 5 to 10 Years old. Trowsers and frock of green cloth, trimmed with bias strips of black velvet, and with passementeric buttons. White straw round hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 7.—Suit for Girl from 3 to 5 Years LD.—This suit is made of white batiste, and consists of a skirt, blouse, and jacket, trimmed with kilt-pleated batiste ruffles and needle-work batiste insertion. Belt with sash, and hair bow

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Westward Ho! in Bricks and Mortar.—Anecdote of a Satirist.—A Country Inn.—"Our Own Correspond-ent" at Lundy Island.

MONTH ago I wrote to you from Lakeland, A and had intended to be virtuous, and have no other holiday; but what is the use of being diligent when there is nothing to do? of having the ears of Fine-ear himself when there is no gossip to which to listen? The people that make it have all gone out of town, and I have gone after them to North Devon. For diversity of scenery there is no other county in England which can compare with Devonshire. On the south coast it is mild and pretty; in its centre it is wild, though never sterile; on the north it opposes lofty but full-foliaged cliffs to the first onslaught of the Atlantic. It is this last portion of Devon-shire which Charles Kingsley has made his own

in "Westward Ho!" and also in his "Miscel-No finer word-painter of scenery lives than he, and this coast is his favorite and most familiar haunt. What Scott has done for the Highlands, and Wordsworth for the lakes, Kingsley has done for this region; and there is even a large colony, with huge hotel, baths, pier, built, as it were, in illustration to this most pop ular of his novels, and named after it Westward Ho! I was staying there last week, and was very much be-Kingsleved by a number of honest people whom I shrewdly suspect had never read the novel in question; but their hypocrisy was no less a tribute to the fame of that once Christian democrat, now, alas! turned admirer of the powers that be. Whether his appointment as tutor to the Prince of Wales when at Cambridge, or his chaplaincy to the Queen, first sapped his principles, I know not; but to such an extent has he changed his colors that in the new edi-tions of "Alton Locke" you will find all the de-mocracy so Bowdlerized, as it were, out of the book that it has become hardly recognizable. In particular, the young nobleman who so distinguished himself by his "cursory language" in the boat-race is eliminated altogether, and his place occupied by one of the lower classes. However, though he is in some measure a renegade, the cause of progress owes Kingsley much; and even if he had been nothing more than a prose poet, we should have reason to be grateful to him. I myself, for instance, should never have come to Clovelly, from which I now write, but for his glowing description of it in his sketches of North Devon. I know the beauties of my own land well, but I have seen nothing from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, which is the simile we English (rather to your contempt, I imagine) use for "from one end of the world to the other," to compare with Clovelly. It is a fishing hamlet built in a wooded chine, or cleft, so steep that the one street of which it is composed is literally a flight of steps, impassable by wheel or horse's hoof. I say horse's, because the whole traffic of the place, from the carriage of limestone to that of visitors' luggage, is carried on donkey-back. To see these evil-reported animals threading the narrow way with their pro-jecting paniers, yet never touching a wall, is a refutation of all the calumnies upon their intelli-gence. Gin a body meet a donkey coming down Clovelly street, it is awkward. Gossip, of course, we have, but not of the London pattern. In the first place, the weather assumes an unnatural importance, and whether the wind is nor-west or nor'-nor'west settles one's sea plans for the day. A magnificent wood spreads for many miles eastward of the village and skirting the shore, while on the west is a deer park of still larger range. In either of these whole summer days may be spent with profit by the painter, and let us hope they are so, for the artist population of the place is considerable. Their little white umbrella-tents glint among the foliage in all directions, and one can not help envying a class of persons the business of whose life leads them to such scenes of beauty. The fisherman's lines here are not always cast in pleasant places, for the sea is the roughest that beats on the English coast. Even in summertime the storms are very serious, and there are few weeks in which the "sea disturbance" is not sufficient to give an opportunity for the life-boat to show her qualities.

All the men here are fine grown fellows, quite giants in size, which perhaps accounts for the fact that their conversation is lacking in tartness; for it is the little fellows who are given to bite, you know. For instance, there is Mr. Alfred Austin, who may or may not be known to you as the author of "The Season: a Satire," but who in London has quite a reputation for cynical severity, and, though a very good-looking and perfectly well-formed gentleman, he is only of a very moderate altitude indeed. The other day, after distinguishing himself as usual at a dinner-party by his delicate "bitters," a young lady who had sat next to him inquired of her other neighbor, a huge Scotchman, whether he didn't think Mr. Austin "dreadfully sarcastic." "Well, indeed, miss," replied the Caledonian, who was as broad as he was long, "it has been my experience that dwarfish and deformed pair-

sons are mostly sarcy."

Every thing in England is getting sadly dear.

Coals and meat are at a price I have never known them to be, and it is said they will be dearer. But here at Clovelly, if you are content with the "har-vest of the sea" (it is the best village for fish in England), and Devonshire clouted cream, and eggs, and excellent preserves, you may live cheaply enough, even at the hotel. You who are accustomed to palatial caravansaries would smile to see our little inn of one story. But every thing is good which it professes to supply, it is scrupubeing a simple unit among hundreds, as at "the Langham," you retain your individuality, and are treated with a gentle consideration, far removed, indeed, from servility, that reminds one of the good old days, long passed, when one's landlord was one's host. It is just such a country inn as Washington Irving would have loved, and I would that it was not almost the only specimen of its class that is left to us. To find primitive manners and honways (I have not heard an oath—except a little one of my own-or seen a drunken man since I came here), we Londoners have every year to go farther and farther afield. They will some day, I suppose, be driven away even from Clovelly, and then I shall go over to Lundy Island, opposite my window here, some eighteen miles, where there is no inn at all as yet, post only once a week (and then only "weather permitting"), and when one dies, not even a church-yard to be buried in. There was a Lundy Islander brought over for that purpose yesterday, who during all his lifetime had never visited the main-land. Think of that, O adventurous cousins, who

make nothing of a tour through Europe during the summer months, and no more of coming across the Atlantic than we do of crossing the Channel! Retirement such as that, however, has at least the merit of cheapness; and if prices rise much higher, you must not be astonished to see your faithful correspondent's signature altered to R. Kemble, of Lundy.

MICHAELMAS.

THE brown leaves rustle in the wind, And golden is the oak-tree's crown; The red beech drops her ripened mast, . And chestnut husks come showering down.

September's kiss is on the woods, And garnered is Pomona's wealth; The squirrel thinks of winter rest, Begins to store his nuts by stealth.

Gone are the roses, crimson flowers That crowned the virgin brow of June; And where the nightingale hath sung, The robin pipes his mellow tune.

One touch of frost is on the blades Of grass beneath the forest tree; Close in his lair the dormouse lies, And nestled in her cell the bee.

The last geraniums still shed
On manor lawn a scarlet glow;
The queen chrysanthemum bath donned
Her robes of winter—rose and snow.

The latest breath of summer stirs
Upon the leaves and in the air;
It shakes the cones amid the firs,
And straight is gone we know not where.

So oft a gleam of sunshine past Re-shines again in man's last days; Summer and winter, smiles and tears— Wiser than ours are Heaven's ways.

(Continued from No. 87, page 612.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

"THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LET'S SECRET," ETG. AUTHOR OF

> CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.) A PALPABLE HIT.

They grew quite at home in the old house, however, in a very few days, and Sibyl went singing up and down the long corridors in her clear soprano, like a joyous bird, only thinking now and then that there might be ghosts, and that she might come suddenly upon one in a dusky

"I don't think I should much mind a genuine old-established ghost," she told her brother; "a lady in a sacque, or a Charles-the-Second cavalier, or some one of that kind. Collis was quite afraid the first night we slept here, and insisted upon sleeping with one of the house-maids instead of in the nice little room they had arranged for her; but I told her next morning that a young woman who did not like ghosts should never take a situation in a good old family like ours. 'Of a situation in a good old family like ours. 'Or course we have a family ghost,' I said; 'we have as much right to that as to the genealogical tree in the hall. Depend upon it, Collis, those great bucket boots that hang in the lobby come down at twelve o'clock every night, and tramp, tramp, tramp along all the passages. You'll meet them face to face some night, if you sit up reading novels as you so often do; and I wouldn't answer for that man in armor, or that suit of armor without any man, at the foot of the stairarmor without any man, at the toot of the state-case. He looks as if he walked. 'I suppose you're only joking, miss," Collis answered, as grave as a judge; 'but all I know is, that the rooms and passages up stairs—on our floor—smell of ghosts.' 'Mice, you mean, Collis.' 'Lor, no, miss; as if I didn't know the difference between the smell of a rove and a cheet!'"

the smell of a mouse and a ghost!""

Of course all the county people who happened to be at home at this time came to call on Sir Francis and Miss Clevedon, and were duly charmed with the baronet and his sister. There seemed to be no lack of agreeable neighbors, without counting the objectionable villas about Tunbridge which went daily to business in the City. Colonel Davenant, perhaps not esteeming himself on a level with county persons, or perhaps too much wrapped up in monkeys for the per-formance of small social duties, did not come. So one bright afternoon in August, Sir Francis rode over to the Wells to deliver his letter of introduction. The letter had been written by one of his most intimate friends, who had given him a glowing account of the old Indian officer.

Colonel Davenant's place was known as the Bungalow. It had begun its existence as a villa, with some pretensions to the Gothic; but having fallen into the hands of the Colonel, whose inventive mind was apt to exercise itself on every thing ithin its range, had been barbarized and Orient alized out of all architectural character by divers enlargements and improvements, all evolved from the inner consciousness of that gentleman, utter defiance of all rules and conventions of the building art. A huge veranda jutting out from small drawing-room; a domed conservatory-after the model of a mosque at Delhiovertopping the dining-room; a Pompeian court and fountain behind the kitchen, where the Colonel could sit on a carpet smoking his hookah, and discussing the arrangement of his tiffin or his dinner with that faithful slave his cook: the Sister-Anne turret—a campanello tower, whence the Colonel could survey valley, common, hill, and woodland: these were among the trifling eccentricities of the Bungalow. The effect was curious but not unpleasant. The house was rich and gay with Indian spoil—monster jars and curious carved furniture in Bombay black-wood, gorgeous silken stuffs and ivory temples; and in all the rooms there were birds and flowers, and living animals reclining on the skins of dead animals; a yapping of small dogs and twittering

of songless Australian birds, and a squalling of

The afternoon was exceptionally warm, and the Colonel was enjoying a siesta by the side of his fountain. Thither a neat parlor-maid ushered the stranger, through the garden, and by a somewhat circuitous path meandering through a shrubbery of laurel and bay and monkey trees and castor-oil plants, which the Colonel called

Sir Francis did not emerge from the jungle without a small adventure. In one of the windings of the narrow path he met a young lady who reminded him of Robinson Crusoe — a young lady who carried a green silk umbrella of foreign manufacture, and upon whose shoulder there perched a small Java monkey, and about whose footsteps there crowded some half-dozen dogs and doglings—from a lank half-grown Scotch deer-hound to a coffee-colored black-muzzled pug.

Francis Clevedon only caught one transient glimpse of the face under the green umbrella—a bright girlish face, with Irish gray eyes and a sweet smiling mouth. He had just time to see this, and that Miss Crusoe was tall and slim, and carried herself with the air of a princess. She acknowledged Sir Francis's bow with a gracious movement of her pretty head, and passed lightly on, while the monkey looked back to hiss and spit at the stranger in an alarmingly vixenish

way. "Miss Davenant, I suppose?" Sir Francis inquired of the servant.

"Yes, Sir, that's our young lady. I hope you'll excuse the monkey, Sir; he doesn't mean any harm, but he's jealous of strangers."

They came to a little green arcade, and through this into the Pompeian court, where the Colonel sat on his musuud, with his back against the marble rim of the basin, snowing audibly. He woke up with a start as the maid announced Sir Francis Clevedon, swore a prayer or two, or perhaps something the reverse of a prayer, and then rose to receive his guest in a hearty, soldierlike fashion.

"Take the arm-chair, Sir Francis, and if you "Take the arm-chair, Sir Francis, and if you like a hookah, there's one ready to your hand on that table. Heartily glad to see any friend of Sinclair's—congratulate you on taking possession of Clevedon. Fine old place, noble old place, plenty of good shootin', and one of the best trout streams in the county. Sinclair wrote me word of your return, and I meant to have come over to call before this, but this weather tries an old man, Sir. I feel the heat more here than ever I did in Bengal. I'll turn on the fountain, by-thebye; I dare say you like the sound of a fountain;" and thereupon the Colonel applied himself to some complicated arrangement of screws and cranks which seemed to involve a good deal of hard labor, and threatened to put the gallant

officer into a profuse perspiration.

"Pray don't trouble yourself on my account," remonstrated Sir Francis. "I find your room most delightfully cool, even without the fountain."

"Do you?" cried the Colonel, gratified, and

smiling in the midst of his struggles with a very stiff screw. "Built it myself after my own de-sign; laid every brick with my own hand; one bricklayer's laborer, and an odd boy to hold the ladder. There's a settlement in that corner, but it won't go any farther. But we'll have the fountain. I like to take it out of the water-comrountain. I like to take it out of the water-company, because they won't let me pay by meter. Made the fountain myself from a plan which a fool of a plumber told me was opposed to every principle of engineering; but it works; you see, in spite of the beggar," concluded the Colonel, triumphantly, as the water shot up with an explosion of the colonel sive sound like a small Niagara, then flew off at a tangent, liberally besprinkling Sir Francis, and at last composed itself into a quirk, quirk, guggle, guggle, guggle, quirk, of the meekest de-

scription.

The two gentlemen began their acquaintance by talking of that excellent fellow their common friend, Major Sinclair, by whose side the Colonel had fought in the Punjab, and whom Sir Francis had met at Brussels, settled for life in one of the white houses on the boulevard, with a wife and half a dozen children, all talking broad Scotch, and arrayed to the teeth in tarfan and Shetland wool. After this absent friend, his excellence of heart, and his various idiosyncrasies had been duly discussed, the Colonel entertained Sir Francis with an anecdote or two from his personal experience, not occupying much more than half an hour, which in the Colonel was brevity, and after the anecdotes Sir Francis's host volunteered to show him the Bungalow.

"It was a square box of a place when I bought it," he said; "a man might as well live in a packing-case; but I flatter myself I've imparted a good deal of character to it. I like a house to reflect the individuality of the owner. To my without saying to himself, Anglo-Indian! old soldier!"

Sir Francis wondered where the hall door might be, and whether the house was only accessible by the meandering paths of the jungle and the

Pompeian court adjoining the kitchen.
"By-the-way, you'll dine with us to-day, of

Sir Francis hesitated; Sibyl would wait dinner

"No, thanks. I should be delighted, but my sister is living with me, and she'll expect me home

"Never mind that. She'll wait half an hour, and then give you up. Or I could send a boy on a pony, if you like. Women never care much about dinner. The wide distance between the mental caracities of the two sexes is firmly established by that one fact: a woman's intellect is incapable of a broad and philosophical comprehension of the dinner question. She is the slave of conventionality, and has no more culinary invention than an Abyssinian. Halloo,



Japson, what are you going to give us for dinner to-day?"

At this appeal, a stout rosy-faced matron looked out of a window bordered with a vine which the Colonel had coaxed to grow in his peristylea matron whose ruddy visage was obscured by a floury dust, as the rising moon by some fleecy

"Lor, Sir, you give the horder yourself this morning.

"True, Japson, but memory is sometimes eacherous. This gentleman is going to dine treacherous. with me-"

"But really-" protested Sir Francis

"My dear Sir, it is a settled thing. The boy goes on the pony with an apologetic message to Miss Clevedon. Now, Japson, be categorical. Imprimis, red mullet stewed in Madeira. 'Yes, Sir.'

"Soup I abjure in summer, Sir Francis, as a sloppy conventionality which distracts a cook's attention from her fish. Potage a la reine thick-ened with pounded almonds is not a bad thing, and good green-pea soup is palatable. I let Jap son make those when she is in a good temper, and can answer for the smoothness of the purée.

After the mullet a prawn curry—eh, Japson?"
"Yes, Sir," answered the cook, grinning.
"Don't forget the grated cocoa-nut. After

the curry?' A stewed fowl."

"In half mourning; that is to say, in a white sauce with truffles. Be liberal with your truffles, Japson; kill the fatted calf for my friend, Sir Francis Clevedon. Any grouse?"

Yes, Sir; the brace you sent in this morning.' "To be sure, prime young birds. I always stroll to the Wells before breakfast, and select my own comestibles, Sir Francis. Those scoundrels the tradesmen know me, and would hang themselves sooner than send me an inferior arti-Be careful of your bread-crumbs, Japson, and you may give us an apricot omelet and a Parmesan soufflé. Now, Sir Francis?"

"If I really am to have the honor of dining with you to-day, Colonel, I may as well send my groom back with the horses and a message for my sister," said Francis, with a very vivid recol-lection of the face under the green umbrella, and a somewhat frivolous desire to improve his ac quaintance with Miss Crusoe.

"By all means. I'll show you my garden, and we'll go round to the stable and hunt up your

The garden was as eccentric as the house, and arranged for the pleasure and accommodation of the animal creation rather than for the diversion of their masters. There was a grotto or cave of rock-work overarching a pool, in which a tame otter flopped about to the infinite delight of the Colonel, who loitered a minute or so to feed the beast with fragments of biscuit from the pocket of his cashmere morning coat. cages of birds, artfully placed among the ornamental timber, with a view to cheating those feathered creatures into the belief that they were the denizens of a primeval forest; there were miniature classic temples, and medieval fortresses, one with a bristling row of wine-bottles, neck outward, to represent cannon, inhabited by various dogs, which sprang out to caress the Colonel as he passed. There was a portable Chinese pagoda, hung with bells, for the occupation of the

Java monkey.

The stables were at the side of the house, and here the Colonel's eccentricity had exhibited itself in the conversion of a hay-loft into a billiard-room, accessible only by an external staircase in the Alpine chalet style. He kept a couple of saddle-horses for himself and his daughter, a pony and a basket-chaise (which he called his palki); and his stable-yard was for the most part occupied by a pheasantry. Here they found the groom looking at the pheasants. His master dispatched him with a message for Miss Clevedon. and this being done, was free to accompany the Colonel over the Bungalow, and to listen to that officer's somewhat prolix histories of various curios and other trophies which adorned the rooms.

Sir Francis was beginning to think they would never arrive at the apartment inhabited by Miss Crusoe, when Colonel Davenant opened an unexpected door in about as inconvenient a corner as a door could be placed, and introduced his guest into the drawing-room, a small low room with a wide window running along one side of it, and opening into a substantially built veranda larger and loftier than the apartment itself, and paved with variously colored tiles. The room proper held only a piano, a few easy-chairs, and a coffee-table or two; but the veranda, or annex, was large enough to accommodate plenty of chairs and ottomans, on one of which a young lady was seated, dressed in white muslin, read-

This was Miss Crusoe, who put down her book and rose to greet her father with a charming smile-a smile which she extended in a modified degree to Sir Francis Clevedon upon his being presented to her. Seeing her for the first time unshadowed by the umbrella, Sir Francis decided that Miss Davenant was even prettier than he had supposed. The bright piquant face, with its gray eyes and dark lashes; the rippling brown hair, brushed loosely back from a broad white forehead, and breaking into mutinous curls here and there; the slim swan-like throat, and the lofty carriage of the head, seemed to him perfectly beautiful. He made a kind of break-neck plunge into some rather commonplace observations about the Bungalow, the Bungalow gardens, and the Bungalow zoological collection, but felt himself less at his ease than usual, and was relieved presently to find himself seated upon an ottoman, making friends with the youthful deer-hound, who was of a gregarious temper, and getting on very tolerably with Miss Davenant.

Georgie, her father called her. What a pretty name, and one that suited her admirably!

and her nead stuck up in a conceited way!"

"No, Sibyl, I didn't say in a conceited way."

"Bother patient Grizzle!" Miss Clevedon exclaimed, contemptuously; "I never had any patience with that ridiculous creature. Of course

thought Sir Francis. She had a somewhat boyish frankness of manner—not harsh, or coarse, or masculine, but certainly boyish: the gracious ease of a well-bred Etonian. She had never been at a boarding-school, or even under the milder sway of a governess at home; she had grown up like one of the flowering plants that took their own way in the Colonel's jungle; masters had come to the Bungalow on certain days to teach her their several arts, and for the rest her father had educated her-or not educated her-as the case might be.

Sir Francis staid to dinner, and staid till eleven o'clock that night, by which hour he and Miss Davenant seemed to have known each other quite a long time. The Colonel told a few longish stories of Indian warfare, gave a slight sketch of Lieutenant-General Davenant's (his father's) career in the Peninsula, which lasted an hour or so, and otherwise beguiled the evening with agreeable converse. Sir Francis was, of course, attentive to those narrations, but he contrived between whiles to find out a good deal about Georgie's tastes and habits: when she rode, where she rode, whether she competed for prizes at local flower shows, or visited the poor, or devoted herself exclusively to the brute creation.

He found that she did a little of every thing except exhibiting any specimens of her horticultural skill at the flower shows.

"I give the prizes sometimes at the cottage flower shows," she said; "but things don't grow in our greenhouse quite as well as they might. Sometimes Tufto scratches them up—you know very well you do, you wicked Tufto!"—shaking her head at the deer-hound—"or Pedro—the monkey, you know-knocks over the pots with his tail. Grant, our gardener, is quite unhappy about it; but the fact is, flowers and animals do

not get on very well together."
"My sister has a passion for flowers, goes in tremendously for ferns and that kind of thing, and has stuffed her poor little head as full of their names as if she was a perambulating botanical dictionary. She has just begun building a fern-house, which is to be all dark green glass, and she means to do wonders in that line. I

hope you and she will be good friends."
"I have no doubt I shall like her very much." "Will you call upon her, or shall she come to

"Just as she pleases. I am not at all particular about forms and ceremonies

"She shall come to-morrow, then, although you are the oldest inhabitant."

"Thanks. I shall be so pleased to see her.

Is she fond of animals?

"I hardly know. I think I ought to answer as the man did who was asked if he could play He didn't know, as he had never tried. Sibyl has not had any opportunity of developing her taste for the brute species. She only finished her education a year or so ago at a convent in Bruges, and since then she has been traveling with me. But I dare say she has a latent taste for dogs and monkeys

"I don't think she can help liking Pedro," Miss Davenant replied, naïvely, with an affectionate glance toward the warmest corner of the little drawing-room, where that luxurious animal, the Java monkey, was coiled up on a sheep-skin

Sir Francis rode homeward by moonlight, very well pleased with the eccentricities of the Bungalow.

"Sinclair was right," he said to himself. "The Colonel is a capital fellow. I wish his stories of the Punjab and the Peninsula were a trifle shorter. But that's a detail. What a lovely face it is! Georgie-Georgie-Georgie Davenant!" The name repeated itself over and over again, in time with the tramp of his horse's hoofs, like an old rhyme.

CHAPTER XXIII. "FOR LIFE, FOR DEATH."

MISS CLEVEDON drove over to the Bungalow on the following afternoon. She was one of those nice easy-tempered girls who are always ready to cultivate any one their brothers may happen to admire; not a girl to place stumbling-blocks across a brother's path to matrimony from any selfish desire to preserve to herself the advantages of his bachelorhood. It was very nice to reign over such a mansion as Clevedon Hall: but Sibyl had no genius for housekeeping, and she felt that as a country squire it

At breakfast Francis was full of his dinner at the Bungalow: the fountain; the cook looking out of the window; all the ins and outs and ups and downs of the house, improved by the Colonel's rchitectural fancies the zoologi the old soldier himself, with his long stories and

bounden duty to take unto himself a wife.

vehement epithets; and finally Miss Davenant.
"Is she pretty?" Sibyl asked, curiously. "I think her remarkably pretty. I don't know whether she has a classical profile, a Grecian nose coming straight down from her forehead, or any thing of that kind; in fact, I rather think her nose has a slight upward tendency; or it may be the way she holds her head—as high as if she were a princess of the blood royal. In short, you see, Sibyl, I can't positively say whether she is regularly beautiful; but if you take into consideration her eves-which are splendid-and her expression and vivacity, and a kind of je ne sais quoi-ishness, you can not fail to admit that she is a lovely girl."

"Good gracious, Francis, what a confused description: splendid eyes, and a turned-up nose, and her head stuck up in a conceited way!"

a man wrote the story-it was like him to do it. just to show what foolish sheep-like beings you would like us to be—and it never was true. Does she dress well?" "Patient Grizzle?"

"No, Sir-this paragon of yours, who isn't pretty, and yet is.

"I really can't venture to express my opinion on such an important question as that. She had a white gown and a green umbrella, and looked

"A white gown and a green umbrella! what an absurd young woman! I don't wonder Mr. Wort turned up his nose at these Davenants."

"Now, there's no use in trying to be disagreeable, Sibyl; it isn't your metter. Miss Davenant is a charming girl, and I'm sure you'll like heres much as much as-

"As much as what, Sir?"

"As much as I do.

"What, Francis, again?"
This "again" had relation to certain passages in Sir Francis's past life. He had not reached his twenty-seventh year without falling in love a few times on the way: he had, indeed, been in and out of love, as a rule, about once in a twelvemonth, and his sister, in whom he had been wont to confide, had no profound faith in the constancy of his fancies. A man who has a fair estate, the world all before him, and no particular occupation, is apt to be rather hard hit by any

pretty face that may flit across his pathway.
"I think you ought to plead, like those grotto boys who besieged our carriage in London the other day, Francis, 'It's only once a year.' Pray is Miss Davenant prettier than Euphrasic Lamont, the Spanish-looking beauty you fell in love with at the convent?"

"What! that little tawny dwarfish thing?"

"Oh, Francis! you raved about her."
"Did I? She was well enough, I dare say, for a little one; but this girl is as tall as-Helen of Trov.

"How do you know that Helen was tall?" "Tennyson says so-

'divinely tall, And most divinely fair.'

Oh, I'm sure of it. Of course Helen was tall; you can't fancy Clytemnestra a little woman they were sisters, you know."
"What a horrid family!"

"Well, yes, they were rather a queer lot, answering to some of our English nobility—a taint in the blood, I suppose. I think I remember that little Lamont girl had fine eyes, but such a duodecimo-ish creature. Lady Clevedon must be tall."

"Lady Clevedon! Has it come to that?"
"It has come to nothing, except—another cup of tea, if you please. You are going to call upon Miss Davenant, and see the zoological collection,

this afternoon. But oughtn't she to call upon me first?

"I don't know any thing about the oughts of the case. But you are going this afternoon-I told her so."

Miss Clevedon submitted with a pretty little grimace, and drove off to the Bungalow directly after luncheon, enjoying not a little the novel splendor of her barouche and two men-servents

The visit was altogether a success. Sibyl admired all the eccentricities of house and garden, and the two girls were delighted with each other. swearing an undying friendship on the spot, as it were. After this call the Colonel and his daughter rode over to the Hall one morning; whereby Sir Francis had the opportunity of seeing Georgiana Davenant in her habit, which became her above any other garment, and also of showing the old house and grounds to his new friends, the inventive Colonel suggesting an alteration in ev-

ery room they entered.
"Invention—construction, perhaps I should say—is my forte, Sir," he said. "If this house were mine, I'd make it the finest in England."
"But it is so already, papa—one of the finest,
I should think," replied Georgie.

"Undoubtedly, my dear; but its capabilities of improvement are enormous. That oriel-window over the hall door, for instance. Very fine, no doubt: but why not have oriel-windows along the whole range of your front, instead of these flat things? Then there's the groined roof in the dining-hall, sombre to the last degree: cut away all that antiquated wood-work, and paint your ceiling blue, picked out with gold stars. Then you have those open colonnades yonder; a mere vaste of space: fill them in with violet-colored plate-glass, and make one a smoking-divan and the other a billiard-room. That's what I call bringing modern enlightenment to bear upon Elizabethan incapacity."
"I think I prefer Elizabethan short-comings

Victorian in "I should hardly care to observed, smiling. change the character of the place."

Prejudice, my good Sir; the English mind all over. Your true-born Englishman will go on enduring any amount of inconvenience rather than infringe a set of arbitrary rules made by some dunder - headed architect. Character, in-deed! Where's the character in my house? Yet I think you'll admit it's comfortable.

"I most freely admit that it is a delightful house," said Sir Francis, with a little stolen glance

at Georgie.

"Of course every body admits that it's comsition I had to encounter from officious as who called themselves my friends while I was the middle of your house,' says one; 'you'll smell your dinner!' And I like to smell my what I'm going to have, and to prepare my mind for it. 'You can't have one bedroom upon one level, and another bedroom upon another level,' remarked an officious idiot. 'Can't I?' said I; remarked an officious idiot.

'I'll show you whether I can or not. If I want my dining-room loftier than my drawing-room, it shall be loftier; and I'll have every one of my bedrooms upon different levels, to spite you. You mustn't have one side of your house higher than another,' said that prince of fools, the builder's foreman; 'for if you do, your chimneys will smoke.' 'Then my chimneys shall smoke, said I; and they do—when the wind's in the west; but I've got a German stove or two to remedy that; and I've had my own way.

After this came many interchanges of civility between Clevedon Hall and the Bungalow. Sir Francis organized drives and excursions to various points of attraction in the picturesque line, in which the Colonel and his daughter consented to join, with pleasant returns in the sunset to the Hall or the Bungalow for a half-past-eight-o'clock dinner. The two girls, Sibyl and Georgie, were sworn friends. English country-house life was new to Miss Clevedon, and Miss Davenant was able to advise and enlighten her upon many questions. She wanted to do some small amount of good among the poor round Cleveden; and Georgie, who with her dogs was a familiar visitor in many humble households about the Wells, and had a wonderful knack for getting on with poor people, volunteered to set her in the way of being

If Sibyl began by protesting against Francis's subjugation, she ended by almost worshiping the girl he admired. There was no such thing as opposition, therefore, to what the keen edge of Sir Francis's passion. The course of this, his latest love, ran on velvet, and little by little the fact came home to him that this last-born passion was something serious. He had been doubtful of himself at first, remembering those former episodes in his life, and how he had more than once seemed to be very far gone. But no, this was the real thing; he had admired a good many pretty women in his time, but mind, heart, and soul had never been held in bondage as they were now by Georgie Davenant. The bright frank face with its innocent young beauty, the proud gen-erous nature which unconsciously revealed itself in trifles, what more need he desire in the woman who was to share and brighten his existence? He watched Sibyl and Georgie's growing affection for each other with delight. His only sister was very dear to him, and it would have distressed him if his choice of a wife had brought about any lessening of the bond between them. It would have seemed a hard thing to him if he had brought a wife home to Clevedon Hall who would have made the place any thing less than a home to his

He looked back upon those by-gone flirtations as so many glorious escapes. What if he had flung himself away matrimonially upon one of those fallen idols, and come home to Clevedon bound by the fetters of an injudicious marriage—come home to behold his "fate" in Georgie Davenant? "She would have been fatal to me, let me meet her when I might," he said to himself. Oh, the anguish of meeting that radiant creature too late!

For a man so completely his own master the process of wooing is apt to go swiftly. There was no ground for hesitation or delay; and before these two young people had known each other a fortnight it might have been tolerably clear to the eye of a competent observer that the admiration was mutual. In their confiden-tial discourse Sibyl now and then ventured on a leading question, and had contrived thus to discover the state of her friend's affections. gie was not engaged-that she admitted without

"I am so glad, dear," cried Sibyl. "But why?" Miss Davenant inquired, blushing

"Oh, I really can scarcely say why. But I am glad. An engaged girl is always so taken up with her lover, and never seems to think of any thing except what she is going to do after she is married; in short, an engaged girl is hardly any good for a friend. And I like you so much, darling, and want to have you all to myself."

Miss Clevedon, whose conventual education and foreign life had given her few opportunities of learning the equestrian art, was glad to ride with Georgie Davenant, who was as peerless in the saddle as Di Vernon, and as good a whip as if she had been a member of the house of Nero. Under this gentle guidance, also, Sibyl learned to drive a pair of rather spirited brown cobs, without feeling in mortal terror and blind uncertainty as to what the cobs might take it into their heads to do. They were very happy together, and the two bright girlish faces grew to be welcome in the pretty cottages round Clevedon, a part of Kent in which the rustic population is lodged with a certain luxury of architecture, dainty Gothic cottages, with a neat half acre of garden nd archard dotting the well-kent high-ro and there.

So things went on their smooth course, as things do go now and then for the favored ones of this world, until one bright October morning, toward the end of the month, when he had known her more than ten weeks—an age of hope and happiness—Sir Francis, beguiling his idle morning with a gallop in Felsted Wood, overtook Miss Davenant, who happened to have ridden that way for her daily airing, on her gray Arab Selim, attended by the most discreet of grooms, a grav mustached old lancer, whom the Colonel had taken from his own regiment.

The syce, as the Colonel insisted on calling him, fell back out of ear-shot as Sir Francis accosted his young mistress; and the lovers rode on side by side, over the fallen fir cones, through the spicy atmosphere, radiant with youth and hope, like Launcelot and Guinevere.

It was the old, old story, told in the frankest, manliest words that ever came straight from the heart of a speaker. They rode out of the pine wood plighted to each other, "for life, for death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Ladies' and Children's Fall Dresses.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS. Suit of réséda cashmere, embroidered with a darker shade of silk, and trimmed with woolen guipure lace and fringe of the color of the embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Street Suit for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old. This suit, with a vest-basque, is of blue poplin, trimmed with bias folds and kilt pleatings of the material. The vest is of a lighter shade than the basque. White straw highly blue velves trimmed with bright hat with blue velvet revers, trimmed with bright

wild flowers.

Fig. 3.—Lady's Evening Dress. Petticoat of maize silk, trimmed with side pleatings of the material. Court train, panier overskirt, and basque-waist of a deeper tint of maize, trimmed with ruffles of the material, and embroidered with silk

Fig. 4.—Lady's Walk-ING Dress. Short skirt and over-skirt of plain bronze silk, trimmed with scallops of the material. Basque of bronze silk of a lighter shade, dotted with the deeper tint, with wide pleated cuffs and Marie Antoinette collar. Blue silk hat, trimmed with bronze ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 5.—Lady's House Dress. Lilac silk dress, trimmed with a deep side pleating graduated in width, and surmounted by a narrower pleated flounce. The skirt is cut very long, and draped on the sides with a sash so as to simulate an overskirt. This sash forms the end of a bow which is set on the right side of the waist. Basque-waist with wide Marie Antoinette collar, opening heart-shaped over a lace chem-

Fig. 6.—LADY'S HOUSE Dress: Basque With Grecian Cape, Open-FRONT OVER-SKIRT, AND FULL - TRAINED SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PAT-TERN). This elegant dress is especially suited for dinners, receptions, etc. The original is of black silk, trimmed with the material and lace. The basque is cut after a new French pattern, and is finished with a stylish Grecian cape, composed of folds on a foundation, which is separate from the basque, and can be put on or off at pleasure. The open-front over-skirt is extremely stylish, and is very gracefully draped. The trained skirt is of the latest shape and length for full dress. The pat-tern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit consists of three articles: Basque with Grecian cape, open-front over-skirt, and full-

trained skirt.

Basque with Grecian Cape.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side form, back, and sleeve. The front is fitted with two darts each side and cross basque seams. It is cut heart-shaped in the neck, and closes to the waist line with hooks and eyes. The back is adjusted to the figure by side forms and middle back seam.

The skirt part of the back The middle seam is left open up to the waist line. The extra fullness on the side seam is laid in a deep box-pleat on the upper side, and the ends are con-

material about three inches deep. The gar-ment is trimmed around the edge with lace three inches wide, headed by a bias fold of the material. The fold is only continued up the front. The neck is corded. The Grecian cape is a very handsome addition to the basque, which can be worn with or without it. Cut the cape the shape of the pattern given, with a seam in the middle of the back. Cut six bias folds two and a half inches deep when folded, and sew on in the lines of holes given in the pat-

seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to take up the darts in front, the cross basque seams, the size and shape of the under of the sleeve, and where to sew the folds on the cape. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 4 yards.

Extra for folds cut on the bias, 11/2 yards.

Lace for trimming, 3½ yards.

Over-Skirt.—This pattern is in three pieces —front, side gore for the back, and back breadth. Cut two pieces each like the pattern given for the

front is closed with hooks and loops under a bow of gross grain. Put the pattern together by the notches. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain is gross grain. The holes show where to baste the like the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is gross grain in the pattern together by the notches. The back of gross grain is grain in the pattern together by the notches. the pattern together by the notches. The back breadth is sewed to the belt with a large boxpleat in the middle, and the remainder and the full breadth are gathered at the top. The side gores at the top are laid in small side pleats, and the front gore is sewed on plain. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three side-pleated ruffles seven inches deep, headed by a bias fold of the material. The ruffles are rounded up to a point in the middle of the front gore, and ornamented with bows of gros grain ribbon and pleated ends.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 12 yards. Extra for ruffles, 9 yards.
Fig. 7.—Lady's Carriage Dress. This el-

came up the street of an evening with that gentleman, "come over and see us. Bring your wife. My wife is in love with her. My compliments to her. Ah! I see her at the window."

Then Mr. Hunnicut took off his hat and bowed with such a friendly grace that Mrs. Terra Cotta, behind her window, was charmed, and wished, as she had done before, "that Charles were a little more like him—more particular about the little matters of life." That was his manner always. He was attentive not so much to people as to the small courtesies of life. He never forgot them. Dozens of ladies could have been found to echo Mrs. Terra Cotta's sentifront and side gore. Cut the back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the egant dress is of bronze poplin, trimmed with ments, and to envy Mrs. Hunnicut. And that boy, who, impelled by

suddenly made far the decided which were the her sewing or to atter quently making a misera nicut glaring about him

cruel sneer.

"Nice welcome! A are!" This was his me are!" This was his gre yard, I should like to wife runs to meet him in the door when he con was Death, or the p Why don't you answer



Fig. 1.-LADY'S HOUSE Dress.

Fig. 2.—STREET SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 4.—LADT'S WALKING DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Fig. 6, Basque with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-Skirt, and Full-trained Skirt, in A

cealed by a bow and pleated ends of gros grain ribbon. The half-flowing sleeve is trimmed around the bottom with a side pleating of the material about three inches deep. The garnothes, turning toward the middle of the front.

The pattern togeth over-skirt has revers at the side, which are faced with side is laid in three side pleats according to the material about three inches deep. The garnothes, turning toward the middle of the front.

The pattern togeth over-skirt has revers at the side, which are faced with silk of the same shade as the trimmings.

Nobody divined that when he had closed his own door and bolted it he took off his show own door and bolted it he took off his show and pleated ends of gros grain grows and pleated ends of grows The side gore and back breadth are gathered and sewed to the belt. The skirt is draped at each seam by two deep pleats on the under side, as the holes denote, placing the first hole on the second. Finish the entire edge up the front to the waist line with lace four inches deep, headed by a bias fold of the material.

Quantity of material, 24 inches wide, 7 yards. Lace for trimming, 6 yards.

TRAINED SKIRT.—This pattern is in five pieces

front, two side gores, and two breadths for the

Basque-waist with rolling collar and revers, faced with silk like that of the skirt revers. Bronze silk hat, trimmed with a bird with bright plumage, and gauze veil.

OGRES' HEADS AND SHOW HEADS.

HUNNICUT was the name on the door, and Hunnicut was the ogre's name — a soft-

head and hung it on the hall rack. That was, in case of company, to pop it on at once, you see. Even our ogres keep pace with the refinement of the day, and would never think of exhibiting a great scowling, brutal ogre's head to the public.

But Mrs. Hunnicut and the children! When they heard him in the hall, "Hush, my dears," whispered Mrs. Hunnicut, and, trembling, pushed certain writing materials into a drawer. The tern, with one fold overlapping the other, and graduate in width to the front. The under side of the top of the cape is faced with silk, and the neck is completed by an edging of lace. The lavid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patchildren stopped their games and planted them-selves on chairs: for the evening before, finding

could not help stealing ther, although he key "Will you refuse to 🛤 ing him from one side pertinent, unmannerly sized with a twist and self to bed at once, Si Now if Mrs. Terra (in the white breathles

worked himself! "Lord bless us!" (
with the dinner, as she child, still lying when him; but Mrs. Hanni silent, and, silent herse place at the table. Mr. Hennicut was al

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perless to bed. ne amidst dead r chairs, as if Hunnicut unbe absorbed in ile, and conse-of both; Hundful eyes and a

ate family you Is this a grave-Terra Cotta's children dance in might think when I come. body? What to the elder

joints. He ate greedily and fiercely, and till he had finished no one presumed to touch a mouthful. Sometimes it was his humor to provide nothing for them but bread. There had been had on above it, and went to spend the evening days when they had not even that. The Hunnicut family were always hungry, in short. The children eyed their father with greedy, longing looks. The boy, creeping slowly up to bed, who had no dinner the day before, thought with real anguish of his lost meal. Even Mrs. Hunnicut could have eaten her dinner with relish, but she promised beginning the state of ised herself to slip away with her plate by-andby to the wretched little urchin up stairs. Did Hunnicut suspect her design? Once or twice he looked at her with a glance that made her quail, and he left the door between drawing and dining rooms ajar. Mrs. Hunnicut sat a while listening. She could hear him cough and rattle

Then he put on his show head, clapped his hat on above it, and went to spend the evening with Mrs. Terra Cotta. And Mrs. Terra Cotta thought him a more delightful man than ever, and wondered why he should ever have chosen a wife who was always in the dismals.

But Mrs. Hunnicut. She was used to be eaten

alive, you may say, every day, she and her chil-dren; and she had lived with infinite difficulty, helped out by her secret resource, which he had just discovered. But this last threat, in which, as she well knew, he was quite in earnest, took standing ground from under her feet. were strange to her eyes, but now they flowed fast, for she was in despair. She could neither save herself from this new misery nor bear it.

ished at you. You must not speak in that way! But she rose as if to go for all that, and looked about her in an undecided way. Bridget needed no second hint. She ran to get the boy out of his bed and into his clothes. She brought the girl's bonnet, and pinned Mrs. Hunnicut's shawl about her. Before she could quite realize what she was doing, Mrs. Hunnicut found herself, chil-

dren in hand, running away from the ogre's castle.

Mrs. Gilliewigs had promised herself a pleasant evening, for Mr. Gilliewigs was away for the night—an unsentimental admission, but never-theless an undeniable fact; and when Mrs. Hunnicut rushed in, woe-begone, with her shivering children, Mrs. Gilliewigs, with her work-table near the open fire, was just telling herself that

she had not been so cozy in a year.
"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Gilliewigs, somewhat

"Gilliewigs! so kind! so polite! so obliging to me! so tender of you!"
"Just so; that is what I always thought of

you. Many is the time I have envied you Mr. Hunnicut, my dear. Only Gilliewigs is not your warring ogre, you understand. He neither strikes nor chokes me, and he allows me enough to eat; but he wears the ogre's head for all that. If I have a plan or a pleasure, or even a pet thought, I have grown too wise to mention it to him, for he'll destroy it. He is one per-petual sneer. My family or any person I may like is a fool or a hypocrite, and he has told me so long that I am homely and disagreeable that I have grown so—in my own eyes, at any rate. He plays kill-joy and scarecrow at every turn, and when he is away I can feel nothing but a sense of exquisite relief. Ah, my dear,

there are more women than we suppose in the same plight. There is Arabella. I am quite sure she is married to an

ogre."
"Arabella!" Wretched as she was, Mrs. Hun-nicut sat up in her chair with a strong show of in-terest. "Why, she is one of the happiest of

women."
"So were you and I,
my dear, in each other's eyes; but for some time I have seen that she was very unhappy; and when I questioned her one day she brought me this copy of a letter. 'Here,' said she, 'is a letter taken from an old, old gazette. Human nature is much the same in all ages, and Lucy Nameless's sor-rows, of which she wrote in 1729, are much the same with mine in 1870. Read it, Mrs. Gilliewigs, and never question me again.' And now listen to the letter:

again.' And now listen to the letter:

"'To the Busybody:
"'Srr.—The dear person I am going to complain of I did once think would have defended me against the world. The man who is now my husband and master was once my admirer and humble servant; and I do think, Sir, I was then pretty handsome, and am yet what another would call so, though my unquiet life has made me much thinner and paler. But that man, my lover, would passionately declare I was a beanty and an angel. Indeed, Sir, I was never so vain as to think I was really so; but these continued caresses and loving words made me think I was such to him. But ah! the difference between a wife and a maiden courted! I think, Sir, it is just as great as the difference between a wife and a maiden courted! I think, Sir, it is but by fits now that I have a kind look or a good word, and when my dear one seems most constant he tells me I am a homely dowdy. Pray, Mr. Censor, help me to advise him and all such. Is it reasonable that a young woman should only be handsome and happy before marriage? And pray tell me if my husband looks out for a handsomer woman, may I not look out for a first was read the sir van a light of the property of the property and a party sir you a handsomer woman, may I not look out for a handsomer woman? But Sir you my husband looks out for a handsomer woman, may I not look out for an honester man? But, Sir, you see the contradiction of this, for no other man can be honest and concern himself with me in the stead of my husband. There is but one who may love and cherish me, and that one neglects and abuses me.

"Luov Nameless."

Mrs. Gilliewigs's voice faltered a little toward the close. For Mrs. Hun-nicut, she was in tears.

"Oh! what shall we do? What can women like us do? What shall I do? I can not go back to Mr. Hunnicut!" exclaimed the poor woman. But Mrs. Gilliewigs was not so easily discouredy already.
"Mr. Wiseman lives

next door. We will ask him what to do."

So they went to find Mr. Wiseman, and stated

ried or astonished, but listened with the air of one who hears great cry about little wool.

"A very common case," he said—"too common; but the remedy is simple and easy. You must go to court. The law will protect you. That is precisely what laws and governments are made for—to protect the weak and redress the innocent."

And then, I must say, Mrs. Hunnicut and Mrs. Gilliewigs looked at each other somewhat ashamed; for what could be plainer, and why had they never thought of it before?

Of course they started at once for court, where the Lord High Fiddlestick was dispensing jus-tice, and there they learned two things that Mr. Wiseman had forgotten to mention: first, that justice costs a great deal of time; and next, a



FALL DRESSES

Fig. 5.-LADY'S HOUSE Fig. 6.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS: BASQUE WITH GRECIAN CAPE, OPEN-FRONT OVER-SKIRT, AND FULL-TRAINED SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). DRESS. en Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

toward his fa-er of so doing.

—seizing him.

the newspaper occasionally. Her step was light and her slippers were thin, but then her nerves were unstrung. The plate jarred in her tremer of so doing.

bling hand against the balusters, and-he was

"So, madam, this is the way in which you meddle with my discipline." In an instant he had pounced on her, and dashed the plate to the other end of the hall. "But, sly as you are, you will never outwit me: I know all that goes on in this house—all, madam, even to the writing that you do on the sly, when you ought to be attending to my house and my affairs. Fine feasts you have in my absence, you and your children, on your money. How happy I should be to possess a genius for a wife! Indeed, I con-

Bridget came up to clear away the plates, and found Mrs. Hunnicut crying. A warm-hearted soul was Bridget, and long ago had made common cause with her mistress

"Arrah now," cried Bridget, "and what do I always be telling ye? Take yer children and run for it! Ye'll come to it sooner or later. Sure and I remember when ye come here first, the purtiest little rose-bud of a thing; and now see how thin ye are wore with the misery and the fretting. Why don't you go now to your cousin, Mrs. Gilliewigs? Take the childer and go! Divil's the word I'll tell him, the ould ogre, niver fear that!"

Now Bridget had urged her like this many times before, and Mrs. Hunnicut had always angratulate you on your success, and I defer to it. swered, "Hush, Bridget! I am surprised at you, to buy small I shall no longer venture to cater for the family. Bridget." And so she said again, "I am aston-

disconcerted. "What brought you here at this | their case. Mr. Wiseman was not at all flur-

Fig. 7.-LADY'S CARRIAGE

DRESS.

hour?"

"Hunger, cold, blows, abuse, despair," answered Mrs. Hunnicut, sinking into a chair.

"Oh, Margery, give these children something to eat," and then she told her story.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilliewigs again.

"Oh, goodness! gracious! Did you ever!" These ejaculations were uttered between short journeys to the store closet and frantic short journeys to the store closet and frantic dives about the room. "Dear me! how glad I am that Mr. Gilliewigs is away!"

"Glad!" echoed Mrs. Hunnicut, in surprise.

Mrs. Gilliewigs looked on all sides of her, and put her mouth close to Mrs. Hunnicut's ear.
"My dear," said she, "I am really afraid to

say it. I never told any one before, but Mr. Gilliewigs is an ogre too."

had thrown to her to be n in her usual

gain?"—throw-er—"lazy, im-

h word empha Now get your.

have seen him

which he had

et, coming up

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great deal of money. In fact, there are a great many distressed dames who can never avail themselves of the law, which is so ready to protect them, for this reason. And how Mrs. Hunni-cut managed it is a mystery, but she did contrive not actually to starve with her children; and at last her case was called in court, and Mrs. Hunnicut told her story. The Lord High Fiddlestick

"Where are your proofs, madam?" he asked, in a tremendous voice.
"Proofs?" echoed Mrs. Hunnicut, somewhat

frightened. Yes, proofs. Who saw him beat you? Who saw him abuse the children? Who heard him call you names? Who can testify that you were really half starved besides this servant-maid, whom you have probably hired to tell a certain story?'

-why-nobody, my lord," stammered

Mrs. Hunnicut.

You mean to say that when a man does such things he does them in secret? You would like to have us believe that when a man abuses his wife he does not ring a bell or sound a gong to call in the neighbors? Very suspicious! For my part, I will not believe in crimes of which there are no proofs. 'Murder always will out, in my opinion. And pray how did it happen madam, that you did not rush out at once and

acquaint your neighbors?"

"For the children's sake I wished to keep it quiet," said Mrs. Hunnicut. "And a woman does not care to expose her husband, if he is an ogre."

"Wrong again," retorted the Lord High Fidestick. "Where a woman really is wronged dlestick. the first thing she does is to publish the fact. And really it is astonishing how many injured wives there are, and how nobody ever sees or hears any of the dreadful things done to them. Now, madam, here are some of Mr. Hunnicut's acquaintances. Let us see if they consider him

an ogre."
Then Mrs. Terra Cotta made her appearance, and declared that so far from being an ogre, she considered Mr. Hunnicut the most amia ble man she knew. He was very fond of his wife. He often praised her, and he spoke to her very kindly. His wife came much nearer the character. She was always sour, and would character. She was always sour, and would neither talk nor visit, and when Mr. Hunnicut tried to joke with her, she would look down as if angry. And that he should abuse his children was monstrous! They should see how he danced her children on his knee, and the presents he brought them!

Mr. and Mrs. Jasmine confirmed Mrs. Terra Cotta's statements. Ogres have a peculiar cast of countenance, quite different from Mr. Hunnicut. They had always considered him the best of fathers and husbands, and never heard of any trouble in the family, though they had wondered that so pleasant a man should have such a gloomy and unsociable wife.

Mrs. Amaranth came next, and she declared that she had never heard of any trouble in the Hunnicut family till one morning Mr. Hunnicut rushed wildly into her house, saying that his wife had taken his children and deserted him. That he exhibited every sign of anguish; that she pitied him with all her heart; and for the accusation that he had ever abused his children, that

was simply ridiculous.

Then the Lord High Fiddlestick got upon his legs again, and assured the court that the case them was only an example of the crying evil of the day. It was growing the fashion for wives to consider themselves injured. The story of a princess, deceived and then barbarously treated by an ogre, was the favorite romance. If a man out of six hundred dollars income refused his wife a one-hundred-dollar silk dress. she complained of inhuman treatment. If a woman wished to dance all night and her tired husband preferred to stay at home, that was cruelty. If a husband complained that the roast was over done while his wife was writing poor poetry, that was barbarous cruelty. Women were the natural and legal inferiors of men, yet there was an evil spirit of rebellion among them, which found this cry of the ogre's head very convenient, and men must look to it and sternly put it down. For his part, he thought the laws should be remodeled on Cotton Mather's plan. If the person accused of witchcraft swam, she was guilty, and should be taken out and burned. If she sank, she was innocent. So, if she was a good wife and a true woman, she would keep silent and die. If she tried to save herself, she was neither a good wife nor a true woman. His lordship also recommended that the causes of this rebellious spirit should be well considered. They might, he said, be briefly summed in two words, "isms" and "Isms" was a contagious disease, of which weak-brained people were always in danger, and especially violent in certain localities, such as the town of June Rose Ville, where, he understood, Mrs. Hunnicut was born; and the mania for trowsers was all but universal, and the real motive of conduct like Mrs. Hunnicut's. Wherefore, his lordship proceeded, he should consider only the feelings of a bereaved father, and assign him his children, of whom he had been so cruelly robbed, and dismiss Mrs. Hunnicut's plea as not proven.

"Oh, how glad I am that I have said nothing!" thought Mrs. Gilliewigs, who had cherished

secret thoughts of presenting her own case.

Mrs. Terra Cotta, Mrs. Jasmine, and Mrs. Amaranth passed Mrs. Hunnicut with haughty and averted looks to congratulate Mr. Hunnicut, weeping over his children

Mrs. Hunnicut said nothing. The blow aimed at "isms" and trowsers had been too much for her, and she had fainted.

And if any body thinks this a dismal, exaggerated story about an impossible ogre's head, upon my word and honor. I know Mr. and Mrs. Hunniout, Mrs. Gilliewigs, and Arabella, and it is every word of it true.

CORN-FLOWERS.

How many years ago, my love, how many years ago Since you, a merry-hearted girl, Of rustic maids the very pearl, And I, a lad just fresh from town, With cheeks as pale as yours were brown, Roamed where the harvest crowned the land To view the reapers' sturdy band, While maidens from their sickles keen Snatched the bright flowers the corn between?

How many years ago, dear love, how many years ago Since—work forgotten for a while— Rucouraged by your greeting smile, I made it holiday to lie And read your looks, half kind, half shy, And watch beneath some elm-tree's shade The russet ears that bent and swayed, Until we heard on south breeze borne The sylvan rustling of the corn?

In some such hour as those, my love, in some such

hour as those, The while we culled the bind-weed fair and crimson poppy for your hair,
Or with the trailing vetches bound
A rural zone your trim waist round,
I think that ere my lips confessed
Their secret it was nearly guessed,
As, bolder grown, I asked from thine
The little word that made you mine.

In that long-vanished hour, my love, that hour so

long ago, As hand in hand we homeward went, As hand in hand we nomeward went,
Yet lingered oft in our content
To listen to a gleaner's song,
Or help a weary child along,
Or watch the moon when all was still
Come glimmering o'er the stubbled hill,
It may be we were foolish, yet
I ne'er have wished we had not met!

For all our vanished years since then, the long years

of the past, Though they have sadly checkered been. Have had their glints of joy between. However scant all else might prove, We've kept our patience and our love; Ne'er found ourselves of aught bereft But counted up how much was left; Or if despair came hovering near Looked up, and looking ceased to fear.

And though these vanished years, my love, these years that fleet so fast,

Have stolen from your face its youth,

They have not touched its modest truth. smile-perchance more rarely seen-Thy smile—perchance more rarely seen. Is sweet as it hath ever been,
And all the sorrows of our life
Have found you still the faithful wife.
Ah! love, indeed I little knew
How much I won in winning you.

And in the hours to come, my love, the hours that

yet may come,
We, standing on the eternal vergeYet singing no funereal dirgo—
Will still be glad that life goes on For others, though our goal be won; That harvest, with its golden grain, Has blessed the teeming soil again, And in these sunny autumn hours Gives us once more both corn and flowers!

LOVE IN A "DOLLY VARDEN."

T BOUGHT the calico myself. So, you see there couldn't have been any possible about it. Nine yards, the regular Dolly Var-den pattern—so the shop-girl told me, at all events: great islands of pink and blue morningglories, surrounded by rippling waves of green vines, and a humming-bird the size of life tangled up in each vine!

Isn't it rather-rather large?" said I, du-

biously.
"Dear me, no, Sir!" said the shop-girl, looking at me as if I had been a South Sea Islander, ignorant of all the ways of civilized life. "It's small, for the fashion.

"It would make pretty curtains," said I, satirically.

"Dolly Vardens always come in large pat-terns, Sir," said the girl; "and I'm quite sure the young lady don't want any old-fashioned

Nine vards of French calico at forty cents a yard—and a good deal of trouble I and the pret-ty shop-girl had in making change out of a fivedollar bill. I remember it all just as distinctly as if it were yesterday; and particularly good reason I have to remember it, as you will per-ceive when you have read this full and frank statement of

tatement of affairs.

I bought the Dolly Varden, and sent it out to Cedar Glen by express, and Milly wrote back a letter full of ecstatics and exclamation points, containing the distinct assertion that "there nev er was such a love of a pattern," and also the fact that she had it "made up exquisitely," and that I was "the darlingest duck of a brother that ever lived!"

"Be sure and come up next week," wrote Milly. "I am sure you must want change, and little Joe has got the dearest pearl of a tiny tooth, and the trout baked in wine here are simply superlative, and there is a recipe for lobstersalad dressing that Harold says Delmonico can't excel. 'The house is full of nice people, and I fully expect you to fall in love with Ariel Au brey, a Southern beauty and heiress, who is here with the St. Johns. And furthermore, Harold wants me to tell you that the fishing is glorious streams as dark and cold as Styx, plenty of shade, and no mosquitoes. And if you could bring me up a piece and a half of blue velvet ribbon just the shade of the blue morning-glory in the sample I inclose—the Bazar says it is the thing for the flounce of a Dolly Varden. But don't trouble yourself unless it comes right in your wav.

"Comes right in my way," indeed! Did Milly suppose pieces of blue velvet ribbon walked up Wall Street, or thrust themselves into omnibus windows? I murmured a gentle blessing on the unreasonableness of womankind, and contrived to lose the "sample" out of my pocketbook. Wouldn't you have done the same yourself?

"But I'll run up to the Glen," I soliloquized. "Cedar shadows, and whistling blackbirds, and cool trout streams gurgling their brown waters over mossy rocks sound delicious this tropical And I really would like to see Miss weather. Aubrey, although it is too hot to get up any thing but a languid flirtation until the ther-mometer falls below ninety."

So when Saturday afternoon came round—with the steeple of old Trinity in a scintillating haze of heat, and the very pine-apples and bananas in Fulton Market seeming to wilt and shrink under a sunshine hotter than their own equatorial clime-I put a clean shirt, an extra duster. and my silver-incrusted dressing-case into a valise, and just caught the Hudson River train as it steamed out of the Grand Central abomination.

Every body was on board: old Jones and his three daughters going to West Point, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Featherbrain en route for the Catskills, and Miller and his wife and plump twins going to a farm where "cheap board" was advertised, and where they blindly hoped to find 'all the comforts of a home," as per prospectus. Every body's baby was crying—and when one considered the weather, one could hardly find the heart to blame the poor little pink-nosed mites. have always contended that it would be a good thing for government to board all the babies in an ice-house during the heated terms; but one or two mothers to whom I have incidentally men-tioned the idea looked upon me as a milder edi-tion of King Herod. I know I'd like it myself if I was a baby.

What has all this got to do with the Dolly

Varden? Wait and see. I am coming to it as fast as the Hudson River express train will take me.

Wasn't it grand when we alighted at the Ce dar Glen station, a lonely little Gothic watchtower among the woods, with purple mists hanging over the distant hills, and the noise of a hidden cascade somewhere near by, making one fell cool in spite of the state of the thermometer! Wasn't it glorious to feel the close velvety turf under our feet, and to breathe in the hay-scented oxygen that freighted the atmosphere like wine! I could have tossed my hat in the air and huzzaed like a school-boy for very lightness of heart as I stood there on the platform in the pink glow of the sunset, with the train thundering away through a deep gorge of rocks, and myself, so to speak, isolated from Wall Street and thrice-heated stone pavements for three

days at least.

There was the usual crowd round the station: huge lumbering stage - coach with "Glen House" painted in staring yellow letters on the panels of the door, and three airy little buggies and wagonettes, with satin-skinned horses champing their foam-flecked bits, and silver-plated harness flashing back the level evening sunshine; girls in floating muslins and white Swiss hats, and young men in linen suits and Panamas; young matrons with broods of children swarm ing about them, and ladies of a certain age, who had evidently come down because they had nothing else to do.

I looked carelessly around, as I lighted my ci-

gar, with the eye of one who views the world from a totally sesthetic point of view, but the next instant my gaze was arrested by-a Dolly Varden.

The identical Dolly Varden! I would have known it among acres of dry-goods, miles of calico, with its blue and pink morning-glories, and the impossible humming-birds among the great green leaves. And there it was, the centre of a group of much-bepaniered white and pink and azure muslins, with an Alpine parasol over its head, and a many-frilled buff foulard skirt below, looped up to give the slender feet and ankles more play for walking.

(You see I haven't been shopping for nothing, for I don't believe the most accomplished fashion editress in Christendom could "put in" the above technical terms in neater style.)

"It's Milly," quoth I, to my own personality"Milly herself. She's contrived to miss me "Milly herself. She's contrived to miss me; and now for a lark!"

Stopping only to ignite the cigar and give it a good blue-wreathed start, I strode forward, and moving as noiselessly as if the soft grass under my feet was of velvet, was at the side of the Dolly Varden in an instant, with my arms round its morning-gloried, humming-birded waist.

cried I, in stentorian accents, lifting the slight figure off its feet as one would lift a child, and rubbing my mustache, according to the most approved fashion of brotherly greeting, across a pair of rose-leaf lips.

There was a slight scream—a struggle—the Dolly Varden slid out of my clasp, crying out:
"What is the meaning of this insult, Sir? How dare you?"

And then, to my ineffable, unspeakable, indescribable dismay, I perceived that the treacher-ous blossoms of the Dolly Varden had led me into a fearful blunder. For it wasn't Milly, after all!

Not Milly, nor any thing in Milly's semblance, but a beautiful shady-eyed girl of seventeen or thereabouts, with chestnut brown hair brushed away from a forehead as smooth and white as a calla lily leaf, lips like scarlet sea-coral, and a throat as slender and stately as Diana's own!

"How dare you, Sir?" reiterated this indignant nymph, the shady eyes sparkling, the cheeks dyed rose red. "Is this the conduct of a gen-

"I—I beg your pardon," I stammered, feeling as if my blood was turned to fire, and as if my nerves were pins and needles, "I didn't my nerves were pins and needles, "I didn't mean—that is, I thought it was my sister! It's all the Dolly Varden, upon my word and honor!"

"He's crazy, dear!" whispered one of her companions, in a distinctly audible sotto voce. 'Let's call somebody! Let's run away! Where's Milly? Where's the station-master? It must be an escaped lunatic! Oh dear! oh dear! where can the keeper have gotten to? We must keep close together, Ariel, because—"

"Ariel!" This, then, was the fair Southern heiress in whose eyes my too sanguine sister had expected me to shine! The name was not so common as to be readily duplicated. A pretty beginning this!

Ladies!" I cried, deprecatingly, "in the name of Dolly Varden, will you listen to me?"
"There!" gasped the last speaker; "I told

you he was crazy! Oh, do let's run!"
"Ladies," I began, a second time, grasping my
valise as if it were a shield; but my intended oration was cut short by my sister Milly's plump arms around my neck.

"It's Joe!" she cried. "And I not here to meet you! I told them how it would be, when they insisted on going around by the way of the enchanted well!"

Instead of returning my sister's greeting, I held her off at arms-length, greatly to her aston-ishment, and surveyed her with deliberate gaze.

Yes, there they were. Blue and pink morning-glories-the leaves of green, and the humming-birds peeping out here and there and every

"I knew it!" said I, composedly. "Didn't I say it was all the Dolly Varden's fault?"

Miss Aubrey colored and smiled, and began to look a degree or so less mortally offended You mistook me for Mrs. Harper?" she hes-

itated. "Almost a fatal mistake!" I said, folding my arms and trying to look penitential. "But, considering Dolly Varden and all the circumstances, might I pray for forgiveness?"

And then and there I went down on one knee, and then and there was first introduced to Miss

Ariel Aubrey, and then forgiven by her. "For the sake of Dolly Varden!" she said, laughing.

"But who on earth was to suppose that two ladies would go and put on gowns exactly alike?"

I demanded, in my turn beginning to assume an aggrieved air.

"Dolly Vardens!" corrected my sister. "Well,

it is rather a singular coincidence, and yet, when one comes to think of it, it is the most natural thing in the world."

And she twisted herself around to look at her preposterous pattern of a dress with the utmost

"Feminine logic!" said I. "Miss Aubrey, if you'll accept of my arm up the hill, I'll promse not to hug you again-without your permission.

"It wasn't me, you know," said Miss Au-

And now here comes the point of the whole thing-a question which I want the female world at large to decide for me: Is it proper, or allowable, or de riqueur, or whatever else you call it, to be married in a Dolly Varden? Because I think it is the sweetest, prettiest, most delicious garment in the world-and Ariel says, Nonsense!

For how should we ever have come to this stage of wedding-rings and cake-boxes if it hadn't been for my sister's Dolly Varden?

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

"THIS is too horrible! It is impossible! I don't, I won't, I can't believe it!" This was Mrs. Hunter's exclamation on recovering her consciousness. Holding the letter tight in her fingers, she stood up and motioned the quaint little lady away with her eau-de-Cologne and sal volat-'It is all a base trick invented by some enemy of M. De Ballisac's, some spiteful old woman, jealous of my Philly's happiness; but I shall sift it to the bottom; I shall not be satisfied with despising the dastardly intrigue—I shall punish the intrigante." She said the last word with a look and an emphasis that were unmistakable. quaint old lady felt the point and the sting, but she did not resent them; she did not fly into a passion, or say one harsh word to the angry mother who had snubbed her; she was too kindhearted for that, too good a woman to think of herself at all in the face of such a crisis as that which had burst over this fellow-creature, who was so much to be pitied—all the more so, thought the Frenchwoman, because she has herself to blame. How, indeed, could any mother in her right mind dream of giving her rich elderly daughter to a penniless adventurer whom she met in a pension? She did not know that the fact of meeting him in a pension was not such exhaustive evidence of the baron's being both penniless and an adventurer to Mrs. Hunter as it would have been to any French mother in her position, supposing that a French mother with marriageable daughters could by any impossible conjuncture of circumstances have been lured into a boarding-house in Paris. It never for one moment crossed her innocent brain that Mrs. Hunter had taken the baron for what he represented himself on his own showing alone and that of his patron, Madame De Rusenville. She had, of course, gone aux renseignements, taken up his character, inquired in the authorized underhand way, through trades-people and servants and concièrges, etc., all particulars concerning the fas-cinating baron's principles, habits, and mode of life, past and present; what families he was intimate with, whether he paid his debts regularly, what kind of debts they were, etc.—in fact, all that it behooves a parent to find out



about a prétendant or a coachman before engaging them. She took for granted that Mrs. Hunter had neglected none of these inevitable preliminaries, but that, in spite of her conscientious investigations, she had been deceived. By whom, or in whose pay, she could not see. That, however, was not her concern. She pitied the victim, and was sincerely glad to be the means of rescuing her in time from the wicked and disgraceful trap that some unknown designing hands had set for her. The letter ran as follows:

as follows:
...."You spoke to me about a certain Baron de Ballisac who boards in the same house with you, and is going to marry an American heires. I have quite accidentally become acquainted with the fact that the man—who, by-the-way, has no title—has a wife al-ready. His real name is Demalery; and his wife, who goes by that name, lives in the Rue Rivoli, No. 96, as the stroist-ima. They have been separated for some years, he having run through all his money and as much of hers as he could lay hands on. She is about on a par with her estimable husband so far as respectability is concerned, but she has had the upper hand of him in worldly wisdom, and managed to get rid of him before he left her on the paré. You can verify all these facts by applying to the prifecture de police. Apparently the heiress's friends have neglected that simple precaution, which would have saved them all the trouble they have, no doubt, taken to find out the gentleman's character and antecedents through a less direct medium. I hope I am not too late with my information to spoil this scoundrel's game. I remain, chère madame," etc.

Was it any wonder that Mrs. Hunter fainted on reading this epistle, or that her first and irresistible impulse should have been to decry the whole thing as a false and wicked invention? When she had in some degree calmed down, and was fit to be talked to, the quaint old lady proceeded to catechise her as to what she knew of the Baron de Ballisac, and how she heard it; and if she did not straightway faint with astonishment on learning that she knew nothing whatbeyond what he and Madame de Rusenville had chosen to tell, it was only because her tem-perament was so constituted that she was not capable of fainting. The letter was read a second time, and then Mrs. Hunter caught at the

'It is written differently," she said, "but it is the same name as that of a lady whom he introduced to Philly and me as a most particular friend of his. How very singular! She must be a connection of the wife's, and in league, of course, with him to catch my poor child in this abominable trap.

"How does she spell her name?" inquired the French lady.

"With a small d, and in two words—de Malery. But she is a person of noble family," observed Mrs. Hunter, with impenetrable simplicity, "so they can not be related, now I think of it." This was almost too much for both the gravity

and the patience of her companion.

"Why, surely, madame, you must see that the whole thing is a comedy from beginning to end," she said, bluntly. "The woman probably is as much entitled to put the de to her name as the "The woman probably is as man is to dub himself a baron. Nobody in the house ever believed in his title; at least no French person did, and it is a standing joke among us to see how foreigners bite at it, and how immediately you all take to him when Madame Paulette, who believes in him as much as I do, calls out at table, 'Que pensez-vous, monsieur le baron? Renseignez-nous, monsieur le baron; in the grande monde, how is so and so considered, monsieur le baron l'etc. It was monsieur le baron par ci, monsieur le baron par là, till we sometimes hardly knew how to keep our faces serious; while you Americans and English list-ened reverentially and held your breath to hear the baron's answer, as if he were an oracle whose opinion was entitled to the most unqualified respect. But this is such a common trick in our country—giving titles to people who have no right to them, especially in places like this, where strangers come—that we took no heed of it beyond laughing at your simplicity in swallowing the bait. It did nobody any harm, and Madame Paulette declared it was an immense advantage to the house—that it enabled her to say she had men of rank who frequented her table, and artists, and so forth, and we had no motive for being disagreeable and discovering our incredulity; but this time it has gone farther than was justifiable," she added, seriously.

"Justifiable!" shrieked Mrs. Hunter; "justi-

fiable! Is that the way you put it, madame? And to think of you, an honest woman, looking on at such an infamous abuse of confidence, and not warning me and my daughters! You ought surely at least to have put us on our guard not to admit such an unprincipled fellow as this baron into our intimacy. But no; you let me and my daughters receive him, and go out with him, and accept his protection through Paris, and you never held up your finger in womanly warning

"Permittez, madame," said the Frenchwoman, quietly; "I tried to do so, but you would not allow me. I did my best, when you first came, to become friendly with you, but you in the most emphatic manner shut the door in my face: I had no right to force myself upon you, though if I had known or suspected what I know this morning, I should have done so in spite of every rebuff. But even as regarded the makebelieve baronship I had nothing to say beyond surmise: no one knew for certain that the man was an impostor, though every body believed it -it is so easy to know true from false in one's own. Of course with strangers it is different; but I could not go to you with no guarantee except instinct and French knowledge of Frenchmen, and say, This man is an impostor; you must have nothing to say to him. And if I had, you would most likely not have believed me."

Mrs. Hunter felt the full force of this explanation, and remembered how she had been persuaded by Madame de Rusenville to snub the advances of the timid old lady, much to her

She recalled the excuse her devoted friend had alleged as a reason for warning her off from the poverty-stricken pensionnaire. It flashed across her now that this might have been a lie, like the rest.

"Tell me one thing, madame," she said, impulsively, and looking the other straight in the face with her honest American eyes: "are you in debt to Madame de Rusenville?

The old lady colored and drew herself up, not haughtily, but with a mild dignity that made Mrs. Hunter sink into the heels of her Louis XV. boots, and blush to the roots of her hair.

"I am poor," replied the Frenchwoman, "but I thank God I am neither needy nor dis-I owe nothing to any one, and Madame de Rusenville is certainly the last person in the world whom I should be likely to owe any thing to. Did she tell you I was in her debt?"
"She did," said Mrs. Hunter.

Her companion smiled. "She has borrowed money of me—money that I could ill afford to spare," continued the French lady; "but I gave on her solemn promise to repay me within three months. That is six months age, and I have not seen it yet. It is hard that she should add to this the injustice of taking away my good name. I am utterly bewildered. What can her motive have been?"

The motive was now plain enough to Mrs Hunter. Suddenly the mists cleared away from her unsophisticated mind, and she saw the whole web of the conspiracy as distinctly as if it were drawn out on a map. The idea of the marriage between this baron and Ophelia was a scheme planned by the two from the starting. It was necessary for its success to keep away all persons that might awake suspicion in the minds of the victims, or influence them unfavorably toward M. De Ballisac. This honest old lady was evidently not to be trusted as an accomplice; so the only thing was to keep her aloof, and prejudice Mrs. Hunter against her. This she ceeded in doing, as we have seen, though it always caused an uncomfortable feeling in Mrs. Hunter's mind when she remembered how ungraciously she had silenced the meek overtures of the poor woman. But now what was to be She did not entertain the shadow of done? a doubt but that the contents of the letter were true, but she did not expect the same ready credulity from Ophelia. The foolish maiden was quite infatuated about her baron, and was sure to make a desperate stand for him. Mrs. Hunter recoiled from the direct source and mode of inquiry suggested by the letter. The preof inquiry suggested by the letter. The pre-fect of police! it was like hunting out a thief or a swindler. "Well," said the old lady, "and what else was this man?" True; what else?

There was a knock at the door. It was Ophelia, come to look for her mother, and report the pleasant result of the morning's expedition. Mrs. Hunter handed her the letter. Ophelia did not faint. She read it twice over carefully, and then she said, very quietly, "Mother, I believe it to be a mistake. Let us send for M. De Ballisac, and hear what is at the bottom of it." She was very white, but very calm. The quaint old lady felt her heart go out in pity for the American lady, but she made no scene. "Let American lady, but she made no scene. "Let us send for M. De Ballisac," repeated Ophelia. And he was sent for.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS IN OLDEN TIMES.

I N all the short-lived splendors of which the old chroniclers tell so much women had but little part, whether as the wearers or the makers. The first milliners were bearded men. It was a tailor, not a mantua-maker in the modern sense word, who brought home Katharina's new gown to the house of Petruchio. Nor did the comparatively simple and becoming attire of the ladies of feudal times change by any means so often from the decorous grace of its original type as that of their more fickle lords. There is less difference, sartorially speaking, between Queen Eleanor and Margaret of Anjou, between Berengaria and Isabel of France, than between the men of their respective times. They never made themselves sublimely ridiculous, as masculine vanity so constantly urged the fops of the period to do. Until we reach the bristling ruffs and steeple hats of Elizabeth's reign there is nothing-unless it be the fantastic contrast of colors brought in by Henry the Sixth's imperious consort-to provoke a smile, from the days of the Confessor to those of the Defender of the Faith.

But the men of those centuries were arrayed as superbly as so many bright-winged butterflies, flashing with rainbow tints and powdered with gold. In every household of any pretension to rank, even in those of the poorer gentry who groaned over the fashioner's charges and haggled smartly with the chapman who sold the wares, a large alice of the family income was devoted to clothing its head. And not merely vanity and ostentation, but the gregarious instinct which we share with sheep, pushed medieval mankind into a practical compliance with fashions which were directly injurious to health The warm clothing, and in particular the weighty hoods, worn in Edward the Third's reign were excellent allies to the deadly epidemics of the time, and may even have whetted the scythe of that Black Death that mowed among our forefathers as among thick grass, and that swept away half the population of Europe. The extravagant tightness of the French hose and doublet worn under Louis the Eleventh-and of which Charles the Bold's towering effigy, as he stands in stone, larger than in life, beside the famous chimney-piece of the Bruges Town-hall, is the best example—was succeeded by the ludicrous bulk of the bombasted garments of Francis of France and bluff Harry of England. hose and Flanders coats, stuffed out with hair

and wool, with bran or straw, according to the liberality of the customer, was what tailordom had then to offer to a discerning public; and soon afterward the stiff Elizabethan ruff, excruciatingly starched, and with its bristling points as sharp as the spiked leaves of a holly hedge, began to incase the much-enduring necks of both sexes. Then to the brocaded doublets and short hose of the originals of the Vandyck portraits there succeeded the lace falls, the kneeflapped coats, fathomless waistcoats, and majestic periwigs of that Augustan age of which the Cæsar held his revels at Whitehall, and spent in a month of easy-going, careless, almost joyless prodigality the yearly income which England and the French king subscribed for Charles the

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"CAN you give me a list of those routes on Which an accident has recently occurred?" inquired a friend the other night, after the usual dish of disasters, as set forth by the evening pa-

per, had been discussed.

We thought it would be a long one, but would

We thought it would be a long one, but would make the attempt. "Why do you want it?"
"Because," he replied, "I must travel about the country a good deal this fall, and I should like to select those routes on which there has been an accident. You see, they will be careful for a little while where there has been some dreadful disaster, and I may escape with my life."

life."

If there is a grain of truth in this grim remark, the inference is plain. There is no need to dwell upon the calamities which have spread mourning and anguish through the country, and whose details are familiar to our readers. But when we remember it is generally admitted that steamboat and railroad accidents are usually caused by carelessness, and that their fatality to life is greatly increased by lack of proper precautions and of life-saving appliances, there comes an earnest longing for the time when transportation companies shall be under the strictest legal supervision—when such a tragedy as that of a supervision—when such a tragedy as that of a hundred and fifty human beings struggling help-lessly in the angry waters of Long Island Sound shall be almost an impossibility.

Among the painful incidents connected with Among the paintul incidents connected with the loss of the ill-fated Metts is the triple be-reavement of a Mrs. Martin. With her husband and two little children she was on her way to Manchester, New Hampshire. Both father and Manchester, New Hampshire. Both father and mother were provided with life-preservers when the steamer sank, and each took a child and plunged into the sea. When Mrs. Martin, in an insensible condition, was rescued from the water by the Moccasia, the infant of eight weeks which by the Moccasia, the infant of eight weeks which she had in her arms before leaving the sinking vessel was gone. Her first inquiry on recovering her senses was for husband and children, and almost the first dead face she saw on the deck was that of her husband. No words can describe the agonizing grief which overwhelmed her on learning that she was a childless widow. Mrs. Martin is a Scotchwoman by birth, though she has spent most of her life in this country, and she is only twenty-four years old.

Is New York at last to be supplied with pure milk? It is said that there is to be, the latter part of this month, a grand mass convention at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, at which the milk-producing farmers will consider the practicability of supplying this city with pure milk.

Clementine-Alberta-Marie-Leopoldine is the overwhelming name which the King of the Belgians has bestowed upon his infant daughter.

There is a nice literary contention going on in sundry institutions of learning. When it is all settled by the professors it will be soon enough for common people to decide whether they will say "Kickero" or "Sisero." Just at present there is a division of opinion, old-fash-ioned students rebelling against "Kickero."

The Pacific Mail steamship America, which was destroyed by fire in the harbor of Yokohama on the night of August 24, was considered a splendid specimen of naval architecture. At the time of her department for March 1988, which is the state of the state splendid specimen of naval architecture. At the time of her departure from New York it was supposed that her security and provision against fire were unusually good, there being an independent boiler and apparatus to flood each deck and send a volume of steam into the hold when necessary. It was then estimated that this could be accomplished in one minute and a half, with seven to ten streams. Besides these mechanical arrangements there were independent steam fire and bilge pumps in goodly number and of large capacity.

The old Russian at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, about whom the newspapers have been talking, is a veritable fact. Whether he really lives on sea-weed, and imbibes two or three gallons of sea-water daily, as is stated, we can not aver; but that he bathes several times a day is certain. He seems to have several times a day is certain. He seems to have no friendly companion; but alone, and careless of all observers, every few hours he takes his swift barefooted walk over the sandy beach to some solitary spot where he can have the ocean to himself. It is rumored that he rubs himself dry with the white sand of the beach which may account for him self. the beach, which may account for his peculiarly red skin.

The Signal Office is making new arrangements, whereby the form and appearance of the clouds may be noted with correctness and facility. By means of a convex mirror the colors and shades are traced on a plane of glass placed above the

A Michigan town has changed its name from "Bake Mills" to "Gobleville." To be sure, there is no accounting for tastes!

"The Old Curiosity Shop," the latest issue of the "Household Edition" of Dickens's works (Harper & Brothers), is illustrated by an American artist not unknown to the readers of Harper's Weekly and Bazar—Thomas Worth. The sketches are spirited and suggestive, and indicate a careful study of the manaers and customs of the time in which the story is laid. The pic-

tures of the interior of the old curiosity shop, of the party at Miss Sophy Wackles's, the grave-yard scene where little Nell mends the clothes yard scene where little Nell mends the clothes of Punch and Judy, Quilp's unexpected return to interrupt Sampson Brass in the composition of the descriptive advertisement, and the drowning of Quilp, we consider particularly good. The volumes of this edition previously issued—"Oliver Twist' and "Martin Chuzzlewit"—are illustrated by English artists.

During the summer vacation of the public During the summer vacation of the public schools in New York city the school-houses—over one hundred in number—have been thoroughly repaired and altered for reoccupation by the 85,000 pupils. The vacation has this year been nearly seven weeks in length—an extension which it is believed will prove salutary to both applies and teachers. both pupils and teachers.

Two new theatres are now in progress of erection in Milan—the Donizetti and the Commedia. When these are completed there will be fourteen theatres in that city.

A Berlin paper informs us that a Boston clergyman, having been tried by the Superior Court for a heinous crime, received as punishment therefor fifty lashes on the bare back, and was branded on the forehead with a hot iron by the "executioner of Boston!" We never know what happens near us until we get information from a distance. from a distance!

A singular escape was that of a lady and gentleman who, with their two children, went on board the Metis on that fatal night of its loss. The lady, seeing the threatening aspect of the weather, and fearing a gale, declined to proceed, and although her husband tried to laugh away her fears, she remained firm and the party reher fears, she remained firm, and the party re-turned to their home, allowing their baggage, which was on board, to go forward, and which was, of course, lost.

Hartford ladies have instituted a novel enterconsideration and instituted a novel enterprise, which is worthy the consideration of their Christian sisters in other places. They have opened a day nursery for the children of working-women who are obliged to go out by the day. Children are received at half past six in the morning and kept until seven at night, and five cents a day pays for the care bestowed and the meals supplied.

One life-preserven is often a serviceable appendage, if a person must battle with the waves of the ocean; two, however, are not an increased protection, in general; and the man who, when the Metis was sinking, tied two life-preservers about his hips, and hung his traveling-bag over his neck, all over a full suit of clothes, was accord in suits of himself saved in spite of himself.

The steamer Beaville, burned on its passage to Aspinwall, was built in Brooklyn in 1860. During the civil war she was bought by the Navy Department, took part in the memorable capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, and throughout the war did excellent service. She was refitted for the passenger and freight business in 1867, and then chartered from her original owners by the I acific Mail Steamship Company.

We see it stated that medical writers caution people against eating peaches in any form at evening. It is asserted that they depress the people against eating peaches in any form at evening. It is asserted that they depress the circulation and exhaust the system by the prussic acid which they contain. If eaten in the morning, or at an early dinner, some exercise may follow to aid their proper digestion. Exactly to what extent this statement is true we do not know, only it is a well-established fact that fruit of all kinds is more wholesome in the morning than at night; and the peach is one of the most delicious of all fruits.

Somebody mentions a new way to save and

delicious of all fruits.

Somebody mentions a new way to serve up peaches. Take good-sized free-stone peaches, wipe and halve them, and place them flat side down in a little hot butter or lard. Let them fry to a nice brown, then turn and fill the seed-cup with sugar, which, by the time the fruit is properly coated, will be melted, and form with the juice of the peach a rich sirup. Serve up hot. Most persons think the dish a superb one.

Lady Lovelace, Byron's daughter, on one occasion paid a visit to Newstead Abbey. The gentleman who invited her there took her into the great library. While there he read aloud to her one of the finest passages from Byron's poems, when she admiringly asked who was the author. The gentleman stared at her, and said, "There is the portrait of the author," pointing to a portrait of Byron. He read yet more of Byron's poetry to her. Lady Lovelace was mute with astonishment as new revelations burst upon her. "Do you think this is affectation," she said at last, "when I tell you I have been brought up in complete ignorance of all that regards my father?" From that moment a passionate enthusiasm for every thing which recalled the memory of Byron took possession of her. While at Newstead Abbey she used to shut herself up for long hours in the apartments he had self up for long hours in the apartments he had lived in, and which still retained much of the furniture which had belonged to him.

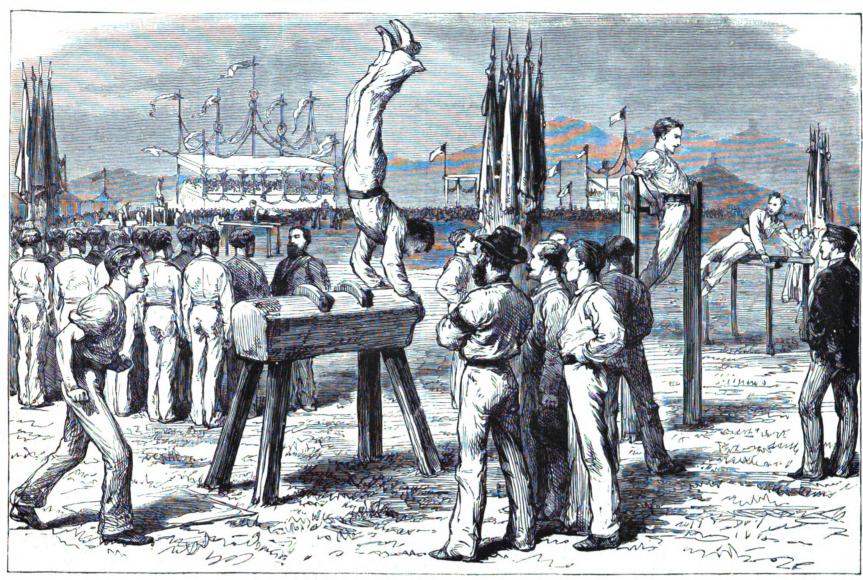
Small birds in England do not appear to be-lieve in the eight-hour system. Some curious statistics concerning them have been recently laid before the English Parliament in a plea for a law to protect them from being snared and shot. The thrush is said to work from 2.30 in the morning until 9.30 in the evening, or nine-teen hours. During this time he feeds his young 266 times. Blackbirds work seventeen hours. The male feeds the young forty-four times, and the female fifty-five times per day. The industrious titmouse manages to spread 417 meals a day before its voracious offspring. Nat-uralists have taken great pains to ascertain these facts, and many similar ones. Small birds in England do not appear to be-

Life-preservers are worse than useless, unless Lie-preservers are worse than useless, unless they are securely fastened close up under the arms. If they slip down to the middle or lower part of the body, they will cause the head to fall under the water, and produce instant death by drowning. Many of the passengers of the *Metis* who were drowned had life-preservers, but they were often found to have slipped down to the hips or even to be tangled shout the lower hips, or even to be tangled about the lower

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GYMNASTIC FESTIVAL AT BONN, GERMANY.

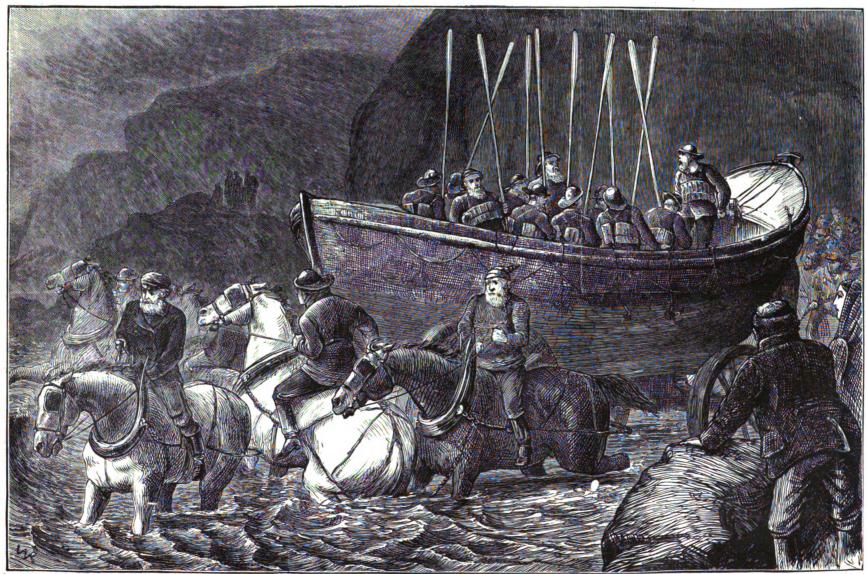
GYMNASTIC FESTIVAL AT BONN.

IN Germany the gymnasium is a national institution. There is scarcely a town of any importance throughout the length and breadth of Vaterland that has not its Turn-Verein, or gymnastic society, and the name of Jahn, the originator of these clubs, is honored and reverenced as that of a social reformer and patriot. There can be little doubt that the constant and habitual practice of gymnastics in that country has done as much to increase the military efficiency of the German soldiers as the Kriegs

Spiel contests have to improve the tactical skill of their officers. The gymnastic festivals, or congresses, as they are sometimes called, are held every three years, but the Franco-German war prevented the holding of the last at its proper date, so that it is now six years since Germany has witnessed such an assembly as that which gathered at Bonn a week or two ago. From every district of Rhineland came detachments of sturdy athletes, light, sinewy, and active, full of strength and courage—thoroughly trained men, whose course of instruction had given them a wonderful knowledge of how best to apply and to economize the physical powers

which constant practice had so marvelously developed: 4000 of these noble fellows marched in procession through the streets of Bonn, each party being headed by its distinguishing banner, and receiving quite an ovation from the inhabitants; then tramping up the hill-side to the music of the bands, they planted their colors at equal distances round the display ground, and proceeded to the business of the day. First came the mass exercise, 4000 right hands raised on high and swung round in unison, 4000 heads swayed to and fro as though by machinery; all the intricate motions of manual drill are gone through, and ever and anon the 4000 voices are

raised in melodious chorus, the sweet sounds and graceful movements fitting each other in the most charming manner. Then the men break off, and squads are formed for practice at each kind of apparatus. Horizontal and parallel bars, ropes, ladders, poles, jumping stands, vaulting horses, weights, dumb-bells and bars, Indian clubs, and other conceivable kinds of gymnastic appliances are brought into use, and the feats of skill, strength, and daring performed would astonish many persons whose sole notion of gymnastics is derived from the showy, and in many cases fool-hardy, exploits of acrobats. The featival was kept up for several days, and the majority of



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.-[SEE PAGE 646.]



the visitors camped out during the time. weather was decidedly bad; but that did not prevent the gathering of crowds of spectators on each day that the evolutions were gone through. An address was delivered on the ground at the opening of the festival by Herr Georgii, and the proceedings were appropriately closed by an evening meeting in the Beethoven Hall, where Dr. Hermann Bleibtren delivered an oration.

LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT. See illustration on page 645.

"EIGHT hundred and eighty-two lives saved in twelve months," records the last report of the English National Life-boat Institution, which now maintains a fleet of 233 serviceable boats on the coast of Great Britain, at a yearly cost of more than £21,000. These statistics prove the great utility of these admirable craft in England, and should serve to stimulate their multiplication in our own waters, where they might be the means of saving so many lives. Some particulars concerning the English organization can not fail to be of interest to our read-

The crew of an English life-boat generally consists of thirteen men, ten at the oar, one bowman, and the cockswain and his assistant. Of these only the two latter have a regular salary, the others receiving a reward for each time of going out, viz., £1 by night and 10s. by day, besides a small sum for practices. The men, when wanted, are called together by two cannon shots by night and a flag by day, and a reward is given to any one who may bring news of a wreck to the station. The boat is always kept ready for use on her carriage, and when needed is drawn down to the sea by a strong team of horses, turned round, filled with her complement of men, backed into the water, and at the word of the cockswain, who watches for a favorable moment, run sharply, bow foremost, into the surf, the men pulling even before the boat is fairly off the carriage. The scene depicted in our engraving, however, is far calmer, not to say less dangerous, than the one we have described.

It is the launch of a new life-boat, which recently took place at the little Welsh harbor of Porthcawl, Glamorganshire. The boat, built of Hon-duras mahogany, had been presented to the institution by Miss Grove in memory of a deceased brother, and was launched from the sands with considerable ceremony, in the presence of a large crowd of towns-people. After a short prayer from the Rev. J. Knight, and a few words from Captain Ward, the inspector of the institution, the donor broke a bottle across the prow, and the little vessel, fully manned and equipped, was launched into the sea, where, in an experimental trial, she most satisfactorily acquitted herself both under sail and with the oars.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C. G.—We can add nothing here to the advice given in the "Ugly Girl" papers. It is our private opin-ion that some freckles are ineradicable. If yours are of this kind, your best course is to make your conversation so agreeable that your friends will forget to look

E. S. B.—A Life of James Gordon Bennett, by Isaac C. Pray, was published some fifteen years ago. We are not aware of the existence of any other memoir.

Mrs. E. A. S.—We do not answer inquiries by mail,

and can give no opinion of the comparative merits of various systems of dress cutting.

Mrs. T. G. B.—An edredon is the eider-down covering so much used in Germany, and which we can tes-tify from personal experience is the most delicious coverlet imaginable, making ordinary quilts and blank-ets seem like relics of barbarism. It is at once liter-ally "as light as a feather" and "as warm as toast," with the additional advantage that you can graduate its warmth to suit your liking by enveloping yourself more or less closely in its downy recesses. We think that they can be obtained at ordinary feather stores,

at a cost of from sixty to a hundred dollars.

L. E. C.—For description of Josephine knot see
Answers to Correspondents in Bazar No. 87, Vol. V.— Photographs of Mr. George William Curtis are in the market, and can be readily obtained.

Mrs. E. S.—For infants' knitted socks and sacques

See Bazer No. 9, Vol. IV., and No. 26, Vol. V. We shall probably publish other designs shortly.

Mrs. C. A. M.—You will find the latest information

about fall dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. at and 88. Some flounces of a darker shade of wine-colored silk will make your dress in the height of the fashion. Swiss muslin is the only inexpensive fabric

HATTIE.—Make your black alpaca by the loose poharrie.—make your olack supace by the loose po-lonaise pattern sent you. Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V., for minute directions. For your purple poplin a kilt-pleated skirt with apron and basque will be stylish. Trim with velvet bands of a darker shade, and ruffles of the poplin bound with

H. K. D.—We can not reply to letters by mail, and we can not give you the addresses of picture-galleries in this column.

A. W. C.—The Dolman, the plain talma, the mantelet, and the sacque with cape will all be made up in cashmere for the fall and winter. Double capes are handsomest for tall ladies, while stout figures, or very small ladies, look best in the single talms or the man tle with long fronts.

LILLY.—The softer your ribbons are, the more stylish. Do not attempt to stiffen them, though a little borax will have that effect.

-A large bow worn on top of the head, or in front of the cap or bonnet, is called an Alsacian bow. Black enameled and diamond rings are worn in mourning. Bustles will remain in fashion; also basques.—A school-girl should not notice a bow from

Mrs. M. A. T.—Make a basque and kilt-pleated skirt of your silk by description in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 87, Vol. V. Three back breadths in wide Pagar NO. 51, Vol. V. Three back breadths in wide kilt pleats, two side gores, and one front gore will make a graceful skirt. Have a deep kilt pleating across the bottom of the gored breadths, headed by gathered ruffles bound and headed with velvet.

E. W.—See descriptions of fall suits in Bazar No. 37 Vol. V. Combine your garnet and brown dresses, and make kilt pleating and a loose polonaise for your alpaca. High-crowned narrow-brimmed round hats of black straw and velvet will be worn. Arrange your hair in a Pompadour-rolled front with a single chatelaine. The standing English collar with a single cnate-in front, and twilled silk neck-ties of the palest shade possible, are the fashion at present for ladies. Shirt-waists will continue in fashion for fall dresses. Kiltpleated waists will also be worn to match the kilt

KITTY CLOVER.—Put bands of dark gray or brown velvet above the flounces of your gray poplin. You need not alter the dress.

need not after the dress. Sohool-Girl.—A girl of fifteen should wear dress skirts reaching to her ankles. Her hair should be

braided in a single thick hanging braid.

Lucus W.—Make your polonaise by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and trim with black velvet bands and fringe. The pattern will be sent you from this office for 25 cents. The Irish poplin should have a basque, apron, and demitrain skirt with kilt-pleated back made by the description given in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. V.

KATE.—No congratulations are offered in church. Parents hasten home after the ceremony, and congratulate the newly married on their arrival at home.—
Make your Paris muslin with four deep flounces on the back breadths; edge each flounce with two nar-row side pleatings. Cover the front breadth to the knee with side pleatings. Put lengthwise bows down the front side seam to conceal where the flounces stop. Then add a rounded apron, and make the corsage a basque, with heart-shaped neck and antique

SAILOR.—The curled-brim sailor hat is imported in velvet. It is to be worn far back on the head, like a

bonnet, and is sometimes supplied with strings.
Gray Hair.—Get passementerie and fringe to trim your gray silk, as you do not like ruffles. Put these on the basque and over-skirt, and leave the lower skirt plain. Velvet bows up the front instead of buttons. Wear a sky blue or rose neck-tie, or else fine laces with pink coral jewelry, in order to have the necessary touch of color. A peacock blue wing will enliven the round hat. Simply border the black silk basque and sleeves with lace and jet passementerie. The white Swiss dress would be more suitable than the black and white

CULPRIT FAT.-Braid your back hair in a single plait of three tresses, and arrange as a chatelaine.

Pass a ribbon around your head, and tie in an Alsacian

bow on top to hide where the chatelaine is fastened.

STONE CAMEO.—Get finely embroidered bands and sleeves for your set of linen lingerie. You can buy these as beautifully needle-worked as the outside collars and cuffs are. Cluny lace is not used for trimming, and, indeed, fine needle-work is now preferred

ming, and, indeed, the needle-work is now preserved to any lace, as it is more substantial.

Green.—Make your bride-maid dress by description of a ball dress given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 88, Vol. V.—In "Burke's Peerage" you will find

No. 88, Vol. V.—In "BURKE'S regrage" you will infull information concerning the genuine coats of arms recognized in English heraldry.

JANE L.—Get navy blue cloth for your little girl's fall sacque, and trim with a bias band of black silk an inch wide, piped on the upper edge with a tiny fold of white waring. white merino.

MOUBRING.—A Dolman, or else a double cape of soft lustreless twilled cloth, will be the best wrap for a lady in mourning. Trim it with bias bands of gross grain and fringe, or else with fur. Scal-skin sacques are often worn in mourning, but many ladies object to them en account of their red tints. Black marten is the fur most suitable for mourning.

Full Dress.—The newest dresses for evening parties are made without over-skirts, or at most with merely an apron front. You will find descriptions of kilt-pleated back breadths and flounced skirts in New York Fashions of *Baxar* Nos. 37 and 38. Get very pale tinted rose or salmon-colored silk, and trim with pleatings and ruffles of the same according to those descriptions. Your skirt should not be a long train. Demi-trains are far more stylish. The sash should be watered ribbon of the same shade or slee bles related watered ribbon of the same shade, or else bias velvet of a darker shade. Do not tie it in an ordinary bow, but in perpendicular loops, and let it hang on the left

M. E. B.—The articles to "Ugly Girls" published in late numbers of the Basar will tell you how to improve your complexion, etc.

A.B. C.—Velvet and lavender with black and white

will be suitable for you this winter. Black silk hand-somely trimmed with jet will also be appropriate.— Your visiting-cards should not have a black edge.— Brown twilled cloth made as a sacque or a walking coat will suit your boy of two years.

Mrs. M. D. H.—Thick white lamb's-wool cloth made

in a sacque and bound with velvet, or else a walking coat and cape of merino warmly wadded, is the wrap you want for your child.

DETECT GREENHOEN.—The letters "P. P. C." on a visiting-card indicate a parting visit. They are the initials of the French words pour prendre congé, or to

X. X.—A polonaise made by Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., is the best model for your brocaded silk. Wear with a black silk skirt.

Mrs. L. S. F.-Boys' cloth suits are bound with black silk braid.

JUDIE.-Instead of a merino get a cashmere suit. and let it be one of the new bronze shades. Make with a polonaise and single skirt. The black silk should be a richly trimmed skirt, apron front and basque, and should be worn with a black velvet Dolman. Make the black beaver mohalr by full directions given in Bazar No. 84, Vol. V. A black velvet bonnet, with blue and green wing and ostrich tips, will be appropriate with all these dresses.

GOVERNESS.-If you are married, and a foreigner, have Madame on your visiting-cards; if you are single and of American or English birth, Miss is certainly your appropriate title.

Mrs. F. E. W.—Make your long black slik by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V. For the cashmere use the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. You will find all the information we can give you about fall dresses in the New York Parkers Victor 2012 to 2012 the Parkers York Fashions of late numbers of the Bazar. Dress skirts elaborately trimmed, especially up the back breadths, will be very fashionable.

-Plain Brussels net is more stylish for yeils than dotted net. Three-cornered veils worn with a deep point in front are most popular. Spanish blonde lace two or three inches wide is the border.

HELENA.—A pink silk basque with white Hernani eleeves would be stylish with your ruffled skirt of those two fabrica.

Ir an article is to be judged by its popularity or success, the Wilson Sewing Machine is certainly ahead of all competitors, as all the other companies' increase combined does not reach one-half of 4100 per cent. We would advise our readers to call and see a machine that can achieve such wonders, at the office of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co. Sold complete for \$50, and warranted for five years. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES. -- Mrs. RIKA LEVY New York, has supported herself and family for fourteen years with Wheeler & Wilson's Lock-Stitch Machine, without any repairs, and the machine is still in good order. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE. SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK, is unsurpassed in the treatment of Lung, Frinale, and Chronic Diseases. Turkish, Russian, Electro-Thermal, and Shiphur-Air Baths, Hydropathy, Vacuum Treatment, Movement Cure, Calisthenics, &c. Send for Circulars, indorsed by Bishop Janes, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., and Tayler Lewis, LL.D.—[Cons.]

COLGATE & Co. recommend their CASHMERE BOUGUET SOAP for general tollet use, because of its intrinsic worth. Its materials are pure, its fragrance pervad-ing, its beauty unexcelled by any other tollet soap yet offered to the public.—[Com.]



Copying Wheel.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION,
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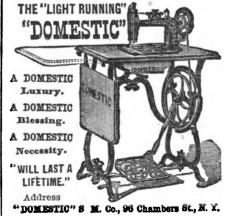
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"Oh yes, dear ma; but just now we're playing at very Low Church indeed!" Two wee lassies, aged five

Some women are angry when you tell them you love them. Others are an-grier when you don't.

THE LENGTH OF PARTING.

—An old lady halled a passing omnibus, which pulled up at her call. "Good-by, then, my dear," said she to a female friend who had accompanied her. "I'll write and tell you how I got on directly I've got there. You've got my address, haven't you? No! Why, I thought I gave it to you. It's in this bag, I suppose, under my pocket-handkerchief and my keys and my packet of sand-wiches. Oh, I'll come to it directly. I'd better give it to you now, else when I write I may forget to send it. That's not it, is it? No, that's not it, is it? No, that's not it, is it? No, that's the prescription. Thero—there you are! And you won't forget to write? If you see Mrs. Brown, isn't she? And to think she should be married to such a brute! But that's the way of the world all over. It's just like my poor dear dead sister Maria; she was as meek as a lamb—never did a bad thing or said a bad word of any body that ever I heard of.—Drat that busman's impudence, if he hasn't driven on-again! Now I shall have to wait for the next." She did.

A HEARTY KNIGHT-Sir Loin.

A Poerrive Knight-Cer-tain.

A Suspicious Knight-Sur-mise.

A COWARDLY KNIGHT-Sur-render

A FATAL WEAPON.—It is reported from Paris—so says a contemporary—that the once-dreaded mitrallense is to be abolished in France. We are in a position to add that the barrel-organ of the London Savoyard will be substituted, as quite as fatal and much more annoying to the enemy.

An acrobat is said to have run up a butcher's bill, after several unsuccessful attempts.

Her own Way.—A little three-year-old boy, in attempting to console his mother, who was watching by the death-bed of his little sister, said: "Don't cry, mamma. If Nellie wants to die, let her die. It 'll be so nice for her to have her own way just once!"

Two American Sovereigns-Smo-king and jo-king.

THE VESTURES OF THE SEY.—A young lady said she should so like to go up in a balloon. She wished very much to get above the clouds and look down. It must be so pretty. She had heard that even the darkest cloud had a allver lining.

When is a house like a bird ?-When it has wings.

A literary gentleman, a believer in spiritualism, said that he was himself the subject of spiritual influence, under which he always wrote his articles, thus being, in the work of authorship, a medium. "That," remarked a pleasant friend, "may account for your mediocrity."



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THE PARROT, THE PANIER, THE POPLAR.

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And to think that the dress of a lass Should owe its design to an ass! Yet those who with Grecian bends toddle, And don't think such nonsense is odd, 'll, Of course, take an ass for a model!

You will even find girls who enjoy A fashion derived from a toy— The trees in those German-made boxes Of sheep, or of geese, or of foxes, Or other such "herdses" and "flockses!"

And these fashions go only to fill
The milliner's bill—or her till—
And this, too, when people announce
Coal and meat at a shilling an ounce—
How much can we spare for a flounce?

A TRIFLE FROM THE Scientific Association.—What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting-stars?—The one are suns, the other darters.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

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"An upright judge and a downright jury"—and, if possible, a straightforward counsel.

May the cheerful heart never want a bottle to give himself.

SOMETHING LIKE A REFLIGERATOR.—Apropos of the excessively hot weather we had recently, an editor mildly wished for "a hundred-and-sixty-acre lot in Spitzbergen frigidity, and an ice-gemmed grotto in the basement story of the aurora borealis."

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

We are told that nothing succeeds like success; and we may therefore, we think, venture, without fear of contradiction, to assume that these new works, whenever they are published, will be as successful as those which they succeed:

"Fettered at First:" a story written as a prelude to "Linked at Last."

"To-Morrows with Artists:" to be published as a companion work to "Yesterdays with Authors."

"The Worth of Water-Lilies:" a novel written as a sequel to "The Valley of Poppies."

"Iron Locks and Brazen Handles:" a domestic tale of thrilling interest, to follow "Golden Keys."

"Rich Master Sparrow:" a new sensation story, but not written by the author of "Poor Miss Finch."

"The Big Toe of Destiny:" a tale of Eastern travel, published as a companion to "The Finger of Fate."

"Sings in the Salad:" a domestic story, adapted for the readers of "Poppies in the Corn."

To find out the number of children in a street, beat a base drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

"Oh, do go along," said the young lady when a love-sick swain asked what scent she preferred. (Eau-de-Cologne, perhaps?—Printer's Imp.)

SOME NEW STUDIES FOR ARTISTS.

A tradesman—defying competition.
A broker—working under the market rate.
School-boys—bandying words.
A witness—charging his memory.
Railway passenger—tied to time.
Man in the moon—washing his hands of bribery.

We have lately had many sauces advertised, but the one which just now engrosses the most attention is the source of the Nile—in fact, it is the chef sauce.

"You talk of your troubles," said the oyster to the fisherman, "but your case doesn't begin to be as hard as mine."

A lawyer on leaving his office told his clerk to say, if any one called, that he was engaged in a case. As he had simply gone to his dinner, it must have been a "casus belli."

MADAM JONES'S PAT-

MADAM JONES'S PATENT BUSTLE.

Madam Jones, late of Paris, Kentucky, begs leave to present to the fashionable female community her Patent Inflated Bustle, a secret and valuable invention. The advantages inherent in the Inflated Bustle are such as will cause it to supersede all the varieties now in use. It is composed of India rubber, inflated with ras, and can be refilled by hitching it to an ordinary burner. Rendered thus buoyant, its desirable qualities are at once apparent.

It can be inflated to any desired extent, and so is adaptable to all tastes. For the matronly dame of three hundred pounds it can be enlarged to the size of an ordinary balloon; and for ladies of miniature proportions it can be reduced at will.

For buoyancy it is all ENT BUSTLE.

will.

will.

For buoyancy it is all that could be desired. It never flattens like newspapers, sprawls like springs, or spills its contents like the sawdust-stuffed ones, but floats gracefully in the air, giving the wearer the airy lightness of a bounding gazelle.

and consequently higher heals may be worn with comfort.

Should the wearer desire to reduce the size of her panier—upon going, for example, from the ball-room to the street or carriage—she has only to open the valve and allow a portion of the gas to escape; to enlarge it she can resort to the nearest gas-burner.

Caution.—Madam Jones, while warranting the Patent Inflated Bustle as perfectly safe in experienced hands, begs to add a few cautionary remarks. Wearers should be exceedingly particular not to walk with gentlemen who are smoking, or otherwise expose themselves to fire. Explosions have occurred by which large amounts of dress goods, besides several women, have been ruined. Care should also be taken to properly proportion the size of the bustle to the weight of the wearer. Instances of fatal results have followed carelessness in this respect. One very thin lady, upon inflating her bustle too much, suddenly shot skyward like a rocket, and is very likely now up asnong the stars, and still going higher. Another gushing creature, in the friskiness of her girlish nature, carelessly jumped up and down. She was horrified to find she couldn't stop, but went higher at every rebound. At present she comes down about once a week, and expects to clear the moon at the next jump.

With these few cautionary remarks, the Patent Inflated Bustle is respectfully submitted to the public.

MADAM JONES.

Pawnbrokers sometimes prefer customers without any redeeming qualities.

There are said to be still about 2,000,000 cannibals in the world. There is some consolation in that, for if they were to turn their attention to civilized meat, the price would go up even higher, and that privation be doubly felt about which there is so great an outcry at present.



SOME PEOPLE NEVER CAN MAKE UP THEIR MINDS-ESPECIALLY ABOUT DOING A THING THEY DON'T LIKE. PRACTICAL WIFE. "Well, John. Here we are at last, you see-Children, Baggage, and all! Now which is it to be-Long Branch, Niagara, or Newport?"



THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY. ETHEL (who disapproves of a minimum of jam to a maximum of bread.) dare say the Queen and her Courtiers eat a whole pot of Jam every day, Harry!"



Vol. V.—No. 40.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. \$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

General Directions for Knitting and Crocheting, etc.

In order to facilitate the manufacture of the knitted and crocheted garments contained in this number, patterns are given of almost all the articles made in this manner. Before begin ning the knitting or crochet-work cut the pattern for the garment of net, and sew together the pieces according to the corresponding figures. The edge at which each part should be commenced is specially mentioned in the description of each article. manner of widening and narrowing see as follows:
Tunisian or Afghan Crochet Stitch (Victoria Stitch)

AND VARIETIES.—Crocheted articles are for the most part worked in the common Tunisian or Afghan stitch, or some variety thereof. All Tunisian stitches are worked in pattern rows, each of which counts two rounds—one round going forward, in which the stitches are taken up, and one round going backward, in which the stitches are cast off. The widening and narrowing in crocheting in the Tunisian stitch take place in the middle of the work or on the outer edge. When the widening is to be done in the middle of the work, take up each extra stitch from a horizontal slip stitch between two vertical veins in the first round of a pattern row. If the narrowing is to be done in the middle of the work, work off two or three stitches together as one stitch in the second round of the pattern row, and in the following round take up one stitch only from these two or three veins. When only a few stitches are to be narrowed or widened on the outer edge, it is done in a similar manner. If a large number of stitches is to be widened on the outer edge, make a foundation of the requisite length on the left side of the work. From these foundation stitches take up the requisite number of stitches for the widening in the first round of the corresponding pattern row. For the widening on the right side of the work, work the requisite number of chain stitches after working one pattern row, and from each of these take up one or more stitches in the following round. If a large number of stitches is to be narrowed, pay no attention to the requisite number of stitches of the previous round at the corresponding point. The widening and narrowing in knitting is also done in various

ways. In order to widen, either knit two stitches together as one stitch, or else cast on the number of stitches to be widened at the end of each round. In order to narrow, either knit off two or three stitches together as one stitch, or else slip the first of two stitches, knit off the second, and draw the slipped stitch over the If a large number of stitches is to be narrowed at the sides of the work, they are cast off at the beginning of the corresponding round. For such knitting as requires a very long foundation, the latter may also be crocheted in chain stitch; in this case take up the upper vein of each stitch of the foundation on the knitting-needle.

The abbreviations in crochet-work are, pr. (pattern row), st (stitch), sc. (single crochet), sl. (slip stitch), sdc. (short double crochet), dc. (double crochet), stc. (short treble crochet), ch. (chain stitch), p. (picot). In knitting, k. (1 stitch knit plain), p. (1 stitch purled), sl. (slip), t. t. o. (thread thrown over), n. (narrow), w. (widen). * signifies a repetition of the design from there to the end of the round; this will not be referred to in the descriptions given, as a matter of course. Having finished the separate parts of a garment, stretch them, with the wrong side uppermost, together with the corresponding pattern, on a wooden board, and dampen them, in order that they shall become straight; after which crochet, knit, or sew them together according to the corresponding figures.

Knitted and Crochet White Zephyr Worsted Jacket, Figs. 1 and 2.

This jacket is knitted with fine white zephyr worsted in an open-work design, and is trimmed with narrow strips worked in loop stitch and with bows of blue gros grain ribbon. Figs. 54-57, Supplement, give one-half the pattern for the jacket. Begin all the parts on the under edge with a crocheted ch. foundation of the requisite length, take up the upper veins of the st. on the knitting-needles (use fine wooden needles or very coarse steel knitting-needles), and work the design, always knitting plain, as follows: 1st round.—Alternately work 3 st. on the next st. (1 k., 1 p., 1 k.), and k. the following 3 st. crossed as 1 st. 2d round.—On each st. of the preceding round knit one st. 3d round.—Like the first round, but transpose the design figures, the back with the basque according to the corresponding figures,

> and knit off the last (fifth) st. plain without forming loops. Work these two rounds alternately until the strip has gained the of the requisite length and on it knit 10 rounds in the open-work design described above. Work a round of sc. all around the belt, then a round of sc. on the next sc., 2 ch., pass over 1 st. of the preceding round, 3 dc. on the round. Line the belt with white lustring, furnish it with hooks and eyes for closing, and fasten it in the back at the bottom of the waist. On the upper

corners of the jacket set blue gros grain ribbons, which are tied in a bow in adjusting the jacket. The remaining bows are set on as shown by the illustration.

A NEW USE FOR SKELETON LEAVES.

FEW years ago the manufacture of skeleton leaves, and their arrangement into bouquets, was one of the most engrossing and fashionable employments among ladies of taste in things beautiful and curious. At the holiday season, in almost every store where such things were admissible, were to be seen great varieties of these bouquets, of different styles and sizes, under glass shades or in deep frames, all of which were in demand, and at remunerative prices. Indeed, many ladies realized very large annual profits from the sale of them; and although the process had occupied them on many a hot day in summer, when they might have been more pleasantly and healthfully employed, yet the hope of a future harvest had cheered them on through all the disagreeable stages of the work, and was at length fully realized. But after a few years these beautiful things, which had been so greatly admired, became quite common, and, as a consequence, lost their charm together with their novelty, until now one scarcely sees them any where, or, if they are occasionally found in some parlor corner, they are seen to be discolored and spoiled—for the whitest will change with time. Yet, no doubt, there are persons who still have on hand stores of these perfect leaves that they would be glad to turn to some account, if only a new method could be thought of. The plan we are to describe may, perhaps, be worth the trying, and will certainly be very different from any previous style of arrangement.

Take panes of white glass, and arrange the leaves, which must be entirely white and perfect, in graceful groups upon them, using white thread of various sizes to represent stems, vines, and tendella.

When you have decided how to place them, touch them slightly with gum-arabic here and there, and this will hold them in their intended positions. Lace patterns will furnish the



Fig. 1,-KNITTED AND CROCHET WHITE ZEPHYR WORSTED JACKET,-BACK. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 54-57.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET WHATE ZEPHYR WORSTED JACKET.—FRONT. Digitized by

best guides. When they are done, the whole pane may be covered with a piece of wash blonde, which will add much to the effect, causing it to resemble lace still more closely. These panes of glass may be used as transparencies in several ways. Glass doors will look beautifully if ornamented in this manner; and to render it permanent the panes may be fastened in by a glazier over the other panes, with the lace side turned inward: thus it will be protected from all damage by washing, and become entirely permanent. For vestibule doors these look very well; and as leaves of differing shapes and textures are used, and the smaller ones can be formed into graceful sprays, they may be made to resemble closely the figures on a costly point appliqué curtain. For transom-windows they will be equally suitable, and also for lamp or gas-light screens. We merely give the idea, and there will be found many ways of applying it to the various requirements of individual occasions.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HAR-PER'S WEEKLY will be published the Seventh Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eightpage Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Charles Reade. Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine is commenced a New Novel by Charles Reade, entitled "A Simpleton: A Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins, entitled "The New Magdalen," will be commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Lady's Princesse Polonaise Walking Suit will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 663.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will con-

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a choice variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Fall and Winter Walking, Home, and Evening Dresses; Children's Suits; Mantelets, Worsted Hoods, and Capes; new Belts and numerous Fancy Articles; together with rich literary and artistic attractions.

THE KITCHEN.

IT must be, we suppose, because the truth of the proverb, "The devil supplies the cooks," is taken for granted that such infernal quarters are often provided for them. When tortured by the dyspeptic agonies which are easily traceable to their perversion of the good things of this life, and suffering from the dispensation of the various evils which they seem to delight in inflicting upon mankind, it is not hard to believe in the demoniacal origin of most of our cooks. It is, however, well worth our while, as we are at their mercy, to make the attempt to turn them from their vicious ways. This difficult as it may be, is presumed to be possible, for as Uncle Toby thought there was a reasonable hope for the salvation of even Satan himself, it may be inferred that there is a fair chance for the conversion of his imps of mischief in our kitchens. We shall find that by bettering their ordinary places of abode, and surrounding them by all the best appliances for good, a tendency to this muchdesired result will be effected.

It is a well-established fact that human character and conduct are greatly dependent upon the material life of the being. Pure air, clear light, a proper dryness of the atmosphere, and a well-regulated temperature exercise not only a wholesome effect upon the body, but a beneficial influence upon the mind. Energy, docility, and a cheerful performance of duty are dependent upon the very air that is breathed. Morals and masonry are thus closely connected, and a badly constructed house or room may, in shutting out the pure breath of heaven, close in the heart against the best influences of the virtues.

To have good cooks we must have good kitchens. These require to be not only provided with all the essential implements of the necessary handiwork, but to be made comfortable, cheerful, wholesome, and con-

venient abodes for those who are forced to spend most of their daily life in them.

It is a misfortune, we think, that by the ordinary mode of building houses in this country, the kitchen is made more or less an under-ground apartment. It is thus generally difficult to secure that supply of air and light especially necessary for a room where there must be a superabundance of heat at all seasons, and an accumulation of various odors to be got rid of, and the delicate manipulation of the work requires the clearest vision. The kitchen, being placed below the rest of the house, has, moreover, the signal disadvantage of tending to poison with its reeking odors the atmosphere of the whole building. It should be situated, if possible, on the ground-floor, and contiguous but not subjacent to the main structure, and, for convenience sake, closely connected with all the domestic offices, pantries, storerooms, larder, laundry, and scullery, if the importance of the mansion should admit of such extensive appurtenances. The sinks and water supply should never be too remote, and it will be convenient to have a special coal closet or cellar nearer at hand for the cook than the large general depository for fuel.

Much of the ruinous waste of American kitchens is due to the unnecessarily large fires used. From traditional habit and ignorance our cooks persist in thinking that a great conflagration is necessary to be got up for even the smallest dinner, and will raise as much of a blaze to broil a single lamb chop as to roast a whole ox. This may be somewhat due perhaps to the peculiar construction of the American cooking range. It has always been a surprise to us that the stove of the French has not been adopted, who contrive by its means to broil a cutlet boil a soup, or stew a ragout at the shortest possible notice with the smallest quantity of fuel. A handful or so of charcoal suffices in France for the essentially good cooking of an ordinary family, while in America bushels of coal are burned for the essentially

bad. The kitchen should be of a simple and regular construction, free from hidden corners and all kinds of nooks favorable to deposits of dust and dirt and the encouragement of slatternliness. No cupboards or closets ought to be allowed. A dresser with exposed shelves above and broadly opening drawers below is all that is requisite for convenience. This should be made of unpainted white wood, in order that it may invite a daily scrubbing with soap and hot water, and be all the better for it. The floor of the kitchen might be of white tiles, and should never be covered with matting or any thing like a carpet. The best orna ments are ranges of well-polished tins, bright coppers, clean plates, and a general purity, neatness, and order.

Where the house is of a size to admit of it, a room apart from the kitchen should be appropriated for the use of the cook and other servants during their meals and temporary moments of relief from work. This room should have every homely comfort and convenience, and though the fears of anxious housekeepers may be aroused lest their servants should be "spoiled," we venture the suggestion that a shelf of suitable books be provided for their use. Among them there might be, in addition to the treatises on cookery and such-like, a few works of simple instruction and diversion. So far from "spoiling servants," of which our susceptible ladies of the house are so fearful, it is a sure means of improving them. By such opportunities of reformation and moral elevation they will acquire aptitude for their work and willingness to perform it, and we shall have more docile, contented, faithful, and intelligent servants.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. St Putting the Best Foot Forward.

MY DEAR JAMIE,—When we boys were going to a neighbor's to take tea, my grandmother, after surveying us all to see that every thing was in order, opened the door and gave us her last injunction, "Now, boys, put your best foot forward." The old lady always did it. Indeed, she had no other foot than the best, and a thousand times when I have been wrestling with Satan in my small way, I have groaned to see how easy excellence seemed to be to her, and wondered why every body was not born as good as she. If I said so, my grandmother smiled and told me that when I grew older and read "Peter Wilkins," I should find that the flying islanders had a covering which fitted so precisely that it was like the skin. "But it was not the skin," she said; "it was skillfully put on." I did not understand at the time what she meant. But I have since learned that she was hinting to me that what I called her excellence was, perhaps, no easier to her than to others, but was the result of an unbending resolution always to put her best foot forward. She had early learned and practiced the lesson which was taught by my earliest school-mistress in saying, "It is not enough not to mean to do foolish or careless or mischievous things; we must mean not to do them." My grandmother had learned the difference between not to mean and to mean not.

Perhaps the admonition to put the best foot forward seems to you a piece of Poor Richard wisdom, in which a kind of selfish thrift is always a little conspicuous. "A penny saved is a penny earned," says Farmer Tightfist; and every dollar he can lay hand upon he sends to the bank, while his fences tumble down and his house is as bare as his barn. He saves the penny, but he loses the pennyworth. But Poor Richard can justly plead that he is not responsible for perversions of his proverbs. If a man does not know that often the best way to save his penny is to spend it wisely, it is not Poor Richard's fault. It is the letter that killeth in his gospel as in all others. Farmer Tightfist's idea of putting the best foot forward is to hide the worse foot. His application of the proverb would be to put all the fair, sound apples at the top of the barrel. where they would certainly be seen, and to fill in with small and poor fruit. If he could bring himself to paint his house, he would suppose that to put the best foot forward meant to paint the front, which every body sees, and to let the rest of the house shift for itself.

And whoever looks closely at merchandise and buildings would suppose that Farmer Tightfist had great influence in the world. I fear that even the magnificent cathedral of Saint Rainbow's puts its best foot forward in this poor way; for while its front is freestone, wrought in flowers and twisted columns, its sides are cheap brick. Sometimes this superficial splendor takes such hold of my imagination that as I sit in the dim religious light of the noble oriel-window and think of the wretched cheap bricks, I wonder if our good rector puts his best foot forward in the same way as the church itself, and whether under all that spotless lawn and silk there is soiled linen or a torn coat. So in the political convention and caucus what a prodigiously fine foot is put forward! I sit in the gallery, and am confounded by the ardor of patriotism which I perceive beneath me. I had begun, perhaps, to suspect that selfishness was stealing into public life, I had begun to fear that noble thoughts and great purposes were dwindling and vanishing. But am entirely reassured. Here is a body of men who, at great personal sacrifice, have come together to save their country and to restore purity and simplicity and economy and all the cardinal virtues to public affairs. Tis refreshing; I am deluged with fine sen-

It is very provoking to discover presently that what I have been contemplating is only the best foot—a foot decorated, indeed, for that very occasion, and put forth in such a highly ornamented condition that it seems as deserving of profound respect as the embroidered slipper of the Pope seems to the pious faithful to merit the humblest reverence. I say with enthusiasm to my neighbor in the gallery, who is observing the scene with a smile that seems to me almost cynical, "Surely, Sir, this is an inspiring spectacle! There is that honorable gentleman who has just taken his seat, and who has uttered words that would have cheered the sturdy soul of old Sam Adams himself, who demands integrity and high principle and conscience and morality in politics with a fluent and flowery eloquence which enchants me. What is his name? Who is this combined Cato and Marcus Aurelius—this avenging angel of purification, if I may so express

"That ?" responds my semi-cynical neighbor. "That is Leech. Don't you know Leech?"

I know him too well. He is a political "shvster." He i man nobody believes him to be honest; who, without the grasp or the accomplishment or the inspiration of a statesman, makes politics a trade: lives by the dicker of place: is a back-stairs intriguer, and a pander to the prejudices of ignorance and jealousy. And it is he whose eloquence I have found so enchanting! It is he who has been sonorously demanding integrity and conscience! It is he whose tone was so lofty that I felt as if the best of the rest of us were mean and groveling fellows, as when I have been to see the Shakers the whole world outside seems to be disorderly and dirty.

"Do you know why he is so vehement?"

asks Cynicus, for it is evidently he.

"I supposed just now it must be from his burning sense of indignation with corruption and incompetence," I answer.

"Indeed!" says Cynicus; and looking at me for a moment, we both laugh gently, and say no more.

Leech and his comrades are putting the best foot forward. But the misery of it is

that there is nothing behind. They have laid the fair, sound apples upon the top, and there is not even poorer fruit to put below. There is nothing but shavings and sawdust. Their best foot is a fine profession. But if any body should reason from the appearance of that foot to the character of the whole figure! Maelzel's automaton chess-player used to make a sound that was thought to signify "check!" But if any body had therefore supposed that the automaton was a man!

Surely this can not have been what my grandmother meant. She did not mean to encourage false pretenses. She did not mean that a squalid and filthy figure should thrust forth a jeweled foot; nor yet that every thing should be sacrificed to appearances, which was the principle of Cousin Nabby, who had no carpet upon the floor of her parlor and no furniture in it, but who hung silk and lace curtains in the windows, because, she said, they can be seen, and we must put the best foot forward. My grandmother was the soul of honesty, and when she gave us that advice she can not have meant to approve the brick sides of Saint Rainbow's, or the wooden spire upon the stone tower painted to resemble stone. She no more meant this than Poor Richard meant that every penny slipped into an old stocking was a penny saved. You must be as wise as Poor Richard before you can profit by his proverbs. Twopence spent is often a shilling saved. Nobody knew it more truly than Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Indeed, the misfortune of poverty often is that it can not save because it can not spend.

If I would know what my grandmother meant, I must observe what she did. While she was a housekeeper she had a very plain house, for she was not rich. There were not carpets upon all the floors, nor cloths upon the tables, but every floor and table was swept and washed so that each had a burnished look; and often in Paris afterward, when I saw the men polishing the floors with a mixture of wax and oil, I thought their success not greater in degree than that of my grandmother. There were no luxuries upon her table, but every thing was so cooked that it was appetizing and satisfactory. She had no fine dresses, but every dress was neat, and she was as careful of her calico as if it had been a brocade. Therefore she never had that frowzy, tumbled, dowdy aspect which I have remarked in many fine ladies. As for ornaments-"Freshwater is my jeweler," quoth my grandmother, and her tidy collars were as becoming as precious necklaces. In later life, as I have mentioned, she had the care of her husband, who was helpless. As I recall that gentle, incessant care of affection, it seems to me as if I had seen the good genius of life, of which we read in poetry, visibly ministering. Always thoughtful, always cheerful, always helpful, she hovered about the withered frame which had once been the manly form of her young lover, a perpetual benediction.

When neighbors came to visit her my grandmother was always ready. If her duties at the moment were such that she could not leave them, she said so, and in such a manner that the guests departed with no sense of intrusion. Indeed, the village minister may have known her imperfections, but not her neighbors, and least of all her grandchildren. When I have read the famous novels written since her day—pictures of familiar life and of characters that we may all have known-how often I have wished that some of those artists could have seen my grandmother, that the life which was the delight of a little family might have become a poem for all the world. She always put her best foot forward, in the sense that she charged us to do the same thing-that is to say, she did the best she could. Whatever she said or did, therefore, was really part of herself. It was the best of herself, not an assumption, or a pretense, or a forgery.

The cathedral of Saint Rainbow's sayng to me with that elaborately sculptured front, "I am a stone temple," tells me a lie. The grave gentleman in the street who asks me to lend him ten dollars upon the pledge of his diamond shirt-studs, which are paste, is a swindler. The Honorable Mr. Leech bawling the praises of honesty in politics is a forger. They all practice false pretenses and call it putting the best foot forward. The wolf who drew on the sheep's skin put his best foot forward in the same way. The sportsman who decoys the mother bird to death by imitating the suffering cry of her young, puts his best foot forward in a way that I fear might have shaken even my grandmother's serenity. Your foot is part of yourself, my boy. To put your best foot forward is to be your best self. To put forward the foot of somebody else is no better than to sign another's name in another's hand.

Can you who have heard me speak of my grandmother imagine her arraying herself in satin and pearls to receive a visitor, upon the theory of putting her best foot forward?

That is what "confidence men" and women do. That is what a political spouter does who demands honesty because he wants an office. He puts forward the foot of a patriot, while he is the most contemptible of public enemies. And, believe me, the trick is exposed, whoever plays it. There is a certain justice which presides over this journey of ours and which measures us all. No foot but Cinderella's will fit the glass slipper. Nothing but ourselves will be at last regarded. Put your best foot forward, little children, said my grandmother. Do the best you can. Jove himself could not do Your friend.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. FRENCH DRESSES

BOX of French dresses awaits inspection, A made by Worth and Pingat, and chosen for their novel suggestions. These dresses will be copied in every detail for fall and winter costumes. The first impression they confirm is that faille will be preferred to velvet for carriage and dinner dresses. Secondly, that various bronze shades, grayish-blue, réséda, and black will be the stylish dark colors; ciel blue, illusion (buff), rose-lavender, and other soft, half-effaced tims will be chosen for full dress; many costumes will have two shades of a dark color, with a light color in contrast for facing flounces, sash, vest, etc.; for instance, two shades of dark bronze with pale Nile green facings, or two tints of reseda with sky blue. Thirdly, in design, the three leading styles are represented, viz., the polonaise and skirt, the basque with an over-skirt, and the basque with a single skirt trimmed to the waist.

Basques are found in every costume, even forming part of the backs of polonaises. They are short, of very simple shape, and are not bordered with a ruffle or fringe, but are neatly edged with a double cord, or with a piping fold in the plain way seen on the jackets of riding labits and are apply named jeckets of riding habits, and are aptly named jockey basques. The corsage fits the figure as if moulded there, and its natural outline is not destroyed by epaulets, puffs, etc. Fashion suggests a single line of trimming down the middle of the front of the corsage, and dictates a spiral, or else funnel-shaded pleats, or a narrow double ruffle, straight down the back of the bodice. These give the Watteau effect, but are placed closely and flat on the garment to avoid making the wearer appear round-shouldered. A rolling collar and vest are among the latest French fancies. The dress waist is rolled back from the belt up the front and around the neck, and is faced with silk of a lighter shade or a contrasting color. This rolled revers is about two inches wide, and is simply corded on the edge. The space between is filled by a vest of the same shade buttoned up to the throat. The new sash-basque has a postilion formed by cutting away the back of the basque below the belt, and filling the space with loops of sash ribbon. The most elaborate costumes have coat sleeves closely cut, and fitting as roundly as if padded, or else filled by plumpest arms; they are perfectly plain, except at the wrist, where a simple cuff completes them; lace under-sleeves fall from inside over the wrist.

The princesse polonaise is a long, graceful over dress imported from the best Parisian houses. In front the body and skirt are in one, very smooth and scant, clinging closely to the figure, while the back drapery is as retrousse as possi-ble. The back of the waist has usually a basque, but the skirt is seldom made twice alike, and each side is differently draped. A sash as wide as a scarf, tied in great loops with long ends, sometimes forms the left side of the back dra pery, while the right is a long winged breadth, pointed and folded over in the most capricious manner. Again, the sash extends from the side seams, and catches the back breadths up in a great panier puff.

Sashes, bows, and streamers are not made of ribbons, but of the faille of the dress, lined sometimes with white foundation; but if two colors are used in the costume, the lining is of silk of the palest tint; the ends are then raveled out three or four inches and knotted together to form a fringe, in which both colors appear. Six or eight bows made in this way, and sometimes merely diagonal fringed ends, trim the front of polonaises, and are down each side of over-skirts that are left open in front.

Of over-skirts we can only repeat that they are of most varied shape, are both long and short, wrinkled and smooth, are visible only on the has merely an apron, and are uniform only in being as bouffant as ever. Simplicity of trimwe are sorry to say, ends with the basque, for while it is a feature to have the upper part of the costume plain, and a certain chic is concoded to the jockey basque that displays fine figures, dress skirts are more abundantly trimmed than ever, are flounced from belt to bottom, and ruffles are sewed to these flounces, making liter ally ruffles upon ruffles!

BRONZE AND BLUE COSTUMES.

To show how these new features appear tempts the fashion writer to detailed description. First is a carriage costume from Worth's, of greenish bronze faille with sky blue facings. The slightly trailing skirt is trimmed to the knee with two side pleatings, the lower only half as wide as the upper; these shallow pleats have a blue facing two inches deep on the wrong side, top and bottom, and are stitched to the skirt an inch from the top; pleatings and facings are both cut straight across the silk. The long over-skirt, hanging open in front, is four straight widths simply hemmed; six bows of bronze with blue lining and raveled fringed ends are down each side of the over-skirt; the drapery is formed by pleats on the two back breadths, and tapes attached to the first seams, tying them back on the tournure. The waist, with jockey-basque back and a belt of folds in front, has the new rolling collar of pale blue silk, and a narrow vest to match, but-toned up to the throat. The coat sleeves have cuffs faced with blue, open up the outer seam, joined by a bow, and worn over under-sleeves that have a frill of old-fashioned Malines or thread lace falling on the wrist. A double ruff of this lace is basted in the neck, and insertion with a narrow edge on each side hangs on the vest. The bonnet appropriate for this costume is the stylish "Port Louis," shaped like a sailor's hat, yet worn back on the head as a bonnet. The outside is bronze faille, and the upturned brim surrounding the face like an aureola is of palest blue; the trimming is two ostrich tips, one of blue, the other of bronze shaded to a pale flesh tint. An embroidered velvet Dolman is the wrap, and flesh-colored kid gloves, long-wristed and fastened by four buttons, complete this distinguished costume.

THE PRINCESSE POLONAISE.

A princesse polonaise suit is two shades of souris, or mouse-colored silk, with blue sash linings and facings. The exquisitely fitted front has but one dart, yet is tight-fitting, and is edged with a narrow bias band of a darker shade. A half-wing Watteau on the back is faced with blue, and the abundantly looped and fringed sash shows a blue lining. The skirt has a straight gathered flounce half a yard deep, with narrow bias flounces of darker shade.

DINNER DRESSES, ETC.

A dinner dress of blue-gray faille has two shades, relieved by the favorite blue facings. This is simply a basque with a demi-train. Five perpendicular bands piped with blue trim the front breadth. A deep flounce of organ-pipe pleats, caught up to show a pale facing, trims the skirt to the knee. The basque has sash loops and a long-winged drapery that form an overskirt on the back breadths. A walking costume in two shades of verd-antique faille has wide gathered flounces, scalloped and edged with yak lace (wool guipure) of the same quaint green

BLACK SILK SUITS.

The novelty in black silk suits is their trimming of écru yak lace, with watered ribbon bows and sashes. Such garniture is rather conspicuous for the quiet tastes of New York ladies, and, we fancy, will not supersede the rich jet and embroidery with which black faille is now enlivened.

THE DOLMAN POLONAISE.

A new polonaise has simulated wing sleeves like the Dolman, is drawn in at the back by an under belt, and forms bouffant drapery with sashes on the tournure. This garment is made in black faille, trimmed with yak lace, and is worn over a skirt elaborate with lace, flounces, and watered ribbon bows.

EVENING DRESSES.

The favorite fancies for evening dresses—the fichu, jockey basque, apron, and flounced demitrain—are illustrated in a notable toilette sent out by Worth. Paradise blue silk, with white damask gauze apron and fichu, are the fabrics. The skirt lies on the floor half a yard behind; the front permits the blue silk slipper to appear. The three back breadths are covered by five flounces, straight, gathered, and edged by white gauze side pleatings three inches deep; the three front breadths are almost concealed by a long apron of white damask gauze deeply scalloped and fringed. The jockey basque is piped on the edges, has a rolling collar, vest, heart-shaped neck, and antique sleeves ruffled at the elbow. A long gauze scarf, or fichu, passes under the rolling collar, is carried behind the arms, and tied on the tournure. The large corsage bouquet is of scarlet azaleas, forget-me-nots, and mignonette.

WEDDING DRESSES

The wedding season is at hand, and modistes are busy with trousseaux. At one house seven dresses are ordered by a bride, eight by another, ten by a third, and the outfit of a fourth will have twenty dresses; the bridal dress of the last is now in the loom at Lyons, and is expected to be satin of marvelous richness. In contrast to this is the refined simplicity of a dress prepared for an artist-bride in Philadelphia. Its graceful train of infer white fills fills in small following the same of the property of the same of the property of the same of the property of the property of the same of th white faille falls in ample folds, un broken by trimming, and simply corded around the bottom; the over-skirt, of Malines tulle, doubled to hide a defined edge, is draped on each side by sprays of orange blossoms. The basque with corded edges has antique sleeves and Malines pleating, without a shred of lace. Corsage bouquet and chaplet of orange flowers. Long tulle veil, the edge undefined by a hem. A very handsome dress for a church wedding has a basque with puffed train, trimmed with a tablier of tulle pleatings and a flounce of point lace that is carried up the middle of the train and held by a trailing spray of orange flowers. Long revers turned toward the back are added on the train, and an apron trims the front.

Pearl and illusion are the fashionable colors for brides' evening dresses. A lovely pearl-colored dinner dress, made with princesse polonaise, has alternate flounces of thread lace and pearl silk richly embroidered with black. The entire costume is wrought over with jet sprays, and a Watteau spiral of white lace, with black velvet bows, extends from the neck to the end of

ROUND HATS.

The "Cavalier" hat, with brim pointed low on the forehead and turned up at the sides, begins to appear on the promenade. It is most seen in black straw, with black velvet brim, a blue-green wing on the left side, a jet branch on the other, and black ostrich feathers curling back over the crown. This hat is most becoming to slender faces. Felt "Cavaliers" in bronze and gray tints to match suits have a repped hat-band, buckle, and wing. Ladies with round, plump faces choose the "Port Louis" and other varieties of the sailor hat, and wear them quite back on the head.

VARIETIES.

The small novelties of the season begin to appear. New sets of collars and cuffs retain the standing English collar with points meeting and broken over at the throat, and also the flaring cuff, but are fastened by linen straps on which is a slide of jet or gold.

The newest belt ribbons are of black velvet

(elastic velvet), fastened by large buckles of yellow gilt that look like Etruscan gold. Russia leather belts, both red and black, with gilt silver buckles, are much worn. An excess of the chat-elaine trinketry already described is the caprice of the moment.

There is a revived fancy for jet jewelry. It is brought out in some unique patterns; but the Marguerite design, though not new, seems to be most in favor. Jet of all kinds, whether for dress trimming or for jewelry, is in more massive and substantial shape than formerly.

Fringed neckerchiefs of colored India silk are

worn in the street with black costumes. These were introduced some time ago, but have only become popular with the first cool days, and are about to supersede black lace scarfs.

The only shade of red now fashionably worn is the dull, dark shade called Russia leather red.

Dog-collars of black velvet, that is, an inch-wide band with a locket in front and tied in a bow behind, are worn with linen collars by young

Sailor suits of blue twilled flannel are worn by little girls on cool days. They have the blouse

white guis on cool age, and a single skirt. White military braid is the trimming.

For information received thanks are due Mademoiselle Switzer; and Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co.; and James M'Creeff & Co.

PERSONAL.

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At a recent meeting of the British Association for the promotion of something at Brighton, the fussy little mayor of the town conducted Louis Napoleon and Eugénie to front seats, and seated them near Lady Burdett-Couts. Persons who remember back as far as 1843 may recollect a paragraph that floated about in the papers of that day, which said, "We learn that a marriage has been arranged between Miss Burdett-Couts and Prince Louis Napoleon, now of London." L. N. was then very impecunious, and would have liked right well the ten millions of dollars then possessed by the young lady. Poor Lady B.-C.! She now has an income of a million of dollars a year, which troubles her. Recently, it is said, a certain bishop, with whom she had been acquainted for many years, applied to her for money to help build a church. She had so much confidence in the bishop that she signed a blank check and gave it to him. She had no doubt that he would fill it up with as much as two, or perhaps three, thousand nounds. The hishop filled it no with thirty as much as two, or perhaps three, thousand pounds. The bishop filled it up with thirty thousand, and that was the last money or the last word he ever got from Lady BURDETT-COURTS

It has been established by official inquiries —It has been established by official inquiries in Germany that the first shot in the Franco-German war was fired by the Prussian sergeant-major of cavalry SCHRANZ, who, with a patrol from Saarbrücken, met French cavalry, and wounded one of them. Kaiser WILLIAM has given him a superb revolver and decorated him with the Iron Cross.

One of the objects which Miss FAMLY FAMEL.

—One of the objects which Miss EMILY FAITH-FULL has in her approaching tour in the United States is to make inquiries into the regulations concerning the employment of women in facto-

ries.

—Among the clever Englishmen who propose to win fame and dollars in the United States during the coming autumn and winter is Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, a composer and planist. He is the "son of his father," who was also something as a composer, and a grandson of the famous glee writer, Dr. Calcott. He thinks there is a demand, if not a necessity, for his combine area. for his coming over.

—Miss Orme has won the Ricardo scholar

—Miss Orme has won the Ricardo scholar-ship for political economy at the London Uni-versity, after competitive examination. There were seven contestants—four young men and

were seven contestants—four young men and three young women.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who has just returned from Europe, met, while in England, the British Premier, who, he says, "receives in the style of affable dignity of Daniel Webster," and that some time ago a poor street-sweeper, while sick, told his minister that he had been "visited by Mr. Gladstone!" "What GLADSTONE?" inquired the rector.
"Why;" replied the sick man, "the only Mr.
GLADSTONE. I used to sweep his crossin'; and
one day he missed me, and he hears that I am
sick, and so he comes and sees me." Dr. Cuy-LER, who was so recently in Dundee, concludes that "the man who can do this is fit to be trust-ed with any negotiations on any great question.

-Miss Mittord has no hesitation in assuring us that the usual proportion between male and female in all the great English Catholic families,

is one son to three daughters.

—Being of a domestic turn of mind, Rufus
D. Connelly, of Terre Haute, Indiana, has recently married his eleventh wife.

—It was a rare compliment that the Philharmonic and Liederkranz societies of New York paid the Queen of Opera, Pauline Lucca, in serenading her, September 14, at her residence, 17 East Fourteenth Street. The Philharmonic So-

ciety is especially chary of such courtesies, which it had tendered before to no one save Jenny Lind and Rubinstein. The scene, viewed from the vine-covered balcony, seemed like a fairy spectacle. The broad street was brilliantly illuminated with calcium lights, which showed a moving sea of heads as far as the eye could reach. It is estimated that ten thousand spectators were present. The societies played and sang some present. sea of neads as far as the eye could reach. It is estimated that ten thousand spectators were present. The societies played and sang some of their finest music, and at the close Madame Lucoa was loudly called upon for a speech. After some protest, she looked out rather shyly from the wistaria, and said, in her pretty broken English, "From the bottom of my heart I thank you;" then, this not satisfying the clamor, she added, "I am extremely obliged to you. Goodnight!" Then, turning to the group about her, she clapped her hands and said, merrily, "Isn't that pretty well?—three days in America, and two speeches already!" Madame Lucoa was attended by her father and mother, and by a select party of prominent musicians, artists, and journalists invited for the occasion. She is rather tall and slender, with dark brown hair, a dazzling complexion, finely cut features, and gray eyes, very light, but full of magnetic fire, somewhat resembling those of Ristori. Her profile is exquisite, and her manners singularly unaffected and fascinating. At home she is the Baroness yon Rahden, the possessor of a noble name and fine social position.

—MARIO oneth to know how to do open by

von Rahden, the possessor of a noble name and fine social position.

—Mario ought to know how to do opera by this time. He has appeared on the stage in 935 performances: in operas by Donizetti 225 times; Meyerbeer, 170; Rossini, 143; Verdi, 112; Bellini, 82; Gounod, 70; Mozart, 68; Flotow, 30; Cimarosa, 12; Auber, 12; Costa, 5; Haley, 4; Ricci, 1; Mercadante, 1.

—Among our recent "personals" we have mentioned the names of several persons who have attained to great age. One centenarian in a family is now no rarity, but two is rather rare. Mrs. Catherine Muerine died a few days since in Newark, New Jersey, aged one hundred and

a family is now no rarity, but two is rather rare. Mrs. Catherine Mubrine died a few days since in Newark, New Jersey, aged one hundred and six years, leaving behind her a brother, a lad of one hundred and five.

—Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, the owner of much cotton-mill, and the author of the saying that "half a million is contemptible," is said to be on the point of establishing a line of side-wheel steamers between Providence and New York that will surpass in every respect the boats of the Fall River line.

—Unlike the "vagabond" by law of olden time, the modern actor and manager is a thrifty man, and putteth by money for the rainy day; thus Sheridan Shook, of the Union Square Theatre, is said to be worth \$800,000; John Duff, of the Olympic, \$1,000,000; Lester Wallack, \$250,000; Theodore Moss, \$300,000; Augustin Daly, \$275,000; Wood, of the Museum, \$250,000; Edwin Booth, \$300,000; Barney Williams, \$400,000; Edwin Forrest, \$1,500,000; John T. Ford, of Baltimore, \$300,000; Ben Debar, of St. Louis, \$800,000; Arthur Chensy, of Boston, \$500,000; Jarnett & Palmer, of Miblo's, each \$250,000; Jarnett & Palmer, of Miblo's, each

\$900,000.

—Dean MILMAN, in his "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," mentions a fact which is not generally known. Speaking of the building of the cathedral, he says, "The architect himself had the honor of laying the first stone, June 21, 1675." The mallet which was used by Sir Christopher Ween on that memorable occasion is now the property of Mr. J. C. FREAKE, and was recently used by her Royal Highness the Princess MARY ADELAIDE of Teck in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church

recently used by her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adellaide of Teck in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church schools at Kingston.

—MEISSONNIER, several of whose finest works are in possession of connoisseurs in this city, is a prolific artist, having since 1840 painted three hundred and nincteen pictures. Rosa Bonheur is said to have finished since 1848 seventy-one paintings. The whole number of WILLIAM KAULBACH'S works, including the immense wall-paintings at the new museum in Berlin, is eighty-seven.

—Our friend Mr. Winterblossom, a reporter on one of the St. Louis journals, speaking of a certain beautiful lady of that city, remarked that "the profusion and color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by nimble fingers of the easy hours as they glided through the bright June days, whose sunny rays of light were caught in the meshes, and were content to go no farther." The girl had red hair; that was all.

—Mrs. Wood, widow of the inventor of the process of weaving carpets by machinery, has been granted a pension by the British government. It was Mr. Wood, we believe, who first designed the pattern of flowers in carpets, so beautifully described in an old song:

"Weave, brothers, weave!
Swiftly throw the shuttle across the loom,

"Weave, brothers, weave!
Swiftly throw the shuttle across the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty and no perfume.
See, here is the rose with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot,
The violet, sweet as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not."

There are three different stories current abroad in court circles as to why the Sultan degraded his late vizier, Mahmoud Pasha, and appointed Midhat Pasha, who succeeded remarkably as Pasha of Bagdad, in his place. According to the first and least probable, Midhat Pasha, who had been ordered into exile, demanded an audience of his master, and made a speech on Mahmoud's misrule which so convinced the Sultan that next day he appointed the lecturer Grand Vizier. According to another and more probable version, Mahmoud had affronted the Khedive by asking rather too heavy a bribe for some concession, and the Khedive, who has great influence in the Seraglio, purchased at heavy cost, determined to overthrow him. And according to the third and most probable of all, the Sultan had depended upon Mahmoud to carry out his favorite and mischievous plan of abolishing the old law of succession in the house of Othman, from eldest male to eldest male, in favor of primogeniture, and finding himself baffled, revenged himself upon his minister. Any one of the three causes, however, would be sufficient in Constantinople to overthrow any man, more especially if Midhat aroused the Sultan's belonger of St. Petershurg, where Mahmour was There are three different stories more especially if MIDHAT aroused the Sultan's jealousy of St. Petersburg, where MAHMOUD was held to be persona grata.

Digitized by GOGLE

Knitted Alsacian Bow.

THIS Alsacian bow is knitted in the open-work design of the hat for girl from 4 to 6 years old, illustrated on page 656, with white zephyr worsted, and is lined with violet silk. The knitted parts are edged with crochet scallops like those shown by the aforesaid illustration on page 656. Cut the foundation of stiff aroresaid mustration on page 550. Cut the foundation of stiff lace from Fig. 79, Supplement, in one piece; hem in a piece of wire all around, and cover it with violet silk on both sides, and on the outside besides with a knitted part to suit the shape of Fig. 79, which should be long enough, however, to allow the ends to hang down three inches and a quarter from the lower corners of the foundation. To make the how cut for the lining of riches of the foundation. To make the bow cut for the lining of violet silk two strips each fourteen inches and a half long and five inches and three-quarters wide, and two strips each sixteen inches long



LADY'S KNITTED UNDER-VEST.

and seven inches and a quarter wide, and four knitted parts of the same size. Work these parts lengthwise, beginning each at one side edge, so that the stripes of the design are formed crosswise. Then trim the knitted parts with crochet scallops, the two longer strips each on the sides and on one end, the shorter strips only on the sides, and join them with the parts of silk. Arrange the shorter strips in two loops, and sew the

Fig. 1.—KNITTED JACKET FOR

GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. BACK.—[See Page 661.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 66.

296th, 300th,

304th, 308th,

312th, 316th.

324th rounds.

done so that the number of the first

and the last

59 st. and the

middle 80 st.

course the widening

always

Fig. 1.-FRAME-WORK CAPE WITH VEST. -FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 47-49.

Of

remains unchanged. In the 340th round cast off

the middle 152

st. in order to

form the neck.

loops and ends on the foundation as shown by the illustration The loops are finished by a knot of knitting and silk, and at both sides of the knot are bows of violet silk ribbon. An elastic band fastens the Alsacian bow.

Lady's Knitted Under-Vest.

This under-vest is knitted all plain with fine pink knitting wool and coarse steel knittingneedles, always going forward. Make a foundation of 450 st., close these in a ring, and knit 44 rounds in the manner described. Then take the lower veins of the foundation st. on separate needles and knit off these st. together with the st. of the 45th round, so that a double edge an inch and a half wide is formed. 46th-110th rounds are worked without changing the number of stitches. Then form a gore on each side of the vest; to do this knit off the 199th and 200th st. together for one gore in the 111th round, then sl. the 224th st., knit the 225th st. plain, and draw the sl. st. over. For the other gore knit off the 423d and 424th st. together, sl. the 448th st., knit the 449th st. plain, and draw the sl. st. over. This nar-rowing is repeated in the 117th, 123d, 129th,

135th, 141st, 147th, 153d, 159th, 165th, 171st, 177th, and 183d rounds. The 184th-243d rounds are worked on the whole number of stitches. Then separate the st. into two equal parts, and work the front on the first 200 st. in rounds going backward and forward. The knitting appears all knit plain on the right side. In the 244th round begin the bosom gores as



FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH CROCHET BORDER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4-7.

On the 66 st. at one side of the knitted part work the the side which comes on the neck 2 st. each in the 342d and 344th rounds, 3 st. each in the 346th and 348th rounds, 4 st. each in the 350th, 352d, and 354th rounds, 3 st. each in the 356th, 358th, and 360th rounds, and 2 st. each in the 362d, 364th, and 366th rounds. Knit the 367th-420th rounds without changing the number of stitches.

Then cast off. Work the second shoulder piece on the stitches previously left unnoticed similar to the one just described. On the st. of the back work 96 rounds, always going back and forth, without changing the number of st. In the 97th round cast off the middle 70 st. On the remaining st. at both sides of the back work the shoulder pieces like those of the front, and join them with the latter. For each

sleeve make a foundation of 225



KNITTED ALSACIAN BOW. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Fig. 79.

st., and knit 55 rounds, going backward and forward, always alternately one round plain, one round purled. In the 56th round cast off the first 55 st.; on the remaining 170 st. work, going back and forth also, the 56th-83d rounds in a ribbed design, always alternately 2 k., 2 p., and then cast off. Sew up the strip formed in this manner so that the narrow overlapping piece forms Then set the

a three-cornered gusset, as in a chemise sleeve. sleeves into the armholes, bind the neck of the vest half an inch wide with silk ribbon, and through this binding run a silk ribbon.

Knitted Petticoat with Waist for Child from 2 to 4 Years old.

This petticoat is knitted with white knitting wool, and is trimmed with crochet bar scallops of red worsted. Begin on the under edge with a foundation of 300 st., which are closed in a ring; then work, going forward, seven times alternately six rounds purled, six rounds plain, so that fourteen horizontal ribs are formed. In the first round of the second rib knit plain narrow 1 st.



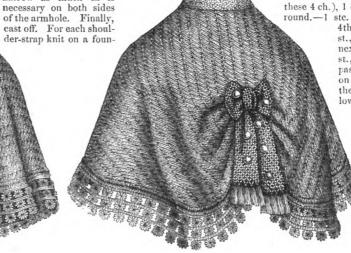
Fig. 2.—KNITTED JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. FRONT.—[See Page 661.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 66.

after every 50 st., thus six times in one row; this narrowing six times is repeated in the same direction in every sixth following round. After the 14th rib knit, going backward and forward (not going forward only), eight ribs more, in which narrow as before. In connection with the skirt finished in this manner knit



KNITTED OVERSHOE. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 74 and 75.

the waist according to the pattern given by Fig. 73, Supplement in rounds going back and forth, always alternately I k., I p., so that the st. come transposed, however. In the first round always knit off 2 st. together of the first and last 30 st. of the last round of the skirt, thus narrowing 15 st. each at both sides of the slit, so that this round counts 156 st. Now knit to the armholes without changing the number of st.—36 rounds in the original. In the 37th round cast off 6 st. each for the armholes at both sides of the middle 72 st., then finish the front with the middle 72 st., and the parts of the back separately with the first and last 36 st. of the knitted part, in the same design as before. In order to obtain the shape of the pattern, narrow as much as is



ery

Fig. 2.—Frame-work Cape with Vest.—Back. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 47-49.

dation of 7 st. 52 rounds in the design of the waist, then edge it all around with one round of sc. of red worsted, and sew it to the waist as shown by the illustration. On the bottom of the petti-coat work with red worsted three rows of scallops, crocheting on the first round of each of the three lower ribs which are purled irst one round of sc., then one round of bar scallops as follows:

* 1 sc. on the next st., 2 ch., 4 stc. separated each by 2 ch. on
the fourth following st., 2 ch., pass over 3 st. A similar scallop
trimming is set on the upper edge of the waist and along the armholes. Furnish the back edge of the waist with crochet loops and buttons.

Knitted Overshoe.

This over-shoe, which may be worn in-doors over shoes and boots to protect the feet from cold, and only reaches to the heel, is knitted, and lined with The outer edge of the overshoe is bound with fur; a broad elastic band serves to fasten the overshoe on the foot. The cover is worked in rounds going backward and forward, so that appears all knit plain on the right side, according to the pattern given by

KNITTED PETTICOAT WITH WAIST FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 78.

Fig. 74, Supplement. These overshoes may also be made of old stockings or socks, of flannel, or other material. The sole is

cut of felt from Fig. 75, Supplement, covered with fur, and joined according to the corresponding figures with the front, which is lined with fur. The joining seam is covered by a row of worsted braid half an inch wide. The elastic band, which is an inch and three questors wide and eight an inch and three-quarters wide and eight inches and seven-eighths long, is set on as shown by the illustration.

Crochet Petticoat.

This petticoat is worked with white zephyr worsted in Tunisian stitch (see general directions, first page), and edged with a border of similar worsted. Begin the petticoat on the under edge of the foundation with a foundation of 336 st., and crochet, going back and forth, 100 pattern rows. In the 43d pr. narrow sixteen times 1 st. each at regular intervals; narrow the first time after the 9th st., and every fol-lowing time after an interval of 19 st. These description see

o. XX., Fig. 66.

sixteen narrowings are repeated in exactly the same direction in the 48th, 53d, 57th, 61st, 65th, 69th, 73d, 77th, 81st, 85th, 88th, 92d, and 95th pr., omitting the first and last narrowing, however, in the 88th and 95th pr. In connection with the last pr. crochet

for the belt of the skirt, without changing the number of st., 7 pr. more. Sew up the crochet part on the sides, leaving a slit eight inches long, and on the under edge work the border, always go-

ing forward, as follows: 1st round.—* 1 stc. on the next foundation st., 1 ch., 1 dot on the second following foundation st.; to do this take up 5 st. from the relative st., and after each of the first 4 st. t. t. o. once, then work off together all st. and t. t. o. on the needle, drawing the thread through once; after the dot 1 ch., pass over 1 st. 2d round. 1 stc. on the next dot (instead of this first stc., crochet in this and in evfollowing round 1 sl. on the corresponding st. and 4 ch., and at the end

CROCHET PETILCOAT.

1 sl. on the last of these 4 ch.), 1 ch., 1 dot on the next stc., 1 ch. 3d round.-1 stc. on each st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—* 16 stc. on the next 16 st., 1 ch., pass over 1 st., 1 stc. on the next dot, 1 ch., 1 dot on the following next dot, I ch., I dot on the following st., 1 ch., 1 stc. on the next st., 1 ch., pass over 1 st. 5th round.—* 14 stc. on the next ch., 1 ch., 1 dot on the following stc., 1 ch., 1 stc. on the next dot, 1 ch., 1 dot on the next stc., 1 ch., 1 stc. on the next stc., 1 ch., 1 stc. on the following ch., 1 ch. In the 6th-9th rounds increase the transposed stc. and the dots between the

stc. and the dots between stc., and lessen the stc. which come on each other, as in the 5th round. 10th round.-* 2 stc. on the next 2 stc., 3 ch., 1 sc. between the next 2 stc., 3 ch., 2 stc. on the following 2 stc., 1 ch., six times alternately 1 dot on the following stc., 1 stc. on the next dot, after each dot and stc. always 1 ch., then 1 dot on the next stc., 1 stc. on the fol-lowing ch., 1 ch., pass over 1 st.



of the round work

NIGHT-CAP FOR

GIRL FROM 10 TO 12

YEARS OLD.

For pattern and descrip-tion see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 34.

the 13th to 20th rounds of the gore shorten the rounds

in proportion to the

lengthening of the .1st to 8th rounds.

Then work 17 rounds on the whole

number of stitches.

Work a second gore



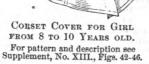
ing stc., between these always work 3 ch. Having finished the border, sew a lining of shirting to the belt of the petticoat, and furnish it with hooks and eyes.

Knitted Under-Shirt for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old. This under-shirt is knit plain in rounds



NIGHT SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 17-20.

29 st. of the preceding round. (Pay no attention to the remaining st.) lowing round of the re-maining eleven rounds by 1 st. at the end. It must be observed that the rounds of the gore are not counted in the course of the work. Work the 24th-42d rounds on the whole row of stitches. In the next round begin a bosom gore of 20 rounds. The first round of this gore is worked on the first 1! st. of the preceding roun. (Pay no attention to the remaining st.) Lengthen every 2d following round of the next seven rounds by 1 st. at the end. Work the 9th-12th rounds on the whole row of stitches (thus also knitting on the st. previously left unnoticed). In



going backward and forward with white knitting cotton and steel knitting-needles. Begin on the side with a foundation of 120 st., and on it work twenty rounds as described above. At the beginning of each round sl. the first st. In the 21st round cast off the first 44 st., and with the remaining 76 st. knit two rounds. In the following round begin a gore, which is finished in the beauty of the latest the standard of the twelve rounds, on the bottom of the under-shirt. Knit the first round of this gore on the first

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6

YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 67.

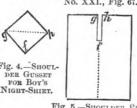


Fig. 3.—Body Gusset for Boy's Night-Shirt.

no attention to the remaining st.) Every second following round of the next 13 rounds is lengthened by 1 st. at the end. Work 9 1 st. at the end. Work 9 rounds on the whole number of stitches. In the 10th round, in order to form the slit in the middle of the front, cast off the first 29 st. and knit the remaining st. plain. This completes the first half of the front of the under-

KNITTED UNDER-SHIRT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6

YEARS OLD.

no attention to the remain-

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 68.

of 14 rounds on the under edge. The first round of this gore is worked on the first 23 st. of the preceding round. (Pay



For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 50-53.

Fig. 5.—Shoulder Piece for Boy's Night-Shibt. shirt. In connection with this work the second half ħ i

Fig. 2.—Body of Night-Shirt for Boy from 6 to 8 Years old,—Opened out.

first, but in a reversed succession of rounds. Thus, cast on 29 st. at the d with the end of the first round of this half, and at the be-ginning of the last round of this half cast off the first 65 st. and knit the remaining st. plain. In connection with the front work the back as follows: 1st round.-Knit off the st. of the preceding round plain. At the end of this round cast on 25 st. Work 22 rounds more on the whole number of stitches, then form a gore on the under edge of the back, which is worked like the gore worked first on the under edge of the front. Knit the next 32 rounds on the whole num-

ber of stitches. In the following round begin the second gore of the back, which is worked like the second gore on the under edge of the front. Then work 8 rounds more on the whole number of stitches. This completes the first half of the back. Work the second half to correspond with the first half, but in a reversed succession of rounds. Then cast off the st, of the last round, and overseam the back and front together. Having taken up the edge stitches on the neck, knit on them, going back and forth, first one round of always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together, then work in connection with this 6 rounds, going back and forth, of always alternately 2 k., 2 p., in doing which care should be taken that a ribbed design is formed. Each t. t. o. counts as 1 st. In order to form the corners narrow in the requisite manner at the corresponding points. On the st. along the slit crochet I round of sc., and in connection with this on the st. along the neck, one picot round, as follows: Always alternately 1 p. (that is, 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 3 ch.), 1 sc. on the second following st. For each sleeve make a foundation of 20 st., and knit 124 rounds, going back and forth. In the 125th round cast off the first 5 st. in the beginning, and with the remaining 15 st. work 29 rounds, and then cast off. Sew up the foundation stitches of the sleeves with the 5 st. previously cast off and the nearest edge st. of the sleeves; border the sleeves on the under edge, to match the neck, with a round of holes, with 6 rounds in ribbed design, and with a crochet picot round. Finally, overseam the sleeves into the armholes, and through the round of holes on the neck and on the bottom of the sleeves run black velvet ribbon or colored silk braid.

L'AMOUR ET LA MORT.

When the end comes, and we must say good-by, And I am going to the quiet land; And sitting in some loved place hand in hand, For the last time together, you and I, We watch the winds blow and the sunlight lie About the spaces of our garden home, Soft by the washing of the western foam, Where we have lived and loved in days put by;

We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid
The quiet Death who comes to part us twain;
But know that parting would not be such pain
Had not our love a perfect flower been made.
And we shall find it in God's garden laid
On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

HAVE been fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse, at a renowned modiste's, of the coiffures destined for Parisian heads in the winter of 1872-73. The most peculiar of these is, beyond question, the beaver cap: yes, veritable beaver, like that of which men's hats are made. This cap, which is rather in the shape of a small shako, is furnished with a visor, and is poised on the top of the hair, massed, braided, or twist-ed on the crown of the head. Caps closely resembling these are also being made of felt, and, per contra, other very large ones of black velvet, with broad brims turned up on one side, and crowns ornamented with a large white curled There are also numerous turbans with a large flexible crown, arranged in large pleats on the edge, and trimmed with feathers, flowrs, leaves, and bows.

Coiffures and bonnets always conform to the

style of the hats; like the latter, they take the form of turbans, only covering a small part of the crown of the head, and are furnished with a small veil or barbes.

A style of trimming, which is growing more and more in favor for the back of waists and the back breadth of dresses, and which is easily made by those who have a large quantity of lace at their disposal, is formed by sewing the straight edges of two pieces of lace together so as to form a very long scarf; this is then pleated in the middle, and set on the back of the dress; then with the ends of this scarf loops or bows without ends are made, which increase in size in proportion as they approach the belt. The trimming may stop at this place, and be finished there by two ends; very often, however, it is completed by another scarf still longer than the preceding one, arranged as a sash in two large loops, the very long ends of which trim the back breadth of the dress. This kind of trimming is both rich and simple, and is especially suited to velvet dresses, which are made long and without ornamentation.

The fashion of long dresses arranged so as to simulate over-skirts, which I described in my last letter, does not exclude over-skirts proper. These will be made quite long, especially in the back, and will be furnished with very large buttonholes, edged with soutache or embroidery, to fit the large square chased silver buttons which are now in fashion. Flat soutache is superseded by round cord, which gives more relief to the out lines of the design. To return to the square buttons, which correspond to the button-holes edged with embroidery wrought in this round cord, I should add that a chain and an agrafe are worn to match these buttons, the first of which is designed to suspend the umbrella from the arm, and the second from the belt, precisely like a watch.

The latest fashion in wrappings consists of a ribbon-do not laugh, for this is a serious matter-of-a black velvet ribbon, very broad, it is true, six inches in width, edged on one side with very wide black lace, and on the other with the same lace, but narrower, set on upright. This represents a scarf, and is worn in black with black suits; but in other cases—that is, with other colors-in ribbon and laces of the same color as the suit. The scarf is fastened in the middle of the back, nearer the belt than the top of the opening, under a bow of very wide ribbon, like that which is used for the scarf. This bow

has two loops and two very long ends.

The wrappings designed for neglige toilettes will be made, of course, of cloth, in very dark colors rather than black. The favorite colors will be very dark blue, almost black, olive green, and olive brown. Trimmings are abolished there is nothing on the seams or the bottom of the sleeves; but black silk cords, differently arranged in Gothic points, cross the bust, and are fastened on the shoulders.

At present our modistes are wholly absorbed in preparing dresses destined for visits to the châteaux in various parts of France. Although these dresses still partake somewhat of the summer, which has not yet taken flight, they are none the less interesting to study, since they contain in the germ the fashions of the winter, or, at least, certain episodes of these fashions. I will therefore describe some of the most striking.

Demi-trained skirt of pearl gray taffetas, trimmed with two immense ruches pinked on each side, and set on with a heading. Overskirt of gray tulle, embroidered with stars, in satin stitch with white silk. This over-skirt is draped very high in the back with large bows of black watered ribbon. Half-low waist, worn over a black moiré vest, with a small basque (in the back, but none in front), resting on bows of black watered ribbon. The lady for whom this dress is designed is a native of Alsace, who has taken a vow to wear mourning as long as her country is separated from France.

Skirt of maroon faye just clearing the ground. The front is trimmed en tablier, first with a deep flounce of very fine white guipure, surmounted with similar insertion, which is itself surmounted by a row of the same guipure, very narrow, and set on standing. Above this, at regular intervals, are six similar rows of insertion and lace. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces of maroon silk gauze, edged with very narrow white gui-pure. The flounces extend from each side of the tablier around the back of the skirt, and are finished at their intersections with the tablier with bows of maroon velvet ribbon. Basque-waist, flat in front, of maroon faye richly trimmed with white guipure. To the back of this waist, which is high-necked, is fastened a sort of very long basque, made of maroon silk gauze, edged with wide white guipure, and folded back in a pouf.

As I have already said, many skirts are kiltpleated their whole length, but only in the back and at the sides, the front being plain. Here is a Pompadour costume made in this fashion:

Skirt, kilt-pleated in the manner just described, of very pale blue faye. The front of the skirt, which is plain, is trimmed with five pleated flounces of pink faye, terminating at each end under a bow of pink ribbon. Polonaise of pale blue faye, like the skirts, opening over a large vest of pink faye, trimmed with a frill of white lace forming a Louis XV. jabot. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and are trimmed first with a pink ruffle, secondly with a white lace ruffle, and thirdly with a pleated white muslin, simply hemmed and set under the lace ruffle. The polonaise is trimmed on the back with lace arranged as I described in the beginning of this The bottom of the polonaise has no trimming whatever.

A very pretty autumn dress is of that beautiful violet tint which our grandmothers called lavender. The skirt is of silk of this shade, and is kilt pleated in the back and at the sides. The front is plain. The polonaise, which is open in front and extremely long, is made of lavender poplin. It has three horizontal pleats in the back, which form the tournure. The bottom is without trimming. The front is furnished with broad revers, faced with lavender velvet, which widen from the belt to the bottom; these revers are embroidered with lavender silk in a rich design, which extends upward from the bottom to the waist. The sleeves are also trimmed with revers faced with lavender velvet embroidered with lavender silk.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THAT SWITCH.

TF Spurzheim, and Combe, and Schröder, and hosts of other learned men and philosophers, had not signally failed in every attempt to locate emotion, I really believe I should have tried, on that eventful, long-to-be-remembered morning, to discover where I felt most acutely and intelligently—in other words, where I felt worst. Now a quarrel with one's lover is not the pleasantest thing one has to encounter in this world of a little grass and a good deal of stubble. It is not the kind of treatment a young, romantic, warm-hearted girl bargains for when she steps over that stone wall of girlhood into the pasture of love. She doesn't look for hedges and quagmires and ditches. Why should she, when from her little eminence those are all hidden by that wonderful wealth of foliage which, seen through first love's spectacles, is always the same? I have since decided that the fate that offers those spectacles to a girl of seventeen is a very cruel one. I was just that age when those eyeglasses were presented to me, and once astride the nose of my imagination, there they remained until the same cruel fate dashed them aside, leaving commonsense and every-day eye-sight to do their work of showing up and healing. This they did most effectually; and although I have since looked out on rose-colored clouds from a sloping meadow as fair as it seemed—although I have since sipped the pure, sparkling, soul-satisfying Champagne of love held to my lips by the dearest and tenderest of fingers, yet I have never ceased to regret the harrowing, mortifying experience that at-

tended the removal of this first pair of spectacles. I do not know that it was the intention of my step-mother to make as quick time as possible in getting me off her hands, but I do say it looked like it; and I am not the only one who thought so. We were spending the summer at the White Mountains, my father's favorite place of resort, and it was among those everlasting hills that the foundation of my "switch" story was laid.

How I came to be introduced to Herbert Satteriee was always a mystery to me. As he lounged about on the broad piazza of the hotel, or strolled among the mountain paths, he seemed but an ordinary individual, and had any one hinted before this introduction that I could by any possibility have fallen in love with him, I should have laughed him to scorn. Oh, that evening, and all those days following, and that morning! Would to Heaven I could forget one incident of either! It was just at twilight, and I had been sitting with folded hands and rapt gaze, watching the cloud mountains of son and amber and pink and purple that had piled up in the west, making a royal coronet to grace the brow of Old Sol as he bade good-morning to the world below. When my cousin, Kate Lancaster, said, "Belle—Miss Hosmer—allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Satterlee," I had hard work to be civil. But this state of mind didn't last long; for when he commenced to talk of Italian sunsets, and Rhine scenery, and give me little incidents of Alpine travel, I was thoroughly charmed, and the spectacles above mentioned found their place long before our tête-à-tête was finished. Two weeks from that time papa's consent to our engagement had been asked and given, and I was in a seventh heaven of delight. My lover was fourteen years my senior—a fact which greatly delighted my step-mother.
"I am so glad," said she, "that there is this

much difference in your ages. It can hardly, after all, my dear, be called a disparity—seventeen and thirty-one. Beautiful! This combi-nation of husband and parent is something very

I never replied to these bursts of enthusiasm I felt sure that in my case the "combination," as she was pleased to call it, would be all that was satisfactory; but I couldn't help thinking that it might not possibly do for every body. Our love was, of course, an exception to all other love I have found since that the love of every other lover is also an exception. Does a woman warmly regard a man ten or a dozen years her junior, and he reciprocates, or imagines he reciprocrates, the tender passion, then matrimony is in order; both parties, without doubt, admitting that such unions are not generally desirable. The purity and unselfishness of their devotion sanctifies this marital arrangement, and the wife, while she may blush and grow reticent when ages are discussed, is quite sure that her hus-band looks several years older than herself, and that no one would ever guess the truth in regard to these figures. So while thirty-one might be a trifle too old to match young, buoyant, undisciplined seventeen in most instances, for me-why, it was just what my nature demanded: and my step-mother was correct, and for the first time since my acquaintance with her. Herbert Satterlee was all that the most fastidious maiden could desire. He rode well, talked well, had traveled every where, played exquisite accompa niments to all my songs, sketched finely, and adored me, or, rather, appeared to, which amounted to the same thing then. One has to live in this world some time to be able to tell the difference between these two verbs, "to seem" and "to be." I had been an extensive reader, and succeeded in making myself quite interest-ing by the style and variety of my inquiries. As a questioner I was a success, and the light gradually dawned upon me-although not exactly in this hard, practical way-that I could best minister to the comfort—another definition in this especial case for vanity and egotism-of my intended by the interrogative course I had in my innocence and enthusiasm adopted than in any other way; indeed, this was all he expected of me. I was to sit at his feet and be taught; and, like a little simpleton, I accepted the situation with all due humility. I occasionally found myself speculating as to the probability of our permanent agreement on matters of etiquette. Not that I would not willingly follow him, obey him if necessary, but our natures in these respects were so essentially unlike that I feared lest I might, in an unguarded moment, shock or mor-tify him. It was evident that my betrothed had learned more from observation and travel than from books, and I soon learned, by the aid of that infinite tact without which the cleverest woman is always at sea, to so gauge my remarks and queries as to exactly cover the ground he had practically been over. I learned all this within three days after our engagement. I do not know that the information disappointed me. At that time I think there was simply born of it a vague fear that I might, in a moment of forgetfulness, offend or annoy my promised lord. That was all. I wonder if there are many such fools in the world as I was at that time! It happened after this wise. He had surprised me early one morning making some notes, and drawing a chair close to mine, said, tenderly,

"And what is my darling so busy with at such an unseasonable hour?"

"Unseasonable?" I laughingly repeated "And if the hour is so misbehaved and out of joint, why did you not wait until a better be-haved, less energetic damsel among the twentyfour made her appearance?

"But that is not answering my question," he

replied. "What are you doing?"

"Only jotting down some little things I desire especially to remember. That reminds me: when you were speaking of the distinguished men and women you had met last evening, I

meant to have asked you if you had ever seen Robert Browning?

"Browning the poet?"

"Yes, the poet, and my ideal of all a poet should be," was my enthusiastic answer. "This," I continued, in the same strain, "is what I have been doing—jotting down this verse, so that I may always have it near me:

4 I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of meOne born to love you, sweet!'

I should like to kiss him for that verse this very minute. It would rank him as a great poet if he had never written another line.

I looked into my lover's face to find it entirely devoid of color, and a contemptuous expression written all over it; one I knew I had provoked, and inwardly vowed should never be seen there again, at least by my indiscretion.

"I never have seen your love-sick hero, Belle," he replied; and after a short pause, perceptibly softening, evidently aware that I had noticed and inwardly commented upon his changed appearance—"I hope you are not literary. And pardon me (our engagement, I believe, gives me the right to admonish you in these little matters), were I in your place, I think I would be very careful how I expressed myself thus affectionately about any man-

The first part of his remark was extremely

particularly a stranger.

commonplace. Strange to say, I felt that more than the last. There was an ignorant coarseness, an innate boorishness about it that jangled and jarred with some nicety of mine most un-comfortably. I did not admit it then—of course not. An analysis of the effect of this remark would have been the rankest of treason. Once more, what simpletons girls are! Propriety responded to his suggestion concerning the last. It was very ridiculous to say such a thing; but it seemed to me that he ought to have better understood me: ought to have known that it was only the enthusiasm of a young and ardent admirer of any thing beautiful. A woman near-er his own age would have had the sense and the courage to have gone to the bottom of this; but I, poor little moth, fluttered round, waiting for a bigger blaze to singe both wings, and lay me fluttering at his feet for mercy or freedom, whichever his royal highness most inclined to. The scene above alluded to passed off with an apology on my part, and a few words of advice and dignified commendation on his, and after this all went merry as a marriage-bell until the time I am coming to. Like an ac-complished caterer, I had fathomed the likes and dislikes of my intended, and understood to a dot just what would best suit his mental and spiritual appetite; or at least I thought I had. Read on, and see how utterly I was mistaken. Since my engagement my step-mother had insisted that my hair, which had previously been allowed to curl and wander round my neck and shoulders at its own sweet will, should be orthodoxically chignoned; and as to make said affair loom up according to fashionable proportions my own locks were not considered sufficiently numerous, a sample of this auburn was sent to town to be matched, and the result was a huge switch that I hated the very sight of. did weep most unrestrainedly the first time the horrible thing was arranged; but then I was "engaged," and step-mother declared that Mr. Satterlee had very delicately suggested this change. I looked at my betrothal ring, broad enough and heavy enough to suit the fastidious taste of any sporting man in the country (I always hated the style of that ring), and submitted to the finishing touches in silence.

The smile and words of my lover's commendation, with which he met me when I appeared at tea with this immense superstructure, went a little way toward reconciling me to the transfor-mation. He was pleased, and I ought to be. The whole duty of an engaged woman was manifestly to sink her likes and her hates, her tastes and her feelings—indeed, her whole identity—in the superior nature of the man she has selected for a life companion. It was a little hard so far as my hair, and Robert Browning, and a few other minor affairs were concerned; but stepmother said that a girl engaged had no business to have a will of her own—that this was the way of it always; and I believed her, and bent my neck as gracefully as possible to the yoke all

women must sooner or later wear.

Oh, that auburn switch! Into what an ocean of humiliation it did plunge me at last! It was very difficult to get the thing on properly; but after a little practice my arrangement was pro-nounced "simply perfect," and I tried to be satisfied, although it was extremely hard work. I used to wonder what personal sacrifice I should next be called upon to make for the sake of the man I had promised to marry, and conjure up all sorts of imaginary horrors, such as wearing caps, and discarding ribbons and Swiss muslins, We were both very fond of sitting on the rocks in the morning after breakfast, and had selected a place where the sun could never dazzle or perplex us-a little niche which, in another one of my bursts of enthusiasm. I had christened, "our city residence." Here Mr. Satterlee read the papers; and as he always perused all such from the names of the editors and price per annum to the last advertisement, I had ample time for reading also. He approved of magazines, strangely enough; so I generally supplied myself with matter enough to last until his lordship felt ready to take me to Rome or Paris or Switzerland—places I never tired of visiting in imagination—and where he promised we should go on our wedding-tour.

On this especial morning the news was at last fairly digested, and the papers carefully folded. "Confess," he said, with a laugh, "that you



have been dozing the last half hour, and haven't understood a single word you have been making believe read.'

"No, I have not been in the least sleepy," I plied. "If my book had not been interesting, I have had quite enough to occupy me in endeav-oring to keep this wretched chignon in place. It will slip, and the curls are a constant source of torment to me; for every now and then they try to occupy their old places, and I am forever

"Those floating curls of yours were very be-witching things, Belle," said my lover; "and I am not sure but they helped weigh down the

love scale considerably-

"If that be so," I interrupted, "why not let me wear my hair as you first liked it? I wish you would please tell mother that you like me better that way." And there was a tone of passions to the beauty heard. sionate pleading in my voice that he never heard

there before.

"Indeed, Miss Belle, to comply with that request is quite impossible. You can no more go back to your curls than you can to the girlhood of a month ago. You are my promised wife; and that little assumption of dignity on your

part I feel that I am quite entitled to."

Just then "that switch" gave a queer, onesided lurch, and before I really knew what was the matter the bundle of false hair lav by my side, and my own locks were caressing my shoul-

ders as if glad to be free.

"There!" I laughed, in great glee. "Isn't that jolly? Once more, just once more, I am a girl again! You do not know, Mr. Satterlee—you can not imagine—what a relief this is to me. As for this thing," holding up the switch, "I am half inclined to nitch it into the raying "I am half inclined to pitch it into the ravine

"You have my permission to do so, Miss Hosmer," he answered, in a cold, measured, haughty tone I had never heard him assume before. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what the young lady does with the false hair she has not delicacy enough to conceal. This is a species of vulgarity I did not imagine you could be guilty of

guilty of.

In what did the vulgarity consist? I asked my-lf, in amazement. Was it in wearing this false self, in amazement. hair, or was it for allowing him to know that I wore it? I was not long in doubt, for he continued, in the same cynical way:

"I suppose fashion renders it necessary to make these toilette additions; but this is the first instance I have ever seen where a lady was really anxious to exhibit such appendages."
"If you would like me to understand that you

consider the wearing of such stuff as this vulgar, I quite agree with you, Sir; and I declare to you, upon my honor as a woman—a very young woman, I am well aware—that I shall never again be coaxed, cajoled, advised, or commanded into braiding the false with the true; and I shall endeavor to carry this principle into each act of my life."

"As you please," he replied through his set teeth. He must have been fearfully angry, for every particle of color had deserted his face. "This hair is an excellent match, my step-

mother says," I went on; "and I think it is. Pity to throw it away, isn't it, Mr. Satterlee? But over it goes, and with it this bauble that has tried to make me a wise society woman long before the time." And I removed the horse-jockey ring, rolled it up with the long auburn switch, and threw them from me far down the ravine, then deliberately walked away from my liege lord, leaving this only as a parting shot:

"Next time you think about being engaged, Mr. Satterlee, have the lady's cerebellum examined, and be sure that it is well covered. Good-

morning, Sir."
What did my father and step-mother say Oh, every thing you can think of. They stormed and threatened; and finally the situation became so intolerable that one day I packed my trunks and started, without saying a word to any one, for my aunt's house in Brandon—dear old Branwhere at last I came to find the genuine article without the aid of any magnifying-glass what-ever. "He" is a minister—who would ever have thought it? - my aunt's adopted son, and the way it came about was after this wise. Aunt went away for a short visit to Niagara, leaving me housekeeper, and John Percival—that is his name—returned from a two years' Continental tour quite unexpectedly, and quite ill. I was obliged to take care of him until the arrival of my aunt, and even afterward it seemed quite impossible to dispense with my services. He convalesced rapidly, and one day, the very first he was able to walk out, after having rested a while in silence under the shade of a dear old elm, he looked up suddenly and said,

What beautiful hair you have, Belle! I am so glad you have sense enough to wear it in that way!" and he took one of the curls between his fingers and caressed it so tenderly that my heart gave a wild throb, and I knew then that I had loved John Percival from the first.

"I was thinking," he continued, "as I looked at you, all unconscious of my gaze, as you sat in the twilight last evening, how beautiful that hair would be thirty or forty years hence,

worn in the same way!"
"What an idea!" I replied, trying to be gay. "I am afraid white curls would not be so very becoming.

Any thing that is graceful and natural is always becoming. But do you know, Belle, I have wondered a thousand times that you did not arrange your hair like other young ladies,'

Then I told him the story of "that switch." He laughed heartily at the comico-tragiconale. Who could have helped it? Then, after a little pause, continued, softly,

"I wish you would give me that hair to keep, Belle.

"And how about the head?" I queried, sau-

cily, looking away from his ardent gaze.
"I am not bargaining for a switch, dear;"
and then, more seriously, "Of course the head, if the heart says yes."

There was no answer needed. He read it all in my brimful eyes and flushed cheek, and draw ing my head to his shoulder, repeated my favorite Browning verse:

"'I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!'"

Wasn't it funny?

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] A Reminiscence of De Quincey.—What a Mechanical Education costs.

WHEN I left our paragon of country inns at Clovelly, and asked for the bill, "Let me see, Sir—on what day did you happen to come?" inquired the landlady. And when it arrived, "If you object to any particular charge," added she, "pray scratch it out." There was nothing, however, to object to except coming away from Clovelly at all, and that a sense of duty to yourselves compelled me to do. For in place of being that "mould of fashion" into which the very latest news is poured and becomes consistent for your use, I was just beginning "to suffer a sea-change." Of my bones if coral was not being made, as Ariel sings, I am not sure that barnacles were not growing upon me. I had certainly begun to hitch my trowsers and roll in my gait; I shut one eye when I looked up at the sky; I lived, as it were, between wind and If you happen to want a nautical correwater. spondent, please to let me know; but while in doubt as to your requirements in that way I felt that I could not with propriety remain at Clovelly.

I have, therefore, come on to Ilfracombe—one of the haunts of English fashion in these autumn months, when the upper ten—nay, the upper half million—flee from London as though the plague were raging there. It is on the sea-coast, and in a most beautiful situation, but there is no sentiment in its picturesqueness Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, found it "lonely and romantic" a quarter of a century ago. Now it has billiard-rooms, parades, excursion steamers, German bands, and a grand hotel—at which we have the misfortune to be staying. Dr. Johnson says, "Believe me, Sir, there is no scenery that is not improved by the presence of a good hotel in the foreground." The remark does not refer to Ilfracombe, because the hotel is not good; but surely in any case the doctor should have premised that his hotel was to have no people in it. Whatever may have been the original spirit of "quiet Ilfracombe," the Genius of Commonplace has now taken possession of it, attended by a band of nigger minstrels. The "eternal monotone" of the sea is broken in upon by vapid talk from which it is impossible, even in "the

most spacious sea-frontage attached to any hotel in the United Kingdom," to escape.

Years ago I had the pleasure of dining with De Quincey, the opium-eater, at Lasswade, the most charming, but at the same time the most intellectually fastidious, of mankind, and after an afternoon's talk (or rather listening), such as I shall never forget, took my leave with the avowed

intention of returning by coach to Edinburgh.

"By coach!" cried he, in accents of dismay 'Is it possible you travel by a public convey-

As I knew that it was no false pride which

"Well, I'll tell you why not," said he.
"Some years ago I was persuaded to travel by a Loch Lomond steamer: while waiting on the pier at Tarbet an old lady came up to me, and pointing to the approaching vessel, observed, with the utmost animation, 'Deary me, Sir, what would you and I have said forty years ago if we had seen a sight like that?' Now that is what may happen to me any day," was De Quincey's shuddering comment, "in going by a public conveyance." The philosopher would certainly not have long survived the general conversation at the Ilfracombe hotel. For my part, though it would be an affectation indeed to pre-tend to his fastidiousness, I envy the man who can converse with a fool as with a wise man, and only feel the difference in degree; who thinks, as Lord Eldon did of port-wine, that "there is no such thing as bad talk, though some people's talk is doubtless better than that of others." It is true that it has been said that "there is no one who has not something to tell you that you didn't know before," but the question is, do you want to know it? "Information," about which feeble people pride themselves so inordinately, is what any body may possess himself of who chooses to give himself the trou-ble, and is most easily acquired from a book. On the other hand, the experience of one's conve tion is like that of an editor of a periodical. Nineteen volunteer contributors out of twenty are useless to him, but the twentieth has really something good to offer. Is it better to confine him self to his staff, or to welcome all comers and have the trouble of sifting the mountain of chaff for the few grains of wheat? Undoubtedly an assiduous editor will reply that it is worth while.

If you have too much money, going on is an excellent device to get rid of it, but as a profession it has its drawbacks. That, how-ever, is the case with all other trades in this overpopulated country. "All the gates are thronged with suitors, and open but to golden keys." If you send your offspring to the bar, you have to keep him there twenty years before he can keep himself. The army can not now

be entered except by a competitive examination, and is, therefore, no longer aristocratic enough as a profession for your young hopeful to please your wife. You can hardly, as a conscientious man, put your son into "the Church" to subscribe to the Athanasian Creed, which he will-certainly have to abjure within a few years. Under these circumstances I have made some inquiries with respect to placing my boy, who has a talent for figures—he plays cribbage quite remarkably well-with a civil engineer, and this is what has come of them: a friend of mine put his son in a great establishment of this kind, and paid three hundred pounds a year premium with him for three years, every bit of which time was spent by the youth in question "lying upon his back and holding a candle while another workman knocked in rivets." This seems a tedious process for producing our future Stephensons and Brunels.

The agricultural strike is growing daily, and is exciting dismay or exasperation, as the case may be, among the lords of the soil. Some have given in; some, on the contrary, like Pharaoh, who have hitherto only scourged the poor with whips, announce their intention of trying scorpions. One of the great grievances of the laborer (as I think I told you) is the holding of their cottages from the farmer instead of direct from the landlord, so that in case of the slightest disagreement with their employer they are liable immediately to be cast out of house and home. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, instead of pouring oil upon the troubled waters, uses vitriol. He has given up every cottage in his holding to his farmers, in order that they may do with these refractory bondsmen even as they will. this sort of person who is called a Tory, and who makes a nation democratic.

Mr. Disraeli contents himself with denying that the agricultural laborer is badly off, which has, unfortunately for him, caused the Daily News to send a special commissioner down to his own manor of Hughenden, Buckinghamshire, where things are found to be as bad as they well can be. This is only a little private exposure, such as might have been expected; but what do you think of the national reputation of a whole people being exploded, as has lately happened to the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea?" Mr. Planché, the great burlesque writer, has had the hardihood to publish his conviction that nothing really "good" in the way of humor was ever heard in Ireland; that there is more wit and smartness in one London cabman than in all the carmen of Dublin; and that there never was an Irish story yet worth telling which was not invented in England.

This seems really very serious, and the more so since, upon carefully going over my own experience with respect to Ireland and the Irish, it strikes me that Mr. Planché is right.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT a change in the army of school boys and girls who throng our streets twice every day! In June they walked with laggard step, apparently scarcely able to bear their burden of books, their pale faces and too large eyes telling of bodily languor and overtaxed brains. Now they march along with elastic gait, their faces brown with the summer's sun and wind, their eyes bright with the reflection of green, grassy meadows, bubbling brooks, lofty mountains, cool forests, and sandy beaches. Fresh and happy, though school tasks may seem a little irksome at first, they feel vigorous, and will cheerfully do their best. They have laid up a store of vitality which will sustain them in the long months of study which are before them. How delightful would it be to keep that ruddy tint of health upon the children's faces! Alas that lack of out-door exercise, close rooms, late tint of health upon the children's faces! Alas that lack of out-door exercise, close rooms, late hours, unwholesome diet, and too much book study should rob the skin of its freshness and the eye of its youthful lustre! The trite old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," if judiciously practiced by parents, would save many doctors bills and scores of anxious hours. Looking forward to early spring, when school boys and girls wearily con their lessons with aching heads, let parents and teachers seasonably adopt such hygienic measures as will preserve to the children the healthy vigor gained in vacation.

There is to be a new steamboat line from Car diff, Wales, to New York. The enterprising and wealthy Marquis of Bute is the principal shareholder in the steamboat company, and as Cardiff is a convenient port both for England and the United States, and the natural outlet of a populous region, the new line is likely to be successful. There is business enough for all lines, new and old; for such is the intercourse between this country and England and other parts of Europe that steamers often lack accompandations for passengers and room for freight. modations for passengers and room for freight.

English people are beginning to examine the confectionery offered for sale with a suspicious eye. In fact, they begin to think that Christiana Edmonds need not have taken the trouble to poison sweetmeats for a purpose, when poisoned candies are sold openly in the shops. A New castle chemist has been analyzing different kinds of sweet stuffs, and has shocked the community by the revelations he has made.

On the day of the sad disaster to the Metis a lady telegraph operator at Stonington re-mained at her post of duty for seventeen conmained at her post of duty for seventeen con-secutive hours, during which time she sent over the wires 4000 words for the press, besides 483 private messages of various lengths, many of them being received by her from Watch Hill, and repeated to other places.

Every year brings its sad tale of some thrilling accident on the Alps. Two persons were lately killed by the fall of an avalanche. One was miraculously saved. He says, after describing the sudden fall of the mass: "I found myself, when I returned to consciousness, on a rock,

whither I had been hurled by the avalanche, the mass of which had carried away my companions. The rope by which we were fastened must have been rent asunder, otherwise I should have been hurled to sudden destruction as well as the others. A loud cry from the mouths of all of us, then silence—and of my unfortunate companions I saw and heard no more."

A new thing in the way of carriages is pro-A new uning in the way of carriages is projected by a Connecticut company—namely, carriages built entirely of India rubber, except the axles and tires. It is claimed that the material is decidedly superior to wood.

"Scientific principles" are now very generally substituted for grapes in the manufacture of wine—so says an English chemist.

An exchange thinks that if the telegraphic accounts relating to Dr. Livingstone during the last six or seven years were condensed they would read something like the following:

would read something like the following:

"London, January 7, 1866.—Accounts from Africa state that when last heard from Dr. Livingstone was on the Zambezi River, making his way to Ujiji.

"London, February 9, 1867.—Late accounts from Africa state that nothing has been heard from Dr. Livingstone for a long time, and that the British consul at Zanzibar entertains fears for his safety.

"London, January 10, 1868.—The mails from Africa bring us the melancholy intelligence of the death of Dr. Livingstone. No particulars of the manner of his death have reached us.

"London, December 90, 1868.—Accounts from Africa state that Dr. Livingstone is not dead.

"London, March 90, 1869.—Accounts from Africa convey the intelligence that a native, who was with Dr. Livingstone at the time of his death, states positively that he saw him fall, shot by one of the savages.

"London, January 2, 1870.—Parties from the interior of Africa, arriving at Zanzibar, assert that Dr. Livingstone is still alive.

"London, February 6, 1871.—Accounts from Zanzibar state positively that Dr. Livingstone is safe, but in a destitute condition."

This much, in substance, up to the time when Mr. Stanley commenced his journey into the interior in search of the adventurer.

Curious mistakes are made by the telegraph sometimes. Not long ago a dispatch was received at the monastery of Voreppe. It read, when translated, as follows, "Father Liguier is dead; we shall arrive by train at three to-morrow." The good monks immediately prepared a grave for the deceased, and sent a hearse to the station to meet the body. But when the train stopped, to the great astonishment of the sorrowing monks, out jumped Father Liguier and his friends. The telegram had been changed from "Père Liguier et moi" into "Père Liguier est mort."

Rome is said to have experienced a warmer and more unhealthy season this year than has been known for a long time. The fever hospitals are crowded with patiente, and the rains have begun unusually early, which is always unfavorable to health.

Washington city promises to be very gay and brilliant during the coming season. The French minister and the Russian embassador have announced their intention of "entertaining," and this will contribute to the desired object—a gay

The last month of the hot and wet summer of 1872 ended with a day that would have done credit to October, if not to November. At Mount Washington the temperature was within three degrees of the freezing-point at eight clock in the morning. o'clock in the morning.

At the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Berlin a magnificent vase has been made, valued at more than five thousand dollars. This is designed as a gift to the Emperor Francis Joseph on his departure from Berlin.

Curious ideas those Japanese must have. We see it stated that a Japanese scholar in one of the New Haven schools, having been insulted by a school-mate recently, sent a note to one of the instructors requesting permission to kill the

It is said that the belle of the season at New-port has been a Philadelphia lady, whose years number considerably over half a century, and whose hair is white as snow. She is infinitely more charming than most younger ladies, is never "out of practice" when asked for music, and is always pleasingly ready to entertain any one. Her nusband evidently is very proud of her —and well may be so. -and well may be so.

The Chalet Cordier at Trouville, which has been occupied by President Thiers during the present season, is situated upon the wooded heights overlooking Trouville, and can not be espied at all from the land. Only from the sea can it be perceived, while access to it is only attained by a road deeply cut in the side of a hill on which it stands. The little park surrounding it, which slopes toward the sea, is charmingly laid out, so as to afford the most picturesque views, including a fine expanse of sea, the ingiy laid out, so as to anord the most pictur-sque views, including a fine expanse of sea, the bay of Havre, the hill-sides of Ingouville, L'Hève, the refreshing verdure and the gracefully wind-ing river of the valley of Tingues, while between the hills are visible the sites of Cabourg and the ing river of the valley of Tingues, while between the hills are visible the sites of Cabourg and the littoral of Caen. A wide drive leads to the entrance, approached by a flight of steps. The hall door opens upon an antechamber, closed by a second glazed door. On the right are the staircase and a low door leading to the domestic offices, and on the left M. Thiers's study, where he relaxes over metaphysics and moral philosophy, and at the end of the hall are two side-doors opening into the dining and drawing rooms. Perhaps in graceful compliment to M. Thiers's taste, two model bronze cannons are placed upon a table in the hall, pointing their tiny muzzles to the drawing-room door. The salon is large and lofty, well lighted by five windows, and communicates directly with the drawing-room. The house is filled with artistic objects: wood-carvings of the medieval and Revision of the salon is the salon and Revision of the salon and the salon of the medieval and Revision of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the salon of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the salon of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the salon of the medieval and Revision of the salon of the sa jects: wood-carvings of the medieval and Re-naissance periods, Japanese bronzes, Dutch cabnaissance periods, Japanese bronzes, Dutch cab-inet pictures, sixteenth century metal-work, and splendid old stained glass, all contribute to its beauty as a residence. The furniture is of a sombre character; but the general effect is light-ened by the ceiling, which is of a blue and white ground ornamented with frescoes.



Crochet Cap for Boy from 2 to 4 Years old.

This cap is crocheted in sc. with dark blue zephyr worsted, and is trimmed with a rim crocheted in loop stitch with gray chinchilla worsted, which simulates krimmer. A feather knitted in loop stitch with similar worsted, and bows of dark blue silk ribbon, form the trimming. Begin the cap from the middle with a foundation of 5 ch., close these in a ring, and work, always going forward, 25 rounds in sc., widening in each round in such a manner that the work neither fulls up nor draws; the 25th round counts 180 sc. in the original. Crochet 15 rounds more in sc., narrowing from 4 to 5 st. in each round, so that the last round counts only 105 st. In narrowing always work off 2 st. of the preceding round together with 1 st. The widening and narrowing should be distributed as regularly as possible, and should be worked in different directions. Now lay on the gray worsted for the rim, in doing which it must be observed that the wrong side of the work forms the right side



KNITTED HAT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
[See Page 661.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 76-78.

of the cap, and work, always going forward, 6 rounds in loop stitch, as follows: 1st round.—* 1 sc. on the next st., take up 1 st. from the following st., 4 ch., and work off the last of these together with the st. on the needle. In the following rounds the ch. loops are transposed. Then crochet one round more in sc. and fasten the thread. The feather is knitted in loop stitch with chinchilla worsted (see illustration accompanying description on page 661). It is worked on a foundation of 4 st. in 40 rounds (20 loop rounds); at the end of the first 6 rounds worked with a single thread widen 1 st. each, and at the end of the last six rounds worked with a single thread narrow 1 st. each. When the feather is completed fasten it on the cap as shown by the illustration, and finish it with a ribbon bow; a similar bow is set on the top of the cap, in the middle.

Knitted Hood, also worn as a Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.



Fig. 1.—KNITTED HOOD WORN AS A FICHU.



KNITTED AND NETTED HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3
YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 64 and 65.

knitting to suit the shape of the frame thus formed. Begin the hood in the middle of the front (the point), and with worsted and fine wooden knitting-needles make a foundation of 10 st. Then knit in rounds, going backward and forward, as follows: 1st round.—Alternately k. 2 together, t. t. o. 2d and 3d rounds.—Knit plain. 4th round.—All purled. Repeat these four rounds thirty-one times, transposing the design figures, however, in the first round of each new pattern figure. In order to shape the knitting first widen and then narrow in the requisite manner at the beginning and end of the rounds. For manner of widening and narrowing, see general directions.



[See Page 661.]

For the edging on the back of the hood take up the edge stitches there, and knit in the design of the knitted hat for girl from 4 to 6 years old, described in Supplement, five rounds, going backward and forward; border the edging on the outer edge with two rounds of crochet ch. scallops (consisting each of 1 sc., 5 ch.); the last round is worked with filling silk. The netted ruche on the front edge of the hood is worked like the ruche of the girl's hat before mentioned; set two such ruches

along the point in front, and set a ribbon bow on the front of the hood. Gather the ends of the hood, and trim each end with an Angora tassel.

Directions for

cutting and making Night-Shirt for Boy from 6 to 8 Years old, Figs. 1-5.

See illustrations on page 653.

For this nightshirt take a piece
of linen or muslin
a yard and threeeighths long and
thirty-four inches
wide, with the thread
running straight on
both ends. Of this
cloth cut a straight
piece the whole
length and twentyone inches and
three-quarters wide
for the body. For
the sleeves cut of
the remaining narrow strip two pieces
each eleven inches

and a quarter long and six inches wide, and for the sleeve gussets two pieces each three inches and three-quarters square. The material of the shoulder pieces should run the same way with that of the shirt, therefore the lengthwise threads must run across and the cross-wise threads lengthwise in the former. Cut a piece of linen four inches wide and four inches and seven-eighths long for each shoulder piece. For the two shoulder gussets and the gussets on the side slits of the shirt cut of the narrower strip of linen also three pieces each two inches and a half square; one of these is folded in a triangle and is cut through the fold, which forms the gussets for the two side slits of the shirt. Cut the collar of double linen thirteen inches and three-quarters long and an inch and seven-eighths wide, and round off the front corners as shown by Fig. 1. Then double the piece designed for the body lengthwise, and mark the middle of the fold by pulling a thread. Sew up the body on the sides with a felled seam, beginning each seam eight inches and a half from the middle, and leaving a slit



KNITTED HAT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 69-72.

at the end six inches and a half long. See corresponding letters on Fig. 2, which shows the body opened out. Fold down the edges of the gussets designed for the side slits a quarter of an inch wide, overseam the upper half of the gussets to the edges of the slits so that the rectangular corner of each gusset comes on the end of the seam, and fold down the lower half of the gussets on the under side. The fold made by doing this is indicated by a dotted line (.....) on Fig. 3. Hem-stitch the lower half of the gussets to the under side of the body; in doing this the middle of the longest side of the gussets should come exactly on the end of the side seams of the body. In the middle of the front of the shirt, beginning on the upper edge (fold), cut a straight slit ten inches and seven-eighths long; on the under end of this slit, toward each side, cut a crosswise slit an inch and a half long, and on the upper end cut a similar slit seven inches and three-quarters long toward each side. The latter forms the neck.

Fold each edge of

the slit in front, first

a quarter of an inch and then an inch and

a quarter wide on the

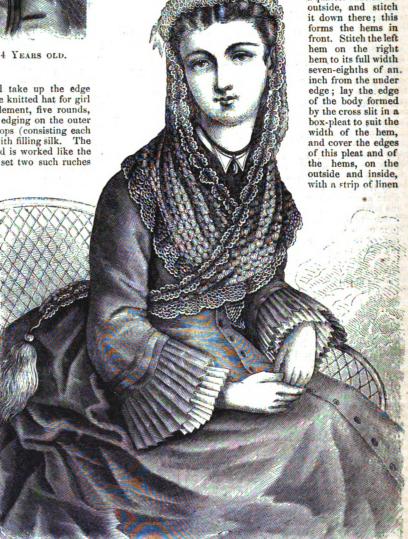


Fig. 2.—Knitted Hood worn on the Head.



APRON FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

three-quarters of an inch wide stitch ed on. Draw out a thread in the middle of each shoulder piece (see dotted line on Fig. 5), fold down the edge of each shoulder piece on the under side a quarter of an inch wide all around, and stitch it on the body with the thread running straight, so that the middle, which is marked by the thread drawn out, comes exactly on the tightened thread in the mid dle of the body. Then stitch each shoulder piece also through the middle three inches long, beginning from the armhole. From the end of this seam cut a slit along the thread drawn out for setting in the shoulder gusset, and baste the edges of the slit and the neck together. Fold the shoulder gussets in a triangle along the dotted line as shown by Fig. 4, stitch them on the right side, so that the rectangular

corner of the triangle comes on the middle row of stitching on the shoulder pieces, and hem them to the shirt on the wrong side.— Gather the neck of the shirt to suit the width of the collar, leaving it smooth, however, on the hems and on the corners of the gussets, where there are several layers of linen. Join the collar on the upper and front edges, turn

it inside out, work a row of stitching a quarter of an inch from the outer edge, hem-stitch the collar on the shirt, and furnish it in front with a button and button-hole. Next make the sleeves. To do this first join one

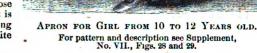


WHITE ZEPHYR WORSTED MANTLE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 58-60.

fessor Tyndall says it is the color of the air.

There are so many different kinds of blue, or, rather, so many names to a few kinds, that we have not space to enumerate them here, even were it necessary. Many are only known to dyers and manufacturers, and possess slight differences in the mixture of the chemicals which compose them, which in some cases change hardly or not at all the general tint of the color. There are only three blues in reality-yellow-blue, red-blue, and black-blue. Pure blue is that which does not savor of one color more than another. Turquoise might be an example of the first, ultramarine of the second, and indigo of the

> Blue gives an impression of cold, but some blues, of course, are less cold than others. A blue formed of indigo and white is very cold and dull, and walls or any large space covered with this color are most unpleasing even depressing -unless relieved to a very great extent by warm colors in close proximity. It is also unbecoming



to the face, except when reduced by white to lavender. Ultramarine is the least cold of blues.

as there is a certain amount of red pervading it, so that in the shadows it often looks quite violet. It is too brilliant for the face, but is very beautiful in small quantities in dress, or when sparingly introduced in mouldings, decorations of furniture, and the like. It is worth noting that ultrama-

rine, in a very deep shade (when it borrows the name "Alexandra," "royal," etc., accord-ing to the period), is one of the most unbecoming colors that can be placed near the face in masses. Its brilliancy lends a yellow hue to the skin, while its deepness with-holds the gray shadows cast by pale blues which are so valuable to del-

Fig. 1.-LADY'S BEAVER CLOTH MANTLE.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 2.—LADY'S RIBBED CLOTH DOLMAN. -BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1a, 1b-3.

Fig. 3.-LADY'S DOLMAN.

FRONT.

of the colors employed in her attire. The chief blues used by artists are For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1^a, 1^b-3.



are so valuable to delicate complexions. It should be shunned alike by the florid and the fair.

Turquoise blue, which might be made with cobalt and Naples yellow, and which is seen in the greatest perfection in the enamfection in the enameled porcelain of the Indians and other Orientals, is a most beautiful pale color, less cold than indigo, yet colder than ultramarine, but in the decoration of rooms should be used rather in small than large quanti-ties. In dress, when not too brilliant, it is exceedingly becoming, especially to fair persons, add-ing gray to the shadows of the complex-ion, enhancing the rose of the cheek and any shade of yellow latent in the hair. It is, though not the brightest, the most penetra-ting of all blues. The admixture of

either red or green in blue for purposes of dress must always be managed with caution. A green-blue is a most exquisite hue, but many faces are ruined by a soupçon of green, while others are made over-red or, worse, too yel-low by the pro-pinquity of violet.

Some mauves are more delicate even than lavender, but others destroy the bloom of the skin. Hardly one woman out of ten knows,

or even considers, in selecting colors, their properties in these respects. Indeed, when a woman habitually looks well, it is almost always because she is too pretty to be spoiled; scarcely ever because she is "wise in her generation" as to the artistic selection or arrangement

indigo, Prussian, Antwerp, cobalt,

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30 and 31.

end of each part of the sleeves with a sleeve gusset, then sew up both ends of the sleeve to the gusset, and join the free part of one end of each sleeve with the nearest side of the gusset, in doing which the gusset is folded in a triangle. Hem the sleeves on the outer edges and sew them into the shirt with a felled seam. Of course larger night-shirts may be made in the BLUE.

BLUE has always been a favorite hue among nations past and present. It is difficult to account for its popularity. In large masses it gives the impres-sion of coldness. It is neither so state-ly as yellow, so vivid as scarlet, nor so manageable as black or white. Perhaps it is be-cause there is so little real blue in nature (if we except the sky), compared with other colors, that it commends itself somewhat as a

same manner.

novelty to our eyes. There are very few blue flowers; not many blue birds, nor fishes, nor insects, nor minerals: in animals and in the human race there is no blue at all. No beast has blue fur, nor has any body a blue skin. Blue eyes, which light-haired persons all fancy they possess, are about the rarest things in nature, and when they do occur are not pleasing. We may even give up the "blue vein," which poets love, as visionary: the veins percepti-ble, for the most part, are either gray, red, or green-

Dark blue was the mourning color among the ancient Romans under the republic, as it is at the present day in Turkey; violet being confined to the nobler classes.

Blue and purple have from time immemorial been in high favor with spiritualists. It is needless to point out that Fra Angelico's famous blues—singularly pure, transparent, and beautiful—are all associated with what we may can receive spiritual atmospheres. Blue is said to be the color of truth; purious signify purity. Prosociated with what we may call inple and white signify purity.

and ultramarine. · Prussian blue is the most powerful of the five, the smallest scrap being sufficient to make a bright blue when mixed with white. This is also identical with the blue used by laundresses. In painting, what we now call violet can be produced by a judicious admixture of the finest blue with crimson lake or madder. Cobalt and rose madder will make violet; but no common red mixed with any common blue makes violet at all.

(Continued from No. 38, page 623.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SELFISH YEARNING AND UNSELFISH LOVE.

WHAT but pure accident could have brought David Sheldrake and Lily together on this day? There was nothing singular in the meeting, and setting aside the presumption (as hitherto borne out by his actions) that Mr. Sheldrake was Alfred's friend, Hampton Court is open to all the world and his wife, and the chestnut-trees in Bushey Park have a wide renown. They are beautiful through all the year, in and out of blossom; their leaves have shaded many thousands of lovers, and will do again; and the story that is as old as the hills has been whispered and acted over and over again to the noble branches that break the sunlight and the moonlight fantastically. And what was there to prevent Mr. Sheldrake having an eye to the beautiful?

It was to all appearance the most natural occurrence in the world, and Lilv certainly had no suspicion that the meeting was pre-arranged. If it had been, where was the harm? Alfred saw none, and if he had— Well, if he had, it is difficult to determine how he would have acted. There are a sort of men at once so selfish and so weak that they bring a moral blindness upon themselves. In the pursuit of their own selfish ends they are incapable of seeing in their actions a possible evil result to those whom they love. Their minds are mirrors reflecting from within, in which they see nothing but themselves and

their own troubles and desires.

The holiday commenced most happily, and Lily's heart's hopes were as bright as the clouds above her. The day was an event in her life of even routine. She was as blithe as a bird. As she walked, she felt as if she would like to dance, and as she could not do that, she hummed her favorite songs, and pressed Alfred's arm to her side, and showed her grateful spirit in a hundred little affectionate ways. Every little incident afforded her pleasure, and strangers looked admiringly at her bright face. When she and Alfred arrived at Hampton Court she was in the gayest of spirits. She chatted merrily on all sorts of subjects, and drank in the goodness and the beauty of nature with a spirit of exceeding thankfulness. She was girl and woman in one. It would have done any person good to see her roaming about the grounds and gardens, admiring this and that as a child might have done. So child-like was she in her womanliness that every now and then she would set Alfred's remarks to favorite airs, and sing them again and again in a dozen different ways. Alfred thought he had never seen her so completely happy as now, and he expressed his thought affectionately. "I am as happy as a bird," she said. "I don't think I ever felt happier in my life, and I

me happier still." In this way did her affectionate nature pay exorbitant interest for Alfred's small outlay of kindness. As she pressed his arm to her breast, and held it there, Alfred thrilled with amazement at her goodness. He looked into her sparkling eyes, which were dewy with joy.

have you to thank for it, dear, and that makes

"Do you know what, Lil?"
"What, dear?"

"I am glad you are my sister."

Her heart laughed as he said the words.

"And glad that you love me, Lil," he added.

"What would life be without love, dear Alf?"
She did not know (although she might have

guessed, as she was aware that he had a heartecret) what a tender chord her words touched. What would life be without love? Ah! think of it, all, and believe that it is the richest dower woman can bring to man, the richest gift man can give to woman! Love, faith, and charity—all the rest is dross. Out from the branches flew a bird, and after it another. Lily's eyes followed them. Up, up into the clouds, which seemed fit dwelling-place for the graceful things, until they were lost to sight. But Lily did not miss them, for in the clouds she saw her hopes reflect-She was in harmony with the peacefulness and beauty of every thing around and about her. Every blade that sprang from the earth, every leaf that thrilled to the whisper of the wind, every glint of light imprismed in the brown and green lattice-work of the trees, every bright bit of color that dwelt in cloud and flower, contributed to her happiness. Such times as these are Forget-me-nots.

So they strolled through the gardens, and into court-yards so still and quiet that they appeared scarcely to belong to the busy world. They went into the picture-gallery because Alfred said it was the proper thing to do, but a gloom fell upon Lily when she was in the rooms. They were sad and sombre, and there was something dispiriting in the manner in which the few per sons who were at the palace walked about and looked at the pictures. They walked with soft footfalls, and spoke with bated breath, and wore They walked with soft a solemn expression on their countenances which seemed to say, "We are walking among the

One might not inaptly have imagined, indeed, that at night, when no profane footstep disturbed the silence, the palace was a palace of ghosts and shades that rose from the floor and started from frame and wainscot to play their parts in the shadowy world to which they belonged. The excitement and pleasure of the day rendered Lily more than usually susceptible to outward influences. Every nerve in her was quivering with susceptibility, and the contrast between the ghostly rooms and the bright landscape without sensibly affected her. She hurried Alfred through the rooms nervously, but the eyes of a Puritan, that glared at her sternly from the wall, arrested her attention and frightened her.

The face was sunless; even about the lips and eves there was no trace of gentleness or sweet ness. The cruelly hard lines in the face of this man spoke of severity, austerity, absolutism, and declared: "Life is bitter; it is a battle of brute declared: forces, and he who wins by strength of character by dogmatism, by harshness, achieves a moral victory, and proves himself worthy. There is but one course—bend all the forces of your will, all the power of your strength, to crush those whose ways are not your ways, whose belief is not your belief. There is not room for all, some have no business here. To be human is not to be humane." Lily's heart grew faint as she gazed at this stern face, and it was only by a strong effort that she wrested her attention from it. She was glad when she was out in the sunshine and among the flowers again, and her light-heartedness soon returned. Alfred's mood was more subdued. Lilv did not notice when they started from home that his gayety was forced, and that he seemed to be playing a part; but it was so. His cheerfulness was only assumed. Notwithstanding the outward evidences of prosperity he displayed, he was in trouble again. In immediate trouble, that is. For, like a very numerous class, so long as his circumstances were easy for to-day, he was easy in his mind. He rarely looked beyond: sufficient for the day was the good thereof. But to-morrow comes inevitably, and it came to Alfred, and brought trouble to

Nearly all his racing speculations had gone against him. The race for the Goodwood Cup, the winner of which he was so confident of having "spotted," as the phrase is, had proved disastrous to him. The acceptance for seventy-five would soon be due, and he had no means to meet it with. He had borrowed money of Mr. Sheldrake, and he had given that gentleman he did not know what documents as securitycurity of the frailest, as his friend took care to

tell him. "It is a mere matter of form," Mr. Sheldrake had said, "for as you have no property, and are worth nothing, these bills and I O U's are worth almost as much as waste paper. But I trust to your honor, Alf; I know you'll not let me in. But although I am partial to you, my boy, and like you, and all that, I am not sure that I would assist you if it were not for Lily's sake. If you were to push me to it, I should be bound to declare that it is for Lily I do this, and not for You don't mind my saying this, do you? It is because I like her, and want her to think well of me: not without deserving it, Alf; I think I deserve it; that I am disposed to stick to you. You'll have a slice of luck one day, my That tip of yours for the Cup was a bad one; but better luck next time, that's my mot-to. How much did you lose? Oh, that wasn't on sum to Alfred); "you'll soon pull that up.
Of course you'll be able to meet that little bill of
Staveley's? If I didn't think it was all right, I wouldn't tell you what he said yesterday. He swore that if the bill wasn't paid (what put it into his head that it wouldn't be, puzzles me) he wouldn't hold me accountable, but would come down upon you, and press the money out of you. He's as hard as nails on some points, is Con Staveley, and he's sore because I have been let in by so many of my friends. He can't make out what makes me cotton to you so, but then

alter his tune. Of course Alfred said he would be able to meet Con Staveley's bill, hoping that meanwhile the slice of luck (which, unfortunately for the hopeful ones, is nearly always figurative) would be cut off Fortune's pudding for him. But it wasn't, and pay-day was drawing near; and he had been borrowing more money of Mr. Shel-drake, some of which he had lost in racing, as usual, and some of which he had spent upon himself, and in other ways. So that altogether he was in a bad way; and supposing that Mr. Sheldrake failed him, he did not know where to turn for assistance to float him through his money scrapes. Of one thing he was certain: it depended upon Lily whether Mr. Sheldrake continued to be his friend. He extracted comfort from this thought; for as the word of promise is often kept to the ear to break it to the hope, so he cajoled himself into believing that Lily entertained a warm feeling for Mr. Sheldrake, he believed it because it was vitally necessary to him that it should be so. Still he would make sure. He had a favor to ask of Mr. Sheldrake this very day, and Lily would be able to assist him in obtaining it. Perhaps she would be able to put in a word for him with that gentleman. He absolutely saw nothing wrong in the thought. It was, however, with an uneasy feeling that he commenced the conversation, and he was rather ashamed of himself for going roundabout instead of coming straight to the point. "I am so glad you are enjoying yourself, Lilv"

he hasn't seen Lily, has he, Alf? or he might

Lily.

He could find nothing better to say than this. "I can't help it, Alfred; it would be ungrateful not to on such a day. And I enjoy it all the

more because you have brought me, and because you are with me. What beautiful places there are to come to, if one has the time and the

"Yes, and the money," repeated Alfred, with a groan. "Isn't it a shame, Lily, that a fellow can't get as much as he wants?"

"That depends, Alf," answered Lily, with a touch of philosophy that sounded all the prettier from her lips, because she was the last person in the world who would be supposed to be given to philosophizing, "upon how much a fellow wants."

"Not much," he said, "not a great deal.

There are hundreds of people who have more than they know what to do with."

"I think," said Lily, in a musing tone, "one can do with a very little, and be very happy."
"You say so because you're a girl; if you were a man, you would think different."
"Perhaps," she said, with a readier mental

acquiescence than the word expressed. "A man wants so many things," continued Alfred, with only one interpretation of "man" in his mind, and that was himself, "that a girl has no idea of. He has to move in the world, and do as others do if he doesn't want to look mean and shabby; it's hard lines on a fellow when it comes to that. Now a girl's different: so long as she's comfortable at home she's all right. There is no occasion for her to knock about.

Alfred," said Lily, looking into his face suddenly, "you speak as if you were in trouble."
"And if I were, and if you could help me,

Lily, would you?"
"Would I!" She took his hand and kissed it, as she had done once before this morning. wise man, or rather one who had learned wisdom (for the two definitions are not synonymous), who was strolling in the gardens, saw the action, and thought, "How fond that girl is of that young fellow!" naturally setting them down as sweethearts; and in his superior wisdom smiled somewhat sneeringly at the hollowness of love's young dream. "Would I? What of love's young dream. "Would I? What would I not do for those I love?" It was her heart that spoke, and the words came from her unaware. "Tell me your trouble, Alfred." "Money," he replied, curtly; "that's my

trouble.

"Can I help you, dear? I earn some. "And give it all to grandfather," he said, bit-terly, for he thought what better use he could make of Lily's earnings than his grandfather, and how many fine chances of backing the right

horses he was throwing away for want of means.

"Yes," she said, in a surprised tone at his bitterness. "Surely that's right, Alf."

"Oh, I suppose it is," he answered, in a rough, ungracious manner, "whatever grandfather is mixed up with, and whatever he does,

must be right, of course."
"What is the matter with you and grand father?" she asked, in deep anxiety: the bright ness was beginning to die out of the day. "I can't tell you how grieved I have been to see the way you behave to each other. You do not love each other as you used to do. I was in hopes this morning that it was all right between you

again."
"How can I tell you what it is that makes him treat me as he does, Lily, when I don't know myself? Directly you went out of the room this morning he began to nag me, and I couldn't stand it. He's always at me. If he sees me with a new suit of clothes on, he preaches at me either with his eyes or his tongu

Lily was exquisitely distressed. Alfred spoke as if his grandfather were his enemy, and they were both necessary to her; she loved them both -not equally; her love for Alfred was the stronger. If it were placed distinctly before her that she would be compelled to choose between them, she would have chosen Alfred. This contingency did not present itself to her now, but she was sufficiently grieved at the consciousness of the breach between the two persons upon whom until lately she had bestowed all her love. Could she heal it? could she do any thing? She asked,

"Whose fault is it, Alfred-yours or grandfather's?'

"Is it mine?" he demanded, impetuously, in return. 'Now I ask you, Lily, do you think it

"No, no," she replied, with generous and lov-g impetuousness, "I am sure it is not." ing impetuousness, "I am sure it is not."

And thus committed herself, almost instinct-

ively, out of her love for him.
"Well, then," he said, feeling like a coward,

"there it is."

He paused, expecting Lily to speak, but she was silent. She was trying to collect her thoughts, so as to take a clear view of the breach, but she could not do so. Indeed, she

was not strong enough.

"If I have a new suit of clothes," continued Alfred, harping upon the theme, and inwardly chafing at her silence, "grandfather preaches me a sermon. That's why I didn't show him the chain the other day. I don't want to say any thing against him, but young men are not the same as they used to be. Now I put it to you, Lily: if you had any body that you liked— I mean that you cared for a bit—that—that—you were—very fond of—"
"Alfred!" cried Lily, looking at him with

eager eyes.
"You know what I mean, Lily. If you were a man and had any body that you loved—there! now it's out!—wouldn't you like to look well in

her eyes?"
"Oh yes, yes, Alfred! And have you some

one like that? I thought so—I thought so!"
"Yes, I have, Lily," he said; "and she is the dearest, prettiest, best girl in the world, Lily.
And it's because she's poor—"
"That's nothing, Alfred."

"That's nothing, of course, in her. But because she's poor I try to make a little money so

as to be nice, and make her a present now and then, perhaps; and because of that grandfather's always at me, preaching—preaching—preaching. Oh, Lily, you should see her! She is as good as you are, and as pretty, upon my word, Lil."
"Prettier and better, Alfred," said Lily, taking

his hand and caressing it. She would have liked to throw her arms round his neck, but they were sitting in the gardens, and people's eyes were upon them; so she was compelled to restrain the impulse, and to content herself with caressing his hand, and saying, "I am so glad! I am so glad! And that was your secret. You have got some one that you love, my dear, my dearest! how happy you have made me! And you love her very, very much?"
"With all my heart and soul, Lily." He

spoke the truth.

"And she loves you? But what a question!
As if she could help it!"
She looked into his handsome face with genu-

ine admiration. How bright the day was again! Earth, sky, air, grew lovelier in the light of her happiness; for in the love her brother bore to his girl she saw her own reflected.
"She loves me as well as I love her, Lily."

"I am sure of it—I am sure of it; she couldn't do otherwise. What is her name?"
"Lizzie," answered Alfred, with gratified van-

ity.
"Lizzie! Lizzie! I shall have a sister; I love her already, my dear. Of course," she said, sly-

ly, "you have her portrait?"

"How do you know, you puss?" he asked, with a laugh and a blush.

She echoed his laugh, and said, with an affoc-

tation of superior wisdom,
"I could shut my eyes and find it—there!"
and she touched his breast pocket lightly.

"Here it is, Lil," he said, bashfully and proudly, taking Lizzie's portrait from his pocket. "What do you think of her? But it doesn't do her justice."

The accumulative sins that photographers are guilty of in "not doing justice" must surely bring a heavy retribution upon them one of these days. But in this instance they found a zealous champion in Lily, who gazed at the portrait with admiring eyes, and kissed it again and again. "What a beautiful face! what lovely hair!"

("All her own, Lil," interpolated Alfred.) "I can tell that. And she has brown eyes, like

mine. And your portrait is in this locket round her neck. When shall I see her really?"

"Soon; I have told her about you. But oh, Lily, I am so unhappy with it all! I am the most miserable wretch in the world, I do believe!"

"Unhappy!" exclaimed Lily, bewildered by these alternations of feeling. don't understand you, Alfred."

Indeed, she could not understand it. She judged from her own feelings; to love and to be loved was to her imagination the highest condition of happiness. Earth contained no brighter lot, and if in the heaven and future life we believe in and look forward to—all of us, I hope—some such bliss as the bliss of pure love is to be ours, there can be no better reward for living a good life.

"You asked me to tell you my troubles," said Alfred, a little sulkily, "and I told you: money. But you seem to have forgotten it already."

"I did, for a moment, my dear," she replied, remorsefully; "I forgot it in my delight at the news you have told me for and in the contempla-

tion of your happiness."

"How can I be happy," he grumbled, "with such a trouble upon me? You do not know what it is, and how it weighs me down. How can I show my face to Lizzie when I am so pressed, and when I am in debt, and can't pay?

"And yet," she said, out of her own goodness and unselfishness, "you have brought me here for a holiday to-day, and I have been thoughtless enough to come, and put you to expense, when I ought to have guessed you could not afford it?'
The very construction she placed upon it dis-

played him in a generous light, which he so little deserved that he felt inwardly ashamed of

"How could you guess? I have kept my troubles to myself. Why should I bother you with them? And it would be hard, indeed, if I could not give you a little pleasure now and then. It isn't much I give you, Lil—not as much as I should like to. Until I saw Lizzie I had no one to love but you, and now, when every thing might be so splendid with me, here am I stumped because I am hard up. It's too bad, that's what it is—it's too bad altogether; and just at the time that I have got the tip for the Cesarewitch, and could make a thousand pounds as safe as nails."

All this was Greek to Lily. She did not know what the "tip" or the Cesarewitch was, but she was too anxiously interested in Alfred's main trouble to go into details.

"Is it much money you want, Alfred?"

"No, not much, Lily. "Why not ask grandfather-

But he interrupted her with sudden vehe-

"Lily!" he cried, "I forgot. Grandfather mustn't know any thing of this. Promise me."
"I promise," she answered, readily; "but "I promise," why, Alfred?"

He dared not tell her the truth; he dared not say that his grandfather suspected him, and suspected him with just cause, he himself did not know whether it was suspicion or actual knowledge that caused his grandfather to be doubtful of him. Then how could he tell her to what purpose her earnings were devoted? If she knew that, not only would she become acquainted with the shameful story of their father's crime, but she might get to learn the story of the little iron box. For he was guilty of the theft; it was he who had stolen the money, intending,



Don't Touch Me and the Çunning One.

of course, to replace it, and not knowing why it

was hoarded up so carefully.

As he sat-silent now in the light of the beautiful day, with his trouble heavy upon him, and suffering from the remorse that is not born of repentance, all the circumstances of the theft spread themselves swiftly before him. The money had been stolen in just the way his grandfather had surmised in the interview that took place between them on the night of his mother's death. He had seen his grandfather go often to the iron box, and he suspected that it contained money. One day, when his grandfather was not at home, he tried the cupboard in which the iron box was placed for safety, and found it locked. Seeing a key upon the mantel-shelf, and believing it to be the key of the iron box, he ran out of the room with it and took an impression of it, and from the impression had a false key made. Then, on the very night his grandfather had mentioned, he watched the old man out of the house, and took the iron box from the unlocked cupboard. He opened the box, and was taking the money from it when he heard a sound from the bed behind him. Turning, he saw his mother with her eyes open, as he thought, watching him. For a few mo-ments he could not stir, he was so dismayed; but a sigh from his mother which was half a groan completely aroused him, and going to the bed, he found his mother asleep. Relieved, he completed the theft. This scene was always before his eyes when he was in trouble; when his money affairs were easy and he had sufficient for the day, he rarely thought of it. He had quite made up his mind that, supposing his mother had been awake, he would have told her all-how that he had used money belonging to his employers, not for the first time; that it was imperative he should replace it; and that it was better to take for a time these savings, hoarded up by his grandfather for a then unknown purpose, rather than allow exposure to come. "Mother would have given me right," he often thought, but he did not have the opportunity of testing whether his thought was correct. All his life he was never to know whether his mother had gone down to the grave with the consciousness that her son as well as her husband was a

CHAPTER XXV.

ALFRED NEGLECTS THE WARNING OF DON'T TOUCH ME, AND RUES IT.

Bur, in a lame sort of way, he found justification for the act. He would not take the brand upon himself; fate and bad luck were to blame, not he. He took the money with the firm in-tention of replacing it, and with the conviction tention of replacing it, and with the conviction (by what sophistry gained Heaven only knows) that he would be able to do so; and he gave himself credit for his intention, as if it were an act performed. With part of the money he had backed horses to win a heavy stake, but his usual bad luck pursued him; in his vernacular, one horse was "pulled," another was "scratched" an hour before the race, and others went wrong an largest of ways. But his heaviest strake of in all sorts of ways. But his heaviest stroke of bad luck, and one which almost maddened him at the time of its occurrence, was the disqualifying of a horse he had backed after it had actually won the race. This took place on a suburban race-course, where probably the finest collection in the world of blacklegs, thieves, and swindlers may be seen by any one interested in the species. It may be accepted as a fact that nearly every person who goes there goes with the intention of getting the best of his neighbor, if he can possibly manage it; and Alfred was not one of the exceptions that proved the rule. His moral consciousness was as spotted as the morality of those he elbowed. There were men who backed the favorites, who backed the jockeys' mounts, who backed the stable (whichever one it might be), who backed their fancy, who backed the owners, who backed the issue of famous sires, who backed the prophets' selections, and who laid out their money in accordance with a system. Many of them had private information of such-and-such horses, and knew for a certainty that they must win—some from superior excellence of their own, some because their opponents were not going to try. Men of straw most of them; miserable crawlers through the crooked ways of life, striving to reach the heaven of their hopes by means of any species of roguery; who will look their friends in the face, and lie deliberately; who take the name of God in vain a dozen times an hour; whose hands and tongues are ready at any moment to filch and profane; and in whose had minds the noblest qualities of human nature are but themes for ribald jest. who write these words am no purist; I am no more moral than my neighbors, I dare say; and Temptations beset us all, at times, and not one of us is strong enough always to resist. I, as well as you, have had occasion to be sorry, and would, if I could, live over again some of the time that is past, and would strive to avoid slip-ping. I have deceived myself often, and have given myself credit for things which have resulted from no merit that I possess. But I do not deceive myself when I say that I have a hearty contempt for roguery and meanness, and that I have a horror of blasphemy and the profaning of human and divine things. And as at no open gatherings in the wide world can so much roguery and knavery be seen as at some of these small race meetings (and in some large ones too), I think it a pity that they are encouraged by high authorities, whose position among the people is almost that of a teacher.

Being at this suburban race meeting (having obtained the holiday by shamming illness), Alfred at once set to work backing horses. had in his pocket more than twenty pounds, the surplus of the money he had taken from the iron

box, and he had fully made up his mind that a great stroke of good luck was to come to him on this day, and that he would go home with a purse filled with other persons' losings. His plan of operations upon this occasion was a very simple one. He pursued the "doubling" system-a system which undoubtedly would result in gain, if it could be carried out without stop z. In the first race he selected a horse and backed it for two pounds; the horse did not win. All the better for the next race, thought Alfred as he walked about and studied on his race-card the string of horses that were next to compete. In this race he made his selection and backed his horse for four pounds. Again the horse came in among the rear division, and again Alfred lost. He began to look anxious, and nervously fingered the money in his pocket. Should he leave off and be content with his losses? He fortified his faint heart with some brandy, and walked among the crowd to pick up inform No, he would go on; the odds were surely in his favor now. He had lost twice; he must win in the third venture. Up went the blackboard with the names of the horses for the third race. Among them was Never Despair. Acting upon an inspiration, Alfred backed Never Despair for eight pounds, and obtained the odds of five to one—that is, if Never Despair won, Alfred's gain would be forty pounds. The horse did win. It was an exciting race between the favorite and Never Despair; and as the sporting writers said the next morning, Never Despair caught the favorite in the last stride and won by a short head. "By ——!" muttered a man by Alfred's side, "Never Despair's won, and I'm done for!" And then, with muttered oaths hanging about his white lips, the loser looked around, ready to pick a pocket. "Hurrah!" cried Alfred, taking off his hat and waving it. "Hurrah! Never Despair's won!" But stopped suddenly, for fear that a mistake might occur, or that there might be something wrong with the horse, or that the jockey might be found a pound short in his weight. His first fear was dispelled by the ap-pearance of the number of Never Despair on the blackboard. Then Alfred, trembling with excitement, waited for the magic words which would proclaim that the jockey had passed his ordeal in safety, and that the race was really and truly won by the horse he had backed. The three or four minutes that intervened seemed to be three or four hours, and Alfred fretted and furned, and due his nails into his hands. At length came the magic cry from the saddling paddock, "All right!" "All right! all right!" screamed Alfred, and the recognized scouts took up the cry, passing it from list to list. Off scam-pered Alfred to get his forty pounds, and came away radiant, with eight five-pound notes and his own deposited stake of eight pounds clinched in his fist. "How much have I won?" he thought. On the first and second races he had lost six pounds. Six from forty, thirty-four.
That was good; thirty-four pounds were not a
bad day's work. "I knew luck would turn,"
said Alfred, exultantly. "I knew luck would turn! Let me see. Thirty-four pounds a dayhow much is that a year?" And began to reckon up his thousands, and look a long way ahead. He had now in his pocket nearly sixty pounds. He gave a shilling to an old gypsy woman, who detained him a few moments by telling him that a beautiful young lady with brown eyes was thinking of him at that moment. "Of course thinking of him at that moment. "Of course she is," exclaimed Alfred, merrily, breaking away from the fortune-teller with a laugh. "I could have told you that, mother!" He was in the highest of spirits. "What shall I buy for Lizzie?" he thought. "I'll buy her a watch. And Lil, too, I mustn't forget her. I want some new clothes myself. I'll buy that diamond ring young Shrewboy at the office wants to sell. He only sake twelve pounds for it, and it just fits my lic. asks twelve pounds for it, and it just fits my lit-tle finger. It sparkles like any thing! There's that money, too, I borrowed from the box: I must put it back." If he had been wise, he would not have indulged in these extravagant anticipations; he would have been content with his winnings. But who ever knew a wise gamester? He went to the best drinking bar on the race-course, and treated himself to a bottle of Champagne, and said to himself, as he drank it, that now his luck was in, and he would be a fool not to back it. He might go home that after-noon with two or three hundred pounds in his Nothing venture, nothing have. How had the leviathans of the ring made their money? First by luck, then by pluck. Why shouldn't he be one of them? Why should he not buy his own trap, have private boxes at the music-halls. wear diamond rings and diamond pins, and an Ulster coat down to his heels? Some of them had country houses and race-horses of their own, and ate and drank of the best; as for Champagne, they might swim in it. The iron was hot; now was the time to strike it. He would replace the money he had taken from the iron box, buy Lizzie a gold watch and chain, and buy Lil a handsome present too; the old man also should have something. Flushed and elated, he walked into the ring. The names of the horses for the fourth the ring. The names of the horses for the fourth race were being chalked on the blackboard. There were eleven runners—a large field, thought Alfred, but the odds will be all the greater. The blackboard being hoisted, he ticked off on his card the names of the horses that were to run. By a strange chance one was named Don't Touch Me. There was nothing very singular in this appellation; as a matter of fact you will find in the sporting papers of to-day a list of outlawed horses, among which you will see such names as Bird of Prey, Phryne, Roll Call, I Must Not Touch It, and others as significant. Now this horse, that Alfred was disposed to back directly he saw that it was among the runners, carried

its own recommendation with it. Don't Touch Me was a sufficiently fair warning for any horse

to carry, never mind how lightly it was weighted; but Alfred fancied it as it took its preliminary canter. "It will walk in," he heard some one say, "and it belongs to So-and-so," mentioning the name of one of the "knowing ones" of the turf. How these persons earn the distinctive title of the "knowing ones" there is no necessity here to inquire; it can scarcely be by the exercise of the cardinal virtues, which pagans declared to be justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude, although the second named-prudence-bears a wide and various neaning, and they might lay claim to it in the interests of self. However it was, there stood Don't Touch Me on the blackboard, and there before his eyes cautered Don't Touch Me on the turf, with a celebrated jockey on its back. "I'll back it for every shilling I've got in my pocket," thought Alfred, "and make a good hanl." But he would make sure that he was right. How? By one of those foolish superstitions which gamblers believe in. He wrote the names of the eleven runners on eleven pieces of paper, folded them separately, and shook them together in his pocket. "Now," he said, "if I draw Don't Touch Me, that will settle it." He put in his hand, and drew one of the folded pieces of paper. Opening it, he read Don't Touch Me, and that settled it. "It's the favorite," he said, almost aloud in his excitement, as he consulted the lists, and saw that Don't Touch Me was quoted at three to one; "it's the favorite, and it's sure to win!" Down went his money. Not all with one man. One man might not be able to pay him so large a sum when the race was over. So he invested twenty pounds with one, ten with another, five with another, until he had put all he had upon Don't Touch Me. He stood altogether to win about a hundred and seventy pounds. He selected "safe men" to bet with. In some lists, kept by men who looked remarks. bly like coster-mongers with a polish on, the odds against Don't Touch Me were quoted at four, five, and even six to one; but Alfred knew that worthies were welchers, and not all their seductive offers, not all their flattering "Now, then, captain, what d'ye want to back? Any odds on outsiders! Give it a name, captain. What 'll you put a fiver on?" could tempt him. He knew the ropes better than that; he knew that these capitalists, whose stock in trade consisted of a bit of chalk, a piece of deal wood, a stool, a printed placard, and a stump of a lead pencil, were swindlers, who were allowed to rob with the policeman looking on. Truly, if Justice is blind, the law that is supposed to lead to it has a cast in its eve. Having made his great venture Alfred went to look at the horse that carried it. It was a noble-looking animal, in splendid condition, fit to run for a man's life. Just behind it, making its way leisurely to the starting-post, was a horse named the Cunning One. Alfred laughed as he noted the difference between the two horses. He was in the inclosure where the swells were, having, after his winnings on Never Despair, paid for that privilege; and as he laughed now he heard, "I'll take a thousand to thirty." "I'll give it to you," was the answer of a book-maker; "a thousand to thirty against the Cunning One!" Turning, Alfred saw the man who had taken the bet-a tall, thin, languid swell, who drawled his words out as if speaking were a labor. A thick mustache covered his lips, or something might have been seen in the expression on them that would have given the lie to his apparently unconcerned and drawling manner. "There's thirty pounds clean thrown away," thought Alfred, with a look of contempt at the languid swell; "a nice fly chap he is to back such a horse as the Cunning One. It's only fit for a scavenger's cart." Away went the only fit for a scavenger's cart." Away went the horses to the starting-post; there was a difficulty in getting a fair start, each jockey trying to "jockey" the others. Full twenty minutes elapsed, the while a very Babel of sound, created by the hoarse strong voices of the betting men, kept the fever of excitement to boiling-point. Again and again the cry "They're off!" was raised, and again and again came the mild addendum, "No; another false start." During this time Alfred heard nothing, saw nothing, but the horses; he had staked his all upon Don't Tanah Ma; and it was man that he are the start." Touch Me, and it was upon that horse of all of them that he fixed his attention. The jockey's colors were pink; those of the jockey of the Cunning One were saffron. Alfred noticed that both these horses were kept comparatively cool and quiet by their riders while the false starts were being made. This was all in Alfred's fa vor, and he remarked it with satisfaction and "It's all right, it's all right! Don't Touch Me is sure of the race." But his face is pale with suffering, notwithstanding. How he wished it was all over! "I won't put another shilling on," he said; "when the race is over I'll go straight home." At length the horses were coming together, and a straight line of variegated color was seen. "It will be a start this time," said some one, and the next moment the flag drops again, and "They're off! They're off!" burst from a thousand throats. The bell rings to prove that this time it is not a false alarm Before the horses had gone a hundred vards Alfred saw the pink jacket of Don't Touch Me and the saffron jacket of the Cunning One in the rear. "All the better," he thought; for it was a two-mile race, and it was good policy to save the wind of the horses that were intended to win until the final struggle. On they came, rushing like the wind past the grand stand, and although no great distance separated them, saffron and pink were the absolute last. The race was being run at a great pace. Alfred was ablaze with excitement The horses were lost for a few mocitement. ments behind a great clump of bushes on the other side of the course, and when they reappeared the aspect of affairs was changed. The horse that had made the running had dropped behind, and one or two others also were at the tails of

mile and a quarter of the race was these two horses were held in with wrists of steel, while the riders sat as if they grew out of their saddles. Another horse dropped behind, not because Don't Touch Me and the Cunning One were making an effort to get to the front, but because it was pumped out, and had had enough. Now they are coming into the straight run home. "A monkey to a pony on pink and saffron!" shouts a book-maker; "a monkey to a pony, first past the post!" He is right in his judgment. The final struggle is not yet come, but a slight effort on the part of the jockeys enables Don't Touch Me and the Cunning One to thread through their horses and come to the front. Alfred clinches his teeth, and his fingers work into his palms and his lips twitch convulsively. Nearer and nearer they come, increasing in every stride the distance between themselves and their competitors. Within five hundred yards from the winning-post they are neck and neck. "Pink wins!" "Saffron wins!" "Saffron's beat!" "Pink's done!" These words are yelled out frantically, and Alfred suffers a martyrdom. Suddenly the jockey of Don't Touch Me touches his horse slightly with his spur, and the noble his horse slightly with his spur, and the noble creature bounds to the front, gaining a full half length on the Cunning One. But the Cunning One's jockey raises his whip, and recovers his lost ground. Then ensues a grand struggle, every foot of ground being contested. They might be struggling for dear life, or for something dearer. Alfred follows them with his wild eyes. They mass like a flash of lightning, so close together pass like a flash of lightning, so close together that he does not know whether he has won or lost. His agony is increased by the conflicting cries, "The Cunning One wins!" "Don't Touch Me wins!" Which is right? A calm voice says, "I'll bet fifty to one that pin came in first;" and the speaker receives a swift grateful look from Alfred. What an age it seems before the blackboard is hoisted that proclaims the winner! Here it is at last. Hurrah! hurrah! The numbers proclaim Don't Touch Me first, the Cunning One second. Alfred gives a great sigh of relief; his heart was almost bursting; he wipes his fore-head, and looks round with a triumphant air. The horse he backed has won the race, and he wins a hundred and seventy pounds. He sees the man from whom he has to receive the largest stake, and he walks toward him in an apparently unconcerned manner. The man is studying his book with a serious air. This man has a bulbous face, and every knob on it is aflame, so that it looks like a mountain dotted with signal fires. Many of the people are eagerly canvassing the race; some are radiant, some are despairing. Here is one man tearing betting-tickets with his teeth, and flinging the pieces away savagely. Here is another, shouting exultantly to an acquaintance, "Nipped him this time, Jo! I put a tenner on!" Here is another, scowling at every face that meets his gaze. Here is one who staggers like a drunken man, but who nevertheless has not tasted liquor this day. Alfred has no eye for any of these; despair, joy, exultation, remorse surge around him, and he does not heed them. He thinks of himself only, and burns with impatience to hear the magic cry "All right!" so that he may claim his winnings. Five minutes pass, and no signal comes from the saddling pad-dock that it is all right. What can be the meaning of the delay? Another minute, and another and another pass—and then comes a cry from the paddock, "Don't pay! an objection!" The scouts take up the cry, and it is all over the field in an instant. "Don't pay!" "Don't pay!" rings from one end to another; the book-makers shut their books, and look impenetrable; the excited backers of Don't Touch Me present their tickets for payment to the keepers of the list outside the ring, and all the satisfaction they get is, "Don't you hear? there's an objection." curses, the oaths, are dreadful to hear. Alfred is dazed for a moment. It is not possible that the cup can be dashed from his lips! He also staggers like a drunken man, and a sickening feeling comes upon him. "What's the objection?" he asks of a book-maker, in a tone that sounds strange in his own ears. His lips are white, his limbs are trembling, his heart sinks within him. "Don't Touch Me won the such and-such Cup a month ago," is the answer; "incurred a penalty of five pounds, and did not carry it. The stewards are settling the dispute now. We shall know in a few minutes, but the Cunning One will get it." The feeling that is upon Alfred is like the fear that comes to some men whose lives have been ill spent, and who have not many minutes to live. He walks about, and hears vaguely the indignant comments of the backers of Don't Touch Me, and the hopeful anticipations of the backers of the Cunning One. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. A partisan of Don't Touch Me is especially noisy. "Strike me blind," he cries, "if it isn't a plant! The owner didn't back the horse for a shilling. He stands in with the owner of the Cunning One; and if the Cunning One gets the race, as he's sure to, they'll divide four thousand between them." How the objection is settled is not known until after the next race is run, and then a notice is stuck up that Don't Touch Me is disqualified, and that the race is awarded to the Cunning One. Thus Don't Touch Me justifies the warning that lies in his name, and thus Alfred's castle once more crumbles into dust, and he is robbed of his money. "What a fool I was," he groans, "not to have been content with my winnings on Never Despair! What an idiot to back a horse with such a name!" He sees the warning now, and, almost blind with despair, warning now, and, aimost oling with despair, stumbles against people, and is pushed aside roughly. But he himself is not to blame, not he. Fate is against him; ill luck follows him. Who could have foreseen such a calamity as this? If it had not been for this piece of deliberate villainy—for so he settled in his mind that it washe would have been able to make reparation for his fault, and to be kind to those he loved. "I did it all for them," he groans. The pieces of paper with the names of the horses written upon them are still in his pocket. He puts in his hand, and draws the Cunning One. "If I hadn't been so hasty!" he thinks. "I oughtn't to have settled it the first draw. If I had only tried a second time! I could have got a thou-

STEAMING AND PUNTING ON THE THAMES.

OUR pretty engraving illustrates a new feature that has sprung up within the last few years in the river amusements of England, and which, it is highly probable, will not be long in finding its way to our own shores. Where, until lately, a grim-little tug-barge was the only steam-

"tub," with a boiler that looks too big for it, and bodes evil for its bottom. It is certainly very luxurious to steam along in one of these, passing the dainty outriggers and canoes with a disdainful snort, as though in revenge for the times of yore when they shot by you struggling against the stream with a "tub" full of cousins, and past swift currents hitherto connected with half an hour's labor; but still there is a charm in the

this the age of coal? It will give an idea of the taste that has developed of late years for these toy steamers, when we mention that within the last three years one firm in London has turned out upward of 150 of these steam-launches. Apart from pleasure purposes, these steamers are of great utility to exploring expeditions; and when attached to a yacht, as they can be easily hoisted on deck, are always ready for use. To



sand pounds to thirty, as that swell did! I should have had two thousand pounds in my pocket this minute! And I could have done so much good with the money—for Lil and Lizzie and all of us! Fool that I was! fool that I was!' and so staggers away, and in these miserable repinings passes the day and the night that follows.

[TO HE OONTINUED.]

vessel that disturbed the quiet waters, there are now dozens of miniature pleasure steamers, puffing, panting, and whizzing away as though utterly and hopelessly asthmatic. Queer little craft they look—craft of all shapes, from the trim, slim little mahogany vessel with every thing built in proportion, and a chimney like a blackened pea-shooter, to the stout, plethoric, untidy

"old style" which we can not find in the "new," and had we the choice, we are not sure that we would not prefer that broad, slow-going, laborious punt in our engraving to the swift little "iron fish" in the background. We have heard of an elopement in a tug-boat, but we ask our readers has any one been ever known to flirt in a steam-launch? Why not, after all? Is not

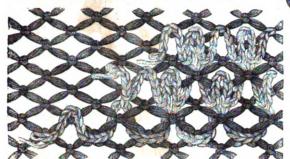
merchant vessels they are, of course, invaluable, more especially as the mechanism is so simple that any one with a slight knowledge of engineering is able to manage them. In conclusion, we may say that a launch capable of conveying thirty people will steam eight miles on hour on a consumption of half a hundred-weight:

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STEAMING AND PUNTING ON THE THAMES, EN

Knitted and Netted Fanchon, Figs. 1-3.

THIS fanchon is knit plain with red and white worsted and coarse steel knitting-needles in rounds going backward and forward, and is trimmed with foundation figures of red worsted. (Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the foundation.) The fanction is trimmed on the outer edge with a box-pleated netted ruche and with worsted balls, and is closed with buttons and cord loops. Cut of net one piece twenty inches square, which is rounded off on one corner as shown by Fig. 1 (which shows the fanchon opened out). With white worsted and steel knitting-needles make a foundation to suit the length of one crosswise edge of the pattern, and on this foundation work al-ways alternately eight rounds with white and two rounds with red worsted, to suit the shape of the pat-



-MANNER OF CROCHETING ON NETTED FOUNDATION FOR FRINGE, FIG. 3.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 2.—KNITTED LOOPED BOR-DER FOR GIRL'S HOOD AND Boy's CAP.—[See Page 656.]

tern. Having finished two such parts, baste them on each other so that the red strips form squares as shown by the illustration. Work the foundation figures on the foundation as shown by the il-lustration, trim the outer edge with the netted ruche, which is worked like the ruche of the hat for girl from 4 to 6 years old, page 656. Instead of trim-

ming the foundation with point Russe figures, it may be trimmed with worsted balls (see Fig. 3). Trimming and Fringe for Hoods, Jackets, Sontags, etc., Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET BORDER. Work this border with white or colored zephyr worsted on a foundation of the requisite length in four rounds, as follows: 1st round.—Always alter-

nately 1 sdc, on the next foundation st., 1 ch.; with the latter pass over 1 foundation st. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the next sdc., stretch the loop on the needle to a length of three-eighths of an inch, 1 sc. on the second following sdc., pass over 4 st., 12 dc. on the following ch., between these always 1 ch.; in working these 12 dc. stretch each loop on the needle so that

always 1 ch.; in working these 12 dc. stretch each loop on the needle so that the first and last dc. are each three-quarters of an inch long, the two middle dc. each an inch and a quarter long, and the dc. between these are graduated in length as shown by Fig. 1; then pass over 4 st., 1 sc. on the next sdc., stretch the loops on the needle to a length of three-eighths of an inch, pass over 3 st. 3d round.—* 1 sc. on the next sc., 1 ch., 1 sdc. on the following sc., 1 ch., 3 sdc. separated each by 1 ch. on the next 3 dc., 2 ch., 5 sdc. separated each by 2 ch. on the next 5 dc., 2 ch., 3 sdc. separated each by 1 ch. on the next 3 dc., 1 ch., 1 sdc. on the next sc., 1 ch. 4th round.—On each sdc. 1 sc., after each sc. 1 ch., stretch the loop on the needle three-quarters of an inch long and 2 ch.; pass over the sc. of the preceding round in the hollow between two scallops.

Fig. 2.—Knitted Loop Border. This border is worked crosswise with zephyr worsted, alternately with a single and a three or four fold thread of worsted and very course steel or fine wooden needles, which should be pointed at the ends,

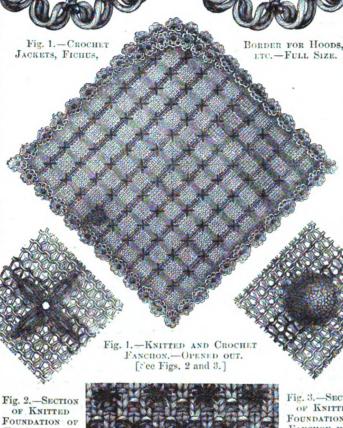
wooden needles, which should be pointed at the ends, as follows: With a single thread make a foundation of 4 st. and knit one round all purled. Then, paying no attention to the single thread, lay on the three-fold worsted strand and knit one loop round as f I-



Fig. 2.—OPEN-WORK CROCHET STITCH TO. JACKETS, CAPES, ETC. -FULL SIZE.



SHELL CROCHET STITCH FOR JACKETS, . CAPES, ETC. -FULL SIZE.



FANCHON WITH

FIGURES.

FULL SIZE.



DATION FOR GIRL'S JACKET .- FULL Size. - [See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 652.]



FOR JACKETS, ETC. - FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 4.]



NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR JACKETS, ETC.—FULL SIZE.
[See Fig. 6.]

lows: 1 p., place a netting mesh seven-eighths of an inch broad before the needle, form a loop, winding the worsted strand from underneath up around the mesh once, 1 p. and repeat this twice, so that three loops are formed. Push the st. on the needle to the opposite end, and with the single thread before left unnoticed knit one round plain. Turn the work, draw the needle and with the threefold worsted strand knit the needle, and with the threefold worsted strand knit one loop round all plain. Again push the st. to the opposite end of the needle, knit with the single thread one round purled, and repeat the last four rounds until the trimming has gained the requisite length.

Figs. 3-6.—NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGES.

Both of these fringes are worked with zephyr worsted in two different colors. For the fringe shown by Fig. 3 first work for the netted foundation with col-

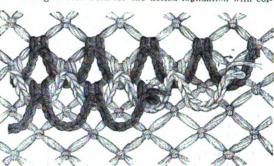


Fig. 6.—MANNER OF CROCHETING ON NETTED FOUNDATION FOR FRINGE, Fig. 5.-FULL SIZE.

ored worsted (violet in the original) on a netting mesh seven-eighths of an inch in circumference fifteen rounds on a foundation thread of the same worsted.— Then turn the work so that the foundation thread is turned

downward, and cro-chet, with worsted of another color (white in the original) as shown by Fig. 4 on the under

Fig. 3.—Section OF KNITTED FOUNDATION OF FANCHON WITH WOOLEN BALL. FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—Cross Crochet STITCH FOR JACKETS, CAPES, ETC. -FULL SIZE.

row of stitches, the 1st round.—Always 1 sc. on the thread bars at both sides of each knot of the second netted round, after these 2 sc. always 9 ch. In the second round draw through each ch. scallop underneath the next knot of the following netted round and crochet 2 sc. separated by 9 ch. on the scallop, then always 9 ch. For the sake of distinctness, Fig. 4 shows the last ch. scallop of the first round above

the corresponding knot of the netting. The remaining rounds are worked like the 2d round, but, as shown by Fig. 4, only draw through underneath the netted knot, and crochet on those ch. scallops of the preceding round which were crocheted after every 2 sc. side by side; the ch. scallops between every two and two such sc. are left unnoticed, and form free loops. Finally, set on the fringe strands. To do this take a worsted thread twelve inches and seven-eighths long, fold it double, lay the loop around one st. of the last netted round, work 5 ch., and draw the thread ends through the last ch. For the fringe shown by Figs. 5 and 6 work the netted foundation first also, working with zephyr worsted (white in the original) on a netting mesh seven-eighths of an inch in circumference twelve rounds on a foundation thread of the requisite length. Turn the

foundation thread downward, and crochet with the same worsted the 1st round.—Always 1 sc. on the thread bars at both sides of each knot of the 2d netted round, then always 9 ch. 2d round.— With worsted of another color, like the first round, but the thread bars of the netting, on which 1 sc. each was worked (see arrow-head on Fig. 6), are drawn through the ch. scallops of the preceding round, so that those ch. scallops lie back of the sc., as shown by Fig. 6. Crochet the remaining rounds in a similar manner, alternating with

the colors of the worsted, however. Finally, knot the fringe tassels into the stitches of the last netted round, as shown by Fig. 5.



-Section of Knitted Border for GIRL'S JACKET.—[See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 652.]

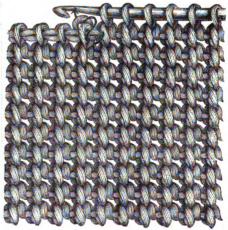


Fig. 4 .-- Proug Crochet Stitch for Jackets.



Crochet Stitches for Jackets, Capes, Sontags, etc., Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 661.

THESE crochet stitches are varieties of the or dinary Tunisian or Afghan stitch (see general directions on first page), and are worked, like the latter, in rounds going backward and forward, two of which always form one pattern row.

Fig. 1.—Cross Crochet Stirch. This stitch

is worked with zephyr or tapestry worsted in two different colors, laying on the threads anew by means of a cross knot at the beginning and end of each round. Work the first pr. as in the Tunisian or Afghan stitch. In taking up the st. in the first round of the second pr. always cross 2 the first round of the second pr. always cross 2 st. of the preceding pr. as shown by the illustration, drawing the second st. through the first st., and taking up first one st. from the second st., which is drawn through, and then also take up one st. from the first st. In the second round of this preceding round. of this pr. cast off the st. of the preceding round. These two pr. are continually repeated; the crossed st. should be transposed as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—OPEN-WORK CROCHET STITCH WITH KNITTED FOUNDATION. This stitch is crocheted with colored zephyr worsted, and furnished with a foundation of white split zephyr worsted all knit plain, in rounds going backward and forward. A lining of wool or silk may be substituted for this foundation. On a ch. foundation crochet the 1st round.—Take up one st. from each foundation st. 2d round.—Always alternative cast of the receiver. nately cast off together 3 st. of the preceding round with 1 st., 3 ch. (see illustration). In the first round of every following pr. always take up

the st. from the ch. of the preceding round.

Fig. 3.—Shell Crocher Stitch. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet the 1st round.—Always alternately on the next foundation st. one shell, and take up 1 st. from the following foundation st., for each shell take up 2 st. separated by 1 t. t. o., work them off together, drawing the thread through once, and work 1 ch., which remains on the needle. 2d round.—Cast off each st. on the needle, drawing the thread through once. On the first round of each following pr. take up the st. from the st. of the preceding pr., as shown by Fig. 3., so that the shells

Fig. 4.—Piqué Crochet Stitch. The first pattern row of this stitch is worked in the ordinary Tunisian stitch. In the first round of every pr. in taking up the st. always insert the needle in the back vein of each st. of the first round, and in the back vein of each st. of the second round of the preceding pr., as shown by the arrow-head on Fig. 4. In the second round of each pr. cast off the st. as in the Tunisian stitch.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Plain waists have gone out of fashion. Basques will be more worn this winter than any other corsage. There will also be many polo-naises. The pleated blouse-waists will be made of silk, cashmere, and alpaca. Ruffles, linen collars, and bias neck-ties will all continue in vogue. You should have a basque, an apron, and a richly trimmed skirt made of your black silk.

Young, nor Old.—Your blue fringe will look well on a gray delaine or cashmere or black silk dress, provided the dress is trimmed with pleatings or bands faced and piped with blue. Make your black alpaca by directions given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V. Blue is not very popular this season. The peacock blues tinged with green, or else deep sapphire blue lighted up with facings of pale sky blue, are the choice of blue dresses.

Box 160.—Make your beautiful Irish poplin with kilt-pleated back breadths, and kilting, blas gathered ruffles, velvet bands, and an apron on the front. The basque should have velvet piping, vest, and cuffs of a darker shade than the dress. For your traveling dress get bronze instead of gray, as it is more fashionable. Cashmere is the proper fabric. You can get it, Young, nor Old .-- Your blue fringe will look well

able. Cashmere is the proper fabric. You can get it, aingle width, at from 65 cents to \$1 a yard. Trim with bias gros grain bands, kilt pleating, and fringe.—Borax will improve your black silk. Press with a half-cold

iron on the wrong side.

M. P. S.—To your plain round waist add a false basque and belt. A vest of black velvet is also added to such waists.

A Subscriber.—Get single-width cashmere and an A Subscriper.—Get single-width cashmere and an all-wool empress cloth for your daughter of fifteen. Grave, quiet, neutral tints, réséda and bronze, oilve and peacock, will be worn by girls of her age instead of more brilliant colors. There is a dark, almost invisible, claret-color, called grenat (or garnet), that is becoming to her. Make one suit with a polonaise, the waist lined with fiannel, and the trimming velvet bands. Let the other have a vest-basque and overskirt. A black or gray cashmere sacque with cape is the wrap for her, and a black velvet hat with curled brim, wing, and ostrich tips curled across the crown from left to right. One of the inexpensive silks would make her a tasteful dress for small parties. There are very pretty striped silks for \$1 25 a yard. Get stripes of even width. A tour of the furnishing stores will give you further information.

MINA.—Braided cashmere suits will not be as fashionable as embroidered suits. Read answer just given to "A Subscriber."

A. M. C.—Make a black serge suit by Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and trim with side pleatings and bias bands of the same edged with cords, or else piping folds of gros grain silks. A girl of seventeen should wear her front hair in a Pompadour roll, and make the back into a single plait chatelaine. Blouses with regular box-pleats, or else bias bands stitched on perpendicularly, are much worn, and are suitable for alpaca.

CHARLES H .- It is too soon to speak positively of fashions for gentlemen, but we believe there will be very little change. Invisible striped goods will still be

worn.

MARY.—Your dress is rather bright for a street suit; so you must make a short skirt, plain waist, and coat sleeves of the material, and get enough darker merino for a sleeveless basque, an over-skirt, and pleatings for trimming the lower skirt. This will soften the red and make it less conspicuous. The pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., will be a good guide for you.

Mrs. J. T. B.-We can not give addresses in this

column.
C. A. B.—Moisten the soles of your shoes to keep

them from squeaking.

Hastr.—Make your black alpaca by description given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 34, Vol. V., and your brown silk by a model described in *Bazar* No. 88, Vol. V. Get bronze or reseda cashmere for your winter suit. French twists are very little worn. Platted coils, and chatelaines of a single plait, are more fash-

FRANCES C .- Your idea of retrimming your skirt with your over-skirt is good. You must gather hints for making from the detailed descriptions given in the New York Fashions of the last four or five numbers of the Bazar. The most novel costumes imported are without over-skirts; but polonaises and over-skirts of the various shapes we have already described will con-tinue in fashion at least one season longer, and per-

Sacques will still be worn by small girls. MOTHER. The cape with sacque is imported also. It is warm, but clumsy-looking and old-womanish.

HATTE—We have not the pattern you want. Polo-

naises will be worn of velvet, camel's-hair, cashmere, and various woolen stuffs, though they are not the best garments for silk suits. For the latter read New pest garments for silk suits. For the latter read New-York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 38 and 39, Vol. V. Guipure lace is used on the richest silks and velvets. Beaded passementerie is the proper heading for it.—A lady should certainly not leave the gentleman who has accompanied her home, but entertain him until he takes his departure.

JENNIE.—A sleeveless polonaise of black cashmere showing gray sleeves like your skirt, would make your suit stylish, and need not be expensive. Sister.—A felt hat with sloping crown, wide repped

ribbon band, and curled ostrich tip will be stylish for

your sister at boarding-school.

Growler.—You will find minute descriptions of silk dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 40, Vol. V.—The hair is now worn in puffs directly on top of

Mrs. M. A. C.—Velveteen will be very little worn this winter. Black cashmere mantles are the fall wraps for ladies in second mourning. Black skirts will continue iadies in second modring. Black at the white po-lonaise suit will be in good taste. Read descriptions of round hats in New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 39 and 40, of Vol. V.—The Bazar does not make purchases for its readers.—Large white plumes will not be fashionably worn. The Bazar has given several patterns of dressing-gowns, wrappers, etc., both in the Supple-

ment and also among its cut paper patterns.

Miss J. L. W.—For evening dresses read description of a ball dress in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 89,

OLD FRIEND.—Kilt pleats on dress skirts all turn one way. Two and a half or three yards of cashmere make the sacque and cape, or double cape. Line the upper cape with farmer's satin, the lower one with red fiannel. We can furnish you a cut paper pattern of this garment. Braiding and embroidery are both worn, and either will be suitable for your baby's cloak.

MILLINER.—Round hats will be worn again. Milliners decry them, as they do every season, but they are so becoming and convenient that ladies will not relinquish them. There are several new shapes, all of which have been described in the New York Fashions of late numbers of the Bazar.

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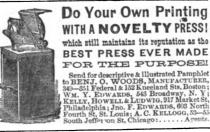
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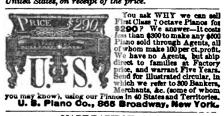
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FACETIÆ.

A HOTEL proprietor informs the public that "English, German, Italian, and Spanish are spoken here." If any one finds language supply even shorter than at other hotels, the proprietor explains that English, German, Italian, and Spanish are spoken by the travelers who come to the hotel.

Bound to Answer.—When a man has tried every thing, and found it will not answer, let him go where there is an echo, and try that.

What sport is like girls' gossip?—Deer-stalking.

gossip?—Deer-stalking.

A Cleveland Quaker says:
"One of our young citizens, who went into the country last week to work on a farm for a few weeks, and seek 'health instead of dissipation,' returned the other day a little out of sorts, but healthy. He had blistered his hands heeing corn, torn the seat out of a pair of twenty-dollar pants at a picnic, one eye was blackened from attempting to draw water from an 'old oaken bucket' and a crank, his forehead was frescoed with mosquito bites, a stonebruise gave him the Alexandra limp, he was freckled like a leopard, and had been sun-struck four times. With these exceptions he had experienced an elegant time, and is going next summer to jail in preference to the country."



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION. ELIGIBLE BACHBLOR. "Shall I Follow you up, Annie, or Leave myself for Lizzie?"

A party who proposes to publish a new Housekeepers' Guide sends to the Boston Commercial Bulletin the following extracts from the forth-coming work:

Plain sauce—an interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk.

view with a Saratoga hotel clerk.

To make a good jum—ask any horse-car conductor.

To boil a tongue—drink scaldingsoffee.

To make a good broil—leave a letter from one of your old sweethearts where your wife can find it.

How to make an Indian loaf—give him a gallon of whisky.

How to make good puffs—send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

A plain loaf—a visit to the prairies.

How to make pi—jostle a printer's elbow.

To "bone" a turkey—take it when the poulterer is not looking.

To corn beef—feed your cattle at a brewery.

How to select a fool—ask the number of a base-hell

How to select a foul—ask the umpire of a base-ball match.

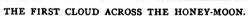
A plain stew—a trip in an old-fashioned street rail-

an oid-farmoned street railway car on a warm day.

How to dress beats—a horsewhip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if they are dead-beats.

An adventurous astronomer, with some spare capital, is looking out for a safe spec.—on the disk of the





Augustus (to his bride). "And now, Georgie, do explain your odd Cold Treatment of me this morning!"

Georgin (with offended dignity). "Augustus, I am Shocked at you! When you were walking with Mr. Fitztaffrel on the Parade this morning, I heard you say, as you passed under the window, that you liked to see the Beautiful Little Bella in Stays!"

Augustus (with a roar of irreverent laughter). "My Love, I only meant Captain Clifton's Yacht in the act of Tacking!"

[O Blissful Reconciliation!



AT THE CHURCH GATE.

"So now you've been to Church, Ethel! And which part of it all do you like best?"

Digitized by

" This part, Mamma!"

A beggar asked for a bit of bread-and-butter at a house the other day, and on a couple of slices being brought to him, he indignantly refused it.

"What's the matter?" asked the donor; "ian't this good bread?"

"Yes, the bread's good enough," said the beggar.

"Well, tan't the butter good too?"

"Yes; I've no fault to find with the butter."

"Well, then, what is the matter?"

"I don't like the way it's spread!" growled the fastidious mendicant.

Cooper's Works.—At a provincial fair a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. Adashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden palls.

Why would a deaf adder be a good collector of debts? —Because she could stop arrears.

"Which is the best time and place for learning in hot weather?"
"Well, we don't know."
"Evenings cool."

An English traveler some years ago married a well-to-do widow in Ghagow. Congratulated by a friend about a year after on his new position. "Yes," said he, "I have not been idle. I have changed my profession, married a wife, got a little son, had the house on fire, done the rebuilding, got a presentation, and won a lawsuit, all in the first twolvemonth."



GEOLOGY BY THE SEA-SIDE.

MR. Periwinkle (to fellow-members of the Pebbleologic Club). "Ah, my friends! here is matter for congratulation. Perhaps there is not the equal of this Specimen in the best Collections of America. Here we have a Fossil Shoe. Probably a relic of some wave-tossed mariner of a former age. Observe: the action of the various salts, working in conjunction with the oxide of the metal nails, has caused the Leather to become one Mass of Hard and Stony Substance. The probability is that—"Yours From the Sea. "Drop them there Shoes o' mine, old feller! I'm a-watchin' of yer!"

[Sensation.]

INITIALS IN VOGUE.

LIVELY YOURS LADY (to Paterfamilias). "Note from Gertrude Clack, pape. "My dear Annie,—Will you favor us with your company tomorrow afternoon at agame of croquet, to come off on the lawn at four precisely. D.V."

D.V.'"
PATERFAMILIAS. "D.V.,
my dear! Miss Gertrude
Clack is very profane."
LIVELY YOVNG LADY.
"LA, papa! D.V. — the
dresses we are all to wear,
you know. Dolly Vardens."

A MAN THAT OUGHT TO BE RE-MEMBERED — A ODE-legged soldier.

A literary English gen-tleman at Dumas's table rather astonished him by A literary Engines gentieman at Dumas's table rather astonished him by asking the servant, sotto voce, but impressively, for "Bacine." The quick ear of the attentive host caught at the whispered want of his guest; he beckoned to the servant, and gave him instructions, thinking that the literary English gentleman wanted to quote something from French classics, and to refresh his memory. Great was the Britton's surprise on receiving a large and handsomely bound volume. An explanation consequently ensued acrose the table in broken English and French, when it was discovered that he wanted horse-radish with his slice of beef, and had explained his neediness in the best way in his power by asking for "racine," or root, as the nearest he could come to horse-radish. This is, doubtless, the style in which the Genera Conference work is being donc—jin mangled French and English. Vol. V.—No. 42.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

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A CHAPTER FOR NOVELTY-SEEKERS.

SOMETIMES wonder whether Solomon did I really know as much as he is represented to have done, or whether the world has totally changed since his day, for people seem to be ever on the look-out for something new, just as if he had never published the opinion that "there is nothing new under the sun." "Only tell us of something new!" is the never-ceasing cry of these modern Athenians, and by some management they do find what appears to be a novelty now and then, whether such things be right or wrong. How charming it is to have something that all your neighbors do not have—a new style that all your neignbors do not have—a new style of picture, or carpet, or vase—it is so pleasant to be envied, and to hear every one wishing for one like it, and lamenting because they can not be gratified! By-and-by some of them learn to imitate, and there will be various rival affairs around you elsewhere than in your own home, with without heaving it was begin to time. until, without knowing it, you begin to tire of your once valued possessions, and wonder how

they had ever appeared so choice and beautiful. Shall we really admit that their novelty has, after all, been their chief charm? Scarcely so, or, at least, there must be exceptions to the rule; for in matters of dress how often do we find it precise-ly the reverse, and a new and strange fashion is thought very ugly and unpopular upon its first introduction, when, after a little experience and becoming accustomed to the sight, we begin to admire with enthusiasm what we at first could scarcely tolerate.

Perhaps some one will say that my last statement will apply only to novelties in dress, though the former rule still holds good of ornamental articles, especially if they be things of home manufacture. See what a train of fashionable manufacture. See what a train of fashionable fancy-work has reached down from the days of our ancestors until this present time! Which of us really admires now, though we may possibly venerate, the elaborate tapestries which cost our grandmothers so much of their time and eyesight? And yet what marvels of workmanship they were and are! Well, sewing-machines have come in our days, and driven out all necessity for

effort in fine needle-work, at least on wearing apparel, notwithstanding the multiplied stitches now required for a lady's outfit. Yet no sooner is one need obviated than ingenuity invents some new handiwork or ornamental employment.

It would be a matter of some interest could we trace the rise and progress of mere fancy-work, showing how each style has had its little day of favor and popularity, when every lady was busy with contrivances, which, be they useful or beautiful—both or neither—must still be made and discussed, because they were fashionable. Among many others that have passed out of sight, crochet and knitting remain still in vogue; but there are new patterns and original designs, curious stitches and combinations, that puzzle the wisest, and astonish those who can not comprehend.

Now I do not knit myself, and am, therefore, among the latter-named unfortunates; but let me tell you of something more in my line. I am fond of ornamenting my little cottage home, and would gladly adorn it with costly novelties from abroad if I had more money at my command;

so I occasionally set my wits at work to contrive substitutes for the coveted ornaments which re-fuse to come of themselves. For instance, my mantel-piece needs a pair of vases, and I can not go out and buy such expensive affairs as I see in my friends' parlors. But vases I must have, and since I can not have the genuine articles, I will be satisfied with imitations. I first draw an exact pattern of a vase of exquisite shape, and carry it to the nearest cabinet-maker's. me a pair of graceful vases out of hard, well-seasoned wood, and of precisely the same shape. They have slender throats, bulging out below, the whole being a foot in height. The throats are slightly hollowed to the depth of six inches, or half-way to the bottom; thus they will hold a dry bouquet of grasses, but no water. Next I paint them black, white, blue, or drab, as my preference may elect, and when dry they are ready to be decorated.

This may be done in several ways. Cut out the gay flowers or birds on some bright French furniture chintz very neatly, so as to leave none of the chintz on the edges, and gum them on



Fig. 1.—SERGE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Suit for Child from 1 to 2 Years old. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 38-41. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. X., Figs. 36 and 37.

Fig. 8.—Cashmere Walking Suit.

Fig. 4.—SILK REPS WALKING SUIT. For description see Supplement.

smoothly so as to form graceful groups, and afterward varnish with Damar varnish over the whole vase. It will look precisely as if painted.

Or take tin-foil, and cut out leaves—ivy or others of pretty shapes-and gum them on with thick gum-arabic in the same way, tracing the stems and tendrils with a fine sable brush dipped in oil paint. Make the veins of the leaves drawing lines with the point of a fine awl or needle. Different tints may be given to the leaves by going over the foil with any transparent oil-colors—crimson lake, yellow lake, Prussian blue, or sienna—a fine green being obtained by mixing the blue and yellow. The effect of this style of decoration is much like pearl inlaid work, especially if the ground color is black. The final coat of Damar varnish will give the proper gloss and finish to the work. Thus I have a pair of unique and elegant vases on my mantel, the secret of whose manufacture is my Now that I have revealed it to my read ers, they will, I know, be ambitious to try for themselves, and may improve upon the idea.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

With the next Number of Harper's Weekly will be sent out gratuitously an Eight-Page Supplement, containing the opening chapters of a new Novel by F. W. Robinson, author of "A Girl's Romance," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," "Stern Necessity," "True to Herself," etc., etc., entitled

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A WORD IN SEASON FOR THE OLD COAL MAN. By GAIL HAMILTON.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, when the Old Coal Man starts on his periodical round of travel through the newspapers. Patient and provident housekeepers, whose lives are already a burden to them by reason of the wastefulness of servants, are now, through the precession of the equinoxes, approaching the place where they will be told for the seventy-times-seventieth time that America is the land of extravagance; that our forests are disappearing before the woodman's axe, and our coal mines hollowing into emptiness beneath the miner's spade; that European families buy wood by the pound, and old coal burns amaist as weel's the new, and if you, sweet Cinderella, will but sift and pick and rinse, smother vourself in ashes, and burrow in your cellar with sufficient assiduity, you will save your country from a fire famine, and doubtless at last reach a point where fresh coal will be no more requisite, but you may burn on and on from a self-supplying bin, forever spent, renewed forever.

Dear and long-suffering Cinderella, be not deceived. Shake the ashes from your hair, scrub off the crock from your poor hands, turn a deaf ear to the wretched man, and while the sun is not yet cold in the heavens, and these birds of ill omen have only piped the first feeble note of their harsh discord, listen to one who knows more about it than a regiment of newspaper theorists.

Marry come up, now, Old Coal Man, and be yourself sifted! Let us see what is grain and what is chaff in your profuse advice. You give minute, specific, and long-drawnout directions for the management of range and stove and furnace, by following which the heat shall be regulated, waste prevented, and expenses reduced. In the first place, Old Coal Man, permit me to say, with what "sweetness and light" may be, but at any rate with explicitness, that I, for one, do not half believe you. I speak from the point of sight of a practical experimenter who has spent a large part of his life in coal cellars,

who has tried most of the furnaces in this country, and has reflected deeply on the rest. Leave this little door open," says Father M'Gee, "as soon as your fire is well started, and the coal will last all day," "Put your coal into this cylinder," says the baseburner, "and it feeds itself down as it is wanted, and only as it is wanted, and you need hardly look at your fire from morning to morning." "Spread your old coal on the top of your new coal," says Penny Wise, "and the moderated heat will be all-sufficient." "Slide in this little damper," says Pound Foolish, "and the heat which the world has hitherto dissipated to the skies will be diffused through your house." And with servile fidelity have I shut all the doors, and opened all the registers, and slid all the slides of the furnaces and the funnels thereunto appertaining, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that you can not have fire without fuel. The price of comfort is an eternal supply of coal. If your object is simply to keep a fire alive, you can do so at a very small outlay; but if it is to keep yourself alive through our rigorous Northern winters, I know no way of doing it but to burn out your bins. Granting, however, that you have found

a royal road to warmth, does it certainly follow that it would be worth our while to travel it? Even supposing your directions, if complied with, would reduce the consumption of coal, is it at all certain that they would not require the consumption of something more valuable than coal? For in this world, at least in this part of it, one can live rationally only by a comparison of values. Our servants mostly know how to make coal fires. Very likely they do it after a clumsy and costly fashion, and keep up their fires by an unwise and unnecessary method. The good housekeeper instructs them in the more excellent way, but unless she constantly ministers at the altar herself, the probability is that the flame will immediately return to its costliest sacrifice, and lap up far more than its legitimate food. The good housekeeper knows this-has a constant, aching sense of it; but her husband, her children, her house, her books, her friends, make incessant demands upon her time, and, after a few strenuous efforts on her part, Providence mercifully vouchsafes to her a life-preserving apathy, broken only by an occasional pang when she catches a glimpse of the rapidly lowering coal bin and the rapidly heightening coal bills. And just at this moment of all moments, when we might have peace, you, miserable, must needs come clattering in with your deafening din of old coal and economy, and relegate every thing to uneasiness, not to say remorse. Away with you! What bee is this in your bonnet, making all the world uncomfortable? Do you mean to tell Cinderella that it would be more economical for her to tend her fires and save her coal than to tend her children and save her soul? What shall it profit a woman if she gain all the mines of Lehigh, and lose her own tranquillity of temper? Whether is it better to pay a few additional dollars each year, or to pay out your time and patience each day in pawing over a heap of ashes? For this is what it amounts to. It is not, in most cases, a question between careless and careful supervision, between wanton recklessness and wise prudence, between a conscientious and an unprincipled woman. It is whether a scrupulous Christian, an already overburdened wife and mother, shall neglect still more than she now is forced to do the weightier matters of the law, and give her attention to paying, with accuracy and promptness.

the tithes of mint, anise, and cumin.

Beyond the obligation which we are all under to require so far as practicable thorough work from our workmen, and to give faithful service to our employers, I say that it is a great deal wiser and more economical to let the fire consume a little extra coal than it is to throw our own peace of mind into it for the sake of keeping it down. Waste is hateful to God and man, but if waste there must be, let it be of the cheaper and not the costlier material. The worst waste is the waste of the better in pursuit of the meaner. Life is more than anthracite, and the body than seasoned oak.

To hold up foreign ways against ours is utterly futile. Europe has little coal and much people. We have wide-stretching coal-fields and a sparse population. A woman with a dozen servants to do the dozen different kinds of work can perhaps afford to burn a cinder a dozen times over before calling it ashes. But our women, having much of the hand-work and most of the brain-work to do themselves, must discriminate between the duties that can be delegated and those that can not. Surely, with our immense coal mines stored up for generations, and our society still crude, and our children who can not wait, the choice of duties is not difficult. Is she a wise and economical woman who, when her children ask for stories, for pleasant talk, for a sweetfaced, soft-handed, gentle-voiced mother, holds out to them, in grimy hands, a bit of bitumen?

And when you present European economies for our emulation, what do you mean? That we shall be benefited by compassing their results? Look at some of these economical Continental firesides close at hand:

'Keeping no fire within-doors," says HAW-THORNE, "except possibly a spark or two in the kitchen, they [the Romans] crept out of their cheerless houses into the narrow, sunless, sepulchral streets, bringing their firesides along with them in the shape of little earthen pots, vases, or pipkins, full of lighted charcoal or warm ashes, over which they hold their tingling finger-ends.....Through the open doorways—no need to shut them when the weather within was bleaker than without—a glimpse into the interior of their dwellings showed the uncarpeted brick floors, as dismal as the pavement of a tomb......In New England, or in Russia, or scarcely in a hut of the Esquimaux, there is no such discomfort to be borne as by Romans in wintry weather......Wherever we pass our summers, may all our inclement months, from November to April, henceforth be spent in some country that recognizes winter as an integral portion of its year!"

Is this a pleasing picture to contemplate? Would the Old Coal Man like to exchange our extravagant hearth-stones and furnaces for the snug, saving fire-pot on a Roman sidewalk? Or shall the fire continue to roar, somewhat superfluously perhaps, yet with a heartsome and hospitable glow withal?

Your dissolving views of our forests and our mines are not in the least appalling. God will not leave his world out in the cold until its appointed time is come, and that day will not be postponed though we spend our lives in piling wood. Coal came into use long before wood gave out; and by the time we get to the end of our coal mines ocean, air, and sunshine will be ready to give up the heat which is in them for our cheer. We have been bemoaning our droughts, lo! these many years, and wise men of the East said it was because we had so ruthlessly felled our forests, and unless we planted trees again, seed-time and harvest would fail for want of rain. Then this most beautiful and bountiful summer came, and filled our tanks and cisterns, fed our fountains, flooded our meadows, drowned our cranberries, washed out our salt hay, and soaked our rowen into mulch, and how can our savants keep their heads above water? For some reason, we were told, the climate of the earth was changing—glacial cold was coming upon us, and the earth was gradually freezing down from the north pole. Now if any there be who have not felt this theory thoroughly thawed out of them by the fervent heat of our all too swiftly flown midsummer months, let him hear what DANIEL DRAPER saith from his eyrie in the Central Park of the Universe. After a careful comparison of the most reliable records for the past seventysix years, he comes to the conclusion that, "both as regards rain-fall and winter climate, there has been no change in the lapse of many years.'

Go to! Old Coal Man, with your evil speaking and causeless whining. Our mines of coal shall not waste nor our wells of oil fail till the day that the Lord revealeth something else in the earth to burn. Meanwhile come down into any ash-heap, if you will, and claw among the clinkers to your heart's content. There are plenty of them, and slate to be had for the asking, and doubtless soot in galore; or descend betimes to your own furnace-shrine, and win your own house-hold down by your merry morning song:

"Come into the cellar, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the cellar, Maud—
It's poky down here alone,
And the fumes of the coal-gas are wafted abroad,
And the fire is almost gone."

But for Maud herself, and for all busy and virtuous women, Heaven grant them grace never to believe that any necromancy or machinations whatever can make in our ashes glow their wonted fires, and firmness to stay above-ground and keep the world sane and sweet.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. • of some fellow-Travelers.

MY DEAR JACK,—As you sit in the train watching your fellow-passengers, does it sometimes occur to you how many of the most renowned personages in history and poetry—which is but a different aspect of history—seem to be traveling with you? One of my good friends passes for more than half a madman because he says, quietly, that he has had a very pleasant morning with Pope Gregory the Great, or that he has had a fine breezy walk with Peter the Hermit. I have seen young women look at him, then rise and move away with some trepidation, when he has said that he had just met Judas Iscariot in the street, or that he was sor-

ry to hear that Blue-beard was busily engaged in cutting off his wife's head. Yet I know very few people who are really so sane as my friend. It is plain enough what he means, and it makes all times and people somewhat more intelligible to observe that while individuals die, characters survive in fact as well as in memory. I suppose that my good Jack may have heard that men die, but man is immortal.

This was suggested to me recently upon meeting the celebrated Cicero in the cars. You know him; we all know him. He is full of knowledge and capacity and accomplishment, and all is blended and fused in an element of unspeakable conceit. Is there any famous man of antiquity in whom vanity is so evident, not in the reports so much as in the intrinsic evidence in what he said and did? Even if the biographer said nothing, we should yet feel as if he had emphasized upon every page the assertion that this was a man so vain that the lustre of his best actions is a little tarnished. Was it love of country or love of self? Was his patriotism other than a refined selfishness? When I talked with him the other day I saw that he was quite as anxious that I should know that he had done certain good things as that the good things had been done. They, indeed, were quite obscured by him. Somehow they seemed to appear to him to be good things because he had done them; and doubt whether he would have found them very fine had they been done by any body else. But he is most sweet and affable in his address. We are all sure to learn something in an hour's talk with him; and as with all men of great conceit, there is not a trace of cynicism in his nature.

The elder Cicero has the advantage of rspective. He is further away, and we look through the glamour which time casts upon him. So, when I am at Mrs. Honeysuckle's, I see the hills beyond the river swathed in exquisite violet tints, or again in cold, dark purple. But the hill is really the counterpart of that on which I am sitting; and the spectator there would see the same soft splendor as he looked toward my hill. If Cicero and his fellow-citizens could see us in a forward perspective, as we do them in a backward, they would be much more fascinated than we. Our Cicero, with the modern improvements, would be to them a prodigy of excellence, and our life and literature would be to them the heroic age and the classics. I suppose that Catiline had a supreme contempt for Cicero. His virtues were lost upon him, but his defects he plainly saw. It was unfortunate, because the more eloquent and strenuous Cicero was, the more hardened was Catiline. If the conspirator could have felt the reality instead of despising the rhetoric of the philippic, it might have touched him.

But I am wandering—if, indeed, I ever do any thing else. My friend sees Leander and Shylock and Charlemagne and Alfred the Great in his daily journeyings, though they be only from the Park to Wall Street. But I was lately in the haunts of a famous fellow-traveler of ours, and the landscape recalled him, whom also I constantly meet in the flesh, as my friend meets Cicero. I mean Rip Van Winkle. The slumbrous spell of the old story is wonderful even when you read it. It is the happiest touch of the Knickerbocker master. The "drowsihed" is overcoming, and the legend masters the imagination, so that the sketch is an immortal poem, and Rip seems to be the single creation of Irving. It is really an old legend, and comes from beyond the sea. But genius -sweet honey-sucking bee -despoils all times and story. Hamlet is a Northern legend, but there is only Shakespeare's Hamlet. Rip Van Winkle is Irving's character, and if I lived upon the banks of the Hudson I should never hear distant thunder in the hot summer afternoon but I should be sure that Rip was at that mountain game.

But I must ask also whether it is any less Jefferson's than Irving's ! The author gave the old legend one form, and the actor gives it another. To-day probably it is more known as the actor's character than the author's. It is in the children's nursery books also. I saw it at Mrs. Margery's.

"Near to the town, in a cottage small,
Lived Rip Van Winkle, known to all
As a harmless, drinking, shiftless lout,
Who never would work, but roamed about,
Always ready with jest and song,
Idling, tippling, all day long."

How it has captured us all! I remember some remarks of the Easy Chair in Harper's Magazine about two years ago which expressed my own feelings when I saw that marvelous art of Jefferson. That art keeps all the weird poetry of the legend—nay, it deepens it. I have been amused by the seriousness with which Mrs. Candour at the play rebuked me for my sympathy with a person whom she stigmatized as disreputable. "Can you deny it, Mr. Bachelor," she asks me, with the air of an inquirer who has immense reserves of reasons—

"can you deny that it is a most deleterious example to youth? And had you—had you, Mr. Bachelor, promising sons of your own, would you wish them to select Rip Van Winkle as a model? And if not, will you please to tell me why you would bring them to see the melancholy spectacle of a worthless, yes, worse than worthless, vagabond?"

So Mrs. Candour bears down upon me in battle array, all her guns in position and all her bands playing. I am always unequal to these contests. The argument which turns upon those children of mine that were never born silences me. Mrs. Candour has me at a frightful disadvantage, for she is a mother and I am not a father, and when she says that I certainly would say this to my daughters and do that with my sons, I am utterly vanquished. For what can I possibly know about it? If she were to say, "Now if you were a unicorn, do you mean to say that you would not pare the horn upon your nose?" I am frightened to think what answer I should make. I could only feebly echo in vague wonder, "If I were a unicorn—" To which she would retort, with a triumphant smile, "Certainly!" and have it all her own way. It is so that she reproves me at the play, and brings me to confusion when I own to some natural sympathy with Rip Van Winkle. Indeed, she oppresses me with such a torrent of moral reproof that I quail and retire, with a profound sense of my obliquity which is extremely disheartening. And it is all the more discouraging because, somehow, after one of these exhortations I seem to be that wretched Rip skulking off from the house to the solitary mountains, and Mrs. Candour that efficient spouse who shows him the door. This impresses me more deeply with a sense of my resemblance to the vagabond, and I avoid Mrs. Candour for many days.

But some time I hope to pluck up courage to ask that lady to explain the universal ins terest in that character, and its sure hold upon the imagination. There are plenty of idle, tippling, shiftless louts every where, and they are by no means poetic, but we all agree that they are nuisances. Why is this one an exception? Why has he become a kind of genius of the Catskill Mountains? Why is he associated so nearly with the dreamy landscape and river on a slumbrous August day ? Why, in fine, have we a kindly sympathy for such a very unsatisfactory member of society, instead of the active reprobation which animates Mrs. Candour ? That was the question which I asked myself when I found myself the other morning seated with Mr. Van Winkle in the Central Park. He was rather better dressed than formerly, and he had evidently not yet been into the mountains for the siesta, as his hair was not in the least gray, and his clothes were not out of fashion. But he had the same loitering gait and lounging habit. And I observed that they were not of his body alone, but of his mind. His soul lounged. His mind loitered. And he had the simple good humor of a child. His hands were sunk in his pockets, and he swung his feet idly under the bench; and he basked in the autumn sun. Presently he rose slowly and sauntered away, kicking the pebbles, saying that he would go and look at the boats, and perhaps somebody would ask him to sail.

As he idled away I said to myself, "Indo-nt, fickle, shiftless, useless." The sun was lent, fickle, shiftless, useless." warm, the sky blue, and the trees and grass green and beautiful. And as my eyes followed him, and those words rose in my mind, they were succeeded by others. "Simple, kindly, sympathetic, good-humored." The children love him. He would never do them harm. He would not hurt or wrong a human being. The village yonder is too busy for him. The good-wives look at him askance from their scrubbing, and the goodmen from their work-benches and furrows. He holds his gun and whistles to his dog, and goes toward the lake - I mean the mountains. But the Rip of the story and of the Park are really the same. I see him sitting alone under a great tree, with no companion but Schneider. He shares his "Speak, Sir," he bit of bread with him. says to his dog. "Nobody must eat bread

without earning it." Then I say to myself, still more softly, "And you, Sir, what are you doing! Who else is indolent, loitering, useless!" Really, I feel as uncomfortably as if Mrs. Candour were in the neighborhood. But I can not escape the question. Let'us strike a balance of all who pass as I sit upon this bench, and which is worse, the harmful industry or the harmless laziness? And since Mrs. Candour is not here I will ask also, and audibly, who does most harm, a certain lady or Rip Van Winkle? It is not his drunkenness, which, indeed, we do not see offensive either in the story or in the play-it is his sweetness and goodness and contented idleness which charm us all, and make the real spell of the charac-That careless want of suspicion, that child-like trust in fate or chance or Providence, that freedom from incessant fret and forecast, are hints of the highest spiritual se-

renity. Martha was troubled about many things, but it was not exactly her praise. What boundless leisure of life had that Catskill scape-grace! In what other life would not a nap of twenty years seem to be preposterous? In his it was but natural.

I confess I sometimes think I had rather meet Rip in the train than Cicero-and his manners are delightful. He is master of wood-craft, and tells the curious legends which every body else has forgotten. He has that invincible irresolution which will always prevent his "getting on," but there are a repose and freshness in him that I miss in Cicero. Well. no: I do not compare them. But when Professor and Mrs. Candour hold up to me the example of Cicero, I would ask, if I were not always silenced by that lady, "Madam, is it his faults that you exhort me to admire?" And when at the play she taps me on the shoulder with her fan and says, "Fie! Mr. Bachelor, do you approve laziness and worse?" I should like to answer, "Fie! madam, do you approve vanity and insincer-Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING TOILETTES.

THE evening toilettes, lovely beyond description, show Worth's latest caprice, a revival he styles of the First Empire. The low of the styles of the First Empire. The low round short waist with wide belt and sash, and the trained skirt with smooth, scant front and voluminous fullness behind, are as admirably reproduced as if copied from portraits of Josephine and Hortense. Faille and velvet of soft faded tints—turquoise blue, serpent green, and Nile—with damask gauzes and China crape, are the rich fabrics of these dresses; quantities of embroidery, filmy lace, and flowers in profusion are their garniture. A charming dress for a bride-maid or for the ball-room is of white Chambery gauze, trimmed with eglantine—the trailing wild rose. The skirt has flat pleatings in front, with gathered flounces on the train; the over-skirt of China crape with netted fringe is gracefully draped. Garlands of eglantine, with its green leaves, almost cover the front from belt to toe. The low round Josephine corsage has a bertha, the merest atoms of sleeves, an eglan-tine cluster on the left shoulder, and a very wide belt and sash made of rose and green silk of the two shades seen in the garland. A companion piece to this is a similar dress, with a tablier of water-lilies, and a fringe of dark, glossy, trailing grasses. A most distinguished dress is of black damask gauze with the Josephine corsage, ornamented with pale pink and dark red garden roses, and a sash of dull dark red faille lined with pale pink. The black Chantilly lace on the bertha is sprinkled with fine jet.

Embroidery is the richest trimming of the season for full-dress toilettes. It is daintily wrought in colored silks on white tulle, and is then applied to the silk of the dress. Vines of flowers plied to the silk of the dress. Vines of flowers in their natural color are used as a heading for lace and ruffles. Entire front breadths of dresses are imported done in fine needle-work on tulle, diaphanous gauze, or muslin; these will be laid plainly over silk, while the back breadths will be abundantly ruffled. A superb dress of faintest Nile green faille has the over-skirt trimmed with white lace, headed by a band of embroidered Marguerites. This over-skirt falls open in front, and its most retrousse drapery is caught back by a velvet sash. The front breadth of the skirt beneath is almost covered by a spiral jabot of silk and lace. A lovely dress for a blonde is of ciel blue silk, with embroidered bands heading ruffles faced with white faille. One of Worth's most remarkable dresses has five shades of the new serpent-color—green tinged with yellow—combined in an elaborate manner that utterly defies description. Among the dresses, partly velvet, partly faille, the handsomest, perhaps, is faint turquoise blue. The high heart-shaped corsage is of faille, with pointed front, postilion basque, and antique sleeves, trimmed with point duchesse lace and pleatings of blue crêpe lisse. The velvet front breadths have a tablier of lace, while on the back breadths is an upper skirt which is faille on the left side and velvet on the right.

POLONAISES, WOOLEN SUITS, ETC.

Polonaises prevail among the fine woolen suits that will be preferred to silk for winter promenades, shopping, church, and traveling toilettes. These polonaises are of cashmere or of roughly twilled camel's-hair, worn above skirts of silk of the same shade, trimmed with woolen flounces, showing linings and facings of silk; or else the trimming is deep wide kilt pleats alternately of silk and camel's-hair. The woolen polonaise is then most simply trimmed with a silk facing two inches wide on the wrong side, and showing below the outside edge in a tiny quarter-inch fold. The present fancy is to have facings of a lighter shade than the body of the garment—a reversal of all former rules. Most new polonaises fall open in front from the belt down in a gradually receding line (not rounded), and are held back by tapes tied over the tournure. Loose belted polonaises, the closely fitted princesse shape, and the double-breasted redingotes are all opened in this way to display the tablier of the skirt beneath. The old favorite Marguerite polonaise, which disappeared from among earliest importations, is again brought to light among the last arrivals. It now has open fronts and most retroussé drapery; the bows on its back seams are replaced by three large buttons placed lengthwise. Pockets, large enough to be useful, made almost square, or else placed diagonally, and ornamented with buttons, are also sewed on polonaises. Sleeves are in coat shape, usually with small cuffs of the wool fabric showing a narrow edge of silk facing; other very stylish coat sleeves are made long, and simply turned back from the wrist to form a cuff of the silk lining. Camel's-hair buttons an inch and a half in diameter, or else cord loops on frog buttons or leaves, fasten the front; the neck is finished by a bias standing band; the lining of thin silk is in the waist and sleeves only, not in the skirt. Dress skirts are not lined or bound with braid, but are simply faced, and are now provided with tapes high up in the second side seams to tie them back on the tournure. Specially attractive among camel's-hair costumes is one of the new bleu de mer, or sea blue, a dull light blue with gray tints. The silk skirt has kilt pleats three inches wide, alternately of silk and of camel's-hair, extending above the knee; the belted polonaise of camel's-hair has a silk facing around the edge, cord loops and large passementerie leaves down the front, a wide belt and side sash of silk. A cashmere suit of darker sea blue has a redingote with Marguerite back, double-breasted, open below the waist, square pockets, and a coachman's collar; the silk skirt has cashmere flounces, bias, very fully gathered, and cut in points lined with silk. Felt hats of the same shade, trimmed with faille and ostrich plumes, are appropriate with these rough surface dresses. Bronze, olive, gray, dark garnet, and nut brown suits are shown of similar fashion.

BONNETS AND HATS.

Bonnets this season are tres difficile, as the French say, both in regard to making and describing them. Expert milliners find French patterns hard to copy, and the new way in which the hair is worn and the bonnet perched thereon gives them a novel aspect. The shape most often seen, and which is either a bonnet or a hat. is a sort of turban with wide upturned brim in front, sloping away at the sides, and cut off there: the crown is of various shapes, sometimes being a high soft puff, and again merely a broad half-high sailor shape. Two small soft puffs of rose or blue silk above the forehead form a face trimming, and with strings constitute the difference between a bonnet and round hat. bonnet is very becoming to fresh, youthful faces. Black bonnets of this shape are very stylish, and are appropriate with any toilette with which a black wrap is worn. The crown is of black velvet, or of the new French gauze, or of beaded tulle; the brim is black faille or gros d'Orleans, piped with ciel blue or with peacock, or it may be faced with a bright becoming hue of watered ribbon, such a sold-fashioned rose pink. A rosebud peeps from under the brim over the left ear. Sharp wings are saucily perked up further back and jet ornaments fasten a cluster of rich ostrich tufts that are over the crown. A long drapery of lace and ribbon falls behind, and strings are

Forest leaves shaded in the darkest tints of autumn are the favorite garniture. Half garlands of roses of various hues, the creamy tea-ro pink, and dark crimson garden roses, all in one long cluster, with trailing sprays of buds on flexible stems, are seen on French hats. Nodding cock's plumes of greenish-black, wings of tiniest birds, and shaded curled ostrich tips are the feathers most used. Quantities of jet appear on the allblack bonnets, but this brilliant trimming is not effective in colors. Fringe of finely curled os-trich feathers, and also of small fine jets, is used on the upturned coronets of winter bonnets.

For information received thanks are due, for s, to Mrs. ConnoLLY; and for bonnets, to Miss Page; and Madame FERRERO.

PERSONAL.

FARADAY, when a comparatively young man, was naturally desirous of appending the mystic letters "F.R.S." to his name, and succeeded in 1824, though strongly opposed by his master, Sir Humpherey Davy, then president. Up to the period of his decease he had received ninety-five titles and marks of merit, and in 1844 was chosen one of the eight foreign associates of the French Academy. Oxford made him a D.C.L., Cambridge an LL.D. When it was proposed to make him president of the Royal Society he declined, saying, "I must remain plain MICHAEL FARADAY to the last. If I accepted the honor which the Royal Society desires to confer upon me, I would not answer for the integrity of my intellect for a single year." lect for a single year."
—Saro and his band made a good thing of it

—SARO and his band made a good thing of it in coming to the Boston Jubilee. They realized enough by the manœuvre to give each man an allotment of \$1000 after paying all expenses, SARO receiving \$6000.

—STANLEY has agreed to lecture in this country in January, under an engagement with those Boston men, REDPATH and FALL. STANLEY is to

On!" wherever they direct, and will "Charge!"

"On!" wherever they direct, and will "Charge!" a figure that would not be deemed too thin by the well-remembered Mr. Chester, alluded to by the favorite dramatic author, W. S.

—CARAFA, the composer, who died recently, eked out an insufficient income in a novel manner. Some thirty years ago Baron James Rothschild presented a gold snuff-box to him as a mark of esteem. Carafa sold it next day for seventy-five napoleons to the jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild. whom it had been bought. This became known to ROTHSCHILD, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of CARAFA.

Mrs. STOWER as a reader has made a specific property of the pro

—Mrs. Stowe, as a reader, has made a success. Her first audience was a large one, comprising many staid folk who are rarely seen at such many stand folk who are rarely seen at such places, as well as many school-marms and young belles. At eight o'clock Mrs. Stowe, after sitting a few moments in the parquet, came upon the stage and took her seat at the table. She was dressed in black silk, with a garniture of white lace puffs, entirely becoming to her fine matronly face, which wore the color of health

and happiness. Her brown wavy hair is scarcely rusted with age, and manifold curls ripple over a tiny water-fall behind. Her blue eyes lose none of their mild fire and humanity even through the pince-nez. Altogether Mrs. Stowe, at the age of fifty-eight, bears such an air of health and of tenaciously active life that all her friends will hell her procures with tenace. health and of tenaciously active life that all her friends will hail her appearance with joy, from the mere delight of seeing her, even if she brought nothing else for entertainment. She stood to read, perhaps from choice, but she could not sit without being hid from half the audience by the lamp, which was one of the "student" style. She read first from the "Old-town" stories of Sam Lawson, and read the whole of the selections from that work without stopping. Her lections from that work without stopping. Her thin voice is well fitted to enact the Yankee sharpness of utterance. Her description of Par-son Carryl's troubles and Huldy's triumph was son Carryl's troubles and Huldy's triumph was truthful to her own conception, of course, and, happily, to the public idea of the characters also. Her delineation of the gossips, Widow Piperage and Miss Deaken Blodgett, was perfect to the life and highly enjoyable. Sam Lawson was also well rendered. She pronounced the Yankee word "well" "wa'al," and it is so writ-

was also well rendered. She pronounced the Yankee word "well" "wa'ai," and it is so written in the book. The entertainment, on the whole, was a capital one, and is quite sure to be so wherever she may deliver it.

—J. H. MYERS, of Newark, New Jersey, who writes under the nom de plume of "Paul Julius Immergen," furnishes most of the verses for Franz Abr's songs. He has a queer little shop in which he vends music, books, papers, cigars, and tobacco. Abr paid a special visit to his friend MYERS. As Americans say, he was "pleased to meet him."

—Gounop, the musical composer, is said to

GOUNOD, the musical composer, is said to be insane—hopelessly so. Some of his relatives assert the contrary, but it is nevertheless belied to be the fact.

President M'Cosh, of Princeton College, says he has never asked for a dollaf for the college, and does not wish that when he dies the text shall be, "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and he was buried."

—A new American prima donna, Miss Barton, of Salem, Massachusetts, has just dawned upon Europe. She has been studying in Florence for Italian opera, and has just been engaged by the director of the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw to fill the principal rôles during the ensuing two seasons. She has been studying under one of the best masters in Italy, and is said to possess a voice of extraordinary power

and to possess a voice of extraordinary power and sweetness.

—ARTHUR DARDENNE, the last survivor of the band which, at the beginning of the first French Revolution, stormed the Bastile, has just died in one of the hospitals of Paris.

Miss Engra Change the August the truth of the

Just died in one of the hospitals of Paris.

—Miss Edith Challis denies the truth of the report of having been made the heiress of an opulent old lady to whom she was kind during an illness. Miss C. also says that several pious English relatives, who had ceased to recognize her since her connection with the stage, became suddenly sociable, and invited her to atay at suddenly sociable, and invited her to stav at their houses, on learning that she had become a capitalist.

The Empress ELIZABETH, of Austria, advises —The Empress ELIZABETH, of Austria, advises the ladies to keep out of politics, as there is nothing but misery in it. Equally true in this country. No sooner is a man nominated for office, be he ever so irreproachable, tham he is forthwith pecked at, badgered, misrepresented, and traduced, as though he were the commonset follow. est felon.

-Mrs. GLADSTONE, wife of the English Premier, is said to be a lady of most genial and attractive manners, thoroughly devoted to labors of love among the poor.

—It is rumored that General BURNSIDE will

probably receive the appointment of minister to

probably receive the appointment of minister to Russia.

—"General Robert E. Lee's room at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, is to be kept forever untouched." So says an exchange. Better open and air it occasionally. Sure to get musty if you don't.

—The concluding portion of Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian legends will be shortly published by Strahan & Co., London, and promptly republished here by Harper & Brothers.

—The autograph letters, orders, memoranda, etc., of the Czar Peter the Great, including those of a private as well as of a public character, are shortly to be published under the auspices of the Russian government.

—Professor Nathan Sheppard ("Keynote") is the author of the article in the current num-

is the author of the article in the current num-ber of Fraser's Magazine entitled "Premier and President."

President."

—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher consents to let it go forth to Christendom that "the Congregationalist is a dry Baptist, and the Baptist is a wet Congregationalist."

—Leopold De Meyer, the celebrated planist, had such an experience in Turkey! He was sent for, when in Constantinople, to thump out some music before the Sultan in the scraglio. It wasn't an easy thing to do. "You are sent for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his highness is doing. His highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dressing—you reprostrate yourself. His highness is dressing—you reprostrate yourself. His highness is taking his coffee, and you reprostrate yourself at each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand plano is placed on five Turks! The wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. 'Why,' you say, 'I can't play on a five-Turk plano.' It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his highness.' M. De Meyer suppresses one detail, however. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when, at the end, the Sultan said he must be very tired, M. De Meyer convinced his highness of the contrary by moving round the gallery on his hands.



end of each of these 3 pr. Edge the

cape finished so far with a round of sc. (single crochet) on the neck and

the front edges, and work one round of sl. (slip stitch) besides on the front edges, in doing which at the same

time form several button-holes with two or three chain stitches each on the right outer edge; furnish the left outer edge with the corresponding buttons. With fourfold zephyr worst-

ed make a foundation to suit the neck

of the cape, and at both sides of this foundation crochet one row of scal-

lops as follows: * 1 sc. on the next st., 2 ch., pass over 1 st., 4 dc. (dou-ble crochet) separated each by 2 ch. on the following st., 2 ch., pass over 1 st. and repeat from *. Sew this

scallop trimming on the foundation st. at the neck of the cape, so that one row of scallops projects free. Set a single row of scallops on each front

edge, so that the scallops rest on the foundation. For each of the two net-

ted borders on the under edge of the cape work with fourfold zephyr worst-

ed on a netting mesh three-quarters of an inch in circumference, on a

Crochet Shawl, Figs. 1-3.

This shawl is crocheted with violet tapestry worsted in Tunisian crochet stitch (see general directions in Har-per's Bazar, Vol. V., No. 40), and is trimmed with a border worked in Tu-nisian net stitch with white and gray chinchilla worsted. Begin the shawl on the under edge of the foundation. working a foundation of 255 st. (stitch) with violet worsted. On this foundation work 39 pattern rows. As the shawl is somewhat longer in the back than in the front, the 38th and 39th pr. (pattern rows) are not worked on the whole row of st., but the 38th pr. only on the middle 49 st., and the 39th pr. only on the middle 27 st. In the middle of each of the 39 pr. (back middle of shawl) narrow 2 st., casting off together 2 st. each at both sides of the middle st. in the second round of each pr. Narrow, besides, in each pr. at both sides of the crochet part, always casting off together the second and third st. and the 2 st. before the last. For the shoulders narrow four times each in the 30th-39th pr., casting off

together the 20th and 21st st., the 46th and 47th st., the 86th and 87th st., and the 116th and 117th st. in the 30th pr., besides the two narrowings in the middle. In the following rounds this narrowing is always repeated in the same direction; to do this in the left half of the crochet part, in narrowing the first time always cast off that st. which was taken up from the 2 st. cast off together in the preceding round, together with the following st.; and in narrowing the second time cast off the corresponding st., together with the following st.; and in narrowing the second time cast off the corresponding st., together with the st. previously taken up; in narrowing the third and fourth times in the right

the shawl all around three rounds more like the first three rounds of the border, and at the under

half of the crochet part proceed in reversed order of st. Having finished the foundation, crochet the border on the under edge as fol-

lows: 1st round (with chinchilla worsted).—
1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st., * pass over 1 st., take up 1 st. from the following st., 4 ch., and work off the last of these together with the st. on the needle, 1 sc. on the same

over as a st. 2d round.—Cast off the st. and

threads thrown over on the needle each with These two rounds are repeated continu-

ally, but in the course of the work fasten to-gether the thread thrown over and the st. of the

the st. before the

4 ch. was taken

TUNISIAN NET STITCH FOR SHAWL. FIRST DETAIL.

2d round (with white worsted).-On the veins after each sc. of the preceding round one dot; that is, 2 st. separated by throwing the thread over once, which are worked off together, throwing the thread over once, and after each dot 1 ch. 3d round (with chinchilla worsted).—Like

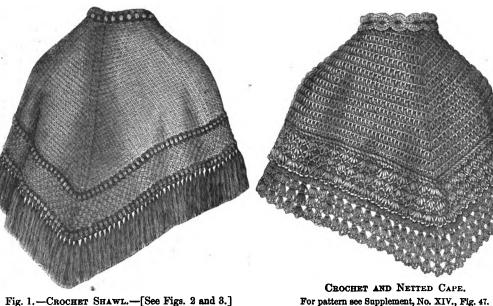
the first round. Now work 7 pr. in Tunisian net stitch (see Figs. 2 and 3)
—the first round of each pr. with chinchilla worsted, and the second round with white worsted, as follows: 1st round.— Always alternately throw the thread over twice, as shown by Fig. 2, take up 1 st. from the second following foundation st.; to do this drop the second thread thrown over from the needle, so that it lies before the corresponding st. as shown by Fig. 3, throw the thread over once more, and draw through the thread thrown

NANSOOK APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

O COURSE OF THE PROPERTY OF

WWW. Walland Company

preceding round with every newly taken up st. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 42 and 43. (see Fig. 3). In order to alternate with the colors lay on the threads anew in each round by means of a cross knot. Widen on the back corner of the shawl, taking up 1 st. (having first thrown the thread over) also from the thread thrown over before the middle, in the first round of each pr. Finally, work on the outer edge of the shawl all ground three properties of the s



CRÊPE DE CHINE FICHU.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 47.

thread of the requisite length, the 1st round.—260 stitches or knots. 2d round.—On the same mesh in each stitch of the preceding round one knot. 3d round.—On a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference work three knots in every third following st., thus always passing over 2 st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—
On the finer mesh work one knot in each st. Repeat the third and fourth rounds three times more; the three knots worked on 1 st. should always come under each other in a straight direction. In sewing on the borders they are slightly

Crèpe de Chine Fichu.

This fichu consists of a three-cornered piece of blue crêpe de Chine, which is forty inches long on the upper bias edge, and twenty-six inches and a half long on each straight side. Cut a slit in the middle at the top two inches and a half long, hem the edge, including the

slit, and border it with blue silk fringe four inchand seven-



Fig. 3.—TUNISIAN NET STITCH FOR SHAWL. SECOND DETAIL.

eighths wide. The upper edge of the fichu is turned over in a revers three inches and a quarter wide. The fichu is laid in pleats in the middle as shown by the illustration, and is folded in such a manner that the rows of fringe slightly overlap each other.

Woolen Plaid Bedouin, Figs. 1 and 2.

This graceful wrap ping is made of blue and green woolen plaid, and consists of a straight piece three-quarters of a yard wide and three yards and one-eighth long, which is edged all around with woolen fringe of the colors

of the material four inches and seven-eighths wide. Fold this piece four inches wide on the outside along the fold four inches and seven-eighths long at a distance of eight inches and a half from the middle of the back. Cover this seam with a passe-menterie agrafe and tassel of blue and green worst-A similar tassel and agrafe with cord loop and passementerie button is set on eight inches and seven-eighths from each end of the Bedouin. In arranging the Bedouin on the figure fold the middle part over in the fashion of a basque below the waist, cross the ends in front, lay them back over

upper edge; sew both halves together along the shoulders, and close the Bedouin in the back by means of the buttons and cord loops, as shown by Fig. 1. picturesque, and Oriental in appearance as well as name.

BATISTE APRON FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 44-46.

1. The wrapping thus formed is very It may be made of any solid-colored material, such as cloth, cashmere, etc., as well as of plaid, and trimmed with fringe of the same color, or with velvet and woolen gui-

edge knot in thread strands of violet Crochet and Netted Cape.

This cape is crocheted with twelvefold zephyr worsted in one of the varieties of the Tunisian stitch, and is edged on the neck and the front edge with crochet scallops, and on the under edge with netted edging of ordinary zephyr worsted, as shown by the illustration. Begin the cape on the under edge with the twelvefold worsted and a coarse wooden crochet needle, making a foundation to suit Fig. 47, Supplement (which gives the pattern of one-half of the cape), 189 st. (stitch) in the original. On this foundation crochet 20 pr. (pattern row) in rounds going backward and forward; the first of these pr. is generally worked in Tunisian, but in the first round of every following pr. take up each st. from the free back vein of the st. in the preceding round. The st. of the first round of each pr. are seven-eighths of an inch long each in the original. In the middle of the cape narrow regularly, casting off together the middle 3 st. in the second round of each pr., drawing the thread through Narrow also on the front edges of the cape and on the shoulders ac-cording to the pattern; for the narrowing on the shoulders always cast off together 2 st. along the straight line indicated on Fig. 47, Supplement. In order to slope the neck, the 18th-20th rounds are not worked on the whole row of stitches, but are shortened to suit Fig. 47, paying no attention to the requisite number of st. of the preceding pr. at the beginning and



Fig. 1.--Woolen Plaid Bedouin.-Back.



Fig. 2.—Woolen Plaid Bedouin.—Front.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, in D a well-digested article on French dress, sustains the testimony of our special correspondents as to "the extravagance of American travelers." It says very justly that if Worth has made a fortune out of the wants which he sup-plied, he deserves the credit of having intelligently understood his time, and of having been the first to satisfy a new demand. He has no responsibility in the matter; he happened to posses tain natural gifts of a peculiar kind; he was able to invent dresses with a fertility, a variety, an audacity, and a skill which no one else possessed in the same degree; so the women who wanted dresses came to him. Finding that the current had set his way, he asked prices which represented two separate sorts of goods—material and invention. rivals could only execute, he was able to create; he naturally claimed to be paid for both, and the world he served accepted his conditions. It is correct to say "the world," for two-thirds of all Worth's productions have been absorbed by foreigners. The Americans especially have been his largest customers. It is necessary to state this, so that the blame of giving \$250 for a plain costume or \$1000 for a ball dress may not be attributed to Frenchwomen alone. The truth is, as may easily be ascertained by a little inquiry in the right places, that the great providers of the various details of toilette who cluster round the Rue de la Paix the





Fig. 1.—Gros Grain Sult.—Back.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 88°, 88°-88.



Fig. 1.—SILK AND CASHMERE VEST-POLONAISE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 28-32.

makers not only of inconceivable gowns, but of fairy bonnets, adorable chaussures, and the other thousand delicacies which contribute to make up the modern woman -all work more for the United States and Russia than for France. There are ladies at St. Petersburg who spend \$600 a year in shoes alone; whose annual cost of gloves and stockings would keep six families of weav-ers; who think it quite natural to pay the journey of their favorite auteur from the Boulevard to the Newsky Prospect in order that he may exact-ly take their measure for a corset. In abusing Frenchwomen for their extravagance—as we all do so willingly—let us be honest enough to remember that not one of them attains the height of folly which is reached by certain ladies whose names it is not necessary to mention, but who are well known on the borders of the Neva and the Hudson, and of whose bills in Paris curious stories might be told if discretion did not bar the way. The sin of France

lies in the fact that she sets the exam-ple: her imitators some of them at least—go beyond the pattern which she offers; but the original fault is hers. The fault is however, rather ancient: it was not a product of the Sec-ond Empire. Europe has appropriated French fashions for so many centuries that it is difficult to determine when she be-gan to do so. Fur-thermore, France is so prodigiously indifferent on the subject, her women care so little wheth-er other women copy them or not, that they can not be accused of any willful desire to lead astray the nations round them. Frenchwomen dress for France alone; if others follow them, that is their own affair. It scarcely constitutes in itself a ground for blame against the original models. France is the ac-knowledged queen knowledged queen of dress, and, as such, she can not escape from the duties and the charges which surround all crowns. That her outlying subjects are willing slaves is true—that she claims no authority over them is per-fectly exact; but those facts do not efface the moral responsibility which attaches to all those who stand in high places, and have thereby become accepted models. So long as French-women were what they used to be thirty years ago, they did their duty to themselves and to humanity: they offered an example of perfect dress, and so bore use-



Fig. 2.—Gros Grain Suit.—Front. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 33*, 335-35.



Fig. 2.—Silk and Cashmere Vest-Polonaise.—Side. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 28-32.

fully the burden of their royalty; but when they began to fling aside the wise precepts of their mothers, when they introduced mere money into the composition of their effect, when grace and charm were regarded as inferior ends, when their one object was to dazzle and bewilder, then they at once ceased to deserve the place which they had so long held; they became a danger, and ought to have been dethroned. But they held their sceptre by divine right; their vassals never thought of getting up a revolution to turn them out; the slaves continued to obey; they followed on with unfatigued servility, as the populace of Rome bowed down before the Cæsars.

THE LOUIS QUINZE CABINET.

SEE on the tarnished silver ring the tiny twisted keys. Open the quaint old paneled doors-nay, dear,

choose which you please.

This where the snowy lily wreath from the royal azure glows?

Or that where the cherub faces smile from the pale Dubarri rose?

They are rusted, the gilded hinges, but they yield, like Time to Fate.

Now what are the hoarded treasures hid behind the jealous gate?

What a subtile perfume steals around ! it has lurked for centuries long, To spring to life like a memory of a long-past grief

See, a faded sword-knot, a painted fan, a broken string of pearls, A miniature of a fair, proud face, and a mass of

golden curls; Some letters—'tis from their yellowing lines the scent

you spoke of steals;
And a jeweled watch with a pictured front, snapped spring, and useless wheels.

We might weave a story-might we not ?-from the

graceful flotsam left, Hidden away after life's wild storm, all purpose and meaning reft!

Look, the ribbon has a crimson stain, blurring its

That knight, by his eyes, would guard full well a pledge he had won, I ween.

Who severed those waving curls of his, with kisses and vows and tears?

They are soft and bright, though the head they

crowned has been dust for weary years.
Was it she who flung those idle gauds in her pas-

sionate grief away, hen they brought her knot, with its blood-red brand, back from the fatal fray?

Knowing his hand was cold indeed when another

held her token; Knowing that like this pretty toy the spring of her life was broken.

There, heap the hair on the letters; let them keep each mouldering fold;

Let us search no deeper the records left of the sins and sorrows of old.

Another cycle, and unborn eyes will glance o'er relics of us. light white fingers toss and turn our sacred

trifles thus! So true and real and sad they seem-love, struggle fight, and fall.

Another cycle, and laughing lips may guess a tale of it all.

Leave the picture, and poor pale pearls. Hush!
Was it a long, low sigh?
It is but the larches on the hill as the light wind

shivers by.

That scent is like one in a room of death—ay, jest at so idle a whim.

Come out on the terrace. Frank is there: ill fancies fly fast from him.

PROPINQUITY.

"BY George, here's luck!" What is luck?" Th This in a faint voice from the sofa, a man's voice, full of that querulous weakness so much more pathetic when it comes from deep manly tones than from wom-

anly treble.
"Hallo, Ned; did I wake you up?" and the speaker began crossing the room on a shuffling tiptoe, meant to be noiseless, but, by reason of resonant boots and undue deliberation, producing a series of linked squeakings long drawn out. which were exasperating in the last degree to sensitive nerves. Then, as the invalid gave a groan, Perry said, "There, there, dear boy!" in precisely the tone with which nurses hush fractious babies; and catching at the back of a chair as he passed, he brought it whack against the little table which stood by the sofa tled, a spoon fell on the floor, and another groan came from the recumbent figure.

Perry Long was the best fellow in the world, and the pleasantest, any where except in a sickroom; there he was as completely out of place and destructive as an elephant in a china shop, a bull in a nursery, Mars at a peace congress, or -any other man! What Ned Fisher had endured from his well-meant attentions during the slow convalescence following an attack of typhoid pneumonia can only be computed by those who have experienced the like. Yet, lonely bachelor was, without a blood-relation nearer than certain far-off cousins in New Orleans, who hardly recognized his existence, he would have been forlorn enough without this same kind, blundering Perry. He reminded himself of this twenty times a day. (N.B.—It was always when Perry to be out of the room. The moment that he returned with his heavy tread and squeaky boots, and the inevitable bang of the door, Ned forgot merits and services alike, and wished his devoted henchman in Botany Bay. Perry was one of those centrifugal forces from which all light and movable articles of furniture seem instinctively to fly and ricochet and racket off into

And sick men can not always distant corners. be either grateful or reasonable.)

However, this little misadventure with the table was the last for that time, and, seating himself gingerly in the hard-won chair, Perry proceeded to unfold a letter and expound his bit of

It's from Tom Vane, Ned. He's been off for a run into Vermont to see some aunt of his who was staying at a place called Burnet, and he says it's the very thing for you. High ground, breezy, cool, and all that, and a firstrate house. Hear what he writes:

rate house. Hear what he writes:

""I don't believe the old boy could do better. It's dead quiet, but that's the thing for him just now, I suppose, and the air is exactly what the doctor recommended—high and dry. No river fogs. Up clear above every thing in this region. There's a view too. I don't profess to understand views, but my aunt raves over this, and I can see that there is a good deal of it. First-rate table—broiled chicken, cream (think of cream in the country!), and a motherly sort of an old landlady, who saks nothing better than to pet and coset every body who comes in her way. I advise you to pack Ned off at once. I'm sure it's the thing for him. He'll never pick up as he ought in that city street. I've taken the refusal till Thursday next of a big southeast corner room in the wing. It's the quiet est part of the house, only one other room in it, and that is taken by a lady boarder. Ned can be as still as he likes, and sleep all day, and all night too, if so inclined."

"There!" ended Perry, bringing the extract to a triumphant conclusion; "if that ain't what special Providence, I don't know what

is. You'll go, won't you?"
"I—suppose—so," said Ned, dismally. "As
well there as somewhere else. Murder! what's that?" for Perry, in the exuberance of his satisfaction at this hardly wrung consent, had given the table another knock, and every cup and glass and tea-spoon was jingling in unison. "The table, indeed! One would suppose that the furniture of this room was bewitched. I never imagined that inanimate things could be so noisy.

And closing his mouth, Ned lay crossly silent for the next hour. But Perry observed, or thought he observed, a little more relish for supper, a little less languor in the deep-sunken eyes, and, dear good fellow that he was, rejoiced in

So it befell that three days later a wagon containing our invalid and his self-constituted nurse drove slowly up the long hill, on top of which stands the little village of Burnet. The pink glow of a summer sunset still lay in the west. Soft purple flushes were dying out on the higher mountains: with each breath of the elastic air Ned seemed to revive into life and interest.

Farmer Dean, who drove the wagon, talked steadily on as they climbed the hill. He was fond of reading, and the chance to interchange views with a couple of city men—doubtless addicted to learning, like himself-was too attractive to be lost. So he let the horses go slow. and led the conversation into a deep and improv-ing channel, namely, the "Conquest of Mex-" which instructive work had beguiled many long and snowy days during the past winter.
"They was a cruel race, them Spanish," he

Promising ended, as they crested the hill. the Incay his life if only he'd give Pissarow so many bars of gold, and then a-burnin' of him at a slow fire, after all. It's a sort of thing to bring retribootion down on a nation, ain't it? And it's done it too, I guess."
"So it has," replied Perry, politely, desirous

of making himself agreeable, but a little misty on the subject of the "Incay's" fate. As for Ned, he was gazing off over the blue far-away distance with a sort of enchanted look in his thin face. After those dull weeks spent between four dull walls, what was it not to see such tints, such width of view-to smell such air?

"I reckon you're pretty well tired," remarked the farmer, sympathizingly, as he checked his horses before the piazza of the white, greenblinded house. Two or three children sat there. and a lady with a book in her lap, at sight of whom Ned, getting out of the wagon, gave a frown of surprise, and made a little sound expressive of annoyance. He raised his hat formally.

"What was it?" asked Perry, as they mounted the stairs.

"Oh, nothing," pettishly; "only I did hope to get away from acquaintances up here, and was not prepared to be confronted by Miss Pearl before I was fairly up the steps."
"Miss Pearl! What! daughter of that old

cashier at the Bank of Amity, who died two years ago? Why, now I think of it, it's the woman Vane used to rave about. So she's up here! 'Aunt,' forsooth! Ho! ho! I won-dered a little over Master Tom's burst of avuncular enthusiasm. Well, cheer up, old fellow! You needn't see any thing of Miss Pearl unless you like, though, from the glimpse I had, I should say it wouldn't be such a bad thing. Not pretty, to be sure, but a nice sort of face.

She's well enough." tumbling impatiently to the sofa, "only not what I fancy—that's all. Strong-minded, I suspect, and up in literary matters; the sort of woman who opens conve sation by asking if you have read that delightful work of Darwin's, and what you think about protoplasms. I haven't met her more than twice, but I shun that kind instinctively. By Jove, what a pleasant room! Isn't it, now?" I haven't met her more than

He might well say so. All the freshness of summer seem to rest over the large square apartment, with its cool, matted floor, oak-painted furniture, and waving curtains of white dimity. Snowy napkins covered bureau-top and tables. A gay rug of home manufacture lay beside the bed, over the foot of which was a folded scarlet blanket. Two or three sticks of hickory cracked in the fire-place, upheld by old-fashioned fire-dogs with brass knobs. On the shelf above stood a wine-glass full of sweet-pease, with a single crimson rose, and from a pine bracket in the corner uprose a tall spreading bunch of fresh green ferns and oak leaves.

"Stunning!" cried Perry, as he turned ad-A kind of a whatmiringly from side to side. d'ye-call-it-artistic air-hasn't it? This farm-

er's wife must be a prodigy."

And he reiterated the remark as the supper tray came in. Such a supper! Fresh raspberries, cream, bread like snow, a crisp sweet-bread, brown and savory.

"I declare, on my soul, I believe the hen is still clucking over this egg!" he said, as he chipped a white shell. "You've fallen on your feet, And what with the unwonted relish of food, the sweet air, the peaceful contentment of the pleasant "wing chamber," that momentary grievance of Miss Pearl's presence was forgotten by both.

Meantime, on the other side of the partition wall, Marion Pearl was hushing her little niece to sleep. Every corner of the room in which she sat bore tokens of that refining taste whose least touch beautifies. Long tendrils of pine wreathed the looking-glass and framed the photographs on the walls. Fresh flowers were on the shelf, the table; from a box outside the window came the breath of blossoming mignonette. Marion was one of those women who can not spend a day even in any apartment without in some way impressing her individuality upon it. It was almost an unconscious act; she never reasoned over it. A touch here, a touch there, a little adjustment of simple materials, and the charm wrought itself out. The gracefulness of her nature communicated a sort of inevitable grace to its outward surroundings. Her room always looked like her," said admiring intimates, as they sought in vain to catch the secret and produce the same effect with the same appliances. It was like her. It was her soul,

"A fair, still house, well kept,"

creating naturally a habitant fair and still as itself. And in this creation there was positive and subtle pleasure. She had arranged the ferns and the little nosegay that afternoon in Ned Fisher's room almost without a thought of the coming occupant, just for the satisfaction it gave her own eyes. True, she recollected that Mr. her own eyes. Fisher had been ill: that made it natural as well as pleasant to adorn for him a little: but she would have done it as readily for a stranger or a

man of seventy.

Ned heard her voice a little later, when Perry, going down stairs to supper, left him alone She was singing a low nursery song to the half-asleep child. He did not know whose voice it was, but it fell soothingly on his ear, and presently lulled him to dreamless rest. And so the Burnet experiment was successfully inaugurated.

Mr. Fisher, sitting on the stately heights of his preconceived opinion and determined indifference, found it quite easy to "see nothing of Miss Pearl." She was a busy woman, though no woman ever did her business more quietly than she. These three summer months alone, of all the year, were her own, to do as she liked with. She held them as precious treasure, and, except for such interruptions as duty or kindliness imposed, had no idea of spending them on out-siders. Each moment of each day was filled up beforehand in her mind; it was never easy to find or to keep her. At first Ned considered this agreeable—almost Providential. There was this agreeableno danger of his being bored, he perceived. But by-and-by Perry went back to town, and he caught himself wishing that Miss Pearl could be spoken to a little oftener. He heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs, or her voice, as she played with the child. Once-he had just got down stairs for the first time, and was sitting, white and a little faint, on the piazza, when she came by, her arms heaped with wild clematis, the little niece trotting beside her-she caught his wistful look in passing, and stopping, looped a long flowering spray to the arm of his chair, smiled, and after a few pleasant words went indoors. In two or three minutes Mrs. Dean appeared with an egg beaten up in milk and wine. It had just popped into her head," she said. Ned was no coxcomb, but somehow he couldn't help connecting Miss Pearl with this timely rehment. The idea pleased him. For the first time he had noticed the expression of her eyes, and the peculiarly sweet smile which lighted up with beauty an otherwise plain face. After this he fell into the habit of v vatching from his window each day to see her set off for the woods. Marion always spent all mornings, save rainy ones, in the woods. Sometimes her little niece was perched on her shoulder, while the other hand carried color box or portfolio. It was pretty to see these inseparable friends, the big Marion and the small. Little Marion never dis-turbed her aunt, was never in the way. Acorns, toad-stools, wild flowers, were her playthings. She would amuse herself all day long, while Aunt Marion, sitting under a tree, made water-color rote letters or children's stories. and careful little papers on domestic and social topics, for some magazine. She was not a genius, but her work was graceful and easy, and it commanded a fair price—no unimportant thing in a family as large and as slenderly provided for as the Pearls.

At noon the pair would come back, rosy, laughing, laden with wood treasures of all sorts. Lying on his sofa, Ned would hear the child's fresh laughter, and Marion's low tones replying. At dusk the line of light under the separating door was a sort of magnet from which he found it impossible to turn his eves. Little as she guessed it, Marion's cracle-song was sung each night to a second pair of ears. Long after it ended the soft cooing air would ring through Ned's fancy:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father is counting his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Did a little dream "drop down" from the lullaby into the older and wide-awake ears? Who

shall tell? Idleness is at the root of many things not distinctively evil. It is a dangerous pastime for a man to get into the way of watching a woman day after day, and in all her comings and goings, even if it be from inertia, and the besoin de s'amuser. After following Miss Pearl thus with his thoughts for two or three weeks, it was an easy and inevitable next step for Ned to follow bodily when returning strength set him free so to do. Marion's walks, hitherto inviolate from interruption, began to be haunted by a tall, thin shadow in flapping Panama hat. She shifted her ground, tried new wood nooks, but the result was the same. Some instinct seemed always to take Mr. Fisher in the same direction. It was always a "happening," with a little preface of apology; but once there, what was she to do? It was not easy to refuse welcome to an apparition whose face showed still the pallor of such recent illness. Suffering, weakness, were pleas to which Marion's sweet nature instinctively opened. And, sooth to say, the apparition was not a disagreeable one. Ned could be a was not a disagreeable one. Ned could be a charming fellow when he liked, and he very decidedly liked now. So morning after morning, when the Dean dinner-bell sounded its first note, Mr. Fisher and Miss Pearl, much to the delectation of their fellow-boarders, were seen returning from the woods in company, Ned carrying books and shawls, or sometimes the little Marion, who and snawls, or sometimes the first was had grown immensely fond of him. There was onite a family air about the party. No wonder quite a family air about the party. the idlers on the piazza smiled, and the knowing ones whispered. Marion did not see the smiles; she was too simple and straightforward to suspect gossip. And for Ned, so secure did he feel in his citadel that he would have scouted indignantly the sentimental interpretation of these interviews. Miss Pearl was pleasant company, and he had unoccupied time on his hands.

But a change came over this charming security. One night Ned was suddenly waked by hands beating on his door, and a voice—Marion's voice—calling in agonized toffes.

"What is it?" he cried, striking a light.
"Oh, Mr. Fisher, my little Marion is so very

ill! Will you call Mrs. Dean, and send Mr. Dean for the doctor as soon as possible? I dare not leave her, or I would not disturb you."
"Please don't say that!" called out Ned,

broad awake by this time, and half dressed. In another minute he was down stairs, and hurrying through the long entry, was pounding on

Mrs. Dean's door.
"Oh, the poor little lamb!" cried that worthy dame, as she comprehended the alarm. "It's croup, no doubt. She's had it once before, real bad. But whatever shall I do? Miss Pearl don't know it, but Jehiel is over for the night to Tuxbury, attending the cattle fair. We'll have to wake up Joshua; but he's such a boy to sleep, it'd take half an hour, I'm afraid,"

Where does the doctor live?" "Most down the hill-next to the meetin'house, you know. Oh, mercy, Mr. Fisher, you ain't thinking of going! I can't let you! You ain't fit! Land's sake! he didn't hear me—he's off!

So he was-hurrying down the long road at the top of his speed. Mrs. Dean looked after him with a half-muttered "'ts! 'ts!" Then throwing some wood on the hastily raked-out embers, and hanging on a kettle of water to heat, she hurried up stairs.

Life and death fought for mastery that night in the old farm-house. Ned Fisher, returning with the doctor, found himself, permitted or not permitted, working with the others over the small mitted, working with the others over the small convulsed form, carrying pails, lifting, heating flannels at the kitchen fire. Marion's white face, as she held the child in her arms, was full of an agony of appeal, but she never lost her self-control. "My darling! my darling! flower of my life!" Ned heard her murmur once, in a tone of irrepressible anguish, but avery direction are of irrepressible anguish; but every direction, every remedy, was applied with instant and rapid intelligence. He never forgot that sight—the fair, tasteful room, orderly in spite of the mo-mentary confusion, the sick child, and the woman he loved bending with tenderness so ineffable, with grief so speechless, over the little burden in her lap.

The woman he loved! Yes, he knew it now. As the morning dawned Mrs. Dean lifted the child from Marion's lap and laid her in the bed. she seemed sleeping or half unconscious. The doctor leaned over, felt the hands, the head, listened to the pulse, and then raising himself,

looked at Miss l'earl with a smile of relief.
"She'll do now," he said. "Let her sleep as long as possible."

Nobody moved for a moment. Marion buried her face in the pillow. There were no words to express her joy; but she held out her hand, and as Ned clasped it his whole heart seemed to go into the pressure. Was she conscious of it or no? He could not tell.

A midnight run of two miles is certainly not an experiment to be recommended to a halfcured convalescent; but in this case it did no harm. Little Marion lived. In another week she was up again, the shadow of her rosy self, but getting well. The dark sleepless circles round Miss Pearl's eyes grew less; all things seemed brightening, when lo! a dreadful and sudden cloud fell. Marion was summoned

Her ma's an anxious woman," explained Mrs. Dean, as she broke the news at tea-time. "And the whole family's bound up in that child; and no wonder. So the minute they heard of her bein sick nothing would serve but that they should come back right away. Miss l'earl's real sorry; I can see that, though she don't say nothin'. She gave me this note for you, Mr.



Fisher, and told me to say good-by if she didn't see you again. She's got all her packing to do, and won't be down this evening."

The note was a few simple words of thanks I ne note was a few simple words of thanks for Ned's kindness that dreadful night. "I fear I was selfishly forgetful of your recent illness," she wrote, "but in my extremity I could think of nothing but the child. Forgive me."

But those were not mere words of forgiveness which, half an hour later, Ned frantically penciled in his room:

"You are going away, and I have not seen you, have not spoken words which for days have been on my lips, withheld only by reason of your preoccupation. Now, in such brief time as is left, I must say them, for I dare not let you go while they are unsaid. I love and honor you above all women. I am not worthy—no man is—but will you be my wife? How reverent and tender are my thoughts of you can not be told, and if you can not give me what I ask, they will be reverent and tender still, and always. If possible, let me have one word of hope; but if I fail of utter discouragement, I shall follow you.

Miss Board herediscourage transports.

Miss Pearl, bending over a trunk, with a sad look in her eyes, heard a light sound, and turned. A note lay on the floor, just beyond the crack of the door.

Ned, listening on his side the wall, felt the silence insupportable. He sat at the table with fixed eyes for what seemed a long hour, but no answer came to his plea. At length the faintest noise, as of fairy fingers brushing the panels, reached his ear, and then beneath the friendly door a little white strip quivered into sight. This was all it said: "Follow."

Which, after a day's discreet delay, he did. Perry Long was immensely tickled at the denouement of the affair. He is never tired of asking Ned if he "saw any thing of Miss Pearl at Burnet;" and his wedding-gift to Marion was a blindfold Cupid hiding his head in ostrich fash-ion in a silver bush, the whole doing duty as top to a soup tureen. But Perry asserts, and I am of his mind, that the most sensible act of Ned Fisher's life was when he took off that same bandage, and, to quote Perry again, "dropped the invalid rôle, and went into business as a Pearl-Fisher with such astonishing success."

DU CHAILLU IN THE NORTH. INTERESTING TRAVELER'S GOSSIP FROM NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

CHRISTIANIA. August 29, 1872. MY DEAR PUBLISHERS,—I find myself to-day in the city of Christiania, and still with plenty of work on hand. When I sailed from New York I expected to be back at the beginning of September, and I have worked as hard as I could all the spring and summer in order to be able to do so. But here I am, with still one month's good work on hand, which must be done before I think of going back home. I want to do the work I have undertaken as thoroughly as I can before you publish my new book. oughly as I can before you publish my new book. To-morrow I leave for a part of Norway which I have not seen, and before starting I thought that perhaps you would like to know what I have been doing since I left New York.

The first thing I did on my arrival in Scandinavia was to visit Stockholm to present my respects to good King Carl XV., who had been so friendly to me the year before. I regret to say that I found him in very poor health, and he is not better now

For a while I visited the surroundings of Stockholm, which are very picturesque. From Stockholm I sailed for the island of Gottland, visited the wonderful ruins of Wisby; from there returned into Sweden, and took the roads leading southward. During all this time I stopped at the different towns, villages, country-seats, and farms till I reached the most southern part of the peninsula of Scandinavia. I saw how the of the peninsula of Scandinavia. I saw how the people lived and how they farmed, and also visited the mining and manufacturing districts. I was surprised at the number of schools which were scattered all over the land, education being compulsory in Sweden and Norway. Many of the school buildings were very fine. I also spent several days at the old University of Upsala, which has 1500 students, and was present at the ceremony of giving degrees to those who had been admitted Doctors of Philosophy. When I reached Sweden's most southern

boundary, and the coast facing Denmark, I had then crossed the whole length of Scandinavia from North Cape. I had seen nearly all the chief towns of Sweden. The southern part of Sweden, especially that part called Skane, is a very rich agricultural country. There a great many of the Swedish nobles have their estates and magnificent chateaux. Wherever I traveled the doors of these châteaux were opened to me. and wherever I stopped I was received with great kindness and remarkable courtesy; so I n able to see in Sweden all the of society, from that of the humblest peasant to the great of the land.

From Skåne I made a sweep westward, and then crossed the border into glorious Norway, where I received the same kind and cordial welcome of the year before. This is quite a different country from Sweden, but the same honest and good people live in both. This was in July; and since then I have been working like a beaver. I have crossed the country in many directions, and traversed wild, bleak mountains, and crossed picturesque lakes without number; I have been in the midst of great pine forests, and visited the immense glaciers of Scandinavia—Yostedal and Tolgefond. What splendid sights those huge masses or mountains of ice presented! I stopped long before the advancing glacier of Tolgefond, and saw with astonishment how the ice was plowing onward and forcing every thing before it; stones, earth, green sod, were piled up at its foot. The glacier had advanced at least

forty feet since last summer. At the foot of one of the glaciers of Yostedal a river was flowing from a beautiful cavern of most lovely blue ice. It was strange to see trees, grass, flowers, and other forms of vegetation within a few feet of these immense masses of ice.

From the west coast I crossed to Eastern Norway through a belt of magnificent mountains, grand in their loneliness and bleakness. These mountains were the home of the wild reindeer. One day, after traveling a long distance over the snow, I suddenly saw a large patch of pink snow, and afterward came upon two other patches. I remembered then that pink snow is often seen on the Alps, and that it has been found that the cause of it is a little insect, which can only be seen by the help of the microscope.

From the snowy mountains I came gradually down. The juniper bushes began then to make their appearance, and at last I came on the border of a lonely lake, and I saw smoke curling up from a little stone hut. It was a scetter. Two Norwegian girls welcomed me and my guides. These girls were spending the summer there by themselves, having charge of some twenty-five milch cows and about one hundred sheep. were living alone in the midst of those lonely mountains, making butter and cheese, the farm being some thirty or forty miles off. About once a fortnight men were sent up with horses with provisions, and to take in return the butter and cheese they had made. I have met with scetters sixty and even seventy miles from the farms.

I have visited many regions where they have no carriage-roads, and where a rugged horsepath across the mountains leads from one farm to another. In those wild districts I was often surprised to see the spire of a plain little wooden church or a school-house. There is no need to be told the religion of the country; for of course people who build school-houses every where are Protestants.

On my return my collection of drawings and photographs will give you a better idea than I can by pen of this grand and glorious country of its magnificent water-falls that seem to fall from heaven, its superb mountain scenery, the farms, houses, churches, and the costumes of the

I love the people of Scandinavia. I admire the simplicity of the rich, the modesty of the women, the extreme politeness and tact of the educated classes, who are always ready to serve you, the kindness of all, the sterling honesty of the peasants. You can read it in their faces. One feels perfect safety in traveling, even in the wildest districts, for there is no land in the world where the people are more honest, and where there is less crime. There is no country where the laws are more faithfully executed, and where the expenditure of public money is

made with more honesty.

Now, my dear publishers, I must say goodby. I expect to be in America about the 15th by. I expect to be in America acousting of October; and as soon as I arrive I shall pay a visit to Franklin Square.

P. B. Du Chaillu.

TESTAMENTARY CURIOSITIES.

THERE is nothing very extraordinary in folks fond of animal pets desiring to insure their favorites being well treated after their death; but there is something extraordinary in bequeathing a parrot an annuity of more than two hundred pounds. That is what a wealthy London widow did for her "faithful companion for twenty-four years." Poll was pretty sure of being well looked after, since the two hundred guineas a year was to be paid to whoever took charge of her and proved her identity twice every year, all pay-ments to cease upon non-production of the bird. Eccentric as the bequest appears, Mrs. Hunter was passing shrewd and business-like in her arrangements for her pet's comfort. She named a widow of her acquaintance as the recipient of her bird and its legacy, giving her power to be-queath both to whomsoever she pleased, provided the person was neither a servant nor a man, and did not live out of England. She furthermore left twenty guineas to buy a very high, very large cage; and directed her executors, in the event of her friend declining the charge, to see the parrot placed in respectable hands; then, with an eye, perhaps, to some relative raising difficulties, the old lady put this clause in her last testament: "I will and desire that whoever attempts to dispute this my last will and testament, or by any means neglects or tries to avoid paying my parrot's annuity, shall forfeit what-ever I may have left them; and if any one that I have left legacies to attempts bringing in any bills or charges against me, it is my will and desire that they shall forfeit whatever legacy I may have left them for so doing, as I owe nothing to any one-many owe me gratitude and money,

We have lived to see the establishment of a Home for Dogs; now it seems Pussy's turn has -in America, at least. A gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, died not long ago, leaving behind him drawings and plans for a Cat Infirma-ry, to be erected by his executors. The infirmary is to have rat-holes for sport, areas for amatory converse, and grounds for exercise, provided with high walls with gently sloping roofs. This is extravagant enough, in all conscience, but the last clause of this eccentric's will caps all; it runs thus: "I have all my life been taught to believe that every thing in and about man was intended to be useful, and that it was man's duty, as lord of animals, to protect all the lesser species, even as God protects and watches over him. For these two combined reasons-first, that my body, even after death, may continue to be made useful; and secondly, that it may be made in-strumental, as far as possible, in furnishing a substitute for the protection of the bodies of my

dear friends the cats-I do hereby devise and bequeath the intestines of my body to be made up into fiddle-strings, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of an accordion, which shall be played in the auditorium of the Cat Infirmary by one of the regular nurses, to be selected for that purpose exclusively—the playing to be kept up for ever and ever, without any cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the privilege of always hearing and enjoying the instru-ment which is the nearest approach to their natural voices.

We may charitably suppose that a similar desire of being useful after death actuated Dr. Messenger Mouncey, sometime physician to Chelsea College, in bequeathing his body for dissection, with instructions, when the surgeon had done with it, to cram it into a box with holes, and throw it into the Thames; but we fear Dr. Messenger Mouncey was impelled less by love of medical science than by a wish to express his contempt of ordinary usages. Mr. Solomon San-born, who long supplied the folks of Medford, Massachusetts, with head-gear, when inditing his last will and testament probably intended to make his patriotism patent to the world, but only succeeded in providing it with an illustration of the saying, "as mad as a hatter." Solomon bequeathed his body to Professor Agassiz and Dr. O. W. Holmes (the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table), jointly, as Captain Cuttle would say, to be by them prepared in the most skillful and scientific manner known to the anatomical art, and placed in the Museum of Anatomy at Harvard University. Of his skin two drum-heads were to be made: upon one was to be inscribed Pope's "Universal Prayer;" upon the other, the Declaration of Independence; and then they were to be presented to his distinguished friend and patriotic fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, of Cohasset; conditionally that at sunrise, upon the seventeenth of June every year, Simpson beat, or caused to be beat, upon the said drumheads, at the base of the monument on Bunker Hill, the national air of "Yankee Doodle." Such parts of his remains as were useless to the anatomizers were to be "composted" into a fer-tilizer, for the purpose of nourishing the growth of an American elm, to be planted or set out in some rural public thoroughfare, that the weary wayfaring man might rest, and innocent children playfully sport, beneath the shadow of the um-brageous branches, rendered luxuriant by his carcass. Solomon Sanborn might well have paired off with the New York maiden lady who left all her money to build a church, with the stipulation that her body and bones should be made into mortar, in which to lay the corner-stone.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOTHING—except cheerful faces about it-N so brightens up the breakfast-table as a few fresh flowers tastefully arranged. At this season, when the brilliant-hued fall flowers are blossomwhen the brilliant-hued fall flowers are blossoming, those who are so fortunate as to have little gardens of their own will find themselves repaid if, rising early, they transfer some bright buds to the breakfast-table. It is always pleasant to see flowers about the home, in the parlors and on the dinner-table; but there is a peculiar charm in their fresh faces when they greet us at the morning meal. We know personsgentlemen as well as ladies—whose breakfast is scarce complete without them, who apparently value the morning bouquet almost as much as the cup of fragrant Mocha. There is no need of many blossoms; no such close packing of the sweet little flowers as some of the florists give us for bouquets is admissible to the genuine lover of their sweet faces. Each fine blossom or cluster should have some quiet background; green foliage, in delicate sprays or handsome leaves, should surround, and so set forth the beauty of the flower. A single rose-bud, a pure neaves, should surround, and so set forth the beauty of the flower. A single rose-bud, a pure lily, a cluster of sweet-peas, or a bright aster, with a few sweet-scented geranium leaves, is enough, if you have no more, to give a most pleasing effect when tastefully deposited on a well-ordered breakfast-table.

Englishmen—at least some of them—find it hard to believe that any thing very excellent can originate in America. We suppose, however, it was simple ignorance, and not pride, that caused the English nobleman to make the inquiry of Miss Kellogg, on being introduced to her, "Do you speak English?" Bearing in mind the chagrin he must have experienced, other Englishmen had better be informed that Miss Kellogg does sneak English like a native! does speak English like a native!

Alcohol—30,000 gallons of it—was put to a very good use by Professor Agassiz and his party in preserving the 20,000 specimens of fishes they collected on their recent expedition. The old-fashioned method of drying them would have rendered them nearly useless. Now they will afford material for years of scientific labor.

At length tobacco has proved to be of some use to the world. In some sections of the country the grasshoppers have taken to chewing tobacco in the fields. The habit has been very fatal to them, and a great relief to the farmers

People are not accustomed to regard butter-People are not accustomed to regard butter-flies as a nuisance, but Florence was, a short time ago, invaded by such a quantity of them that they were called a "plague." In several of the streets the passage was almost obstructed by these insects, which swarmed in thick clouds around the gas-lights in the evening. Fires were lighted by order of the municipality, and soon the bodies of the butterflies formed a thick layer months atreets. npon the streets.

An intemperate husband living in California. An intemperate husband living in California, after having used up all his personal property, was preparing to sell the homestead on which he and his family lived without the consent of his wife. She heard of it, and quietly went and registered the property as a homestead. When the would-be purchaser was examining the title he found her declaration, which made it impossible for the husband to sell the property. According to the homestead law of California, the wife is made half owner of the homestead, and it is exempt from sale for subsequent debt or liability. The wife herself can make a homestead of the property she and her husband own without his consent. The law states that "the homestead land and house not exceeding in homestead land and house, not exceeding in value five thousand dollars, can be selected by the husband and wife, or either of them."

Young ladies inclined to the possibility of "marrying for money" might be aided to make a wiser choice by carefully reading "A Golden Sorrow," wherein the authoress shows how one sin leads to another, and also imparts to young girls many wholesome lessons in a very entertaining way. The motto of the novel is worthy girls many wholesome resource in a taining way. The motto of the novel is worthy

of remembrance:

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Rosa Bonheur's last work is said to be her masterpiece. It represents a tiger fighting with

Some man complains that "there are hundreds of American women who spend time enough in making cakes and pies every year to learn a language or acquaint themselves with a science." Well, who eats a good share of the cakes and pies, likes them, and frets if there is nothing but bread-and-butter for supper?

Every summer some new method of destroy-Every summer some new method of destroying mosquitoes, or, at least, of driving them away from sleeping apartments, is announced. We have little faith in any thing except a good close netting. Burning gum-camphor, putting raw beef by the bedside, stumbling to bed in the darkness, and all such devices are of little use. But somebody thinks he has made a discovery, and recommends that the strongest muriatic acid be placed in a bottle and covered with the same quantity of strong red cod-liver oil riatic acid be placed in a bottle and covered with the same quantity of strong red cod-liver oil, and the bottle thoroughly shaken, until a white-colored foam appears. If such foam does not rise, a small quantity of powdered lime should be added with a little water. Pour the mixture into a dish, and place it directly under the open window. The moment the mosquito enters, it is supposed to lose the scent of blood in consequence of the combined odor of the oil and acid being more powerful than that of blood. Requence of the combined odor of the oil and acid being more powerful than that of blood. Becoming suddenly perplexed, after scrambling and skirmishing about in the dark, the mosquito is led, as it were, instinctively into the mixture, where it is either drowned in the oil or burned to death by the acid. This seems to be an excellent theory, and if it holds good in practice may be worth a good deal—to retailers of acids and cod-liver oil.

The Court Journal relates a little incident in which Dr. Otto Richter, a celebrated German pianist, and a poor itinerant street musician took equal part. The doctor was playing one of Thalberg's brilliant fantasias in a music-hall in Greenock, and among the group of listeners outside was a little street musician. The shower of melody within seems to have been too much for the wanderer out in the rain, who went in, and standing motionless till the pianist ceased, said, "You're a splendid player, Sir. I never heard such music. I hope you do not think me bold. All I can give you is a tune for a tune." And taking a broken concertina from under his arm, he played a simple Scotch melody, made his exit, and was next seen plying his weary occupation at the corner of the street. weary occupation at the corner of the stree

Leaves of various kinds impart most pleasant and delicate flavor in the various dishes prepared for the table. Peach, almond, and laurel leaves are richly charged with the essence of bitter almonds. They must, of course, be used with caution; but an infusion of these leaves may be caution; but an infusion of these leaves may be caution and a peach by the tea-goognful. It caution; but an infusion of these leaves may be readily made, and used by the tea-spoonful. It is said that the leaves of the common syringa are useful for flavoring, and that they taste like cucumbers, and may be used as a substitute in salads. The young leaves of cucumbers have a flavor like the fruit, and leaves of celery flavor soup as well as the sticks. The young leaves of the gooseberry are recommended as an excellent addition to bottled fruit. Currant leaves flavor not unlike the fruit; so also the leaves of the orange, lemon, and citron. the orange, lemon, and citron.

A zoological exhibition of an unexpected kind took place in the Central Park not long ago. Three bears had arrived in a vessel from Bremen, Three bears had arrived in a vessel from Bremen, and it was necessary to transfer them from the transportation cages to their permanent quarters. The first animal made no trouble, but went quietly into his abiding-place. But a large white polar bear was not inclined to resign his freedom forever, and broke through the "shifting-box," and contentedly commenced a quiet promenade through the Park into Madison Avenue. The excitement and alarm produced among throngs of women and children at the sight of this huge monster from the arctic regions may throngs of women and children at the sight of this huge monster from the arctic regions may be imagined. Evidently the creature had no evil intentions. He only felt hot, and desired a bath. So he plunged into a pool of water at the foot of a high bank, where the alarmed keepers shot him. It seems a pity that so valuable a specimen could not have been recaptured alive.

Black Catfish, Running Antelope, Long Fox, Bloody Mouth, Man that Packs the Eagle, and Afraid of the Bear, are the significant names of some of the members of the recent delegation from the Sioux.

The annual report of the College of the City of New York shows that at the close of the term in June, 1872, the Faculty consisted of 24 professors, 17 tutors, 5 fellows, and 1 special instructor of elecution; 538 students were in the introductory department, 370 in the four collegiate classes, of whom 33 graduated. The buildings and grounds of the college are valued at \$150,000; those of the introductory school at \$40,000. The library contains 23,000 volumes, valued at \$62,000; while the value of the stock in the repository is given at \$16,000. The collection of mathematical, physical, and mechanical apparatus is valued at \$115,000, the cabinet of natural history at \$3000, the drawing and architectural models at \$3000, making a total valuation of \$277,500. The other college property amounts to \$40,759.



PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE long dress, composing by itself alone the entire costume, gains ground, as may be judged by an infallible sign. When a modiste attempts to promulgate a new fashion, she begins with a single model of the proposed style; if it does not take, the matter is ended, the model remains the only one of its kind, and the fashion dies of inspition; but if on the contrary, the idea dies of inanition; but if, on the contrary, the idea is approved, and several different varieties of it appear simultaneously, there is reason to believe that

it will prove a success.

Now several varieties of long dresses are seen at present; besides that which I described in my last letter, there is the princesse dress, without basques from the throat to the hem; then there is the long dress with a scarf of the material, or of velvet on satin, or satin on velvet: this scarf is pleated in the middle in such a manner that the part which encircles the bust is laid in lengthwise pleats; it is then put across the back and crossed in front, and the two ends serve to loop the back breadth of the skirt, which is very long, so as to form a sort of voluminous pour. Much use will be made, moreover, of very wide ribbons, and of scarfs similar to that which I have just described, and which are from sixteen to twenty inches wide; many ribbons are also of this width. They will be employed, among other things, for epaulets, arranged in the following manner: A very large bow is set on each shoulder, and a ribbon runs from one to the other across the front of the dress, and passes on its way through a muff, which is suspended therefrom, so as to spare the wearer all trouble on its account. The fashion is pretty and convenient.

The long dress, whatever its designation, Sélika or princesse, needs little or no trimming—at most a pleated flounce, not very wide, on the bottom; and oftenest this trimming is reduced to two bias folds of medium length, which edge the bottom, and extend up the sides to the waist, where they form bretelles. These folds are of a lighter or darker shade than the dress, or else of a different color harmonizing with it—bleu ancien on maroon, or écru on brown or violet; a different shade of the same color, however, is the most stylish combination.

But it must not be believed that the pretty costumes are out of fashion; they are so attractive and convenient that they will not be readily abandoned. The following is one of the handsomest that I have seen, and which will be worn the latter part of October:

Skitt of block value.

Skirt of black velvet, entirely plain. Redingote of the same material, open in front from the waist. Under the edge of this redingote are set small blue satin points, of medium shade. a medium shade. The sides of the redingote are looped and drawn backward by large bows of black reps ribbon. The blue satin points extend up the front of the waist to the throat, and trim the bottom of the sleeves. Black velvet hat, with folds and visor of blue velvet.

The combination of different materials is carried further than ever, as may be judged from the de-scription of the fol-lowing dress, destined to be worn within the next month: Maroon silk skirt, plain in front for the space of from eight to ten inches, and kilt-pleated the rest of the way. Over-skirtofmaroon velvet, square in the back, slashed at the sides, and rounded in front. This over-skirt is trimmed with a bias fold of maroon silk and tassel fringe of the same color. Waist with rounded basques of maroon silk, with a maroon velvet vest. Maroon silk sleeves, pleated perpendicularly like the skirt, but finish-ed on the top, from the elbow to the bottom, by a band of maroon velvet four inches wide, serving as an insertion between the sleeve and a broad flounce of maroon silk, pleated perpendicularly. Some over-skirts

and many wrappings have a masculine aspect, with re-vers, cuffs, and facings like musketeer coats; but this is an exception rather than a rule and fashion, which must, however, be mentioned in order to assure those who have a taste for this style of

dress that they are justified in adopting it.

We should be accused of exaggeration, if not of falsehood, should we attempt to describe the extravagance in dress that prevails at Trouville; only it is just to say that out of ten women thus attired, nine at least are foreigners. The papers are full of details concerning the laborious life of M. Thiers; and though many of these are puerile, it is nevertheless true that this feeble old man, who seems destined to be the savior of France, cheerfully supports a burden under which the strongest might stagger. That he does this is due largely to his regular life and simple habits. He countenances none of the hunting parties in masquerade, sumptuous repasts, and costly fêtes for which France has paid so dear; his life is that of a rich private citizen, with few wants, who prefers intellectual pleasures to manuals, and prefers intellectual pleasures to manuals is not followed. terial enjoyments. His example is not followed, however, by the swarm that flock to Trouville, and that vie with each other in extravagant caprices. It is here that were seen the first visor turbans, for we know not how otherwise to designate the new hats, which are nothing more than a roll, to which is fitted a very narrow rim, extending half-way round the roll.

Mantelets are decidedly regaining favor. They are made in great numbers and of all shapes; some with a pointed or rounded hood, others some with a pointed or rounded hood, others slashed on the back, others not slashed at all, others double—that is, with a cape—and all with square tabs. When these tabs are short, they fall straight in front, and are confined under a belt; when they are long, which is often the case, they are crossed in front, brought to the back, and fastened there under a large ribbon low; in this event the back is pleased at the bow: in this event the back is pleated at the neck, and a very large bow of ribbon is set on there in the guise of a hood. Until winter visits and drives exact more costly material, these man-telets will be made of Scotch plaid, opera flannel

telets will be made of Scotch plaid, opera fianner with a white ground and small black, red, or blue figures, and above all, of cashmere and black faye. Later they will be of velvet, trimmed with lace. The bonnets which serve as a transition from straw, which is still worn, but which will soon disappear, to velvet, which is seldom seen in Paris before the 1st of November, are for the most part of crêpe de Chine or silk gauze; these two fabrics take the place of tulle and crape, hitherto employed for intermediate bonnets hitherto employed for intermediate bonnets— bonnets for the demi-season, and for the theatre and concert-room. The silk gauze bonnets are



Fig. 1.—Suit for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old. For pattern see description in Supplement.

For pattern see description in Supplement. Fig. 10.-Gros Grain and Cashmere WALKING SUIT WITH DOLMAN SLEEVES.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere Walking Suit.

Fig. 3.—Suit for Girl FROM 4 to 6 YBARS OLD. For description see Supplement. Fig. 11.—FOULT DE SOIR DE WITH VELVET PALETOT.

pattern and description see Sument, No. V., Figs. 16-20. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13-15.

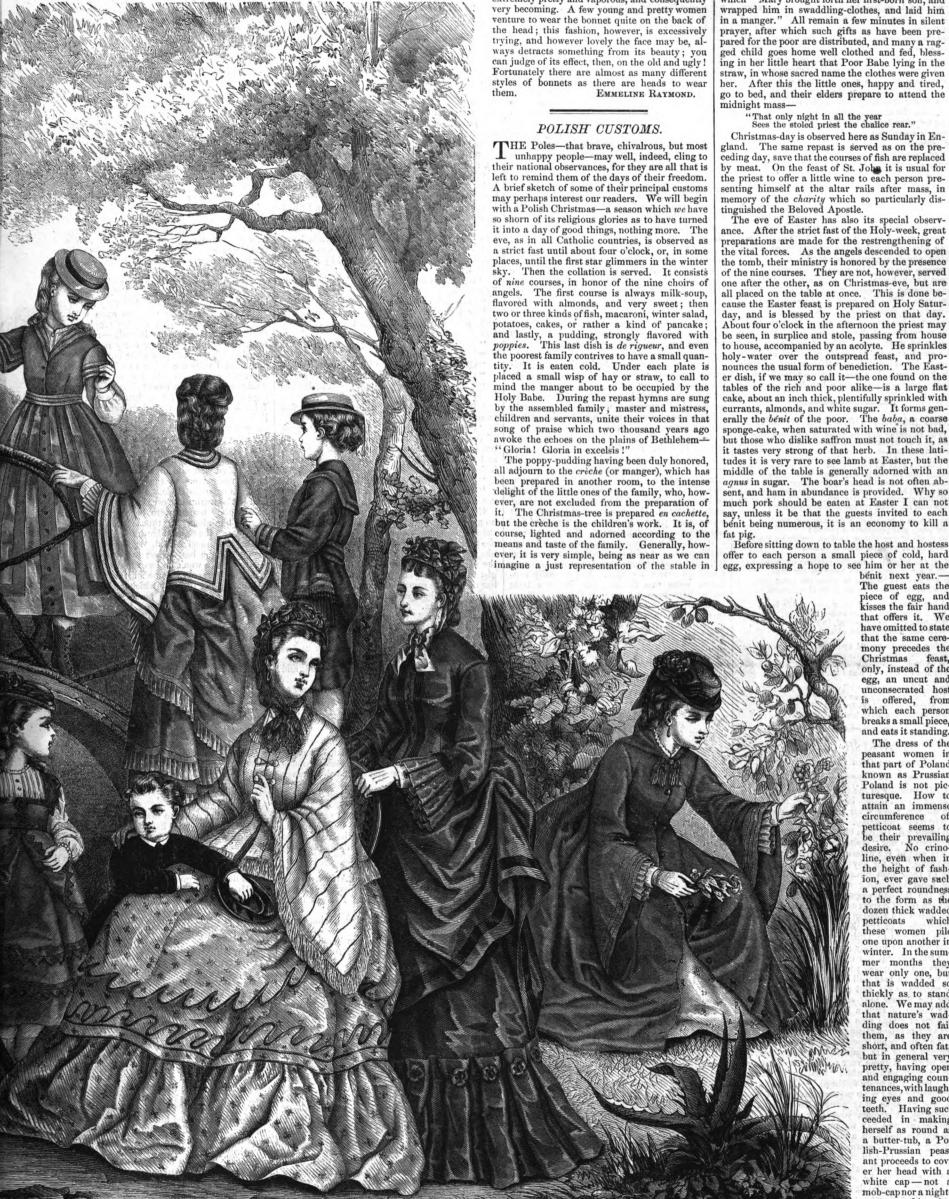
Fig. 7.—SILK AND CASHWERE Suit.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4-8.

Fig. 8.—Dress for GIRL FROM 6 to 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs, 9-12,

Fig. 9.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-16.—LADIES' AND CHILL



FOR GIRL FROM YEARS OLD, eription see

-SUIT FOR GIRL TO 6 YEARS OLD.
r description see
Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Suit for GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD, For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

> Fig. 13.—Suit for Boy from 3 to 5 Years old. For description see Supplement.

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Fig. 6.-Suit for Boy from 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.-FOULARD DRESS WITH VELOURS DOLMAN. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 21-23.

Fig. 15.—Poplin Walking SUIT. For pattern see description in Supplement.

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Fig. 16.—Brocade Silk Dress WITH CLOTH PALETOT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 24-27.

which "Mary brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger." All remain a few minutes in silent prayer, after which such gifts as have been prepared for the poor are distributed, and many a raged child grees home well clothed and fed blees. ged child goes home well clothed and fed, bless-ing in her little heart that Poor Babe lying in the straw, in whose sacred name the clothes were given After this the little ones, happy and tired, go to bed, and their elders prepare to attend the

extremely pretty and vaporous, and consequently

That only night in all the year Sees the stoled priest the chalice rear."

Christmas-day is observed here as Sunday in England. The same repast is served as on the pre-ceding day, save that the courses of fish are replaced by meat. On the feast of St. John it is usual for the priest to offer a little wine to each person pre-senting himself at the altar rails after mass, in memory of the charity which so particularly dis-tinguished the Beloved Apostle.

The eve of Easter has also its special observ-

ance. After the strict fast of the Holy-week, great preparations are made for the restrengthening of the vital forces. As the angels descended to open the tomb, their ministry is honored by the presence of the nine courses. They are not, however, served one after the other, as on Christmas-eve, but are all placed on the table at once. This is done because the Easter feast is prepared on Holy Saturday, and is blessed by the priest on that day. About four o'clock in the afternoon the priest may be seen, in surplice and stole, passing from house to house, accompanied by an acolyte. He sprinkles holy-water over the outspread feast, and pronounces the usual form of benediction. The Easter dish, if we may so call it—the one found on the tables of the rich and poor alike—is a large flat cake, about an inch thick, plentifully sprinkled with currants, almonds, and white sugar. It forms generally the benit of the poor. The baba, a coarse sponge-cake, when saturated with wine is not bad, but those who dislike saffron must not touch it, as it tastes very strong of that herb. In these latitudes it is very rare to see lamb at Easter, but the tudes it is very rare to see lamb at Easter, but the middle of the table is generally adorned with an agnus in sugar. The boar's head is not often absent, and ham in abundance is provided. Why so much pork should be eaten at Easter I can not say, unless it be that the guests invited to each benit being numerous, it is an economy to kill a

offer to each person a small piece of cold, hard egg, expressing a hope to see him or her at the

benit next year.— The guest eats the piece of egg, and kisses the fair hand that offers it. We have omitted to state that the same ceremony precedes the Christmas feast, only, instead of the egg, an uncut and unconsecrated host is offered, from which each person breaks a small piece, and eats it standing.

The dress of the easant women in that part of Poland known as Prussian Poland is not pic-turesque. How to attain an immense circumference of petticoat seems to be their prevailing desire. No crinoline, even when in the height of fashion, ever gave such a perfect roundness to the form as the dozen thick wadded petticoats which these women pile one upon another in winter. In the summer months they wear only one, but that is wadded so thickly as to stand alone. We may add that nature's wad-ding does not fail them, as they are short, and often fat, but in general very pretty, having open and engaging coun-tenances, with laughing eyes and good teeth. Having suc-ceeded in making herself as round as a butter-tub, a Polish-Prussian peasant proceeds to cover her head with a white cap — not a mob-cap nor a nightcap, something be-tween. Round this cap she passes a broad and many-colored ribbon, which is tied in a formidable bow at the back of her head. A ra-diant silk handker-chief encircles her shoulders, and is fastened in front with a brooch-often of gold. A large

cross or crucifix is always a conspicuous ornament, and is an heir-loom from which, save under the pressure of the greatest poverty, they do not part. During the summer months they wear an immense bonnet, perfectly destitute of any trimming or lining, and resembling in form those patronized by the Antwerp market-women. This bonnet is taken off when its wearer enters a church, and is placed on the floor or bench beside her. The bodies of their short but extensive dresses are invariably made tight, but the sleeves are what the dress-makers call gigot de mouton. And very fine legs of mutton they are! The costume is completed by a large apron, sometimes of white muslin, shoes, and stockings. These latter appear only on Sundays—for eight months in the year they go barefoot. The foregoing remarks do not apply to the men of the country. They are not so good-looking as the women. Their eyes are large, deep-set, and have a sad, melancholy look; the cheek-bones high, the face long and thin. Their hair and mustaches are worn long, the latter in particular. Their dress in summer is a suit of blue cloth, the coat very long, almost touching the ground, with ample skirts, which are gathered at the waist like a woman's gown. The trowsers are stuffed into great black boots. We may remark that the priests, even the canons and the bishop, wear top-boots. The peasants' hats resemble those worn by the French abbes. As a sign of mourn ing, they have white instead of blue or black piping-cord round the edges of the sleeves and collars of their coats. The upper classes wear the same, and the ladies have a band of white round the skirts (about half-way up) of their black dresses. For three months after his marriage a bridegroom wears a bunch of flowers in his hat.

THE LADIES DRESS-A RECEIPT.

[The following curious poem is reprinted from a rare copy of the Connecticut Gazette of June 18, 1178, printed in New London, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of an eminent bibliographer, who quainties remarks that he sends it to us, as it may answer equally well for the present day. It certainly proves that the fashions of a century gone were not considered a whit less extravagant then than now, and that feminine apparel, no matter what form it takes, is always held fair game for the wits of the times.]

GIVE Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool, Of paste and pomatum a pound;
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays
Be these ribbons which hang on her head;
Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze, And above the whole work be they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least, Let her curis meet just under her chin; Let these curis be supported, to keep up the jest, With one hundred, instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tuck'd up to the hip on each side; Shoes too high for to walk or to jump; And to deck the sweet creature compleat for a bride, Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finish'd in taste, while on Chloe you gaze, You may take the dear charmer for life; But never undress her—for, out of her stays, You'l find you have lost half your wife.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Meeting of the Emperors.-A half-drowned Poet. THE meeting of the three emperors at Berlin is "significant" in one sense, for though we do not know what it means, it must cerwe do not know what it means, it must certainly mean something. Nobody goes to Berlin (to begin with) except on business, and imperial autocrats do not "lay their heads together" (as Hood said of the aldermen) "to make a wood pavement," or for any useful object independent of their own advantage. The Times has the most interesting details by telegraph of how the Russian emperor wears the Prussian uniform out of respect to his host, and the Prusuniform out of respect to his host, and the Prussian wears the Russian; and how the Austrian (the weakest of the three) wears both. That harm is meant to Turkey is very probable, and good meant to nobody ("bar three," as the racing world say) pretty certain. That these emperors are not young people is, indeed, a subject on which we may well congratulate ourselves; for notentates die and great ideas do not have for potentates die, and great ideas do not, how ever the former may stifle them for the time. The notion of such a trio meeting—each with millions of armed men at his back, and each at this very moment raising more with cruel turns of the conscription wheel—in the name of Peace reminds me of Mrs. Barrett Browning's description of one of these very powers trampling out Liberty with its hoof while "wearing the smooth olive leaf on its brute forehead." Depend upon it, however such a government as that of Russia, for example, may pretend to be civil to yourselves, it resents your very existence, as republicans, and has no more sympathy with you than a dog with a stick. A time may be coming when all who worship Freedom may have to stand shoulder to shoulder, all petty differences forgotten, to fight for her to the death; and by whom is she so likely to be threatened as by these imperial despots? That many stout and skilled soldiers are to be found gathered together at this meeting of the Eagles at Berlin is true: even princes in Prussia have distinguished themselves as strategists and warriors, so as to make a wit of our own nation (whose princes are not remarkable for intelligence) inquire "where the Prussians keep their fools." But unless in war-and with the single exception of Bismarck-is there one name distinguished for any thing but mere rank in all that gorgeous muster-roll? Is there a man of science, of literature, of art? Is there one who has advanced

the cause of civilization in any one particular?

Is there a single man, in fact, whom the world

would miss, if that great assembly at Berlin were dissolved by sudden death to-morrow? There is not: and what is more, the crowned heads that are attracted thither in no way feel the absence of such companions. It was a saying of the late czar that "There is only one man that can claim to be distinguished in all Russia: the man whom I happen to be speaking to, and he only so long as I am speaking to him." And it is only too likely that the present one inherits his opinions. It is sad to think that the mere power that these three potentates chance to wield—the mere number of the men to each of whom they can say "Go, and he goeth" should invest them with an interest, temporary, indeed, but which, while it lasts, is greater than the brightest genius or most self-denying virtue can command.

It will be some time, I fancy, notwithstanding all their talk of peace, before these three emperors submit any matter of dispute in which they may be themselves concerned to such a tribunal as has just concluded its sittings at Geneva. Whatever may be the award made against us—and the rumor is there is such—England will never regret that herself and Cousin Jonathan initiated that wise and noble substitute for the wild justice of the sword-Arbitration. Perhaps before I close this letter we shall know what is to pay: whatever it may be, you may be sure it will be rendered instantly and without grudging; and may the simple proverb of "Short reckonings make long friends" be found to have as much truth between our kindred nations as between man and man.

It was said by Sydney Smith that communication between passengers and guard (which, by-the-bye, we have now got: you break a glass, behind which is a bell-handle communicating with an electrical apparatus) would never be established on our railways until a bishop was killed in consequence of its absence; but now we have so advanced in civilization that even the personal peril of a poet bids fair to accomplish for us what has long been needed at all our sea-side resorts—an efficient method for saving bathers when in danger. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," has been within a hair-breadth of being drowned off Whitby, through lack of such assistance. Do you know "Festus?" was, twenty years ago, the most "cracked-up" poem in the English language. Tennyson wrote of it, "I dare not trust myself to say what I think of this poem"—a criticism open to say what I think of this poem"—a criticism open to some ambiguity, since it might have meant that the Laureate feared an action for libel. But it really contained some fine things. Mr. Bailey's later works have been comparative failures, and we have not heard of him for a decade until he turns up again (not without great difficulty)
upon the sands of Whitby, and in connection
with the Great Bathing-Machine-Safety question.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 40, page 660.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXVI. SURPRISES.

ALFRED remained silent for so long a time that Lily had to repeat her question; and again, a timid tone, she asked him why their grandfather must not be told of his troubles and joys. Alfred asked her, in reply, whether she did not have confidence in him, whether she mistrusted him, whether she thought he had not good reason for what he said? To all these questions she answered, Oh yes, yes; she had full confidence in him; she trusted him thoroughly; she knew that he must have the best of reasons for his desire that their grandfather should not be made

"There isn't another person in the world," said Alfred, "that I would confide in but you; but I could not keep any thing secret for long from the dearest sister that man ever had, and whom I love-well, you know how I love you,

She answered, sweetly, yes, she knew; had he not given proof of it this day? She would be worthy of his confidence; he need be sure of that. Alfred received these heart-felt protesta-

tions graciously.
"So that was settled," he said, "and they were to each other what they ought to be.

"And what we always were," she added, anxiously, "and always will be."
"That's so, Lil," he said, more easy in his manner. "I feel better for having spoken to you, and now I shall smoke a cigar. What do you think Lizzie did the other night? I asked her in fun to light my cigar for me, and she act-ually did, and took a puff. She didn't like it, though; but she'll do any thing for me. There's one thing I've been thinking of, Lil. When you and Lizzie are friends—as you're sure to be directly you see each other—it will be nice for you; for, now I think of it, you never had a girl friend did you?" friend, did you?"
"There's Mrs. Gribble," answered Lily, "and

Mrs. Podmore, and little Polly—"
"Oh yes; they're all very well in their way, but they're married women, and little Polly's only a child. What I mean is, a girl of your own age—one that you can say all sorts of things to that you can't say to any one else."
"No," replied Lily, "I have never had a girl friend, it would be nice."

"Lizzie's just the girl for you," said Alfred.
"How I should like to be hidden somewhere, and hear you talking about one! Mind you al-

ways look under the table when you're talking secrets, Lil, for I shall look out for an opportunity to hear what you two girls have to say about

They made merry over this, and extracted from it all kinds of gay possibilities to suit their humor; but in the midst of her mirth a sudden change came over Lily, and a look of fear stole into her face. Alfred, looking up for the cause, saw nothing but a man gazing at them, at a very few yards' distance from where they were sitting. The man had been walking toward them, and had paused on the instant that the change came over Lily. He was a stranger to Alfred, and Alfred saw nothing in his appearance to cause

alarm. An ordinary-looking man, brown-bearded, and with a remarkably clear gray eye.

"What's the matter, Lily?" cried Alfred.

But Lily did not reply, her eyes being fixed upon the man's face. The man himself, evidently surprised and pleased at the impression he had created, stood still, and would not have moved quickly away but for Alfred's starting toward him. Then he raised his hat and walked on, Lily's eyes following him until he was out of sight. "Do you know the man, Lily?" asked

"What did you say?" was Lily's reply, dream-

ily spoken.
"Do you know the man?" repeated Alfred. Lily looked at him, at first without seeing him; gradually the mist before her eyes cleared, and she said, nervously,
"What were we speaking of, Alfred, just

"Of Lizzie. You're not ill, Lil, are you?" "Oh no; what should make you think so?"

"That man we saw just now; you seemed to be so strangely fascinated by him." Lily looked on the ground in silence for a few

moments before she spoke.
"I am quite well, Alf. Do not let us speak
of the man again. He seemed to me to come out of the ground suddenly, or out of the light, and I didn't see any thing but him as he stood

before us.' "One of your fancies, Lil."

"Yes, dear; one of my fancies. Girls are not so strong-minded as men, you know."

Ile laughed, and quitted the subject, thinking no more of it. But it was not so with Lily. Although she did not speak again of the stranger, she thought of him during the whole of the day. She knew him immediately she saw him: he was the man who had performed as an electro-biologist at the music-hall, and who had fascinated her then in the same singular manner as he had done now; the same man described by old Wheels to Felix. She made a strong effort to member what Alfred had been talking about, and soon succeeded.

"You said a little while ago, Alf, that you could make a thousand pounds as safe as

safe as—"
"As safe as nails, I.il. And so I could, and more perhaps, over the Cesarewitch."
"The Cesarewitch!" she repeated, curious to

know the meaning of so strange a word.
"It is a big race that will be run soon—a race worth thousands of pounds—and I know the horse that's going to win."
"That's very clever of you, Alfred."

Alfred nodded, taking full credit to himself.

"But how can you make a thousand pounds by that, Alf? A thousand pounds! I never

heard of so much money."

"Little simpleton! I'll show you as much one day, and more thousands at the back of it. How can I make it? Why, I'll tell you. Here I am with 'the tip.' The tip," he continued, noticing her puzzled look, "is the secret that some of us get hold of as to which horse is going to win a race."

"Oh," was Lily's simple reply.

"That's what the tip is," said Alfred, with a confident air; he was in his glory airing himself on racing matters. "And I've got it for the Cesarewitch."

"Do they know, then, beforehand, what horse is going to win a race?"
"Sometimes pretty nearly, you know. Some

horses that run haven't a chance; some are not intended to win-

"Is that right, Alf?"

"Of course it is. If a man has a horse and can't back it, perhaps he backs another; then of course he doesn't want his own horse to win, for if it does he loses his money.

Lily shook her head.
"I can't understand it; it doesn't seem quite

right to me; but of course you know best."
"Of course I do, Lil. Women are not ex pected to understand these things. 'As to its being not right, that's neither here nor there. What you've got to do is to find out the secret, get into the swim, and make money. And that's what I've got the chance of doing. But I haven't explained it all. Here am I with the tip; I know the horse that's going to win. Well, what do I do, naturally? I bet on that horse. I put as much money on that horse as ever I can scrape together, and when the race is over, there I am with my pockets full. I can get fifty to one on my tip. Think of that, Lil. Fifty to one against the horse that's sure to win! had twenty pounds to-day, I could get a thousand to twenty, and win it. Only think what I could do with a thousand. I've got my eye on two lovely gold watches and chains for Lizzie and you, and I know where there's a stunning diamond ring to be almost given away."
"But tell me, Alf! Isn't that gambling?

and isn't gambling wrong? I've heard grandfather say it is.'

"Gambling! Wrong! Grandfather!" exclaimed Alfred, contemptuously. "What does grandfather know of such things? When he was a young man, things were different. A young fellow didn't have the chance he's got

now of making a fortune in a day, if he's wide awake. That's why I don't want grandfather to know any thing of this, nor any thing that I've been speaking of. And of course you'll not tell him, Lil, for you've promised."

"You may depend upon me, dear Alf. It's

for your good."

But she said these last words in a doubting

"That it is, and for yours, and for Lizzie's, and for grandfather's too. As to its being gambook here. Lil. You bling and wrong—now, look here, Lil. You know what grandfather thinks of the newspapers. You know how he's always speaking in praise of them, and saying what capital things they are, and what a blessing it is that a poor man can get all the news of the world for a penny. You know that Lil.

"Yes, dear." "Why, it was only last week that grandfather said that the cheap newspapers were the poor man's best friend and best educator, because they taught him things and showed him truthfully what was going on round about him, and that they were doing more in their quiet way for the improvement of the people than any thing he ever remembered in his time."

"Yes, dear, I heard him say so."
"To be sure you did. Well, then, you look in the newspapers, and see what they say of racing. Why, they give columns upon columns about it. They employ regular prophets and tipsters, and pay 'em handsomely—regular fly men, who think they know every move on the board; and they tell you what horses to back, and what horses are going to win! They are educators and improvers, I can tell you, Lil! And they tell a fellow lots of things worth knowing—though I don't follow them always; not I. I know as much as they do, sometimes, and a little more, perhaps. But I read them; I read every word the prophets write. Why, I spend sixpence a day often in papers; if it wasn't for what the prophets write in them, I don't sup-pose I'd spend a penny."

If Alfred had said that the columns devoted

in the newspapers to the vaticinations of the prophets were his Bible, he would have been as near to the truth as he ever was in his life. lessons they taught were bearing bitter fruit. Not for him alone; for thousands of others.

"There's the Cambridgeshire and the Cesare-witch," continued Alfred, "going to be run for soon. All the best horses in England are entered. There won't be less than three columns about each race in some of the newspapers, and people get to know which horses have the best chances, and which horses are sure to run straight. Though, to be sure, you never can depend upon that. You must keep your eyes open. But come now, Lily, ain't you satisfied that there's nothing wrong in a young fellow doing a listle besting your and then?" little betting now and then?"
"I don't see how there can be any wrong in

it after what you've told me, Alf."
"And after what grandfather said," he added.
"Yes, and after what grandfather said, my

'So then," he summed up, "that's where it is."

Which was Alfred's almost invariable way of

disposing of a question.
"And here I have a chance," he presently resumed, "of getting out of all my money trou-bles, and of making every thing straight for you and Lizzie, and all of us."
"But," insisted Lily, "I am very happy,

"Well, I'm going to make you happier, Lil. But you can't be quite happy, Lil, when I am in trouble."
"Oh no, my dear," she said, quickly: "I for-

got. Forgive me for my selfishness. But you'll be out of it soon."

'It depends a good deal upon you, Lil."

"How upon me, dear?" "Well, I don't quite know if it depends upon you, but it may, and of course I'm anxious; for,

to tell you the truth, I owe some money, which I must pay very soon or it will be all up with

me."
"Oh, Alfred!"

"It's true, Lil, every word I'm telling you.
My contemptible screw at the office melts away without my knowing how it goes. Besides, what's fifteen shillings a week? Fifteen shillings lings! When I have the opportunity of making thousands of pounds! Grandfather says, 'Think of the future;' but I say, 'Think of the present.' Grandfather preaches to me about the career that such an office as Tickle and the career that such an office as Tickle and Flint's opens out to me, if I'm steady and study hard. As if he knew any thing about it! A nice career, indeed! Why, Tickle and Flint, the pair of 'em, are like two musty old Brazilnuts. Old Flint looks for all the world as if he hasn't got a drop of blood in his body; I don't believe, if you pricked him, that you'd get a drop out of him. Well, he came to that, I suppose, because he was steady and worked hard, and never saw a bit of life, and never enjoyed him. self; never wasted a minute, I dare say; a precious steady young card he must have been when he was my age, poking his nose over his lawbooks, which give me a splitting headache only to look at 'em. You should see what he's grown into, Lil, by being steady and studying hard. He can't see an inch before his nose; his clothes are as musty as himself. Now I put it to you, Lil," he said, with an effort at merriment, "would you like to see me like that? Would you like to see me, as he is, bent double, old, snuffy, musty, with a voice like a penny tin whistle that's got a crack in it? Would you like to see me like an old Brazil-nut? You know the kind I mean; they're very brown and very wrinkly; when you crack 'em you find that they're filled with dust, which almost chokes you."
"No, no," replied Lily, amused with the de-



scription and with the vivacity with which Alfred gave it; "that I shouldn't, indeed, Alf."
"Well, then," said Alfred, pleased with his brilliant effort, and concluding as usual, "that's where it is."
"You haven't told me all yet," said Lily, qui-

"You haven't told me all yet," said Lily, quietly, after a pause.
"I've got nothing new to tell you, Lil dear," he said, biting his nails nervously: "you know that, with the exception of you and Lizzie, I have only one friend in the world."
"Mr. Sheldrake, you mean."
"Who else? I should have been floored long ago if it hadn't been for him. If he was to throw me over I should have to run from the country, or hide myself, or do something worse. country, or hide myself, or do something worse,

perhaps."
She caught his hand in deep alarm, and begged him not to speak in that dreadful manner. "You make me so unhappy, Alfred," she said, with difficulty checking her tears.

"I don't want to, I'm sure," he replied, gloomily; "I want to make you happy. I've got no one else to sympathize with me but you. I can't tell Lizzie all these things. It would make me look small, and no man likes to look so in the eyes of the girl he's fond of. Supposing you were me, Lil, how would you feel?"

Terribly perplexed at these alternations of feeling, Lily said whatever she could to comfort

him.
"Tell me what I can do, Alfred," she implored. "A good deal depends upon me, you say. If it does, dear, although I can not see the meaning of your words, you may be sure that you will get comfortably through all your difficulties. We have been every thing to each other all our lives. Do you think there is any thing you would ask me to do for you that I would refuse?"

"No," replied Alfred, triumphantly, "I am

sure there is not. It is ungrateful of me to doubt you even for a moment. Every thing will come right—you'll see! Why, Lily—look yonder! Is not that Mr. Sheldrake coming along? Yes, it is, by Jove! Almost the best friend I have in the world. How strange, now, that he should appear just as we have been talking of him!"

With perfect trust-lness, Lily said, fulness, Lily said "Yes, it was strange; and if her eyes sought the ground, and a trou-bled feeling took posses-sion of her breast, it was not because she doubted the brother whom she loved with all her heart. Doubt him! No. She was too guileless, too unsuspicious, too sim-ple in her nature, to doubt where she gave her love. But she could not banish the feeling of uneasiness that stole upon her when Mr. Sheldrake came in view, and she could not help hoping he might turn away be-fore he noticed them. But her hope was not to be fulfilled. Mr. Sheldrake, walking in the centre of a broad patch of sunlight, strolled leisurely toward them; apparent-

ly he was in an idle mood, for he stopped every few minutes, and gazed about him with a bright look and with the air of one who was gratefully enjoying the beauty of the scene. vas singular that he never once looked before him, and he must, therefore, have been unconscious of the presence of Lily and Alfred. His grateful mood took a benevolent turn presently, for, observing an old woman humbly dressed walking in the shadow of the trees, he called to her, and gave her a small piece of silver. Truly, we are a nation of beggars. Strictly speaking, this old woman was not a beggar, but she took the money and dropped a thankful courtesy. Then Mr. Sheldrake paused before a couple of birds which were hopping about on the ground, contemplating them as though he derived infinite pleasure in all such pretty things, and when they left the ground he followed their flight with play to his benevolent instincts, only because he was conscious that he was not being observed, Mr. Sheldrake approached Lily and Alfred. He was quite close to them before he looked up and recognized them.
"What! Alfred! Miss Lily!" he exclaimed.

"This is indeed a surprise—and a pleasure," added, as he raised his hat and bowed to Lily, and shook hands with her and Alfred: then asked of Alfred, gayly, "What brings you into the woods?—you who ought to be reckoning up six-and-eightpences! This is not a fit place for lawyers, is it, Miss Lily? They're not in keeping with birds and trees, and blue clouds. They ought to be locked up in offices filled with cob-But I never thought Alfred was cut out

for a lawyer—did you?"

He addressed Lily, and she, having in her mind Alfred's description of his employer, Mr. Flint, replied, "No, indeed!" and looked at her brother affectionately. Alfred, however, was not quite at his ease; he appeared to be a little

disturbed by Mr. Sheldrake's expressions of sur-

"If any thing could have given me an additional pleasure," continued Mr. Sheldrake, with a careless look at Alfred, "the height of pleasure, I may say, it is the surprise of coming upon you both so unexpectedly—in such a totally unexpected manner. I am an idle dog, Miss Lily, and I often take it in my head to run into the country for a day's quiet ramble. There is so much to enjoy in the country; it is so much better than the smoke and whirl of London. Don't

Lily could not help agreeing with him, and she said as much.

"Here we are agreeing upon almost every thing," he said, with another of his pleasant smiles; "agreeing that Alfred is not cut out for a lawyer; agreeing that the country is so much better than London. That we have something in unison is, believe me, an honor I appreci-

His manner was perfectly respectful, and Lily's first feeling of discomfort at his appearance was wearing away. Every thing was in his favor. He was Alfred's friend, and must be really attached to her brother, as was proved by his acts; he had given money to a poor woman, and the manner in which he regarded the birds was unmistakable evidence that he possessed a kindly nature. Then the stories which Alfred had told her of Mr. Sheldrake's benevolence recurred to her, and she was disposed to be angry with herself for being uncharitably disposed toward him. Certainly she had done him an injustice; certainly she owed him reparation. And so she spoke to him in such tones as thrilled him to hear. She told him of Alfred's kindness, of how she had enjoyed herself; how much she loved the country, and how she would like to live in it

Alfred stepped behind a tree, so that he might hide his agitation. His heart beat wildly as he looked at the writing on the envelope-beat wildly, not with distress, but with surprise and pleasure. Opening the note hastily, he read, "Dear Alfred,—I am waiting for you. Mr. Sheldrake will tell you where I am.—Your own Lizzie."
And then, of course, came a postscript: "What a kind, good friend Mr. Sheldrake is!" Alfred read the note twice, and with a beaming face came toward Mr. Sheldrake.

"Well," said that kind, good friend, "Alfred seems pleased at something, doesn't he, Miss Lily? Good news in the note, Alf?" His voice was full of hearty good nature, and

Lily was more remorseful than ever for the iniustice she had done him in not thinking thoroughly well of him.
"What does this mean?" asked Alfred, draw-

"I

ing Mr. Sheldrake aside.
"How do I know?" was the reply.
haven't read the note."

But you know who it's from?"

"Oh yes; I saw her write it."
"Where is she?"

"Very near us, my boy—within a few hundred yards of this very spot."
"Here!" exclaimed Alfred. "How did she

come here?"

"I brought her," replied Mr. Sheldrake, with a pleasant chuckle.

"You sly dog! Did you think I didn't know your secret? I scented it long ago, but I didn't let on. And as two's company and three's none, I thought you would like to have Lizzie to spend the afternoon with you. There'll be four of us now—two and two—just as it should be. You are a sly one, Alf! Well, never mind; you've got one of the prettiest little girls I ever set eyes on. I made the arrangement with her yester-

brother. But, being left alone with him for the first time during their acquaintance, she did not feel quite at her ease, and it was while she was listening—with eyes cast modestly to the ground—to Mr. Sheldrake's soft tones that Felix caught sight of her. She did not see him; all her at-tention was fixed upon Mr. Sheldrake's words. "Yes, my dear Miss Lily," he was saying,

"I am glad of the opportunity of doing Alfred a good turn: if he had no other claim upon me, he is your brother. I should like to see the man who would want a stronger argument than that. I dare say you know that he is a little bit harassed in money matters; but we'll pull him through, and when he's all right, I hope he'll

know whom he has to thank for it."
"You," said Lily.
"No, my dear Miss Lily," replied Mr. Shel-"No, my dear Miss Lily," replied Mr. Sheldrake, with the slightest shade of tenderness in his tone; "it is you he will have to thank. (Ir stay," he added, gayly, "suppose we say that he has to thank the pair of us. Suppose we say that we are working together—you and I—for Alfred's good. Shall we say so?"

"If you please," said Lily, faintly, wishing that Alfred would return, and beginning to be annoyed with herself again for the unessy feel-

annoyed with herself again for the uneasy feel-

ing that was creeping over her.

"That's a burgain!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, heartily. "We enter into a compact to work together for Alfred's good. I'm sure he deserves it, for he's a good fellow, and such a partner as I've got can't ask any thing that I would refuse. Let us shake hands on it."

Lily held out her hand, and Mr. Sheldrake

pressed it tenderly.

"And now, my dear Miss Lily," he said,
"where do you think Alfred has gone to now?"

"I don't know."

"I can't guess. He seemed very excited all of a sudden, and very

happy."

"He ought to be.

Do you know he has a sweetheart, the happy fellow? Has he told you about Lizzie?"
"Yes, he told me only this morning."
"He will be here directly with her. She

is waiting outside the park gates for him.
Are you not pleased?" She gave him for answer a bright, happy

It was then that Felix turned away. He did not know, of course, what had passed between Lily and Mr. Sheldrake. But Mr. Sheldrake. he had seen that, when they shook hands, Lily had held out hers first; and he saw, as he turn-ed his head, the bright look which flashed into Lily's eyes as Mr. Sheldrake told her that Lizzie was near.

Something else of interest to him was taking place almost simultaneously at a short distance from where he stood. Outside the park gates a company of street acrobats had halted, and having beaten the drum and spread their little

bit of carpet, were going through their performances before an admiring audience. Among their audience was Lizzie, who took great delight in street exhi-bitions. She was dressed in her best clothes, and looked, as Mr. Sheldrake had said, as fresh as a peach. Her whole attention was not given to the performers, for she looked about her every now and then, expectant of some one. But she did not see that she was being watched. From the opposite side of the crowd an elderly woman, with a pale, troubled face, dressed in black, was observing Lizzie's every movement, and following the girl's every motion with anxious eyes. This woman was Martha Day, housekeeper to the Reverend Emanuel Creamwell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A COMPANY OF STREET ACROBATS WERE GOING THROUGH THEIR PERFORMANCES,"

"But then we can't have every thing we wish for," she said, sweetly.
"You ought to have," said Mr. Sheldrake,

"You ought to have," said Mr. Sheidrake, gallantly, "your wishes are so simple. It is only a question of money."
"But what a teasing question that is!" she remarked, thinking of Alfred's troubles.
Mr. Sheldrake replied warmly that it was a burning shame. (Lily was accustomed to hear

such phrases from Alfred's lips, and therefore they did not sound strange to her, coming from Mr. Sheldrake.) If he had his way, he would take from those who had too much to give to those who had too little: things were unequal, that's what they were. Why should people be condemned to wish, when their wishes were reasonable and good, as Lily's wishes were? If there was one thing that would delight him more than another, it would be to be allowed the privng her to But that, of course, could not be; the conventionalities of society stepped in and said, "You must not." Was that not so? Lily said, "Yes, must not." Was that not so? Lily said, "Yes, it was so," without at all understanding what he

meant by his rodomontade.
"Oh, by-the-way, Alfred," said Mr. Sheldrake, after a few minutes' conversation of this description. "I have a note for you."

Alfred started like a guilty thing, for in his excited state every little unexpected event brought alarm with it. He crushed the note in his hand without looking at it, without daring to look at it. What could it contain? Was it from Con Staveley, reminding him of the acceptance so nearly due, and which he had not the means of paying? Or was it from Mr. Sheldrake himself, reminding him of his obligation to that gentle-man? He was in such distress and trouble that he could not conceive it could contain any good news.

"Why don't you read it?" saked Mr. Sheldrake, with a smile. "We'll excuse you."

day, and made her promise not to tell you, and not to spoil the pleasant surprise. Then I thought what a capital opportunity it would be for you to make her and your sister acquainted with one another. What do you think of me now? Am I a good friend?"

"A good friend!" exclaimed Alfred. "The best of friends!" and became almost outrageous-

ly effusive in his expressions of gratitude.

"And look here," said Mr. Sheldrake, "about that little acceptance of Con Staveley's, if you

want time—"
"I do! I do!" interrupted Alfred, eagerly. "I'm rather hard pressed just now, but I shall be all right presently. I've got the tip for the Cesarewitch, and I shall make a pot of money. Can you manage it for me with Con Staveley? I didn't like to ask you, but to tell you the truth, I didn't know which way to turn."

age it for you, for Lily's sake. Don't worry your-self-about it."

And then he told Alfred that Lizzie, looking as fresh as a peach—"You mustn't be jealous of me, Alf," he said—was waiting for him outside an inn opposite the entrance to Bushey Park. "Run off to her," he said; "Lily and I will wait for you here. You needn't hurry; I'll take care of Lily. We'll have a bit of dinner together, the four of us, and a row on the

river, perhaps."

With radiant face Alfred hastened to Lily. "I sha'n't be gone long, Lil," he said, kissing er. "Wait here with Mr. Sheldrake. I've got

such a surprise for you. I don't believe any man ever had a more out-and-out friend than Mr. Sheldrake is to me. I want you to be very, very happy—as I am, my dear sis, my dear little Lil!"

He kissed her again, and left her with springing step. Lily was in a flutter of joy at his bright manner, and could not but feel grateful to Mr. Sheldrake for bringing such happiness to her

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE.

IN young, childish, ignorant souls there is constantly this blind trust in some unshapen chance: it is as hard to a boy or girl to believe that a great wretchedness will actually befull them as to believe that they will die.

It is better sometimes not to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their

When Tityrus and Melibous happen to be on the same farm, they are not sentimentally polite to each other.

If Aristides the Just was ever in love and jealons, he was at that moment not perfectly mag-

It is sublime—that sudden pause of a great multitude, which tells that one soul moves in



A STREET BAND.

A STREET band, be it observed, not the street band. Not the ordinary, typical street band, which consists of an assemblage of boys and young men with flat caps, straw-colored hair, faces burned brick red with exposure to

underneath your windows just at the critical moment (supposing you belong either to the very old-fashioned or the very modern school, who both unite in abhorring the Crimean beard) when you are about, with uplifted razor, to mow your chin. A few minutes later, when you are comfortably seated at breakfast, the street band

teurs provided with the finest flutes, violins, and cornets that money can buy, who torment their neighbors because they have no skill; on the other hand, there are these poor itinerants, possessed of the skill purchased by constant practice, but who have to work with villainous tools, broken-kneed, spavined, and wind-galled to the

pen on this collection of human oddities? We never had the luck to encounter the like. Perhaps they were preternaturally revealed to him as the weird nine-pin players in the Kaatskill Mountains were revealed to Rip Van Winkle; or perhaps he saw them in visions of the night after a hearty supper of fried oysters. Any-



the sun, and blue uniforms scorched into a dull gray by the same potent luminary. This, the street band of ordinary experience, is wont to stand in a circle when it performs; it begins to play at untimely hours; and is wont to startle you by suddenly ratfling out the "Watch on the Rhine" or "Ah! che la morte" immediately

last degree. Why not organize a society for compelling the above-mentioned amateurs to hand over their instruments to those who really know how to use them? Existence might then be tolerable even in a quiet street. But all this time we are forgetting the especial band depicted in our engraving. Where did our artist haphow, they are not a preposessing company; and when the lady in the song behaved unfaithfully to her lover, because she met with a foreigner who played the flageolet in the middle of the street band, we are sure it could not have been that miserable scarecrow in the tall hat and swallow-talls who stands tookling in the rain swallow-tails who stands tootling in the rain.



Embroidered Work-Box, Figs. 1-5.

Thus box is made of bars of yellow and black varnished cane, and is eleven inches and three-quarters long, seven inches and three-quarters wide, and eight inches and seven-eighths high, including the feet and lid. It is lined with green silk, which is gathered, and forms small puffs between the bars, as shown by the illustration. The lining is plain on the bottom and lid, and is interlined with wadding. The upper surface of the lid is ornamented in raised embroidery on gray silk. For this embroidery first draw the outlines of all the leaves (of flowers, buds, and foliage) on a piece of linen or cotton, observing illustration Fig. 1, and Figs. 48-51, Supplement. Underlay the leaves with thick worsted, as shown by Figs. 2 and 4, and complete them with long close button-hole stitches of single split zephyr worsted, as shown by the same illustrations. For the petals use violet worsted, and for the foliage green worsted in three shades, and work the veins with filling silk in the lightest shade of the same color as shown by Figs. 3 and 5. Cut out the separate leaves along the outlines, sew them on the foundation according to the design, which has first been transferred to



Fig. 2.—Manner of working Leaf, Fig. 3.—Full Size.

the gray silk, so that the outlines lie loose on the foundation, and work the calyxes with point Russe stitches of yellow silk, and the stems of the flowers and leaves in half-polka stitch with green split zephyr worsted. Having fastened the embroidered silk on the box, trim the latter, as shown by Fig. 1; with pinked ruches and bows of green silk ribbon.

Case for Tatting, Sewing Utensils, etc., Figs. 1-4.

This case is made of fine gray linen and blue silk, and is trimmed

with tatting of gray cotton and point Russe stitches of blue silk. To make the case first cut of blue silk one whole piece from Fig. 52, Supplement, which gives a quarter section of the case, and then cut of gray linen and card-board a circular piece, each eight inches in diameter. Border the piece of silk along the outer edge with button-hole stitch scallops and with point Russe stitches of blue silk, as shown by Figs. 1 and 3, lay it in a fold at both sides along the longest dotted line on Fig. 52, Supplement, and run through the double material twice three-eighths of an inch from the fold, so that a shirr is formed. Trim the piece of linen as shown by Fig. 3, which shows the same reduced in size, with tatting of gray cetton and with point Russe stitches of blue silk, baste it to the under side of the silk along the short dotted line, and button-hole stitch the picots of the projecting tatted scallops on the silk with blue silk (see Fig. 4). Through



For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 48-51.

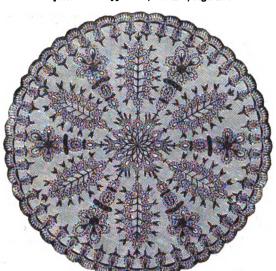


Fig. 3.—Centre of Tatting Case. Opened out and reduced IN SIZE.



Fig. 4.—Section of Edge of Tat-TING CASE. -FULL SIZE.

as shown by Figs. 1 and 2. Set a circular piece of blue silk to suit the size of the outer piece of linen, and which is button-hole stitched on the outer edge with silk of the same color, and is furnished in the middle with a silk band stitched on at irregular intervals for holding fancy-work utensils, into the case as shown by Fig. 2, which shows the case opened.

Netted Guipure Insertions, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE insertions are suitable for trimming covers, pillow-ases, etc. The illustrations plainly show the manner of execases, etc. The illustrations planny snow the manner of cution. Cut out the netted foundation between the parts button-hole stitched on the outer edge. After finishing the insertion, run in a piece of colored ribbon, as shown by the illustra-

Needle-work Border for Handkerchiefs, etc.

This border, of which Fig. 53, Supplement, gives the corner design, is suitable for trimming handkerchiefs, curtains, window-shades, etc. The embroidery is worked on Swiss muslin or nansook with embroidery cotton in straight halfpolka and satin stitch; the wheels inside of the eyelet-holes and the bars of the open-work parts are worked with fine



Fig. 3.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH LEAF FOR WORK-BOX. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 5.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH PETAL FOR WORK-BOX. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 4.]

guipure cord or coarse cotton, and the material underneath is cut away. Button-hole stitch the outer edge of the border.

GREEN.

THE dark sage green, which has become so fashionable during the last twelvementh (1871), is an exceedingly becoming color, and has a fine effect in combination with other colors. It is becoming in itself, because it annuls any tinge of green which may be latent in the com-plexion, and which, in dark persons,

is often more obtrusive than the owners are aware of. The most sallow woman would be indignant at a hint of this, and generally contrives to defy herself by wearing the very colors increase the defect. Fair persons are also frequently improved by this dingy green, when a pale green would make them look corpse-like.

Sage green mixes beautifully with salmon-color: both are most perfect colors to set off a pallid dark complexion. Sage green also goes well with deep lake, with primrose, and with dull or greenish blues. In the decoration of rooms it may be largely used, on account of its being so good a background. It is a less sharp contrast with surrounding colors than black, and in a pattern will go well with almost every thing. It is appropriate for doors and shutters, especially when relieved with gold. For ceilings it is generally too dark.

There are some bright greens which are becoming to the face, but only a

There are some bright greens which are becoming to the face, but only a few shades. I say bright in contradistinction to sage. A dull grass green with a slight yellow tinge in it is a picturesque color, and often proves a success in -some material, that is to say, without gloss. In silks or



Fig. 4.—MANNER OF WORKING

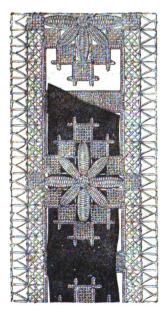
PETAL, FIG. 5.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—Case for Tatting, Sewing Utensils, etc.—Closed. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 52.

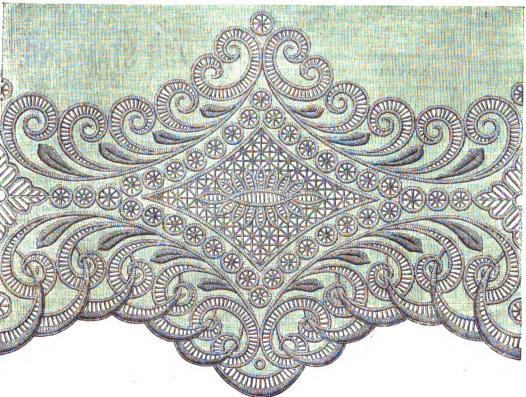


Fig. 2.—Case for Tatting, Sewing Utensils, etc.—Open. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 52.

the shirr on both sides of the silk run two blue silk cords in opposite directions; these cords are continued on the middle part of the case along the dotted line on Fig. 52, and are covered with point Russe stitches of blue silk, which are worked like a cross seam. The ends of the cords are trimmed with tassels,

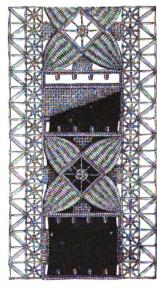


-NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION FOR COVERS, ETC.



NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC. For design see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 53.

satins it is nearly as coarse and unpleasant as a pure bright green, innocent of any hint of blue or yellow; and when worn, as hundreds of women persist in wearing it, with a mass of scarlet, is so horrible as to give positive pain to a sensitive eye. In any concert-room or large assemblage a scarlet opera-clock sensitive eye. In any concert-room or large assemblage a scarlet opera-clonk usually covers a green dress, and is capped by a green bow in the hair. One



2.-NETTED GUIPURE INSER-TION FOR COVERS, ETC.



may count these mistakes by the dozen, and they arise from the generally diffused milliners' creed, that scarlet and emerald must go hand in hand, because green and red are complementaries. The vulgarity and disagreeableness of this mixture ought to be apparent to any body with the

very rudiments of artistic feeling.

Green is often mentioned in medieval poems as a favorite color for dress for both men and women. Chancer's beautiful Rosial (in the "Courts of Love") is robed in a green gown, "light and summer wise, shapen full well," with rubies around her neck; but, as we have often explained, antique colors were very much less brilliant than modern ones, and rubies are very far from being scarlet. A dull yellow green and dark crimson are a fine mixture.

Pale green, so trying to the majority of faces, is, in some cases, a pretty ornament, and may be mixed craftily with pale blue in a most charming The dress offered to Enid, "where manner. The dress onered to Enid, "where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue played into green," is one of Tennyson's happiest thoughts. It requires, however, taste to do this well; and alone pale green is better shunned by the inexperienced, unless they be blessed with complexions so beautiful that they will survive any ill treatment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JEANNIE DE G.-We can not tell you how you can

permanently change the color of your hair.

MOTHER OF TEN.—Put velvet bands in place of the satin piping on your dress. As over-skirts are worn of various shapes, yours need not be altered. A poloor various snapes, yours need not be altered. A polo-naise of dark green or black cashmere would make the dress look stylish. The Bazar can furnish you very simple cut paper patterns of children's dresses. Box-pleated blouses, basques, yoke waists, and polonaises

dress look stylish. The Bazar can furnish you very simple cut paper patterns of children's dresses. Boxpleated blouses, basques, yoke waists, and polonaises are all simplified and worn by children. Since overskirts and ruffles have almost reduced you to despair, why not discard them altogether, and make your black silk with a plain graceful demi-train and basque?

A Georgia Giel.—Your brown shade will combine well with the gray. Your dress would look well with ruffled back and apron front. Sometimes the apron has long ends that tie over the tournure, and hang there; again it is fastened into the second side seam, and two large bows hide the join. Brown and gray together are more stylish than black and gray.

A PERPLEXED MAID.—A sage green cashmere polonaise over your slik skirt would be more stylish, though not as useful as a black one. Use the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 29, Vol. V. Trim with guipure lace and gimp. Four yards of cashmere will make a polonaise; and a cape with saque can be made of even less. Velvet cloaks cost from \$75 to \$200. The Dolman is the newest shape for them.

Daist.—Make your white slik with a basque and demi-train steble founced with silk and trille.

Daisy.—Make your white silk with a basque and demi-train richly flounced with silk and tulle. The black silk should have an apron front and kill-pleated back. The Irish poplin will answer nicely if turned and freshened up by some new trimming, or perhaps

and inclinated by the state of the state of the french nansook. The trimmings are embroidery, fluted ruffies, and lace.

Geren.—A drap d'été sacque for a lady in mourning should be trimmed with lapping folds or bands of rich corded silk and crimped tape fringe. The trimming should be lustreless.

J. B. of Newark.—The kilt-pleated suits described in the New York Fashions were imported dresses seen at the wholesale furnishing houses. The Bazar does not purchase dresses or any thing else for its

FAITH.—You have mentioned all the dresses we think you will require. Read New York Fashions of Bazar o. 40, Vol. V., for further hints about your trousseau dresses, mantles, etc.

HALLE.—White alpaca with blue silk vest and side pleatings, or a raveled ruche two inches wide, would be very pretty. Ruffle the skirt to the waist with five ruffles edged with biue, and make a small apron. A white alpaca dress is not fit for the street, and will A white alpaca dress is not lit for the street, and win not, therefore, require looping. Let the skirt train a quarter of a yard. Fifteen to seventeen yards will be sufficient for such a dress. We have no pattern of the suit you mention. Bronze is the most fashionable color for the street. Use the princesse polonaise pattern illustrated in the last number. A black cashing the prince is extracted by the prince of the street.

mere Dolman is stylish, and need not cost much if plainly trimmed and made at home.

Brooks of Sheffield—Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 40, Vol. V., for hints about your silk dress. The skirt flounced to the waist, an approx and basque, will be one of the leading styles. A cashmere or velvet Dolman is the wrap.

MARY W.—A reseda poplin suit would be more ap-

MARY W.—A réséda poplin suit would be more appropriate for a wedding and traveling dress than one of black cashmers. A cut paper pattern of the Dolman was published with the last number.

D. C. S.—The Vest-basque Suit with Kilt Skirt illustrated in Bazar No. 31, Vol. V., is the present fashion for girls of six to nine years. Make their fiannel sacques double-breasted by pattern in Bazar No. 3, Vol. V. The callor suits so often spoken of in the New Vol. V. The sailor suit so often spoken of in the New York Fashions is the caprice of the season for small girle, and is both pretty and comfortable.

MRS. J. F. K .- The Gored Wrapper pattern, Vol. V., No. 5, is what you wish.

A. C.—The Dolman double capes with sleeves, talmas ith hoods, and sacques of various shapes will be worn this winter. Some square striped shawls are shown for fall, but the shawl is not a favorite garment at present.

Mrs. J. C. H.—The buffalo and beaver mohairs are excellent brands of alpaca. Cashmere is the next black fabric: it costs very little more than fine alpaca, but it is twilled, and therefore catches dust. Make by pattern sent you, and trim with side pleatings and bias folds of the material. Velvet does not look well with

ATTAKAPAS.—A small cape will be pretty with your alpaca polonaise. Shawls are not worn on dressy occasions unless they are something very handsome, such as India cashmeres. Buy some camel's-hair or cashmere, and make yourself a wrap by pattern and hints given in the Bazar. Read prices of such goods and quantities required in the New York Fashions of the disantities required in the New York Passing to the last number, and you will see that you can make yourself something very pretty for \$15 or \$20. We will give descriptions, engravings, and patterns of children's clothing when the winter fashions are fixed.

JENNY WREN.-Flounce your blue silk with Swiss muslin pleatings. Cover all the skirt to the belt with these pleatings, and make an apron and bretelles of

M. M.—"To make three suits dissimilar yet fashion able" consult New York Fashions of Bazar No. 40, Vol. V. Wear your hair in braids wound around on top of your head. White wraps will not be as much

worn as formerly. TABITHA.—The épergne of fruits and flowers is for ornament as well as use, and is placed on the table be-fore the guests are invited to the dining-room. The colored napkins are used with fruit, and for drying the hands after using the finger-bowl.

A CONSTANT READER—Make your black tarlatan

dress by description of a ball dress given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 39, Vol. V. Wear it over a black flounced skirt of silk or of foulard.

HASTE—Navy blue will not be as fashionable for

traveling dresses as bronze and mouse gray; but it is largely imported, and is the color of the autumn in Paris. You will find the information you ask embodied in New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 40 and 41,

F. A. M.—We can not speak well of either of your samples. The black is a coarse, flimsy mixture of cotton and a little wool that will not wear well. Make it up simply with a box-pleated blouse and two plain skirts. The gray striped pongee is of poor quality. Make with a polonaise and single skirt.

School-Gibla.—If you have tried one braid of hair looped and find that you do not like it, try two braids hanging down. School-girls of sixteen should not confine their hair about the head, but let it hang loose and flowing, or in braids. This is not only becoming, but promotes the growth and beauty of the hair.

LILLIE JONES.—A bronze or gray cashmere suit made with loose polonaise and flounced skirt will be pretty for you and your bride-maids at an early morning wedding. When the bride wears white silk, white grenadine flounced to the waist is in favor for bride-maids. A SUBSCRIBER.—Alter your green and white silk by description given above to "Jenny Wren."

QUANDABY.—Bluish-gray, réséda, and bronze are the colors for cashmere suits. Make with princesse polonaise, and a Dolman lined with soft fiannel or with

farmer's satin. Polly Perkins.—Make your black silk by description of bronze and blue silk in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 40, Vol. V. Use black velvet for the facings instead of blue silk. Your suggestions about the eminstead of blue silk. Your suggestions about the empress or Thibet cloth are good. Use gros grain or velvet for piping instead of satin. Don't get satine for a dress, as it seldom gives satisfaction. The kilt pleats on back breadths all turn one way, and are fulled into the belt by folding them deeply at the top of the breadth, and also by a few gathers. Your black velvet bonnet piped with sky blue fallle or with peacock-color, and a neck-tie to match, will be stylish, but avoid blue gloves, and get pearl gray or else wood brown kid without ornamental stitching, and very long wristed. Your blue silk sample is good, and if the waist and upper skirt are fresh, would justify buying a new lower skirt of darker blue. A blue velvet belt with a long looped side sash will modernize the waist. side sash will modernize the waist.

THE PROPLE'S FRIEND.—It is susceptible of easy proof that the Sewing-Machine has been a greater blessing to the masses of the American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, the patient, overworked women of the land, who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of everyday life. Every father and husband falls in his duty if he neglects to endow his home with such a triumph of science as the Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. It is the cheapest and best sewing-machine ever offered. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. M. J. MON-BOE, New York, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1858 on family sewing and general manufacture; has tried others, but would rather pay \$500 for it than use any other machine; it is as good now as when bought. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stich Rinner—I Com. 3 Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

Use less of Dooler's than of other Yeast or Baking Powder, as it is much stronger. Put up full weight. Give it a fair trial. Grocers sell it.—[Com.]



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years old). " 59

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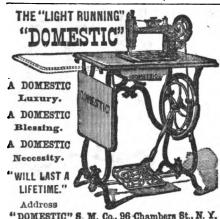
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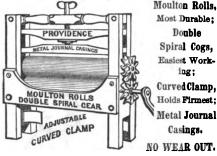
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ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.
"No, my boy. It sounds like the pop of a cork."

Why is the bone of the arm called the funny-bone?

Because it is the humerus

Why is the wrist out of the boundary of the arm?— Because it is beyond the radius.

A capitalist writes to say that he always invests his money in speculations on land rather than by sea, for he has heard that land is firma.

Women of Understanding.—A Dundee shoe-maker writes to a local paper to say that the women of that town, of all grades, have about the largest feet in the United Kingdom. He has made boots up to 19½ inches. This is the place for fellows who admire women that are all sole. We confess the impression such feet makes on us is calculated to "last."

WONDERS OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

A carving-knife that is not shaky in the handle, and which, on great persuasion, can be induced to cut.

A silver fork on which the previous metal is still extant, and which has its proper complement of prongs.

A chamber looking-glass which, if not propped up with your hairbrush, never turns its back upon you when you go to shave.

A bath which does not leak, and a water-jug that is not very dangerous to lift.

A bath which does not leak, and a water-jug that is not very dangerous to lift.

A (very) grand plano whereof the keys don't rattle like the bones of negro minstrelsy, and whereof you can imagine, by a powerful flight of fancy, that the notes have in their infancy been ever heard in tune.

A door-mat which is not provided with a hole to trip up all your visitors when they come to call.

A table-cloth or napkin without eleven holes in it.

A window that has not at the least one sash-cord broken, and that does not vibrate noisily with the very slightest breeze.

An easy-chair which gives you any ease when sitting in it, and wherein you may take your usual after-dinner nap without an apprehension of a caster coming off.

A tea-pot out of which, with excessive care and patience, you can contrive to pour a cupful without dropping the lid into it.

A sitting-room wherein, to avoid smoke suffocation, you need not keep both door and window open when you light the fire.

A minute in the day unmolested by an organ-grinder.

A window-shade which you can manage to pull up, even to the very top, without a wrinkle, and then not find it come down with a rattle on your head.

your head.

A bedroom paper which you can contemplate without horror every morning when you wake, nor conceive how fraught with suffering it would be to you if lying ill.

A waiting-maid who looks as if she sometimes used a nail-brush.

A ceiling or a chimney ornament which are neither of them cracked.

A sofa at all softer than a hard deal board, and which has not its springs fractured exactly in the only place whereon you want to sit.

A pleir or engraving, hung up by way of ornament, which with any candor you can call a work of art.

A pair of decanters which are not an odd couple, and half a score of wine-glasses any two of which will match.

A door which does not let a hurricane of draught through it, and which you can actually shut without a slam.

And finally, a bed that you may go to without trembling, and a bill that you may pay without a fear of being fleeced.

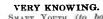
MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Mrs. De Tomkyns does not take her Carriage with her to the Sea-side. She thinks the poor Horses want Rest after the Season. She forgets that the Coachman has a Family, and that the Family have Friends.



THE LATEST FROM SLAVEYDOM. "Am I going to Church to-day, Sarah, do you say? Why do you

to know?"
RAH. "Oh, Mem, becos ye can if ye like, Mem-/ kain't?"



SMART YOUTH (to boat-man). "What a very high tide it was last night, boat-

BOATMAN. "Yes, Sir!
Spring-tide, Sir!"
S.Y. "Oh, ah! come, that
won't do with me, you know
—you can't have a springtide in the autumn!"

We have a friend who is so feeling that he can not bear to burn his coal.

Who are the most exacting of all landlords?—Why, children; because they never fail to make their own fathers and mothers parents.

"LUCUS A NON," ETC.
VISITOR. "How long has
your master been away?"
IRISH FOOTMAN. "Well, IRISH FOOTMAN. "Well, Sorr, if he'd come home yistherday, he'd 'a been gone a wake to-morrow; but ev he doesn't return the day afther, shure he'll 'a been away a fortnight next Thorsday!"

Query.—If all extremes are bad, is it injurious to be extremely honest or extremely good?

An Article you can always Borrow—Trouble.

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

The misery of being called upon suddenly to make a speech was got over by a mathematician, who delivable prevents me from saying, 'This is the proudest moment of my life,' and it does not occur to me to say any thing else."

A ROMANCE OF THE MISERY OF SALES OF A ROMANCE OF THE MISERY OF SALES OF SAL

I walked by moonlight on the shore
Where Newport's ramparts* rise;
The Dolly Varden dress she wore,
And she had lovely eyes—
But stay; I haven't mentioned yet
That "she" was some one that I met-

Her hair was yellow as the gold, Her cheek was like the rose, And poetry can ne'er unfold
The graces of her nose—
The Muse admits it with a shrug,
She has no simile for "pug."

I met her, as I said before,
Where Newport's rampartst rise;
We met by moonlight on the shore—
'Twas night, as you'll surmise,
Because you in a general way
Don't meet with moonlight much by day.

She didn't speak. We never spoke.
We ne'er shall speak again.
Nay, smile not! this is not a joke—
I state the fact with pain.
We'd ne'er been introduced, and so
There was an end of it, you know.

'Tis ever so, and such is life,
As every one allows,
And I was walking with my wife,
And she was with her spouse;
Her spouse the butcher, who—the thief—
Asks fifty cents a pound for beef.

And I can but observe once more,
Where Newport's rampartst rise,
I strolled by moonlight on the shore,
And met my butcher's eyes;
And I thought then—I think so still—
I had not paid my butcher's bill.

I never saw any ramparts at Newport, but it sounds beautiful.

Sam last note. 1 Vide note to first verse.



HIGH ART WELL EMPLOYED.

QUIET COUNTRY MAID. "Oh, how beautiful this Table is! What lovely Lace and Ribbons!"
GRAND TOWN DITTO. "Oh, this is very Plain—for the Morning, you know. You shall see it when I have changed the Colors, and put fresh Flowers and Bows for my Lady's Evening Toilette."



THE COMING RACE.

DOCTOR EVANGELINE. "By the-bye, Mr. Sawyer, are you engaged tomorrow afternoon? I have rather a Ticklish Operation to perform—an Amputation, you know."

Mr. Sawyer. "I shall be very happy to do it for you."

Dr. EVANGELINE. "Oh no, not that? But will you kindly come and Administer the Chloroform for me?"

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LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

THE demi-trained skirt of this elegant evening dress is of turquoise blue silk, and is trimmed on the bottom with a very wide flounce, laid in groups of side pleats, with a puffing form-

ing a heading. White organdy polonaise, with heart - shaped neck, trimmed with embroidered edging and inser-tion. A broad turquoise blue ribbon forms bretelles on the waist, falls in loops on each side of the skirt, and hangs behind in two long ends. The sleeves of the polonaise are trimmed with puffed turquoise blue ribbon. Blue ribbon with gold medallion on the neck. Pearl ornament set on a blue ribbon bow in the hair. White silk slippers.

PRESERVING FU-NERAL WREATHS.

OUR readers have most of them observed with wonder and admiration specimens of remarkably preserved bouquets, bouquets, wreaths, and crosses of white flowers that had been used on some occasion of either bridal or burial years ago, yet retaining all the appar-ent freshness of those

newly gathered. The art of doing this has been kept secret from the general pub-lic, while a few who have paid liberally to learn it make large profits by thus rendering these frail remem-brances imperishable. A funeral wreath that has lain upon the breast of some departed loved one is preserved and placed under glass, to be not only a constant memento, but also an object of beauty to the beholder. The price charged for this work being high, many have been deterred from in-dulging their wishes; by the aid of the brief instructions here given any person of or-dinary ability may succeed in rendering the most perishable and delicate flowers manently beautiful.

Let the flowers we are to experiment upon be fresh and firm, of pure white or delicate tints, without green If a bouquet is to be preserved with-out taking the flowers apart, the leaves at least will have to be re-placed with some other substitute, as the process does not apply to them as well as to the flowers themselves. Take paraffine of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be

kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state for use. Into this thin and transparent mass dip the blossoms, or, if found more convenient, brush them quickly with a small brush so as to give them a very thin coat that will cover every part of each petal; and this will

form a casing about them that will entirely exclude the air and prevent their withering. The transparency of the material renders this coating almost or quite invisible, so that the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes their peculiar charm. Green leaves, if preserved

in this way, must be coated with green wax, or with paraffine prepared with the addition of green powder paint. Chrome-green is best, lightened to any tint required by adding chromeyellow. Wax leaves, well made, may be used to very good advantage, or moss will answer

very well for a back-ground or foundation for the flowers.

Lately, at a wooden wedding, the bride carried the same bouquet that had been used on the occasion of her marriage five years before, and it had all the freshness and beauty of the original, lacking only the perfume. Perhaps, among new discoveries that are so constantly to be noted, the art of preserving even this will soon come in its turn.

PITH FRAMES, ETC.

THE white pith of the cocorus stalks the cocorus stalks, is capable of many beautiful uses. In the spring, when the sap begins to ascend, and the plant is putting forth its earliest leaves, the pith may be obtained by pushing it through with a blunt - pointed stick; or if there is any difficulty in this, the outer cuticle may be peeled carefully off with a penknife until no particle remains. This fine white pith, in its fresh state, is entirely flexible, and may be bent and twisted so as to form either round or square picture - frames for cartes de visite; strips of it may be fastened at the corners with small pins for the rus-tic style, and knots of thin pith can be used as ornaments for top, bottom, and corners. In order to make these frames of suitable thickness, several layers of pith can be gummed together neatly with white gum-arabic. Very pret-ty ornamental stands are made by taking two small pieces of white glass, either square or oval, and placing between them some little photograph of statuary, cut out with sharp seissors so as to have no white paper ground-work left. A little gum on the back of the picture will fasten it to the glass, and the outer edges of the two glasses may be kept together by gumming a strip of white paper or ribbon around over the edges. A little frame of wire, bent so as to form a stand, will enable you to set it in an upright position, and another layer of pith gummed around will entirely conceal it from view.

Beautiful crosses are produced by making



LADY'S EVENING DRESS.

first a slender wooden cross of the required height, then covering it with white paper, and afterward with pith, laid as closely as possible together, and gummed fast. If a very small and light one be required, let the foundation be of two wires, fastened together by finer wire, the lower end being inserted into a small block of wood for a base. By surrounding the wire with several of these pith stalks it will be entirely concealed. Sometimes it may be improved by the addition of a few white wax leaves or flowers entwined around the base. Of course these ornaments of pith, being so very delicate, will require the protection of a glass shade.

SONG OF AUTUMN.

The sunbeams fall in a golden shower
Over the yellowing grain;
The fruit, over-ripe, drops hour by hour,
And the asters are here again.

A pensive hush broods like a charm Over meadow and sea; A pause in Nature's choral psalm, An unuttered melody.

But where are the fields of emerald green, With clover and white-weed set, With the scarlet lily's dazzling sheen, And reaches of violet?

The thistles have given up the ghost,
And the maples have turned to gold,
And the summer's eloquent story, at most,
Is but a tale that is told.

The rose to the wind has given her breath,
The bird has bequeathed his lay;
And I have given my heart till death,
And after the Judgment-day!

Then what care I though the fields be brown And the violet's eyes be hid?— Summer for me has woven a crown To wear and be comforted?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

Cut Paper Patterns of the New and Stylish Double-breasted Jacket, Worth Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the double page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 711.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain an extra-sized Supplement, with a rich variety of patterns of Ladies' Fall and Winter Dolmans, Mantles, Mantelets, Paletots, and other Wrappings, Street and House Dresses, Fanchons, Trimmings for Dresses and Wrappings, Handkerchief Cases, Writing-Desks, Point Lace Medallions, Edgings and Insertious, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc., with choice literary and artistic attractions.

WOMAN'S SLANDER.

THE rather spiteful and very splenetic hero of Tennyson's little poem of the "Letters" takes occasion to make a statement which has been adopted into a classic by the general sense of "our natural enemy," in the stanza which runs,

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell— And women's slander is the worst— And you, whom once I loved so well, Through you my life will be accurst!"

It would be, indeed, a great compliment, even if a questionable one, to women if their slander were really the worst of all the venom blistering the world; for we submit that the capacity of a first-rate slanderer is something totally out of proportion to the slander uttered, and in its action is like the whole power of some great engine bent upon cracking a nut, while the woman who is able to exercise it is as rare a specimen of her sex as the BRINVILLIERS or the CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

Any fool, indeed, can flourish a lie about; but the one who invents that lie, after its subtlest order, with an edge so keen that divides the flesh swiftly and sharply enough for the wound to be unfelt till the life-blood gushes out, who points the lie at the tenderest spot, who conceals the thrusting, and does not betray by a single sparkle of the eye the exultant striking home—such a one is a creator, a creator after a kind which few women can ever hope to be, belonging, too, to an order of which MACHIAVEL is the chief, and is the possessor of an intellect which is neither merely womanly nor manly, but superhuman; at least it might be thought superhuman if it were not manifested many times in every generation of human beings.

No, we can not by any means agree that woman's slander is the worst; and in disputing that we dispute some long-established but little considered dogmas in regard to the nature of women. It is customary to believe that a woman is treacherous and false, and that not only from innate

antipathy to truth-to strip away the pretty phrases with which the asserters veil the ugly nakedness of their statement-but because she is also cowardly. But a woman's cowardice is a bodily cowardice, cowardice merely where she knows herself to be weak and infirm, and is conscious that a man's thumb can pinch her to dust. Give her justice, and she is no coward. Give her cause as the preservation of those precious to her—and she will face fearful odds. Put her on her own ground, of other considerations than those of main strength, and who walks up to the block more firmly than Madame ROLAND, into the hospital than FLOR-ENCE NIGHTINGALE, to the small-pox bed or the wounded on the battle-field than the Sister of Charity! And the man who advances to a surgical operation with the gay intrepidity in which every mother moves to childbirth—as infinite in pain and possibilities surely-would be a phenomenon indeed! We affirm, then, that in the plane above bodily or physical courage, the plane to which the truth, and therefore its negation, belongs, woman has not the cowardice which makes one of the first elements of the lie, and she has the courage which makes the lie unnecessary. People say that the cat is small and treacherous, but they forget that the lion and the tiger are large and treacherous. Treachery and falsehood, then, are not tricks of sex, but of race: they be long to a species; and it takes men as well as women to make that species.

Gossip is one thing, let it be understood, and slander is another. All women, by their gifts of natural sympathy, love gossip, or the details of lives in which they have an interest; few women, by reason of the same natural sympathy, love slander any more than they love to inflict suffering instead of to alleviate it. In addition to this, in the minds of women, guarded from their infancy from all contamination, the very elements to the deadliest slander are wanting: they have but small comparative knowledge of the vileness there may be in the world, and their thoughts have been trained to dwell on other subjects, so that their imaginations have but little food to feed on in that direction, and their conceptions are unequal to the task of creating evil out of nothing; and thus, in the very nature of things, we may be at least allowed the doubt as to whether the tea-party and the sewingcircle afford more mischievous and far-reaching conversation than do the reading-rooms, the street corners, and the country groceries.

Women, untaught in their vast majority for countless centuries in any arts but those of the needle and the ladle, are possibly far less strong and deep than men; their untrained mental processes and conclusions are necessarily swift and shallow as a rule; but all the mischief that is wrought is not done by the swift and shallow tongue any more than by the swift and shallow brook. We remember an old bit of verse very much to the purpose:

"Says Tweed to Taw,
What makes ye rin sae slaw?
Says Taw to Tweed,
Though ye rin fast indeed,
And I rin slaw,
Where ye droon se man
I droon twa!"

Not, when all is said, that we venture to dispute the fact that women will lie if need be -some women, that is, not all; though we do venture to dispute the opinions of Victor HUGO and CHARLES READE that they will lie when need is not. For we are not of those who think men and women made of different flesh and blood, nor do we believe that men are formed out of the dust of the earth, while women constitute an only inferior order of angelhood; but remembering the impulsive nature of womankind, which relies on intuitions rather than on calculations, remembering, too, the domestic and gentle and usually religious culture given, we feel sure that to the inception and perfection of the swift and successful lie quantities and qualities must go which are not essentially feminine. For though the woman may not always have the large outlook upon the order of the universe that shows her the intrinsic value of truth to and for itself alone, yet she has been taught the duty of a childish and implicit obedience to God, and knew, doubtless, long before her elder brother did how to repeat and understand the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." What we maintain is that slander has no sex; the poison of asps is under the lips of woman no more than of man; neither the evil-eye nor the little member that stirs up a great fire belongs to one more than to the other.

Meanwhile we admit that the indifference to slander is a purely masculine attribute; a woman wilts before it as a flower before a flame; and it is only a man who could make on the old college of Aberdeen the stoical in-

> "They have said—Quitat say they? Let yame say!"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. • Stobes and fires.

MY DEAR GUY,—And what varieties of manner there are! That, at least, I have observed, and have had occasion to record. Only the other day, as I was seated in the car going to-where was it !--one of my neighbors suddenly exclaimed, "I am suffocating. Do open the window!" It was opened as soon as possible, and I turned to my companion, half fearing that he had fainted. But he smiled, and said, "Now I feel better." And when a person near him se and left the car at the next station, he said, "Now I am entirely well again. Let's shut the window." I could not help inquiring with concern whether he was in the habit of suffering from such sudden attacks. He looked at me for a moment blandly, and answered, "Well, they will get in now and then." "Get in !" I inquired. "I mean," he said, "the close iron stoves and furnaces." "Poor fellow!" I was beginning to think, for I was, of course, very sure that he was crazy, when he smiled, and said, Didn't you see that vicious red-hot stove leave the car? That was what annoyed me. I can not be shut up with one without suffocating."

There was no mistaking him. He meant that our fellow-travelers are often like heating apparatus, and as he opened a newspaper and began to read it, I fell into meditation upon what he had said. My experience confirmed his words. I was conscious of the choking, suffocating effect produced upon me by some people; the dull, sullen heat of others; the sparkling, crackling, roaring, enlivening warmth of others. The world is a system of heaters, then, and our life is a freight train loaded with them; and we are all more or less sensitive to each other's influence. This perhaps explains the curious attraction and repulsion of people and their works-something which seems elusive and inexplicable. This is the reason that the poet did not like Dr. Fell. The reason why he could not tell. But Fell was probably a close iron stove, and the poet wanted a glowing grate of sea-coal, or a solid core of walnut heat. At least he did not want Dr. Fell. And what an immense family it is, that of the Fells! I suppose that we all know many of the members, and they all have the same family trait of insufferableness. And it is a terrible question where the family connection ends! How if you, my dear Guy, happen to be related! What a horrible thought! And how can I be sure that the great family of Bachelors have none of the Fell blood?

Dr. Fell, I have no doubt, was one of those stoves which you sometimes see in a country lawyer's office. It has nothing cheerful, nothing inspiring, nothing redeeming, but it is set in the middle of the dirty floor, like the burning eye of the Cyclops in his dingy forehead. The glare of that eye pierced the brain of the beholder, and the vixenish stove burns you without warming. It breeds discomfort and fever and ill temper. "By George! Mr. Mouldy," says some hearty client to the counselor, "I should like to pitch that stove of yours out of the window." Is not that the emotion which Dr. Fell produces? I have seen very temperate and grave gentlemen stirred to wrath by the mere presence of the doctor. His silence or his speech, his motion or his rest, seemed to be equally-insulting. The vixenish stove consumes the vigor and the wholesomeness of the air; and so the doctor destroys the conditions of content.

Such a fellow-traveler is intolerable; but he is also to be pitied, like a man with some physical disfigurement who is repulsive against his will. If nature makes us Dr. Fells, what can we do? It is a crime to unmake ourselves, and yet we can not escape our identity. I am not sure that the passenger who seemed to suffocate my neighbor in the car was more than negatively offensive. I mean that it is not clear he meant to offend. But a few minutes in his society were to my neighbor like a few minutes in of carbonic acid gas. The man was a nucleus of poison. It is instinctive when you are with such people to wish to throw open the windows and sit in a draught. "They will sometimes get in," said my neighbor, as if he had been speaking of flies in the milk. Dr. Fell is an aggressive heater. He is not like the first air-tight stoves that Hawthorne deplored—those silent black cylinders that stood unsympathetic and gloomy before the closed fire-place, only the more silent and sullen by contrast with the former blaze. My companion in the car might have been saddened by such a neighbor, but he would not have been suffocated.

Those air-tights, however, are also a large family. They live, but they do not inspire. They are absolutely unsociable; more so than the shovel and tongs, because those do suggest crackling logs to be handled and glowing brands to be covered at bedtime.

The air-tight warms the room, and there is a theory that a log of wood is always smouldering within it. Poor prisoner! how hermetically closed is its dungeon, and how voiceless and hopeless its captivity! To a solitary man nothing is more companionable than his fire. But I can fancy him growing morbid as he sits in the room with the airtight, knowing that what should be his cheering and unobtrusive companion is wasting away silently near him without a friendly sparkle or crack. As the author sits at his table in the unaccustomed quiet recalling the open fire, the shrewdly piled hickory or walnut, the expansive warmth, the brisk flame, the languid glow, the singing, simmering, happy genius of the hearth, and contrasts it with the black gloom and deathly stillness of the sheet-iron usurper, I can fancy his mind wandering, his pen lingering, his eyes fondly and vainly seeking the old friendship—and at last I hear him murmur, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy......Where be your gibes now ! your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment?" And if the gambol of his own fancy is less nimble, and his song sadder, it is because of that grim, gloomy air-tight.

And that, too, is but the symbol and fig-

ure of a hundred fellow-travelers. Do you know the moody, taciturn Sable? He is a walking shadow. He brings a chilly warmth, if you will understand. He is like the sad suit of black he always wears, as if, because he is a clergyman, he must look among other men like the crow among birds. Perhaps he does not remember that the solemn clothes which he thinks appropriate to his profession are derived from the gloomiest view of the religion he teaches. A man whose business in life is to persuade other men that the world is a vale of tears, will naturally deplore his own existence in it and put on mourning for being born. He will symbolize in every way his wretched fate in common with theirs, and treating life as a long funeral, he will have the manners of an undertaker. Sable is a clerical air-tight stove. It is his duty to console, and to sustain the warmth of religious feeling and life. But what a death-in-life! He is warm without cheerfulness, a sombre, silent minister of despair.

Akin to him is Albus, who in the same profession is one of the white porcelain parlor stoves that you have seen in Germany. It diffuses a gentle, characterless heat. There is no gloom in its aspect, but it is bald and white, and there is the same unsocial silence as in the black air-tight. Albus takes the pallid view of life. The rich red blood of nature and of health frightens him. Religion with him is a constant denial of the tastes and attractions which win the robust man. The saint, in the teachings of Albus, is an invalid, a pale, watery, timorous being, who does not conquer, but evades. Smooth and sleek and white, Albus is not a religious faith to those whom he meets; he is only an ecclesiastical ceremony. I think of that high, dumb, blind, commonplace, white porcelain stove, moderate, passionless, uninspiring. There are many such fellow-travelers. They have a cheerful look only because their aspect is white, but what a blank, bald, unsympathetic aspect!

But I sometimes meet that best of friends ipon our journey, Heart-of-Oak, and you know what his manners are. If my fellowtraveler in the cars, of whom I was speaking, was obliged to open the window to escape the suffocation of the vicious iron stove near him, Heart-of-Oak is a companion who, like a blazing wood fire, itself ventilates the chamber. You are a young man in the city, and when I speak of my friend as a wood fire, you hardly know what I mean. The trim wood fires of the elaborate modern houses in the city, fires made for a show and a sentiment in rooms already heated, do not suggest to you the fires that I mean. I have in mind not so much the old chimneys, in the corner of which the people actually sat, and into which were dragged logs eight or ten feet places of thirty and forty years ago, in which more moderate sticks were laid, but always according to the same just principles.

Many things you know, but I fear that you could not "build" a fire of hickory or walnut as it should be built. I look with amusement upon the modern hands which, supposing that a fire is a fire, pile up a mass of wood without symmetry, without principle, without knowledge. How little they know the mystery of back-log and forestick! How many, think you, could satisfy the crucial test of laying the forestick as it should be laid! Indeed, I have known sincere devotees of the wood fire who were out at that critical point. 'Tis delicate, yet simple. But even you, my dear Guy, who are so sure of your Greek particles, even you, I mistrust, would fail at a forestick. But Heart-of-Oak is a wood fire perfectly builded. The solid base of the back-logs,



the skillful adjustment of the forestick and the lighter wood, the general, steady blaze; the crisp crackle, the cheer, the glow, the heat, full of life and sympathy and joy, the image of healthful power, of symmetrical vigor—they are all there. Old people do not always understand it. They are curiously happy in his society, with a vague remembrance of youth-yes, they are young again; and they do not suspect it is because Heart-of-Oak recalls to them unconsciously the old hearth and the old wood fire. And the young men, they too are charmed; there is a sparkling warmth, a kindling glow, an inspiring presence, and they too little suspect it is because Heartof-Oak brings them before the old wood fire which they never knew.

Well, dear Guy, we are made stoves or open fire-places; we are walnut or chestnut by nature; and if the latter, we must needs sputter and put the house in danger. But why should any body be one of the vicious little red-hot stoves? Must some of us be nuisances? Is it fate? But fate is free-will somewhere. And if we freely will to be generous, open wood fires, instead of airtights and porcelains and iron pots, who knows that we may not work miracles? Robbie Burns says, even to auld Nickieben, "O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!" Why not you and I, brother air-tights?

Yours, dear Guy, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET AND WORTH OVER-SKIRT.

THE double-breasted jacket of which we give A a cut paper pattern is of a simple shape, falling in with the figure behind, and lapped in front in a fashion that gives very graceful out-front in a fashion that gives very graceful out-lines. This jacket, with the over-skirt to match, can be made of any soft, flexible, wool fabric, such as camel's-hair, cashmere, or ladies' twilled cloth; similar jackets are also shown in Sicilienne and black faille, entirely untrimmed, and lined throughout with squirrel-lock fur. Embroidery and soutache are the trimmings for wool goods.

A very simple and stylish finish for such garments is a facing of bias silk or velvet two inches wide on the wrong side, and appearing below the outside edge as the merest binding. This facing is first stitched on the lower edge; then turned up on the wrong side, and sewed to the garment by blind stitches that can not be seen on the outside. Jaunty pockets and large buttons of oxidized silver complete the jacket.

The Worth over-skirt is simply four straight breadths of goods about three-fourths of a yard wide, worn plain, or else draped in the effective way shown in the second figure of the illustration.
To make it very bouffant strings should be attached to the first seams, and they should be tied back on the tournure. This over-skirt is not confined to wool fabrics, but is one of Worth's favorite designs for the velvet and silk of rich costumes and of evening dresses.

CRINOLINE.

We have said that dress skirts are absolutely flat in front and on the sides, with great fullness massed behind, and held there by strings under-To obtain this effect, and also to retain it, the dress must be worn over a crinoline skirt made without hoops in front, but very bouffant behind, to support the voluminous back of the This petticoat is a Frenchy affair of cross-barred muslin, perfectly plain in front and on the sides, but furnished with whalebones arranged behind in a half circle to form a tournure. A succession of stiffly starched flounces is down the back, and a deep kilt-pleated flounce of snowy French muslin, buttoned on just above the knee, forms the lower part of the petticoat.

SILK SUITS AND OVER-SKIRTS.

Two materials enter into most costumes this winter, and silk suits are now half velvet, half silk. For these dressy toilettes basques with over-skirts are preferred to polonaises. We have described the intricate shape of many over-skirts. Among favorite designs are those made with very plain fronts, either falling open or with an apron, while their back breadths are formed entirely of scarf-like sashes elaborately looped and knotted. Many of the most stylish are simply edged with velvet facings, or else hemmed. The round, long over-skirt of last year should have tapes in the second side seams to draw these seams almost together behind, not on the tournure only, but quite low down; the back breadths should then be irregularly caught up to hang in a long and slender loop in the middle of the back. The lower skirt is frequently of velvet, with flounces of both silk and velvet. A long velvet vest, cuffs, and pockets appear on many suits, while others have basques of velvet with silk sleeves. Bronze, réséda, and blue-gray are the leading colors for these costumes; plum-color and leaf brown are still in favor.

ELEGANT BLACK COSTUMES.

Notwithstanding the fancy for dark rich colors, handsome black costumes—partly faille, partly velvet—will retain their popularity for street suits. These have either a basque and over-skirt, or a basque, apron, and flounced back breadths; polonaises are almost confined to velvet and woolens. Aprons of over-skirts are alternate strips of velvet and faille, while the back is formed of two wide scarf-sashes of velvet lined with silk, tied to show a velvet loop and one of faille. Some black faille basques have Dolman sleeves of velvet, others are in simple jockey

shape, while a favorite fashion is a velvet basque with coat sleeves of faille. Velvet is much used for facing silk in the simple way described last week for silk and cashmere. Three rows of side pleatings eight inches deep, faced top and bottom with velvet that is just visible on the outside. make a stylish trimming for skirts of black silk suits. The over-skirt and jockey basque with coat sleeves and cuffs are also faced. Other graceful dresses of black silk have the back breadths covered by five straight, gathered, lapping flounces, edged with an inch-wide bias fold of silk mith. of silk, with a tiny piping above it; three lap-ping side pleatings trim the front breadths to the knee, the apron has Gothic points edged with crimped fringe. The basque is of simple shape. Few dress skirts are trimmed alike all around; both flat and full trimmings appear on each skirt. Jet passementerie and the crimped tape fringes are also much used. A Dolman, or a double cape of black velvet or cashmere, or else a colored camel's-hair mantle, completes black suits stylishly.

Afternoon and dinner dresses of black silk are made with plain untrimmed skirts lying half a yard on the floor behind. The back breadths are caught up in a panier puff. A flat double are caught up in a painer pun. A hat counter apron, very short, pointed and richly fringed with jet, is on the front and sides, and termi-nates in long wide sashes trimmed with jet passementerie, and tied low down behind, with long ends that hang to the edge of the train. The busque and half-flowing sleeves are elaborately trimmed with jet and fringe.

Velvet brocaded on silk is the novelty in rich black silks. The raised black velvet arabesques and intricate designs on heavy black faille make a fabric fit for a queen. The price is \$14 a yard. For dinner dresses are black silks covered with vines woven in the Jacquard loom, brightened here and there with clusters of broché flowers, a cluster in single color, either rose, paradise blue, or Nile green.

RECEPTION DRESSES.

Demi-trained dresses for day receptions and for calls of ceremony are fashionable dark shades of velvet and faille combined—velvet for the over dress and silk for the long skirt, with elaborate silk flounces headed by shells arranged to show their velvet lining. A new moss trimming, or else fine silver-fox fur, borders the velvet spart of the costume. Mazarine blue, violet, and Vanyck brown suits of this description are among ne reception dresses and carriage costumes.

High-necked dresses for evening parties, the opera, and other full-dress occasions, have a pos-tilion-basque behind, and sharp points in front of the corsage. Many low-necked dresses retain the point and basque, though the novelty of the season is the round Josephine corsage described last week. These dresses are embroidered in profusion. A white faille dress has bunches of pink rose-buds wrought all over it, and a vine of roses is on the band for heading the flounces; a tea-rose silk has five flounces on the train trimmed with embroidery done in colored floss on white tulle, and applied to the silk; turquoise blue, Nile green, and pearl-colored dresses have the same rich gar-

THE JOSEPHINE COIFFURE.

The Pompadour coiffure is partially superseded by a new way of arranging the hair, which is a revival of the coiffure worn by the Empress Jo-The back hair is combed straight up from the nape of the neck, and a high circular effect is given by a cluster of finger puffs on top of the head, surrounded by a thick tress of hair, not coiled or braided, but a smooth tress. band of tortoise-shell or a high-backed shell comb ornaments the back hair on full-dress occasions, and tiny short curls are added to the back. The front hair is parted in the middle, and plainly arranged without frizzes, a fashion becoming to wide, low, Greek foreheads. Some-times two or three finger puffs, very soft and light, are placed lengthwise above the forehead. For evening coiffures flowers are laid directly on top of this high structure, and are fastened flatly there.

EVENING BONNETS.

Opera and reception bonnets are round, soft crowns of pink or blue faille, with high black velvet brims piped with the color. Two soft puffs of silk for face trimming, and a rose-bud under the left side; ostrich tips of the color and black, with faille loops hanging behind. Price \$35 or \$40. Others are made without any frame, and are therefore comfortably light. One with two shades of reseda faille is a soft puffed crown, with a shirred front; two ostrich feathers, one long, the other short, curl over the front and left side; black lace ruche and scarf.

Among dressy round hats is the Rubens, with pointed brim, low on the forehead, and curled up on one side only. One of Vandyck brown velvet, with sky blue tips, and a cluster of roses of many shades, is especially elegant. A feather trimming covers the brim of French hats.

The new evening wraps are Dolmans and paletots of creamy white camel's-hair, literally covered with wool embroidery, and edged with white yak lace. A ruche of lace is around the neck, and the garment is fastened by a large clasp of oxidized silver of antique design, showing Egyptian heads, the Sphinx, griffins, etc. Stylish paletots with immense sleeves are of soft white Cashmere-Sicilienne, wrought all over with soutache cord, and edged with crimped fringe. The most coquettishly becoming sortie-du-bal for protecting elaborate coiffures is of China crape, pale rose or Sevres blue, with stripes of white yak insertion, and edged with lace of the

COMORED JAROTS

The newest cravat bows are of two colors of 2.2

velvet and faille, or else China crape, and are merely jabots for the front of the collar, dispensing with the band that passes around the neck. Those to be worn with black dresses are made of drooping irregular loops and short ends of black velvet ribbon, with faille ribbon, or else China crape of peacock-color, Russia-leather red, moss green, lichen, or rose. With dresses of two colors in contrast, the jabot also shows the contrasting colors in China crape, or else soft gros The loops form a half rosette, and there is a long end of each color finished with fringe knotted on the edge. Among those imported old-fashioned rose-color and dark green are seen together; also the medieval red and blue, pearl with blue, gray with cherry, and Vandyck brown with deepest blue. The price is \$4 each.

Plain linen collars in the English standing shapes, with broken points in front, are 20 cents each; if a collarette to protect the dress lining is added, they are 30 cents. Under-sleeves with flaring cuffs of doubled linen are 80 cents a pair; these are only well worn by ladies with plump, round, white wrists. More dressy sets of linen are ornamented with exquisitely fine needle-work done by nuns in French convents; tiny tucks and hem-stitching are also used, but very little lace is seen on linen. Small butterfly-wing points daintily embroidered are on the front of English collars, and a row of small scallops edges the standing band. Cuffs to match these have a piece taken out, and the butterfly points turned Other under-sleeves have a pleated frill of fine linen hem-stitched and a vine of embroidery on the hem.

FANCY JEWELRY.

The caprice for fancy jewelry is displayed in the oxidized silver buckles and chatelaines now in vogue. Enamel and turquoises of little value are greatly worn in Europe, and there is a threat-ened revival of Bohemian garnets. Ladies just returned from abroad wear crosses, ear-rings,

For information received thanks are due Mrs.

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CONNOLLY; and Miss PAGE; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and JAMES M'CREE-RY & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE late Bishop EASTBURN was consecrated just thirty years ago as assistant bishop to Bishop Griswollo, who died the following year. Both were notable and scholarly men—Gris-Bishop Griswold, who died the following year. Both were notable and scholarly men—Griswold in the exact sciences, Eastburn in belieslettres. Both were thoroughly familiar with the Scriptures, and cited them with wonderful felicity and aptness. Both read them intelligently in the Hebrew and Greek. Both were dignified, exceedingly resolute in will, with little, very little, regard to other men's opinions. Both were models of punctuality and precision. The desks, drawers, and book-shelves of each were ever in systematic order, and both were were ever in systematic order, and both were scrupulous to "owe no man any thing," so that their houses were ever "set in order," and both now rest within a few steps of each other in the rural burying-ground adjacent to the church, at

Dedham.

Dr. J. K. Allen, who was recently called as -Dr. J. K. Allen, who was recently called as a witness in a murder trial at Memphis to testify as to the defendant's insanity, stated that after thirty years' practice as a physician (ten of which were as medical superintendent of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and during that time he had had over two thousand crazy people in charge), the more he studied the question of insanity the less he understood it, and if asked where it began and where it ended, would reply that neither he nor any physician in the world could answer, and that in these cases lawyers generally made fools of themselves in trying to make asses of doctors.

asses of doctors. —The Duke of Sutherland, who is constructing at his own cost the Sutherland and Caith-

ang at his own cost the Sutherland and Caithness Railway, is a practical engineer, and often mounts the locomotive and drives his own cars up and down the line.

—Mr. J. FERRO, a South American gentleman doing business in this city, received an order recently to superintend the construction of an iron church designed to be construction of an cently to superintend the construction of an iron church, designed to be erected in the small town of Ancon, in Peru, which is used as a watering-place by the fashionable society of Lima. The church has been finished, and was a few days ago shipped to Callao. It is entirely of iron, 135 feet long by 65 wide; has belfry, steeple, vestry, and altar. It was also accompanied by a fine organ built by Jardine. Total figure, \$150,000. First church shipment from this port.—Mr. Brown, chief officer of the Atlantic Ca-

a fine organ built by Jardine. Total figure, \$150,000. First church shipment from this port.

—Mr. Brown, chief officer of the Atlantic Cable staff at Duxbury, Massachusetts, has demonstrated what would seem to be almost impossible—viz., that were a break to take place in the cable at sea or on either coast, he could sit in his office at Duxbury and indicate within a nautical mile of where the break can be found! Thrice during the last three years, each time in the month of May, such an accident has occurred, and on each occasion Mr. Brown has designated almost the exact spot where the break has taken place.

designated almost the exact spot where the break has taken place.

—Miss Edmonia Lewis, our ebony American sculptress, is chock-full of business, having so many orders that she keeps nine white assistants

busy.

—An accurate, painstaking statistician in the New York World, in an article on "Stage Dressing," states that "Miss Agnes Ethel, whose wardrobe in 'Agnes' is the most elaborate as yet exhibited by any one actress in one play in New York, paid for one dress worn in hermew piece the sum of \$3152. Her dress in the first scene alone cost \$1428." Her costumes were designed by Worth. It may also be mentioned that in Mr. Dall's play of "Article 47" the dresses worn by the ladies acting in the piece cost \$7562. cost \$7562.

AWAH, a young Chinese Sunday-school schol-—Awah, a young Chinese Sunday-school scholar in Washington, has made the following translation from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, about the ten virgins: "The kingdom like ten girls; never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new-married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new-married man come late; they sleep. By-and-by they say, 'New-married man come.' All go out to him. Five makey nice lanterns. Five foolish say, 'You give my oil; lamp no oil; you give my some.' The smart say, 'I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy.' Foolish go market to buy. The new-married man come. All come to dinner. Shut the door. By-and-by the foolish come and say, 'Boss, boss, open d'or.' He say, 'I no likey you; you no my.' Must be smart; no understand the day."

—Baron TAUCHNITZ is said to be preparing a

likey you; you no my.' Must be smart; no understand the day."

—Baron Tauchnitz is said to be preparing a dictionary so huge that it will surpass any of its predecessors in correct definitions.

—ALESSANDRO D' ANGELIS, a noble Roman, and professor of bathing, has spent ten hours a day in the water, during the summer, for the last twenty-flve years. And yet he is not happy.

—The Honorable Mrs. Meynell Ingram is concededly the most opulent woman, in real estate, in England. She is a widow, and twenty-four; the daughter of Lord Halifax, and married, two years ago, Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, who at his death bequeathed to her \$250,000 a year in land. She has no children. And every body seems to be wondering when and whom she will marry.

—Madame Pisaroni, celebrated in former days as a singer, died recently, at the age of seventy, in her native city, Piacenza. She possessed originally a high soprano voice; but an attack of small-pox changed its character and transformed it into a contralto of extraordinary richness and extent. Unfortunately, at the same time, the cruel malady segmed her face in the

formed it into a contraito of extraordinary richness and extent. Unfortunately, at the same time, the cruci malady seamed her face in the most frightful manner, and rendered her features hideous. In consequence she always contrived to sing something at the side scene before entering on the stage, so as to lessen by the extreme charm of her voice the shock which her face at first never failed to produce. She was, in addition, so wonderful an actress that she made her fortune in England.

—ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT, of South Carolina, sometime a notable man in the political affairs of that State, has changed his base—gone to New Orleans and become managing editor of the New Orleans Picayune.

to New Orleans and become managing editor of the New Orleans Picayana.

—ANATOLE CRESCENT, a wealthy amateur, of Parls, recently deceased, has left 120,000 francs for the foundation of a perpetual competition for a dramatic musical composition.

Paris, recently deceased, has left 120,000 francs for the foundation of a perpetual competition for a dramatic musical composition.

—Sweden is rich in queens, having three—Queen-dowager Josephine, mother of the late and present king, Queen-dowager Wilhelmina, wife of the late King Charles, and Queen Sophie, wile of the present king.

—John Stuart Mill gives utterance to a fact that will be appreciated by every head of an American family—viz., that there remain no legal slaves in the United States except the mistress of every house.

—The Rev. Mr. Jamieson, rector of St. Matthew's, Glasgow, recently walked all the way from that city to London, and arrived in excellent condition. The time spent on the road was eighteen days and a forenoon; and Mr. Jamieson never made a day's start until after breakfast, nor walked in the heat of the day.

—Liszt, the celebrated pianist, fell in love with a jeweler's daughter. A Prague journal thus describes the courtship: "One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, 'How do you like my daughter?" 'She is an angel!' 'What do you think of marriage?' I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it.' 'Well, we understand each other: my daughter pleases you, 'yeu please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law.' 'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week."

—Disgusted with the world, and with a heart utterly broken by the sudden demise of his sweetheart, to whom he had been betrothed since childhood, the Marquis de Kemigam, aged twenty-three, nephew of the Princess of Talmont, has become a monk of La Trappe. To be a good, straight-out Trappist is any thing but jolly. For four hundred years past the monastic rule of that order has been noted for its severity. The members rise in the morning at two o'clock, and twelve hours a day are devoted to devotional exercises. the remainder to hard

severity. The members rise in the morning at two o'clock, and twelve hours a day are devoted two o'clock, and twelve hours a day are devoted to devotional exercises, the remainder to hard labor, mostly in the field. No worldly conversation is allowed. When meeting they salute each other with the solemn Memento mori ("Remember death"). Their scanty food consists of water and vegetables; meat, wine, and beer are entirely forbidden. They sleep on a board with a pillow of straw, and they never undress, not even in case of sickness. They have in all only twenty-six abbeys, three of which are in America—one in Louisiana, one in Dubuque, Iowa, and one in Canada—and the total number of members is about two thousand. Therefore that broken-hearted young count has not the that broken-hearted young count has not the greatest or most cheerful variety of talk or oc-cupation to look forward to, provided he means to stick to it.

—How people's "personal" relations change with time is shown in the following incident, in which one of the parties is at this moment a member of the British cabinet. Many years ago, as Lady CLEMENTINA DAVIES was posting from Ledbury to London, she was intrusted with the purchase of one of the long purses which were then in fashion, and which a young lady friend desired to present to a young writingman were then in fashion, and which a young lady friend desired to present to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged, and who was at college at Oxford. One day the young lady and Lady CLEMENTINA went to luncheon at his college, and found him a most agreeable and clever man. The purse was presented. "He was," says Lady CLEMENTINA, "delighted with it, and every word he said convinced me of his attachment to my pretty young friend. It was, therefore, with much regret that I heard some time afterward that their engagement had been broken off on account of the insufficiency of his fortune." Subsequently the gentleman went to Australia, made a fortune, returned to went to Australia, made a fortune, returned to England, and is now the Right Honorable Ron-ert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The

hady married a purson.

—Mr. Forrest, it is said, proposes to abandon the stage and appear as a Shakspearean reader, the first experiment to be made in November, in Steinway Hall.

—There has just appeared at Reden a new

—There has just appeared at Baden a new musical phenomenon in the person of Señorita Sanjuan, a Spanish girl, thirteen years old, whose performances on the violin are said to be wonderful.





Fig. 1.—BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Crochet Guipure Edging for Lingerie, etc.

This edging is suitable for lingerie, curtains, etc., and is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. It may also be made with fine black silk, and used for trimming dresses, pale-tots, etc. First work the number of palm leaves required for the entire length of the edging separately. For each palm leaf make a foundation of 16 ch. (chain stitch), and, pass-ing over the last of these, work, going back on the next 3 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) and 2 sc. (single

crochet); this forms the first leaflet. Then 8 ch., passing over the last of these work on the next 4 ch. one leaflet of 1 sl., 2 sc., and 1 sl.; 9 ch., pass over the last of these, and on the next 5 ch. work one leaflet of 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 sc., and 1 sl.; * 10 ch., pass over the last of these, and on the next 6 ch. work one leaflet of 1 sl., 1 sc.,

2 sdc., 1 sc., and 1 sl.; repeat twice from *; then work 8 ch., pass over the last of these, and on the next 5 ch. work one leaflet of 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., and 1 sl.; again work 8 ch. and one leaflet like the preceding. The last leaflet forms the point of the spray. Now work on the other side of the spray, observing the illustration, seven leaflets, which should correspond to those of the first half, and between the leaflets work sl.
After the last leaflet
work 4 sl. on the next 4 ch. (pay no attention to the remaining 8 ch. for the present), then crochet all around

present), then crochet all around the spray thus formed three rounds as follows: 1st round.—Three picots, each of which consists of 2 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these, then 1 sl. on the point of the first leaflet, 1 p. (picot), 1 sl. on the point of the following leaflet, six times alternately 2 p., 1 sl. on the point of the next leaflet, six times alternately 2 p., 1 sl. on the point of the next leaflet, then five times alternately 1 p., 1 sl. on the point of the following leaflet, then 1 ch., 1 sl. on the point of the last leaflet, 2 p., 1 sl. on the last sl. of the spray. Then crochet 8 sl. on the free 8 ch. of the foundation and 4 ch. 2d round.—This round consists of dc. (double crochet), which are separated each by 2 ch., and the first 8 of which are worked on the next 8 st., and the remainder partly on the picots and partly on the sl. of the preceding round, as shown by the illustration; after the last (36th) dc. preceding round, as shown by the illustration; after the last (36th) dc. crochet 2 ch. 3d round.—1 sc. on the second of the 8 sl. worked after finishing the first round, 3 ch., which count as first

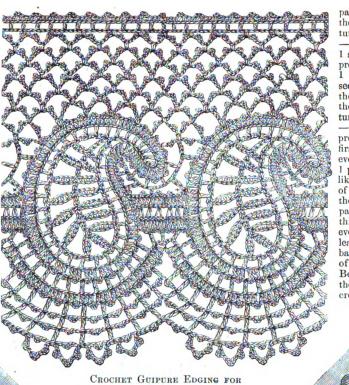
dc.; then in every following st. and in each st. of the second round work 1 dc., after every 3 dc. 1 p.; for the picots in this round crochet always 2 ch. and 1 sl. on the last dc.; at the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first de. Join the sep arate palm

leaves, observing the illustration, each with two horizontal bars (four rounds, going back and forth) of dc. and p. as follows: Fasten the thread to the outer edge of a palm leaf (see + in the illustration), and crochet the 1st round.—1 ch., 4 p. like those of the first round of the palm leaf, separated each by 1 ch., 1 ch., fasten to the outer edge of the next palm leaf as shown by the illustration (to do this drop the st. from the needle, insert the

needle in the corresponding st. of the next palm leaf, and draw through the dropped st.); then fasten to the second following st. of the same palm leaf. 2d round.—12 dc. on the lower veins of the st. in the first round, after the first dc. and

CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

after every second fol-lowing dc. work 1 p.; for this p. crochet 1 ch., stretch the st. on the needle to a length of one-eighth of an inch, insert the needle in the last dc., crochet 1 ch., drop both st. from the needle, and then again take up the latter st. After the last de. fasten to the outer edge of the first



LINGERIE, ETC.



PLAITED CANE AND CROCHET WORSTED BAG.

POINT LACE HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

Fig. 2.

nalm leaf. 3 ch., fasten to he same palm leaf, and turn the work. 3d round. Always alternately 1 ch., 1 sl. on the next p. of the preceding round; finally, 1 ch., and fasten to the second palm leaf, fasten to the second following st. of the same palm leaf, and turn the work. 4th round. —12 dc. on the st. of the preceding round; after the first dc., and then after every second following dc., 1 p.; these p. are worked like those in the third round of the palm leaves; fasten the thread. When all the palm leaves are joined in this manner, work between every two of the palm leaves above the horizontal bars one more joining round of ch. scallops and picots.

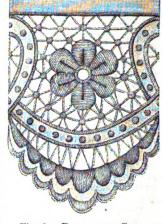


Fig. 2.—BORDER IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Begin at the hollow at the upper point of a palm leaf, holding the latter so that the wider part is turned upward, and there crochet 1 sl., 1 p. (for the p. of this, as well as of all the remaining ch. scallops, always crochet 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), then 2 ch., 1 dc.

on the right outer edge of the palm leaf, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the opposite outer edge, 1 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., fasten to the right outer edge, 3 sl. on the last 3 ch., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the opposite outer edge, 3 ch., fasten to the first cross-bar as shown by the illustration, 2 sl. on the last 2 ch., 2 ch., 1 dc.
on the opposite outer
edge of the palm
leaf, 4 ch., fasten to
the next palm leaf at the beginning of the cross-bar, 3 sl. on the last 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the outer edge of the first palm leaf, 4 ch., fasten to the next palm leaf as shown by the illustration, 3 sl. on the last 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the outer edge of the first palm leaf, 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., fasten to the

FOUNDATION

FIGURE.

1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the last dc.,

1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., turn the

work, 1 sc. on the ch. scallop worked before the last sc., 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch.,

1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the outer edge of the next palm leaf (pass over 2 p. 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the outer edge of the next palm leaf (pass over 2 p. of the palm leaf as shown by the illustration); then four more ch. scallops like the last; after the first three ch. scallops always work 1 sc., and after the last ch. scallop 1 dc. on the outer edge of the palm leaf. In every following joining round, in working this dc., fasten to the nearest 3 ch. of a scallop of the preceding joining round. After finishing all the joining rounds, crochet for the upper edge of the edging five rounds in the full length, going backward and forward, of ch. scallops with p. and sc., as shown by the illus-

with p. and sc., as shown by the illus-tration; then three rounds more as follows: 1st round.—On each ch.
scallop of the preceding round
work 1 sc., after each sc. 5
ch. 2d round.—1 dc. on
every third following st., after each dc. 2 ch.
3d round.—Always
alternately 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 p., with the latter pass over

1 st. For the under scalloped edge of the edging work six rounds in the following manner: 1st round.—Observing the illustration, round.—Observing the intestation, work always alternately 13 stc. (short treble crochet) separated each by 2 ch. on the outer edge of a palm leaf, 3 stc. separated each by 1 ch. on the next horizontal joining bar. 2d round. -With the exception of every 7 st. in the hollow of the scallops work on each st. 1 dc., after every 3 dc. 1 p.

(these picots are worked like those in the third round of the palm leaves); in the hollow of the scallops always work 1 sc. on the middle of the 7 st. which are passed over. 3d round.—1 dc. on every third following.

every third following dc. of the preceding round, after every dc. 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch.; in the hollow of the scallops pass over a number of st., as shown by the illustration. 4th and 5th rounds.— Like the third round. 6th round. - Begin at the hollow between two scallops, and, ob-serving the illustra-tion, work * 1 sl. on



CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

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Fig. 1.—Tortoise-shell SPANISH COMB.

the next dc., 2 sl. on the following 2 st., 1 ch. back of the p. in the preceding round, 3 sl. on the next 3 st., one scallop of 1 ch., 3 p. separated each by ch., 1 ch., with this scallop pass over the next p. of the preceding round, 3 sl. on the next 3 st., three more scallops like the preceding, between these always work 3 sl., then 3 sl. on the following 3 st., 1 ch. back of the next p., 2 sl., and repeat from *.

Russia-leather Chatelaine Belts, Figs. 1 and 2.

illustrations THE show two Russia-leather chatelaine belts with bronzed buckles and trimming. The belt Fig. 1 is of dark brown Russia leather, lined with red. The buckle and band are of bronzed metal. On the band are fastened several massive bronzed links and a hook; from the latter a parasol, fan, sachel, etc., may be suspended. Fig. 2 shows a belt of double red Russia leather with a buckle,

TORTOISE-SHELL rings, and band of oxidized metal; a chain and medallion of similar metal is attached to the band. HAIR-PIN.

Fig. 1.—Russia-leather

CHATELAINE BELT.

Tortoise-shell Comb and Hair-Pins, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1 shows a comb designed to be worn with the high coiffures now in The comb is ornamented with an open-work shield two inches and seven-eighths high, which is two inches and seven-eighths wide at the bottom and three inches and three-quarters wide at the top.

The hair-pin in the shape of a dagger shown by Fig. 2 is ornamented at the handle with a tortoise-shell sword-belt, and the hair-pin Fig. 3 with a tortoise-shell covered to the shall covered to the shell covered to

tortoise-shell crown.

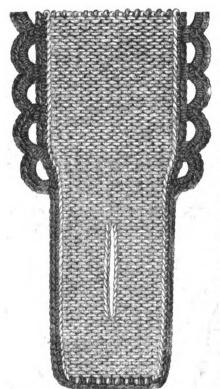
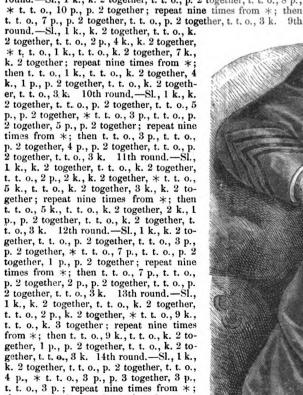


Fig. 1.—Section of Knitted and CROCHET SUSPENDERS.

Knitted Shawl worn as a Hood.

This hood is made of a knitted shawl of white split zephyr worsted thirty-three inches and three-quarters square, which is lined with light blue crêpe de Chine and trimmed with bows of blue satin ribbon. To make the shawl (the border on the out-er edge is worked separately) make, with fine wooden knit-ting-needles, a foundation of 148 st. (stitch), and on these work, going backward and forward, the 1st and 2d rounds all purled. 3d round.—Sl. (slip one stitch), 1 k. (knit one stitch plain), k. 2 together (knit two stitches together) er), then always alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. 2 together; the last 3 st. of this round are knit plain, having first t. t. o. 4th round. Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together (each thread thrown over in the preceding round counts as a stitch), t. t. o., then always alternately p. 2 together (purl atternately p. 2 together (puritwo stitches together), t. t. o.; knit the last 3 st. plain. 5th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., then all p. excepting the last 7 st., which are worked as follows: p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 6th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2



then t. t. o., 3 p., p. 3 together, 3 p., t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 15th round.—Sl., 1 k., k.



BRAID-WORK GARTER.

KNITTED SHAWL WORN AS A HOOD.

2 together, t. t. o., k 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 3 k., * t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 5 k.; repeat t. t. o., 5 k.; repeat nine times from *; then t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 3 k., 1 p., p. 2 togeth-er, t. t. o., k. 2 togeth-er, t. t. o., 8 k. 16th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., * t. t. o., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., o. p., * t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 7 p.; repeat nine times from *; then t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 17th round.
—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 5 k., * t. t. o., k. 3 to-

gether, t. t. o., 9 k.; repeat nine times from *;

gether, t. t. o., 9 k.; repeat nine times from *; then t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 k., 1 p., p.
2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k.
18th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p.
2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p.
2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p.
2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., s.
p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 113 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k.
19th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k.
19th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k.
19th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 p. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 p. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k.
2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k., 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t.

1. 0., k. 2 together, 107 p., k.
1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p.
2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 22d
round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 p.,
p. 3 together, 3 p., t. t. o.,
3 p., * p. 2 together, t. t. o.;
repeat fifty-one times from
*: then 4 p., t. t. o., 3 p. *; then 4 p., t. t. o., 3 p., p. 3 together, 3 p., t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 23d round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 3 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, * t. t. o., k. 2 together; repeat fifty times from *; then t. t. o., 2 p., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 3 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 24th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together. t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, 6 p., t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p., p.
2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p.
2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 25th
round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 96 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 togeth-

Fig. 2.—Russia-leather Chatelaine Bélt.

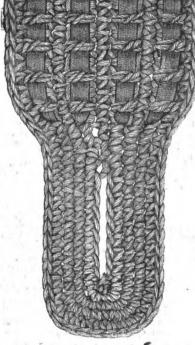


Fig. 2.—Section of Crochet and Worsted Braid Suspenders,

together, 4 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 56 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, 4 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 toge t. t. o., 3 k. 27th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 2 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 96 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 28th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 28th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., h. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., h. 2 together 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., * p. 3 together, 1 k.; repeat twenty-one times from *; then p. 3 together, 2 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t gether, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 29th round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., * 1 p.; on the next st. work 3 p.; to do this purl the first st., without dropping the st. from the left needle, however, then take up the horizontal vein below the st. just referred to on the needle in the right hand, passing the needle through from back to front, draw through the thread of the st. be-fore referred to with the left needle from front to back as a loop, and purl the st. formed in this manner; knit the third st. on the same st. on which the first st. was worked; repeat twenty-one times from *; then 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 togeth-

er, t. t. o., 2 p., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k.,

t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 30th round Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 p., p. 3 together, 3 p., t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 to-gether, t. t. o., 3 p., * 1 k., p. 3 together (these 3 st. should be the st. worked on 1 st. in the preceding round), repeat twenty-one times from *, then 1 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o. p. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 p., t. t. o., 8 p., p. 3 together, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 31st round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 8 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 8 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 8 k. 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., * on the next st. 8 p. (these are worked as described in the 20th round), 1 p., repeat twenty-one times from *, then 3 p. on the next st., 2 p., p. 2 together, t. to o, k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 3 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k. 32d round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k. 32d round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 gether, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., * p. 3 together, 1 k., repeat twenty-one times from *, then p. 3 together, 2 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 p., t. t. o., 1 p., p. 3 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p. p. 2 torrether, t. t. o., 5 p. p. 2 torrether, t. t. o., 5 p. 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 38d round.—Sl., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., * 1 p., on the next st. 3 p. as in the 29th round, repeat twenty-one times from *, then 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 k., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. Now knit 94 rounds, more regularly continuing the foundation and the border. In the 95th round (the 128th round counting from the beginning) work all the stitches of the foundation purled. From now on work the border for the upper edge in 26 rounds, to correspond with the border worked in the beginning. Then cast off. For the border on the outer edge of the which is worked lengthwise, make a foundation, which should be sixteen inches longer than the circumference of the shawl, and which should be divisible by 10, and on this work the 1st round.—1 k., * t. t. o., 3 k., k. 8 together, 8 k., t. t. o., 1 k., repeat from *. 2d round.—All knit plain. Repeat these two rounds until the border is of the requisite width (twenty-four rounds in the original). 25th round. -Always alternately k. 2 together, t. t. o., finally 1 k. 26th round.—All knit plain. 27th round.—Like the 25th round; then cast off. On the under edge of the border work with double split zephyr worsted a netted edging of four rounds. The first three rounds are worked on a mesh seven-eighths of an inch in circumference, and in the first rounds the knots are worked on the foundation stitches. The fourth round is worked on a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference. Sew the border on the shawl, stretch the latter on a board, in doing which care should be taken that the wrong side of the knitting is turned up, dampen it, and leave it on the board until dry. Fold the shawl three-cornered, and line the middle corner with a three-cornered piece of blue crêpe de Chine, which is twenty-eight inches and seven-eighths long on the longest side (bias edge), and which is raveled out three-quarters of an inch wide on the straight sides. This lining is sewed to the knitting so that only the netted edging projects. Arrange the shawl so that the middle corner forms the middle of the front of the hood, gather it from the middle of the bias side to the beginning of the crepe lining, and set on the bows

Borders in Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

Borders in Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See liastrations on page 100.

These borders may be worked with white or colored cotton or black silk. To work the borders first transfer the outlines of the design figures to the foundation material, run the outlines with cotton, and then stretch the bars of the open-work foundation with fine guipure cord, or coarse cotton, or silk thread, as shown by the filustration; for the border Fig. 3 work small dots in satin stitch at the intersection points of the bars. Work the design figures in satin stitch and straight half-polka stitch, button-hole stitch the borders on the outer edge, and cut away the material.

Needle-work Foundation Figures, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 700.

Tawax foundation figures may be worked with white or colored cotton, or else with black silk, according to the purpose for which they are designed. The foundation figure of Fig. 1 is worked in chain stitch or tambour-work; that of Fig. 2 is worked in straight satin stitch, and is edged with chain stitches.

Plaited Cane and Crochet Worsted Bag.

See illustration on page 700.

The middle part of this bag, which is designed to hold worsted or yarn, consists of a plaiting of thin pieces of gray cane, which is partly covered in sc. (single crochet) with blue Saxony wool; the upper and lower parts of the bag are all crocheted with similar wool. Instead of cane, woven woolen or silk cord may be used for the plaiting. To make the middle open-work parts of the bag are all crocheted with similar wool. Instead of cane, woven woolen or silk cord may be used for the plaiting. To make the middle open-work ring take two strips of cane each forty-four inches and seven-eighths long, fold each of them double, and, beginning in the middle, plait them as shown by the il-ustration; care should be taken that the loops and scallops become very even. Fasten the ends of the cane strips together with gray cotton. At one side of the finished ring lay on a piece of cane one hundred and six inches and a half long, and cover it with five rounds erccheted, always going forward, as follows: lst round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on one loop of the ring and at the same time on the piece of cane laid on anew, 11 sc. on the latter only. At the end of this, as well as of every following round, always work several sc. up to the beginning of the next round, observing the design. 2d round.—Always alternately 5 sc. on the middle 5 of the 11 st. (stitch) in the preceding round, 7 sc. on the next 7 st.: in working the latter insert the needle back of the cane, so that at this point the cane lice above the st. 3d round.—Always surrounding the cane, work 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 4th round.—Like the 2d round. 5th round.—Always alternately 5 sc. on the 5 sc. worked on the cane; in the preceding round, 7 sc. on the next 7 sc., working the 5 sc. around the cane and the 7 sc. back of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form a scallop of the cane in the along this always form as callop of the cane in the

lustration. Fasten the end of the cane carefully. Having also worked five such rounds at the other side of the open-work ring, crochet with the worsted only for the lower part (the bottom) of the bag nine rounds, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—On the middle of every 5 st. of the 5th round work? 3 dc. (double crochet), separated by 1 ch. (chain stitch), then always 7 ch. 2d to 7th rounds.—Like the 1st round; but the dc. should always be worked on the 1 ch. between the 2 dc. in the preceding round, and the ch. after every 2 dc. should be lessened by 1 st. in every round. 8th round.—Always 1 sc. on the ch. between every 2 dc. worked on 1 ch. of the preceding round, then always 16 ch. 2th round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 1 sc. Now darn the ch. scallops in point de reprise as shown by the illustration, and at the point of the bottom fasten several grelots of crochet-covered wooden moulds. For the upper part of the bag also crochet nine rounds, as follows: 1st to 6th rounds.—Like the 1st round of the bottom. 7th round.—x 1 sc. on the next ch between 2 dc., 38 ch., 1 sc. each on the 17th and 18th of these ch. (conning from the end), 5 ch., with these pass over 5 ch., 3 sc. on the next 2 ch., 8 ch.; repeat from **, always going forward. 8th round.—15 sc. on the middle 10 st. of each ch. scallop; to do this work the first and last sc. on the first and last of the 10 ch., and the remaining sc. on the ch. 9th round.—6 dc. separated each by 3 ch. and an interval of 1 st. on each scallop of the preceding round, paying no attention, however, to the first and last 9 st. of each scallop. Through the outer scallops on each side of the cane plaiting plait a strip of cane twenty-eight inches and seven-eighths long each as shown by the illustration, winding it in loops around the cane strip of the 4th round. Finish with ribbons and strings. lustration. Fasten the end of the cane carefully. Hav-

Crochet and Mignardise Insertions, Figs. 1 and 2.

Crochet and Mignardise Insertions, Figz. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 700.

THESE insertions are worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. The insertion Fig. 1 consists of two pieces of gimp, which are worked in short loops at one side and long loops at the other side, like the gimp shown by Fig. 6, page 629, Hasper's Bazar, No. 38, Vol. V., joined by one round of single crochet and chain sittches as shown by the illustration, and edged on both sides with one round of single crochet. For the insertion Fig. 2 work on both sides of a piece of mignardise three rounds of double crochet, single crochet, and chain stitches.

Point Lace Handkerchief Border.

See illustration on page 700.

To make this border transfer the lines of the design to linen or enameled cloth, and baste on the point lace braid; at the curves and intersection points sew the braid together without passing the needle through the foundation. Then work the button-hole stitch bars and the wheels and lace stitches with cotton or medium-sized thread. Overseam the border on the hand-kerchief, and edge it with woven picots.

Knitted and Crochet Suspenders, Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 701.

Enitted and Grochet Suspenders, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 701.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET SUSPENDERS. These suspenders, of which Fig. 1 shows a full-sized section of the lower part, are worked in a double layer with coarse white knitting cotton, and ornamented on the outer edges with crochet-work of red zephyr worsted. The manner of executing this kind of knitting is fully described by Fig. 6, on page 459, Harper's Bazar, No. 39, Vol. IV.; we shall therefore ouly specify the number of stitches and rounds. The foundation consists of 10 st. (stitch), of which 20 st. are formed in the lat round by knitting 2 st. on each st. Then follow 17 rounds, which are knitted like the description before mentioned. Widen 1 st. at the beginning and end of the 3d round, but leave the number of stitches unchanged in the remaining rounds. After working these rounds, in order to form the button-hole divide the stitches in halves, and work first with one half and then with the other half 30 rounds; then work with the stitches in halves, and work first with one half and then with the other half 30 rounds; then work with the stitches of both halves that are now joined 32 rounds more, widening 1 st. each at the beginning and end of the 20th and 32d rounds. Continue to work, without changing the number of stitches, until the suspenders are of the requisite length. Knit the second button-hole tab to correspond with the first, but in doing this narrow in a manner similar to the widening previously done. After finishing the knitted work edge the suspenders with 1 round of sc. (single crochet) of red worsted, and work on both lengthwise edges, excepting the button-hole tabs, small scallope of red worsted, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 3 sc., 6 ch. (chain stitch); with the latter pass over 3 st. of the preceding round. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle of every 3 sc. of the preceding round, 7 sc. on every ch. scallop of the same round.

Fig. 2.—Croohat and Worken and Bard Suspanners. These suspend

Braid-work Garter. See illustration on page 701.

See illustration on page 701.

Thus garter consists of a braid with tassels of red zephyr worsted. Take three strands of zephyr worsted, each of which consists of fourteen worsted threads eixty inches and four-fifths long for the loop of the garter; the upper and under ends of the strands are thus left unnoticed for the present. Then lay all six ends faitly side by side, and of these form a six-strand braid ten inches and two-fifths long. Finally, again separate the strands into three and three strands; with these work two three-strand braids, and of the projecting thread ends form one tassel each.

BEAN-PORRIDGE, HOT.

" TEKIEL PRITCHARD, indeed!" exclaimded Margaret, drawing herself up to her full height, and letting a wrinkle of vexation form on her pretty forehead. "The idea of that old widower with grown children coming after me!'

"You may turn up your nos returned Aunt Sukey, with a deliberative air of wisdom particularly trying to Margaret's rather quick temper, and at the same time leisurely drawing a long thread through a triangular hole in one of her brother Hiram's stockings, "but when you have passed the first corner, and got on to the old maids' list, you may be mighty glad to marry as likely a man as Zekiel Pritchard. You are going on twenty-five, Margaret, already; and when I was young, a girl past that age was

considered seedy. You can't pick and choose much longer; and the time may come when you'll thank your stars for a husband that stands well with the community, is a good provider, pious, and stiddy."

"I don't want a steady old man," retorted Margaret, giving an energetic snap to a table-cloth she was folding down.
"Why Margaret!" exclaimed her aunt, with

an accent of mild horror; "any body to hear you talk would think you preferred an intemperate man or a profune swearer."

'Drinking and swearing were not mentioned, replied Margaret, with a laugh at her aunt's remarkable agility in skipping to conclusions. "All I meant to say was that I don't intend to take man old enough to be my father just because he is steady. There are steady young men in the world I much prefer. And then it looks out of place for Zekiel Pritchard, who was a family man as long ago as I can remember, to be casting sheep's-eyes at me. If he had come from a distance it would seem different; but only a year ago I was watching with his poor sick wife, and I shall never forget how he used to get up and go about in his stocking feet.'

Mrs. Sukey Stepford's sense of the ludicrous was not acute. Her mouth did not contract even into an intimation of a smile. She sat with eyes still bent upon the triangular hole in the toe of her brother Hiram's stocking, and said quite seriously.

"It don't look well, Margaret, for you to be making fun of a good man like Zekiel Pritchard, and one who was so devoted to his wife in her last sickness. Of course a man can't mourn forever. Human nature won't bear no such strain. It's consistent with reason that he should get over his grief, and feel lonesome, and want to take another pardner. I'd have him wait the proper time, and not be in too big a hurry; for t ain't hardly decent to marry ag'in in three months, as Jim Bradley did. A man ought to show respect to the memory of a deceased companion: but I always think the more of him if he begins to look around pretty sharp within a year or two after his affliction."
"1 don't,"returned Margaret, spiritedly. "I'm

like the girl I read about in the newspaper the other day, who said she didn't want affections warmed over.

Margaret had finished folding down the clothes, and had packed them tightly in a big willow basket. She stood leaning against the table, with a damask-rose bloom on her cheek. of dark eyes shone out under curling lashes, and a delicious little pout around the corners of her mouth made her face altogether bewitching.

"Well, you're so mighty pertickerler," re-sponded her aunt, with a sigh, "I shouldn't a bit wonder if you lived single after all. A settled-down man like Zekiel Pritchard is worth a dozen of your skittish young fellers. He's been through the mill, and knows how to treat a woman. He's considerate and thoughtful about making work, and handy in case of sickness. Then Miss Pritch-ard left such a sight of nice things—crockery and bedding and silverware. I don't believe she ever used them much, for she wasn't no gre't hand for company, and her things were always kep' as choice as gold. I guess any body that steps in

there will find every thing to her hand."
"I don't want to marry Mrs. Pritchard's things," broke out Margaret, impatiently. "If ever I do marry, I shall look out for a man, and not for old spoons and feather-beds. Zekiel Pritchard would look better to come courting in his every-day clothes, as I have seen him a hundred times on top of a load of hay, or behind the plow, dressed in a tow frock and trowsers, and a palm-leaf hat. But this summer he has rented his farm to make a business of getting a wife, and must go and dye his hair and whiskers, and himself up in a new suit of broadcloth, with a tall hat, and a gold watch-chain. To my eyes he looks as much out of character as a crow would in the feathers of a yellow-bird.'

'It's the nature of a widower to spruce up. said Mrs. Stepford, speaking from the depths of profound knowledge. "He puts the best foot forrard, and makes as good an impression as he can, just as naturally as a rooster crows; and for my part I don't see a mite of harm in it.

You seem so much in favor of Mr. Pritchard," returned Margaret, rather saucily, "I think you had better take him yourself. Who knows, after all, Aunt Sukey, but he comes shining round

you?"
"Margaret, you ought to be ashamed of yourself;" and Mrs. Stepford put on her dignity, with an angry flush suffusing her sallow cheek. "You have no right to ridicule a person of my age, and your own father's sister; and you know well that when I laid Chester away in the burying-ground I made up my mind to remain a relick the rest of my life. I haven't ever thought of taking another pardner."

"But why shouldn't you?" persisted Margaret. "If it's such a proper thing for a widower

to marry again, why shouldn't it be the same for a widow? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, auntie. And now I think of it, you would be just the wife for Mr. Pritchard-suitable in age, and with a pretty penny of your own, and then you are a capital housekeeper. I do believe he's been after you all along. The next time he calls I shall act as if he was your visitor, and keep out of the way. Go and put on your dress-cap, Aunt Sukey, with the purple bows. If I were you I wouldn't wear that da-guerreotype pin with Uncle Chester's likeness, but a pink neck-ribbon, which is becoming to your complexion. You are a real good-looking woman when you are dressed up, and I don't wonder Zekiel Pritchard has taken a fancy."

'Margaret, you can be the provokingest creature I ever saw; and if you choose to insult me, it don't signify. I'm nothing and nobody; but it is a shame for you to make light of serious things."

"Oh, I won't," responded Margaret, with an exasperating air of penitence. "I didn't know it was serious. I wasn't aware things had gone If he should call this afternoon, auntic. I sha'n't stand in your light. I am going to stay here in the kitchen until nearly dark to cook bean-porridge for the men's supper. Then there's a batch of bread to bake, and I may stir up a cake between whiles. I don't even intend take time to change my dress. This old calico is pretty well soiled," and she drew it around her and looked at the back breadths, "and my hair is tousled; but never mind-I don't expect to see any body. You, auntie, can go and fix your-self up nice. Courting seems to have a deal to do with dry-goods; but for my part, if I found a man to my liking. I shouldn't care what kind of a coat covered his back, or whether he was rich or poor.

Margaret's last speech cut Mrs. Stepford's sensibilities to the quick. She rose in high dudgeon, and, gathering her mending into her apron, went loftily into her own bedroom and shut the door. But the words had fallen on other ears besides those they were intended to reach; and just as Margaret was swinging the crane round from the black throat of the chimney, preparatory to hanging the porridge-pot the fire, she caught sight of a young man's face framed by a careless wreath of hop-vine, which embowered the window where he stood.

There really seemed no reason why Margaret should blush vividly because Mark Thorpe had overheard her foolish words. Mark was only a poor student, working his way through college and the medical schools, who had hired out to her father for the summer months, in order to harden his muscles with farm labor and put a few much-needed dollars into his pocket. garet knew he was up by four every morning to study and write before the day's work began. He liad the manners of a true-hearted gentleman, always easy and pleasant, ready to pitch quoits with the men, or whittle out wonderful boats for the boys, or walk a mile after a hard day's work to prescribe for an old woman's "rheumatics. He was so strong and healthy, every thing he did seemed a pastime. If Margaret remembered that Mark Thorpe was only her father's hired hand, she did not forget that he was as much at home in a lady's parlor as he was in the hay field. He had a rich tenor voice, well trained, and a temper like sunshine and bird music mixed in equal parts.

The pail of drinking-water stood on a shelf near the window, and Mark was reaching through the open casement to secure a long-handled dipvhich hung just above it. He had taken off his straw hat, and his light hair lay scattered about a broad forehead, untanned and white, although the rest of his face showed a manly brown. His mouth, under its fringe of golden mustache, and his eyes, large and blue, kept mischievously smiling at Margaret, while the blush deepened on her cheek.

"So you wouldn't mind, Miss Margaret whether the man was rich or poor, if you could find one to your liking. All I can say is that I wish he was about my size."

There was a little mockery in the tone to cover the serious meaning of the words; and then, after a long draught, while his eyes still did good service watching Margaret's becoming confusion of face, Mark let the dipper plash into the water-pail, and went with his strong stride along down the meadow-path, singing a snatch of "Kathleen Mayourneen.

Margaret was vexed, because her ready tongue and quick wit had for once failed her; but a new feeling, vague and sweet, arose and over-powered all others. She stood leaning on the mantel-jam, with sparks from the fire snapping dangerously near the skirt of her dress, and was in this posture when Mrs. Stepford returned, with the daguerreotype bosom-pin conspicuously dis-played on a nice lace collar. She sailed through into the sitting-room without deigning to give her niece a word. Margaret sat down in a great splint-bottomed rocking-chair, and with her head resting against the faded patchwork cushion, fell into a reverie, which was braided with the robin's song outside in the cherry-tree and the lingering cadence of Mark Thorpe's voice as he marched away down the meadow-path. was awakened by a hiss from the bubbling porridge over the side of the pot into the hot embers, and at the same moment came a sharp rap upon the knocker of the front-door. By this latter sign Margaret knew that Zekiel Pritchard's roan horse was hitched to the front-vard fence.

Mrs. Stepford, slowly putting down her work, went and admitted the widower. lean, wiry man, well seasoned by hard work and exposure to the weather. There was a cast to his small gray eye, and he had the habit of raking his jaw with his brown hand and coughing in a dry and husky fashion before getting ready to speak. Now he dropped his buff silk handkerchief into his hat, and deposited it under the chair where he was sitting, and allowed his eves to wander rather eagerly about the room. There was a little desultory talk between him and the widow about the fine hay weather and last Sunday's sermon, and then Zekiel cautiously inquired after the folks. Mrs. Stepford knew well enough that folks meant Marguret, but she answered heartlessly, quite away from the sub-

"Oh," said she, "Hiram is driving at the hay to beat all. There's a sight of grass down, and every nerve must be stretched to get it into the barn before another rain-storm.

The widower could not muster courage to inquire directly after the lady of his love. was ill at ease; his eyes roved from place to place; he crossed and uncrossed his legs, and fiddled nervously with his watch-chain; but his senses were on the alert to detect some trace



of the person he was seeking. Presently there came through the window, mixed with the scent of Prince Albert roses, the wholesome, old-fashioned smell of bean-porridge, and Mr. Pritchard, sharpening his ears, thought he detected Marga ret's light tread upon the kitchen floor. It was Zekiel's habit to disguise his courting errand under some thin pretense of business with the men-folks, so he now said, rather hastily,

"I called to-day, Mrs. Stepford, to take a peep at your brother Hiram's new mowing-machine. I am thinking about buying one for my own place, and would like to see how it operates.

Whereupon he arose, quite forgetful of his hat, which rested peacefully underneath his chair, and started for the kitchen, although the front-door afforded more convenient means of

Zekiel's enterprise was rewarded by the sight of Margaret, who, even in her messed calico, was the pleasantest object his eyes could rest on. He stopped just beyond the threshold, prepared to break the ice with care. Margaret's back was still toward him, but hearing Brother Pritchard's dry, chirruping cough, she faced about and said. "How do you do?" rather languidly, holding out at the same time the long iron spoon in her

hand, as if she expected him to give it a shake.
"What a pleasant place this is!" observed Mr. Pritchard, lifting the tails of his obnoxious broadcloth, and sitting down unasked. Although the enamored widower showed flurries of embarrassment on the surface, he was of a slow, obstinate type. "I always feel more to home in the kitchen," he added, complacently, "than in any other part of the house.

"When I am busy, and have a good many irons in the fire," retorted Margaret, "I am not anxious to have the men-folks around."

Zekiel laughed as if he considered this tart little speech a delicious joke.

'You needn't feel afraid to have your kitchen seen any time of day, Miss Margaret," said he, giving his chair an alarming hitch toward the young lady's vicinity. "It's as neat as a posy, and every body knows how you've got your name up for housekeeping."
"I don't care for the opinions of people who

think women were made for nothing but to scrub

and scour."
"I'm not one of that kind," Zekiel struck in, eagerly. "Tain't my wish, Margaret, that a woman should overdo and go beyond her strength. My idea of you is that you've got good judgment and first-rate common-sense. I am too obstinate and independent to ever

try to come up to any body's idea of me,' torted Margaret, courageously, although, in truth, she was suffering from a panic of apprehension.

"You are not obstinate, Margaret." Zekiel's dry tones had acquired a ludicrously sentimental

twang.

"Oh yes, I am," cried Margaret, feeling that something must be done to avert the crisis. "I am dreadfully self-willed. Father says I take after grandmother Baker; and from all accounts, she made people stand round."

"I'll run the risk, Margaret, and take all the chances, if I can take you." And with that Ze-kiel made such a bold and startling manueuvre in the navigation of his rocking-chair that Margaret, to avoid closer proximity, sprang a little to one side, and the ladle slipping from her grasp, sent a wave of the boiling porridge over her right hand, at the same time liberally besprinkling the person of the widower. Margaret moaned with pain, and went stooping about the room half crazed by the terrible smart. Stepford found Zekiel standing in the middle of the floor, the very picture of despair, and conscious, as it would seem, that the spilling of the bean-porridge had irrevocably upset his own dish. He had sustained no bodily injury, but the courting clothes were hopelessly spotted. Aunt Sukey gave him a task which brought him to his senses.

"Run out into the hay field and call Mark Thorpe. He is more than half a doctor already, and dretful handy dressing cuts and burns. This is a bad scald, and I don't feel like undertaking it myself, but I'll have all the things ready

against he gets here." Zekiel started off without his hat, forgetting entirely where he had left it, until the hot July sun falling straight on his bald crown brought a painful reminder. Mark, who was at work alone at the shady end of the field, judged from Mr. Pritchard's plight the accident was worse than it was, and dropping his rake, set off toward the house on the keen run. His long legs soon out-distanced Zekiel's short ones, and when, some minutes later, the widower stealthily entered the kitchen, he was startled by a suggestive tableau. Mrs. Stepford had gone up chamber to hunt for old linen, and there sat Margaret leaning back in a large chair, with signs of suffering still visible upon he Mark knelt before her in his coarse working clothes, his shirt sleeves of gray flannel showing, and with a cotton handkerchief knotted about his neck. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and there was a curious sort of trouble on his comely face. He had wrapped the scalded hand in cotton, and was adjusting bandages with the skill of an artist. In his heart he wished the operation might last forever, but it did come to an end; and still, with Margaret smiling faintly, he held the hurt hand in his, and, almost unconsciously, his other hand, large and brown, closed over Margaret's well one—a dimpled, warm, cozy little thing, that fluttered in his own like a scared bird. It was an ecstatic moment, when all heaven seemed distilled into a drop of ineffable sweetness; and silently, by that strange magnetism which draws two hearts together, Mark bent forward and pressed his lips to Margaret's. Zekiel saw it, and he saw that Margaret blushed and trembled, but did not draw away her hand. Bewildered.

he slipped out, and stole around to the front entrance, by means of which he regained his hat,

and took himself away, a wiser and sadder man.

A fortnight nearly had passed, and Margaret's hand was almost well. One warm afternoon, when doors and windows were all open to catch a wandering breeze, Mrs. Sukey Stepford came into the house with her things on, and as she sat down in the rocking-chair she heaved a sigh profound, but not utterly heart-broken.

What is the matter, auntie?" inquired Mar-"Have you got one of your hot flashes?" garet. "Have you got one of your not masnes r
"No," returned Mrs. Stepford, untying her
bonnet strings and fanning herself with her
pocket-handkerchief, "but I am quite overcome.
What wonderful, unlooked-for things are all the time happening, and what a strange world this is, to be sure!

Perhaps it is," said Margaret; "but it's a dear, lovely world, and the best we know any thing about."

When I went out of this house," put in the widow, scarcely heeding her niece's words, "I had no more thought of changing my condition in life than I had of going to France. I had laid out to visit Chester's grave, for I was afraid the long spell of dry weather had killed the white rose bush I planted by the tombstone last summer. There I sot meditating and reflecting-for nothing ever passed between Chester and me but what it's pleasant to think overand when I rose up to come home, who should I see in the path before me but Zekiel Pritchard! After we had passed the time of day, I thought of course he would turn down toward his own house, but instead of that he asked me to take his arm, and as it was a warm afternoon I made no objection.

Here Mrs. Stepford paused a little and began fingering the fringes of her Canton crape shawl.

I supposed his attentions was out of sympathy," she resumed, "because we had both been to visit the grave of our deceased pardners; and pretty soon the conversation turned on the lonesomeness of a single lot. Well, Zekiel grew kind of cozy and confidential, and told me about his Irish help. It's dreadful to think how good victuals is messed up and wasted in that house; and there she is using the best crockery every day, and the Lord only knows how much she steals.

All of a sudden Zekiel said he thought we was fitted to make each other happy, and go down this vale of tears arm in arm, or something to that effect. I was so struck I don't know what I said, but I s'pose I gave him the impression I meant yes.'

Here Mrs. Stepford was quite overcome, and Margaret embraced her delightedly.
"Didn't I say he was after you, auntie?" she

cried. ' "uncle." "I shall like him ever so much as my

Margaret was in the milk-room when she heard her aunt go about singing, in a cracked soprano,

"This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not."

A roguish smile still dimpled her face when she looked up and saw Mark's tall, broad-shouldered person filling the doorway.

"Oh, Mark," she exclaimed, "I have won-

derful news for you. Aunt Sukey is engaged to Just think from what a fate Mr. Pritchard. that bean-porridge saved me!"

Mark, with his eyes smiling, went forward and took Margaret's hand—the hurt one, which was strong enough now to wield the skimmer.
"Margaret," said he, "would you think it

worth while to take such a poor fellow as I am if he kept you waiting three years, and could give you nothing better even at the end of that than bean-porridge?'

Margaret's answer made her lips and eyes eloquent, but was not translatable in words. it failed to satisfy Mark Thorpe, he deserved his happiness much less than I think he did.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT right has an audience to insist upon WHAT right has an audience to insist upon the repetition of all the choicest portions of a musical programme? Some outward manifestation of pleasure in the performance of an artist is usual, and not inappropriate. But why should the good sense and politeness which, it is to be hoped, are characteristics of the majority of individuals composing a respectable American audience be almost wholly lost when that audience is taken as a whole? We mean, lost as regards the matter of exores. Why that audience is taken as a whole? We mean, lost as regards the matter of encores. Why should not courtesy be exercised, even when individuality is swallowed up in a crowd? It is certainly easy to discern whether musical performers are cordially willing to accede to a call to repeat, or whether, satisfied in the assurance of having pleased their audience, they desire to be spared any extra exertions. It is simply rude to insist upon receiving more than one has honestly paid for. At one of the recent Rubinstein matinees the gifted pianist played a march which delighted his hearers. Doubtless in this instance—though it is by no means always the case when encores are called for—every individual in the house desired to hear it again. The audience clamored; five times Rubinstein was recalled to the stage, and five times he bowed and retired, evidently desirous that this acknowledgment might suffice. His face showed plainly that he was weary. He was to perform the next piece on the programme, as well as others. But apparently the audience cared for nothing but this special gratification, and insisted upon a repetition. So at length, to still the tumult, Rubinstein returned to the piano. Would similar persistent demands be considered polite in a private parior? Certainly the wishes, the strength, and the engagements of a public artist should be considered by an audience. There are other points about encores worthy to be noted. Musical entertainments are generally quite long enough without them. Sensible people, even those who are true lovers of music, prefer to listen to the performance of the programme quietly, and find it fatiguing when The audience clamored; five times Rubinstein

the expected two-hours performance lengthens into three or four in consequence of encores.

Madame Pauline Lucca is accompanied in her Madame Pauline Lucca is accompanied in her present visit to this country by her father and mother. It has been asked by the curious why her husband is not also with her. It appears that the Baron von Rhaden is still in the Prussian army, and that in December next he will be entitled to a pension. We understand that his sensible wife approves of his remaining in the army until he can claim the pension, as there is no knowing what may "turn up," and they may need the money!

Touching incidents often occur in the police courts of the city. A few days ago a woman, grossly intoxicated, was picked up in the streets, and taken to Jefferson Market and locked up. and taken to Jefferson Market and locked up. It was ascertained that both she and her husband were confirmed drunkards. They have two children, a girl aged ten and a boy aged eight years, who support them. The boy makes pen-wipers, and the little girl sells them in the evenings. The next morning the girl went to Jefferson Market, and going up to the bench, said, in pathetic tones, "Judge, my mother is locked up, and I have no money to pay to get her out; this is all I have" (handing him a penwiper), "and if you take it, and let my mother out, I will bring you a bundle of wipers as soon as we, George and I, can afford them." The justice, touched by the appeal of the little one, took the wiper, gave her a bill with which to buy something to eat, and then discharged the mother. With tears in her eyes, the little girl thanked him, and led her mother away. The mother of such a child should lead a better life. mother of such a child should lead a better life.

a recent number of the Athenanam the fol-In a recent number of the Antenteum the for-lowing authenticated spellings of the "great poet's" name are given: "Shakspere, Shaxper, Shaxsper, Saxpere, Shakespeare, Shakespere, Shakespere, Schakespere, Schakespere, Shakespeyre, and Shacsper."

Forty-two thousand sermons are a great many; but it is said that John Wesley preached that number during his life. We fancy he could not have taken many summer vacations.

There is a little lesson in the following clipping from an exchange:
""What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman

"What a nuisance!' exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side.

"'Did you refer to me, Sir?' threateningly demanded the fop.

"'Oh no; I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation,' was the stinging reply." stinging reply."

It is wisely suggested that there should be one woman in every firm of architects. What for? Why, to see that there are in dwelling-houses pantries and closets and shelves and hooks enough, to be sure. What man could understand the necessity of having plenty of convenient places in which to tuck away things?

Meyerbeer is said to have composed the opera of "L'Africaine" with the hope and expectation that Pauline Lucca would fill the role of Selika that Pauline Lucca would fill the role of Selika when it was first given to the public. In this he was disappointed, for "L'Africaine" was first produced in Paris, and Lucca's services could not be obtained. In fact, Meyerbeer never lived to see the realization of his dream of Pauline Lucca as Selika, but he left a codicil in his will that if Pauline Lucca was engaged to play Selika at the Opera-house in Berlin, "L'Africaine" might be given in Germany and in the German language; if not, he forbade its production; and she was the first to play it in German in Berlin. A warm friendship existed between the great composer and the young artiste. When in her eighteenth year she appeared as Valentine in the matic singer that he went from Berlin expressy to witness her performance. He was so delight matic singer that he was so delight-to witness her performance. He was so delight-ed that, after a certain duet, he sought from the manager an immediate introduction. When once behind the curtain, Meyerbeer, greatly to the astonishment of Pauline, who did not know hira, rushed up to her and kissed her vehemently on both cheeks, after which he thanked her most warmly for her portrayal of his "most cherished creation" cherished creation."

It is the plan of the Swedish North Pole Ex-It is the plan of the swedish North Pole Expedition to winter on the northernmost isles of Spitzbergen, whence, by the aid of reindeer sledges, an ice journey poleward will be attempted. The chief of the expedition is accompanied by two physicians, a naturalist, an Italian naval officer, a first mate, two engineers, ten picked seamen, and four Lapps for attending the reindeer, from forty to fifty of which, with 3000 sacks of reindeer moss, and other neces-saries for an arctic winter, have been transport-ed by steamer to the designated winter-quarters. Also a house for the use of the party in winter while at the Seven Isles.

The Robert College, which was opened in Constantinople two years ago, has proved its success. At the second annual examination two hundred students were present, represent-ing sixteen distinct nationalities. On the clos-ing day addresses were delivered by the students in Turkish, French, Greek, Bulgarian, and En-glish. These orations were all original, and are in Turkish, French, Grees, Dugarial, and are glish. These orations were all original, and are said to have been marked by perspicacity of thought, correctness of expression, and elevation of sentiment. The influence of Robert College will be powerful and wide-spread. Its president, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, conceived the idea of its foundation, and many of our readers will remember the earnest appeals he made in its behalf during his recent visit to this country.

Doubtless it is too true that many employers are very inconsiderate and unjust toward those whom they employ. The life of many a poor sewing-girl is oppressed with difficulties which might be lightened, or even removed entirely, if the ladies who supply her with work would only take a little kindly interest in her, and pay a fair price for her labor. An exchange mentions the case of a young seamstress who was engaged by a prosperous manufacturer to go to engaged by a prosperous manufacturer to go to Staten Island, where his family resided, "for a

month or so." She was directed to the ferry, told where to land, and informed that his house was close by the landing. On landing as directed she found his house was nearly two miles distant, whither she wearily walked on a hot August day. She found her work was ripping old dresses and remaking. She remained two weeks in the family, and did work that would have cost thirty or forty dollars in any establishment in the city. She was not paid at Staten Island, but was obliged to call three or four times at the gentleman's place of business in this city before she received her pay, which was six dollars, minus ferriage and the cost of a stage ride from his house to the ferry. Comments are unnecessary on such facts. ments are unnecessary on such facts.

As a literary curiosity the following stanza is given, in which "e" is the only vowel used:

"Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be:
The serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep:
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep—
Yet endless pretext ever fresh prefers;
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents: she fell;
Then, deep revenged, reseeks the nether hell!"

And only "i" is used in these four lines:

"Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim, Whilst birds in wild swift vigils circling skim; Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright, Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light."

Jerome's new picture, "The Fighting Gladiaderome's new picture, "The righting Gladiators," is to be finished during the present season. It is one of his best works, and will probably be placed on exhibition in this city on its arrival here. It has been purchased, we understand, by Mr. A. T. Stewart for one hundred thousand francs.

Whatever the law may be upon the subject, it is a well-known and existing fact that our best steamers have not sufficient accommodations to float half their passengers in case of accidents which necessitate abandoning the steamer. Boats are objected to on account of the room they take up, and the rafts supplied are seldom properly constructed. Recent disasters should lead to new legislation on this matter, or, at least, to a full understanding on the part of the public of what the owners of steamers ought to arrange for their safety.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. F. R.—The Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 8, Vol. IV., will suit you.—We do not reply by mail.

A Poor Girl.-Make your velveteen with a jockey basque and simple over-skirt edged with cord. For the alpaca use the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. The blouse-waist is sometimes called a sailor waist; the latter usually has a square collar, and if meant for children, is gathered by India rubber in the hem instead of by a belt. Braid your hair in a net. The apron is usually put on with the belt of the dress skirt, but may have a separate

FAN .- Any of the French scourers will clean your gloves and felt hat well.

S. A. N.—Get a bronze cashmere suit. It is too early to speak positively about furs. It is indecorous to meet a gentleman by appointment, and a letter asking you for such a rendezvous should be deemed an impertinence, and remain unanswered. A gentleman is not at liberty to call on a lady uninvited.

HATTIR.—The Josephine colffure now so much in vogue will suit you. Read articles to "Ugly Girls" for

bints about taking care of the hair.

B. T., VA.—A cashmere princesse polonaise, with silk facings and silk skirt, worn with a soft felt hat of the same shade, will make a handsome traveling suit for you in October. Read New York Fashions for further hints. B.—A plain skirt, basque, and talma is all you can

make of your twelve yards of plaid. An illustration of the dress with ruffled back breadths and apron front was given a year ago in Bazar No. 45, Vol. IV. Bustles are worn with such dresses, and the costume does not are worn with such dresses, and the contains does not look scant. There is no help, we fear, for your crow's-feet. Read the articles to "Ugly Girls" in our back numbers. Get tamise cloth for your suit, and make with a loose polonaise, by pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 29, Vol. V.

COUNTRY GIRL.-Your black suit does not need alteration. Make the gray delaine with a princesse polo-naise like that illustrated in Bazar No. 41, Vol. V., and trim with silk facings of a lighter shade. Get a velvet ribbon sash and one of gros grain—price \$3 a yard. The narrow scarfs are to be pinned in front. Jet Marguerites for ear-rings are in favor. Some of the fall bonnets to be worn until the holidays have soft crowns of black net.

READER.—For your black gros grain have a jockey basque and coat sleeves piped with black velvet. Trim the skirt with two rows of side pleatings faced with velvet, and have a Worth over-skirt velvet-faced around the edge.

MILLE.—As you are stout, kilt-pleated back breadths would suit you better than flounces from the waist down. Have an apron front of three gores and a jockey basque. Jet passementerie and fringe, or else side pleating piped with velvet, is the trimming. Dull Pompeian red, or salmon, or French blue neck-tles are becoming to brunettes. The new floriated garnet sets would suit you for jewelry.

-skirts are *not* out of fashion, but som very stylish dresses have merely aprons instead. A princesse polonaise suit like that illustrated in Bazar No. 41, Vol. V., is the model for a satine dress, though satine is not worn here as mourning. Have a Dolman, like illustration in the same paper, for the wrap. The Pompadour coiffure is giving place to the high Grecian style worn by the Empress Josephine. This will supersede chatelaines and the roll above the fore-

Lucia.-A black French poplin, or a low-priced silk skirt, deeply flounced with side pleatings of cashmere, edged with bias silk an inch wide, would be handsome with your black cashmere polonaise.

Lorra.—Your samples did not reach us. Peacock blue silk is a stylish contrast with gray. Black or white damask gauze would be stylish for an apron over your yellow silk, with plain black Chambery gauze for the pleated flounces on the back breadths. Gauzes are more fashionable than tulle. Grenadine is cheaper, and has the same effect by gas-light. If you are fond of contrasts, chestnut brown, reddish-maroon, and the old-fashloned violet are now seen occasionally with yellow shades.



Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Fig. 1.—Double-breasted Jacket, Worth OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This elegant Paris costume, with which we furnish a cut paper patcostume, with which we furnish a cut paper pat-tern, is made of sea blue cashmere, embroid-ered with braid of a lighter shade. The jacket is extremely piquant. The favorite Worth over-skirt hangs plain in this figure, and has somewhat the aspect of a redingote. It may be draped by tapes, as shown in the second illustration, so as to form a very bouffant and stylish panier. The under-skirt is of a convenient walking length, and is trimmed with a kilt pleating. Sea blue crêpe de Chine hat, with a gauze veil and ashes-of-rose feather.

put the pattern together by the notches. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a kilt pleating twelve inches deep.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces

each like the pattern given for the side gores, and

Cut the front and back |

half of back breadth.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Extra for pleating, 4½ yards. Fig. 2.—Walking Suir. This suit is of bronze camel's-hair, richly embroidered, and trimmed with guipure lace. The basque has a broad pleated postilion in the back, with a fan bow above it. The Worth over-skirt, which is shown here draped, is the same as that of which a cut paper pattern is given with Fig. 1. Bronze tulle hat, trimmed with a profusion of red roses and leaves.

basque and skirt of black faille, trimmed with the material and fringe. Broad folds are set on the front with buttons to form a tablier; and the long back breadths of the skirt are draped so as to make a very bouffant panier. Looped sash ends, trimmed with fringe, fall on the left side. Necklace of amber beads. Yellow rose in the

PARIS GOSSIP.

HAVE received a letter," said Mrs. Hunter, looking fixedly at the baron, "which Leter, looking fixedly at the baron, "which marriage with my daughter while you were al-has surprised me. Before I enter into any de- ready the legal husband of another woman!"

"How long ago is it?" demanded Mrs. Hun-

ter.
"Fourteen years, madame," replied the gen-

Ophelia gasped a sigh of relief. Surely the vife was deac

"When did you: wife die?" continue I his interlocutor.

"Never, madame," said M. De Ballisac. Ophelia gave a low cry, and turned her face

away.
"Gracious Heavens!" shrieked the mother, exasperated beyond all self-control by the cynical coolness of the avowal, "you mean to tell me that you were on the point of contracting a mock-

tion.
"No, madame I the law would. tion of a divorces able happiness of lee Ophelia. It is not should not have it no doubt continued dissolution of my legal documents no union, owing to the d'affaires the main weeks, when it migh one. There is hit course of a few day

a vague terror

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises three articles—doublebreasted jacket, Worth over-skirt, and walking

skirt. DOUBLE - BREASTED
JACKET.—This pattern front, is in six piecesside backs, back, sleeve, pocket, and collar. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The per-forations show where to Mate the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts, to turn back for the lapels, to roll the collar, to place the pockets, to sew on the buttons, and to cut the button-holes, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Cut all the parts lengthwise of the goods. Cu-the collar with the midt dle laid on the edge of goods. Place the seam at the corresponding seam in the middle of the back, and hold the collar toward you when sewing it on, with the front edge of the collar placed even with the notch in front, after sawing the V. This sewing the V. This garment is fitted loosely with one dart on each side of the front, side backs, and a middle back seam, which is left open below the waist line. The jacket is double-breasted, being cut with an extra width on each side of the front. The right front overlaps the left. Three buttons and but-ton-holes close the front at the left side, and opposite these is a second row corresponding to them. The back of the neck is finished by a collar of the material, and the front is turned over to form lapels. The coat sleeve is left open on the outside seam to the notch. Sew the sleeve plain in the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Place the top of the pocket even with the perforations on the skirt part be-tween the seam under the arm and the dart. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 334 yards.

Number of buttons, 6. WORTH OVER-SKIRT. —This pattern is in two pieces—front and back. Only half the pattern is given. The pattern is notched to prevent mistakes in put-

ting it together. This garment is cut with four straight breadths. is open in front, and has a seam in the middle of the back. The front breadth is laid in three side pleats turning toward the back. The back breadths are gathered, and sewed to the belt. The front is ornamented on each side with four large buttons. The sides are shortened by four side pleats turning upward, as the perforations denote on the back edge of the front breadth. Sew a tape, about twelve inches long, at the seam on the under side of the pleats, and tie in the back to form the panier, as shown by Fig. 2 in the illustration; or, if preferred, the skirt can hang perfectly straight, as in Fig. 1.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 43/4

yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and

[From our Own Correspondent.] THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.



LADIES FALL.

Fig. 1.—Double-breasted Jacket, Worth Over-Skirt (not draped),

Fig. 2.-WALKING SUIT, WITH WORTH

Fig. 8.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Fig. 1, Double-breasted Jacket, Worth Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, in Nine St

sists of a basque, long over-skirt, and demi-trained skirt of olive green cashmere, trimmed with bias folds of silk and silk fringe of a lighter shade. Olive green silk hat, with bands of velvet and ribbon of a lighter shade, blue feathers,

and bright flowers. Fig. 4.—House Dress. Skirt and basquepolonaise of claret gros grain, trimmed with pleatings of the material and fringe. The heart-

shaped corsage opens low over a lace chemisette. Fig. 5.—Visiting Dress. This rich suit Fig. 5.—VISITING DRESS. This rich suit consists of a basque, over-skirt, and skirt of black velvet, trimmed with black silk pleatings

Fig. 3.—CARRIAGE DRESS. This suit con- | tails on the extraordinary nature of the informa-

This was a stand-and-deliver which completely threw the baron off his guard. He turned as white as his perfumed handkerchief, and was utterly incapacitated from answering one word. Mrs. Hunter repeated her question. There was another pause, while Ophelia looked, with her poor heart in her eyes, hungry, despairing, yet ready to grasp at any straw wherewith to save her own liopes and her lover's honor. When at length M. De Ballisac grasped the necessary strength to speak, he said, "Yes, madame, I have black velvet, trimmed with black size pleasure, and piping and wide black fringe. Black velvet and silk bonnet, with bright flowers and been married," as coolly as if the fact were no more startling than that of his having smoked his

"Quelle horreur!" exclaimed the haron, who been signed, and a tails on the extraordinary nature of the information it contains I should like to ask you one question, Monsieur De Ballisac. Were you ever to assume the rôle becoming him in the present trust me to arrange trust. "Madame, if any one has told you I her honor, and seem any trouble or differences act of treason any trouble or differences." toward my adored Ophelia, he has basely calumniated me!"

"Then, in mercy's name, explain yourself, monsieur," said Mrs. Hunter, who began to think the man must be out of his right mind. "If your wife has never died, how could you think of marrying another?"

"She would have been dead by the time I should have married your daughter," replied the

This was too much for Mrs. Hunter. Clearly Frenchman countin he was mad. "Do you mean to say that you source within his a would have done away with her?" she asked, which he ass

who stood, like a struned by all that The whole thing so French novel; vet, deal of experience i could not recall an the attitude of he fiancée in this com confused to specul source within his

any trouble or diffin



her indigna-

have done so, but ettling the quesad the unspeakaffianced of Mlle. that this letter few days hence. the accusations g you a deed of inge and all the my approaching s of my homme red on for several ve been settled in coment will have

ter, her acceptance of him when he had obtained however, that it was soon eat, drink, and be it as a matter of course, were too bewildering for any words to express, had she been able to articulate them. The story, indeed, sounds so like an invention that if the writer had not been personally acquainted with the heroine, and known with her own knowledge that the narrative is, in all its details, authentic, she would not dare ask you to credit it.

The explanation which followed may be better given in a short résume than in the lengthy and excited conversation which ensued between Mrs. Hunter and the baron. The man had been married fourteen years previously, and, as he alleged, his wife had never died. She was a lady of good birth, and had brought him a handsome band. A separation de corps et de biens had alfortune, which he very soon disposed of to his ready been legally drawn out between the hus-

sorry. His ill-gotten gains went the way of all money in his hands. Debts accumulated, creditors dunned him. He became a bankrupt to be rid of the worry of it all; and then starting on a new line, he betook himself to a boardinghouse, where his assumed title was sure to gain him a certain amount of consideration, and where he might fall in with good luck in some shape or other. Shortly after he had taken up his abode in the boarding-house where it was Ophelia's fate to meet him Madame De Ballisac's mother died, leaving her daughter a small allowance, which she took care to secure in such a way as to prevent its being seized by her hus-

bodied in this step, that she promised to give was, it certainly did. He could not have been him all the assistance in her power toward the a bona fide French subject, at any rate, for attainment of his laudable ends. The lady who plays this interesting part in the narrative is that Madame De Maléry to whom Madame De Rusenville introduced Mrs. Hunter and Ophelia as the baron's best friend, and at his particular desire. The heiress's fortune had been so hugely exaggerated, not merely what she had already in her own right, but vast sums that were to come to her later on the event of her mother's death-a happy contingency known among French mar-riage contractors as espérances—that Madame De Maléry was most affectionately zealous in aiding her cast-off husband to secure the prize, on the condition that she was to have a reasonable share in it herself. It sounds incredible that

was, it certainly did. He could not have been a bona fide French subject, at any rate, for divorce does not exist in France: the nearest approach to it is the séparation de corps et de biens above alluded to; but this, while freeing the parties from personal bondage and all mu-tual claims in money-matters, does not em-power them to marry again. There is no doubt that the divorce was in process of being ob-tained, and that the former wife had been very diligent in getting up the necessary amount of grievances against the gentleman to facilitate its grant. The secrecy which was desirable they both preserved with great care, Madame De Rusenville lending her intelligent assistance in many ways, and turning to good account the total ignorance of Mrs. Hunter concerning the laws and manners of

the country, and feed-ing Ophelia's unsuspect-ing affection for the scoundrel who was lur-ing her into the disgraceful marriage by every art in her power. That her share in the affair was no unimportant one has been already surmised, but you have probably no idea of its real extent, or of the paramount interest that estimable lady felt in the success of the scheme. COMET.

YELLOW.

YELLOW has been for many years greatly and most un-justly despised. It is one of the finest of colors, with many exqui-sitely beautiful shades,

and only when too pure is it unmanageable.

The cold, pale primrose, that shines like a light in the hedge-rows, light in the hedge-rows, may be massed about a young face with impunity. The dandelion must be used only in single vivid spots of flame. An older face must be more gently dealt with, by a brownish-yellow. The brunette may wear a greenvellow, and be all the yellow, and be all the better for it. Only pure chrome or mustard-color is intolerable by day; and even that by gas or candle light is so much softened and paled that it becomes perfectly permissible in a dress. Orange, however, in large masses should be generally avoided, ex-cept in soft, dull mate-

Yellows of some shades are the most suitable of all colors to place near the face, so good is the effect on the complexion; they make the skin look fairer than it really is, and, of course, enhance the blues and pinks. What is called buff, a somewhat dull, tawny, or warm yellow, is one of these. We all know how beautiful is the effect of yellow hair when it occurs, which is not often, certainly; and how finely a bit of this color lightens and vivifies a picture. I have in my mind at this moment two instances of this—the flowing hair of the Magdalen at the foot of the cross, in one of Rubens's paintings in the Antwerp Gallery; and that of a figure in a picture by John Bel-lini, a wondrous work at Venice. The girl's hair is golden, with a

and green, yellow and red, etc. Paul Veronese has a penchant for a certain yellow shot with pink, which is extremely beautiful. Ru-bens often puts in a mass of deep yellow in a curtain or garment in his pictures with singularly good effect; and many other instances might be given. Vandyck is fond of a rich shade, almost the color of ale, which seems to

go well with every thing.

Yellow also goes pleasantly with a number of colors. A pale, dull blue is one; but pure blue and pure yellow are very harsh together. Plum, salmon, maroon, sage, also mix well with that the make-believe baron was a Belgian, and that this accounted for the divorce plan. If he gled with pale rose; but the more vivid a color



TER SUITS.

OUSE DRESS.

Fig. 5.-VISITING DRESS.

inders, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.)

emoved to our red fiancée will as to shield

e possibility of ect to Ophelia creature, half n around her. cene in a bad a had a good literature, she er remote, to hero to his she was too geness of a

ing to part with her, sure of being able to live by his wits when he had only himself to provide for. He found the experiment less easy after a short trial than he had anticipated. His friends, whose name was legion in the palmy days when he was spending madame's dot on petits soupers and petits diners, gave him the cold shoulder when he had borrowed money from a few of the softest-hearted of them. Then he took to gambling. This answered for a time: he was lucky, and once more society smiled on him. It was geness of a not the society in which his years of respectability had passed. But what did that matter? Eat, drink, and he merry, for to-morrow we

tried to make friends with her; but the lady was not to be duped twice. She refused to have any thing to say to her quondam lord and master, beyond receiving an official visit from him at the New-Year, should he choose to pay his re-spects to her like any other gentleman. When the idea of mending his shattered fortunes by a second marriage occurred to the self-made baron, he wrote to his former wife and consulted her in a friendly way about it, asking her advice, and, if necessary, her co-operation. She was either so touched by the proof of lingering tenderness, in the mat-ldie! was the jolly baron's motto. He found, or flattered by the homage to her judgment em-

own entire satisfaction. The result was that she, having nothing to live on at home, went back to her mother; the baron readily consenting to part with her sure of bains able to live. frankly admitted by the offender himself. When creasing almost to certainty the risk of detechis wife became again comparatively well off, he tion; but the whole story is incredible. If I were writing a sensational adventure it be very easy to embroider the facts, and fill up any gaps in my own knowledge of the circumstances with a view to heightening the effect; but my object is to tell a plain, unvarnished tale. may say, therefore, that I never ascertained how it was that the divorce came to be seriously contemplated between a French subject and a German, forthe wife was German and a Protestant. A lady who was acquainted with the Hunter family told me soon after the occurrence

Fig. 6.—RECEPTION DRESS.

is, the more care is needed in mixing it with others without a jar. One out of two colors should always be dull and not too pure; this is not generally known, or it is forgotten, and the result is the coarse and vulgar contrasts that we see around us. Ambers of all shades are exceedingly good and becoming.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

The genial sunshine floods the pale blue sky,
The sullen river wakes to glint and flash,
The low winds whisper, tossing merrily
The scarlet tassels of the mountain ash;
The linearing reach and of the mountain ash; The scarlet tassels of the mountain ash;
The lingering roses, pale and faint and sweet,
Smile, opening to the warmth their fragrant breasts,
And 'mid the dead leaves nestling 'neath the feet
The violets peep to light from sheltered nests.

Each mighty tree October's signet bears Gleaming in hues of crimson, gold, and brown, As some barbaric monarch, dying, wears His richest robes and done his brightest crown. A soft sad loveliness, a perfume rare, Seems round the Autumn's parting hours to oling; A strange enchantment fills the brooding air, As through a dirge triumphant hope may ring.

So, in some lives, we watch with reverent love, After long trials borne, long sorrows past,
After long trials borne, long sorrows past,
A hushed tranquillity awakes, to prove
Patience has wrought her perfect work at last.
But once, to glad the hot world's restless strife,
Comes childhood's April, youth's impassioned June;
The sweet serenity of waning life,
St. Martin's Summer, is its dearest boon.

(Continued from No. 41, page 676.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.) MRS. HARCROSS AT HOME.

WALGRAVE-HARCROSS came in almost immediately upon the reconciliation of the cousins, and flung himself into a chair with a suppressed y

"Not begun to dress, Augusta?" he said, in a "Weston must have been unsurprised tone. commonly interesting. Are you aware it's seven o'clock? I never yet knew you to dress under an hour; and in all my calculations I gen-

erally allow you something more like two."
"I'll say good-by," said Weston. "I don't
think I've been an obstacle to the toilette, have I, Augusta? You rarely stand on ceremony with me.

"Not at all. I don't think I shall go out to night.

Not to 'dear Lady Basingstoke's, 'Augusta I thought you and she adored each other."
"I would rather disappoint any one than Ju-

lia Basingstoke," replied Mrs. Harcross; "but I have an intolerable headache. Don't stand staring at me in that pitying way, Weston. I only want a little rest. You can go to the dinner without me, Hubert. I know Julia is very anxious to have you there."

Weston shook hands and departed, curious and thoughtful. "There's something queer about that picture," he said to himself, as he walked Charing Crossward, "and I wouldn't give very much for Mr. Narcross's domestic felicity this evening. Yet it can hardly be jeal--of a woman who died thirty years agounless that portrait in his chambers is an accidental likeness of some one he has cared about. Perhaps that is Augusta's suspicion. Yet, if that were the notion, why should she be so strangely affected at finding out the history of the picture? It's a queer business altogether; but I'm very glad I came across that engraving at Tombs's; it may serve me as a fulcrum.

"I'm sorry you can't go to the dinner," said Mr. Harcross, with his eyes half closed. He would sleep for ten minutes or so at will, and arise from such brief slumber like an intellectual giant refreshed. "Was the herd larger than usual, and more than usually oppressive?

"I have had rather a fatiguing afternoon, and as you can never give me any assistance-

My dear Augusta, were I the idlest man in the world, I should shirk that kind of thing. I have not the knack of seeming enchanted to see a host of uninteresting people. I rather like a good ponderous dinner—people brighten wonderfully amidst the clatter of knives and forks and the popping of Champagne corks; and if one has a good cook, as we happily have, one sees one's friends at their best under those genial influences. But an afternoon party—a crowd of meanderers circulating inanely, buzzing like so many gadflies, a little music, a little literature, a little science, a little religion, a little scandal, all going on at once in the most distracting manner-upon my word, fashionable woman must be a devoted creature if she can stand that kind of thing. But had I been ever so willing, I could not have been at home this afternoon; we had a field-day in the committee-room.

Augusta was standing by the open window, pale as her muslin dress. Should she talk to him now, or wait till he returned from the dinner? That which she had to say to him was of an agitating nature; she, who was ordinarily so serene and emotionless a creature, felt that she might hardly be mistress of herself when once that sub ject was broached between those two. Would it not be best to wait till night, when there would be no hazard of a servant coming in suddenly while they were talking? She looked across at the clock on the chimney-piece—a quarter past seven; and at eight o'clock Mr. Harcross was due at her dear friend Lady Basingstoke's. She had promised her dear Julia that she should come, and she knew that her dear Julia relied-

upon him as the intellectual Samson who was to sustain the weight of a somewhat heavy banquet, for dear Julia's guests were exalted, but dull. If they were both absent, people might talk-indeed, if even one were wanting, people might talk, since she herself had been seen that afternoon in all her accustomed brilliancy. Mrs. Harcross shivered at the thought that her dear friends might lay their heads together, as the phrase goes, and speculate about her-might even conjecture that she and her husband had quarreled. She knew that was the general opinion when a wife, from any unexplained cause, failed to come up to time.

"I have a distracting headache, Hubert," she said, "but perhaps I had better go with you. I

know dear Julia depends upon us."
"Very well, my dear," murmured Mr. Harcross, without opening his eyes; "go by all means, if you really think you can dress in threequarters of an hour. Or couldn't you wear that peach-colored and white thing you have on? It's uncommonly pretty.

Mrs. Harcross looked down at her mauve silk train and India muslin over-skirt with a contemptuous shrug.

I wonder you can propose any thing so absurd. Hubert, when I have been seen in this dress by at least a hundred people this very afternoon, Julia Basingstoke among them.

"In that case you had better make haste. I can dress in twenty minutes."

Mrs. Harcross took the engraving from the table where she had thrown it, rolled it up carefully, and carried it away to her dressing-room, where she locked it up in one of her private drawers before she rang for Tullion, her maid. At five minutes before eight she came down stairs in her evening splendor, radiant in pearl gray satin and airy tulle, with great bunches of crimson azaleas gleaming amidst the cloudy draperies, and a coronet of azaleas and diamonds on her dark hair. If there were any glory in being the husband of one of the handsomest women in London, Mr. Harcross certainly en-

joyed that distinction.

But there was no elation in his countenance to-night as he stood at the foot of the stairs and calmly surveyed the splendid figure descending toward him. If his wife's splendor and beauty evoked any feeling in his mind, it was wonderwonder that any human creature of average intelligence could be satisfied with a life so empty —this perpetual shifting of gorgeous raiment, this house which was never a home.

Mrs. Harcross had usually plenty to say for herself, in a certain commonplace way; but to-night she was silent, though the drive to the Tyburnian district, where the widowed Lady Basingstoke had set up her tent, was rather a long one. Mr. Harcross was tired, and leaned back in the carriage, without any disturbing consider-ations about his "back hair," and closed his eyes. He was not offended by his wife's silence, nor did it inspire him with those vague apprehensions which some men are apt to feel under such circumstances—a foreboding of curtain-lectures to come. He concluded that "the herd" had been troublesome, and this particular Wednesday afternoon a failure.

The evening at Lady Basingstoke's was as other evenings. Mr. Harcross talked a good deal, and talked well. In the brief pauses of his life, between the day's labor and the evening's pleasure, a man may reflect upon the emp-tiness of this kind of existence, and tell himself that it is all vanity; but once in the ring, with all the light and sweetness of society around him, his spirits are apt to rise. The intoxication is not of the highest, perhaps, but pleasant enough while it lasts. Nobody at Lady Basingstoke's could have supposed that Mr. Harcross was tired of life.

Dear Julia thanked her dear Augusta with

effusion at parting.
"So good of you to come. I never saw Sir Thomas Heavitree so agreeable; he and Mr. Harcross seem to get on so well together. It was quite a relief to see him so much amused."

m very glad we were able to come, Julia. Hubert had a committee before the Lords today. I was half afraid he would be too much exhausted to dine out.

"But he is so wonderfully clever, and takes every thing so coolly. I should fancy he could hardly know what fatigue means. But you are not looking well to-night, Augusta. it at dinner. I never saw you so pale."
"I dare say it's the color of my dress—rather

an old color, isn't it? I told Bouffante so, but she insisted upon my having it."

"Your dress is lovely, dear, as it always is.

But you really are not looking well."

With these and many other expressions of sympathy the friends parted, and Mrs. Harcross went off, with Hubert in her wake, feeling tolerably satisfied with his evening. The party had been rather a dull business perhaps, but he had been the source and centre of any brief flashes of brilliancy that had enlivened it. of social success was one of the prizes that he had set himself to win, or rather an appanage of his professional position. He had nothing better to look forward to, only to mount a lit-tle higher upon the ladder which he had been slowly ascending from his youth upward, and every rung of which was familiar to him. Were he to become Lord Chancellor, life could give him very little more than it gave him now. had reason to be content.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. AND MRS. HARCROSS BEGIN TO UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER.

"WILL you come into my room for a few moments' talk before you go up stairs, Hubert? I want to ask you a question."

Mrs. Harcross made this request on the threshold of her morning-room, just as her husband was turning toward that secondary staircase which led to his dressing-room.

'' I am quite at your service, my dear Augusta. This is just the time in the evening when I have the least possible inclination for sleep. What is it about? Another dinner at home, made up on purpose for Sir Thomas Heavitree? I fancied you were meditating something in the carriage, You didn't even you were so unusually silent. say any thing about Lady Heavitree's cheese-colored moiré, with satin upholsterer's work about the skirt, which I really thought would provoke

your powers of ridicule."

He strolled after his wife into the pretty chintzdraperied sitting-room, where a moderator lamp shed its chaste light on a table heaped with new books and periodicals. The easiest chairs, the most perfect appliances for writing in all the were to be found here. Mr. Harcross dropped into his favorite chair by the fire-place, which was artistically screened at this season by a little grove of ferns.

'I was not thinking of any body's dress to-

night," Mrs. Harcross said, moodily.
"Indeed! Then I may fairly conjecture that, like Louis XV. when he didn't hunt, your majesty did nothing."

You are very polite. I hope my ideas do sometimes soar above toilettes, even in society, where one is not supposed to think very seriously. But to-night my mind was absorbed by a somewhat painful subject."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I certainly thought you were confoundedly quiet. Is it any thing wrong in the house? Does Fluman want to better himself?'

Fluman was a butler of unusual accomplishments, who had assisted Mr. and Mrs. Harcross to maintain their establishment at its high-pressure point of excellence.

How can you be so absurd, Hubert? As if I should allow myself to be worried by any thing of that kind!"

"But I can't conceive a greater loss than Flu-We should collapse utterly if he left us in the middle of a season. I'm sure, at the beginning of a dinner, when things look rather dull, I often say to myself, 'Never mind, we are in the hands of Fluman;' just as in graver affairs one would say, 'We are in the hands of Provi-I think he has recondite arts in the administration of his wines-derived from the Romans, perhaps, who cultivated dining from s more artistic point of view than we have ever attained. I have seen him warm the stupidest people into sprightliness by judicious doses of Chateau d'Yquem; and if conversation flags toward the close of the banquet, he can work wonders with parfait amour and dry Curaçoa. I should consider it a domestic bereavement if he wanted to leave us. If he were to take it into his head that he was losing caste by living with a professional man, for instance, or any thing of that kind!"

When you have done talking nonsense, Hubert, I shall be very glad to speak of serious things. I suppose that is the sort of stuff with which you amuse one another in your arbitration

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked, I dare say. An arbitration case is a comfortable free-and-easy kind of affair that pays uncom-monly well. And now, my dear, what is this serious business, and why do you sit staring at me in that moody way?"

There was something in his wife's face that he

had never seen there before-something that set his heart beating a little faster than usual—some-thing that sent his thoughts back to one dreadful day in his life, the day when Grace Redmayne fell dead at his feet.

"Do you remember the day when I called on

you at your chambers, Hubert?" "Certainly; I remember your coming to the Temple one afternoon, on some important mat-Your visit was not a very startling event

of course my chambers are always open to you. "I saw a picture there—a portrait—which you told me was a portrait of your mother.

"Yes; I recollect your remarking my mother's portrait. What then?"
"It really is your mother's picture, Hubert?"
his wife asked, very earnestly. "It is not an accidental likeness of any one else—of some one of whom you may have thought I should be jealou were not deceiving me?

His dark face had flushed to the brow at this suggestion.

It is not in the least like any one else," he said; "it is my mother's likeness."
"Indeed! Then I think it would have been

to your credit if you had been more explicit on the subject of your antecedents, when you first spoke to my father about our marriage.

He started to his feet with a quick indignant movement, but in the next moment settled himself calmly in his favorite pose against the angle of the mantel-piece.

"I can not quite follow your line of argument, Mrs. Harcross," he said; "I shall be obliged if you will make it a little clearer."

"I had a print brought me this afternoonengraving of the picture in your chambers."
"Indeed! I did not know the picture had been engraved. I shall be very glad to secure

Your mother's name is written on the back of the engraving—it is a proof before letters—and the person who brought me the picture told

"May I inquire the name of the person who took so much trouble about my family affairs?"

"I would rather not tell you that." "I would rather not tell you man.
"I will not press the question. I think I can
make a shrewd guess at the identity of the officious individual."
"There was nothing officious in the business.

The person who brought me the picture—as a engraving worth adding to my collectionhad no idea of any connection between you and the original of the portrait."

"Innocent person! Those fetchers and carriers are such simple, unsuspecting creatures! And so, through this unconscious informer's aid, you have discovered that my mother's name was fostyn, and that she was an actress, I presume. Was it this appalling discovery that troubled you all the evening?

"Yes, Hubert. I have been very much disturbed by this discovery; and, painful as it is, still more so by your want of candor."
"Indeed! What would you have wished?

That I should tear the plaster from a very old wound, never quite healed? That I should have lifted the curtain from a picture that I have made it the business of my life to shroud? Did I ever boast of my antecedents, Mrs. Harcross, or endeavor to exalt myself in your eyes? When I asked you to marry me, I offered you myself, with all my chances in the future. I said nothing about the past, nor can I conceive that you have any thing to do with it, or the shadow of a right to call me to question about it."

"The story is quite true, then?" asked Augusta, white to the lips, and with the hand that held a gauzy burnoose round her trembling visibly. "This Mrs. Mostyn was an actress, and your

"She was both. She died in Italy before I was five years old; but she lived long enough for me to love her tenderly. Be good enough to bear that fact in mind when you are talking of her."

"And the rest of the story is equally correct, I conclude—the lady closed her career by an elopement?"

"She began her career, so far as I am con-cerned, by an elopement," Mr. Harcross replied, coolly. "She ran away with my father."

"And was married to him, I suppose?" his wife said, breathlessly.

"That is a question I have never been in position to solve," answered Mr. Harcross. he did marry her-as I am naturally inclined to believe he did-he never acknowledged the marriage in any public manner, and-he broke her

The last words came slowly, and with an evelent effort. "He broke her heart," he repeatident effort. ed to himself, as the force of his own words came home to him. It was not the only heart that had been so broken.

"You have not condescended to tell me the name of your father," said Augusta, after a little

"Oh." cried her husband, his face lighting up with a sudden flash of triumph, "your informant—the useful person—did not enlighten you on that point! Then I decline to eke out his information. I refuse to answer the question

which you ask so graciously."

"As you please," she said, in an icy tone.
"The name could make very little difference. It would not make the dishonor deeper or less deep; nothing can add to or lessen the shame I

have felt to-day."

"What is my birth to you?" cried Hubert arcross, passionately. _ "Have I failed in one Harcross, passionately. "Have I failed in one tittle of my bargain? Have I fattened on your fortune, or wasted your substance, or given myself up to a life of pleasure, as nine men out of ten would have done in my circumstances? Do you presume to call me to account because there s possibly the bar sinister across my escutcheon? What does it matter to you whose son I am, so long as I perform my part of the transaction which you and I entered upon three years ago?
You are ashamed of my mother! Why, in heart and mind, and every thing that makes a woman beautiful, she was immeasurably your superior? She did not dress three times a day, or live only to fulfill the debtor and creditor account in her visiting-book. Indeed, she was a woman who could exist without a visiting-book or a French milliner. At the time I remember her she was the devoted slave of a scoundrel, long-suffering, tender, enduring neglect and hard usage with an angelic patience, made happy by a smile or a careless word of kindness. Oh God! such a life, bitter enough to stamp its cruel details on the brain of a four-year-old child! My mother was a woman of a thousand, Mrs. Harcross, although she sacrificed fame and fortune to a most consummate villain."

For some moments Augusta Harcross sat silent, speechless with passion, and with the fleecy folds of her cloak clasped convulsively across her breast by a hand which no longer shook—a hand which had grown rigid, as in some mortal convulsion of soul and body.

"I am obliged to you for this sudden burst of candor," she said at last. "It has, at any rate, the merit of novelty, and it is just as well that I should understand your appreciation of my character. I am immeasurably the inferior of an actress-a lady whose first husband was problematical, and about whose second alliance there seems hardly room for doubt; and after marrying me under false pretenses, you coolly refuse to tell me your father's name, and insult me when I ss my sense of shame on discovering the cruel blot upon your birth. If you had told me this story when you asked me to be your wife, I might have overlooked the disparity of our positions, might have shut my eyes to the past—"
"That is to say, the daughter of Mr. William

Vallory, the sage pilot of the perilous straits of Basinghall Street, the guide, philosopher, and friend of insolvent mankind, might have deigned to overlook the want of blue blood in the veins of her suitor. That is what you mean, I suppose, If I had sued very humbly, and shown myself premely conscious of my abasement, you might have forgiven me for not being a scion, in the

direct line, of the house of Stanley or Russell."

For once in her life Augusta Harcross gave



way to a little burst of womanly feeling. rose suddenly, and went toward the door leading to her dressing-room, and then pausing on the threshold, turned to her husband.

"I believe I could have forgiven you any thing,

Hubert, but the confession that you have never

Something in her tone and look touched him, even in the midst of his indignation. He went over to the doorway, and stopped her as she was leaving the room.

Never cared for you, Augusta!" he repeat-"What foolish stuff all this is! Why do you goad me into a furious passion, and then take what I say for gospel? Forgive me for any thing savage I may have said just now; it had no real meaning. I was stung to the quick by your contemptuous allusions to my mother. I give you my honor, Augusta, she was a good Whatever may have been the mystery of that fatal alliance, I would pledge my life that she was guiltless. I am never likely to know the details of that story; why should you wish to be wiser than I? Let it rest with the My childhood and youth were protected by a friend of my father's, a man whose nature was as noble as his was base. Come. Augusta. be reasonable," he went on, regaining something of his usual easy manner. "Forgive me for any nonsense that anger may have made me say just now, and let us drop this subject at once and forever. This is the first time it has been broached between us. Be wise, my dear, and let it be the last."

"As you please," Mrs. Harcross replied, cold-"Since nothing you could tell me could possibly lessen the pain this discovery has given me, I am not likely to torment you with any far-ther allusion to it. As for what you said of myself just now, I may forgive, but I am not very likely to forget it.'

"Did I say any thing very ferocious?" asked Mr. Harcross, with a little careless laugh; "pray take it all for what it was worth, Augusta. A man's tongue runs at random when he is in a rage. Upon my word, I don't know what I said. I was very fond of my poor mother—I can see the dear face now, not what it is in that portrait, but faded and care-worn as it grew before she died-and when I consider what her life might have been, and how that villain ruined it, there is no limit to my hatred of his memory. But I will never speak of him again. Shake hands, Augusta, and forget that I have been a brute."

So there was reconciliation and peace; rather a hollow peace, perhaps, at the best, but sufficient for the preservation of the amenities of domestic life, which were not outraged that season by any obvious estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Harcross. To the polite world they were still "My dear Hubert" and "My dear Augusta," nor did footmen breaking in upon their privacy with a coal-scuttle or a salver of letters ever discover them sulky or quarrelsome. Yet Mrs. Harcross had in nowise forgotten the impulsive utterances of that night, and the bitter doubt of her husband's affection came very often between her

and the joys of millinery.

Nor could she teach herself to forget that miserable discovery which Mr. Weston Vallory's good nature had assisted her to make. There are some women in whose gentle souls the knowledge of such a blemish in the life of their best beloved would have inspired only a supreme tenderness and pity, women who would have loved Walgrave-Harcross only so much the more who would have been so much the more proud of the reputation he had won for himself, for the sad story of his birth and childhood. But Mrs. Harcross was not such a woman. She never thought of her husband's secret without thinking how it would look in the eyes of her own particular world if it were suddenly made public-as it might be, she told herself, at any moment. She had no power of looking beyond that narrow circle in which she revolved. Westbourne Ter-Westbourne Terrace bounded her world on the north, and Eccleston Square on the south; Brighton and Scarborough, Ems and Spa, were the outlying dependencies of this empire. Of the vast mass of humanity outside her sphere, of the great human race of the future, to which, should her husband win greatness, he might safely confide his fame. Mrs. Harcross thought not at all. Had her husband been an Erasmus or a Raphael, she would have still been ashamed of him, with that blot on his escutcheon.

"I have often felt uncomfortable when my friends have asked about his people; whether he belonged to the Walgraves of Cheshire or the Hadley Walgraves, and so on," she said to her-self. "What shall I feel now?"

Walgrave-Harcross went on his way, and made no sign. Every thing prospered with him; his reputation ripened like fruit on a southern wall. He had a wonderful knack of making the most of his successes, without any appearance of selfappreciation. Men of high repute deferred to him. and acknowledged that in his own particular line he was unapproachable. The reputation was not, perhaps, a very lofty one; he was hardly on the high-road to become a Bacon, or even but it was a reputation that made him a marked man at dinner-parties, and raised Mrs. Harcross day by day just a step higher on the crowded slope which leads to that heavenly Jerusalem of "the best society;" and this state of things would have entirely satisfied Mr. Vallory's daughter, had it not been for that bitter secret which vexed the repose of her soul.

Wide as the gulf had always been between husband and wife, it widened a little more after this, or perhaps it was rather that the severance became more perceptible. There was a kind of embarrassment in their intercourse. Hubert's manner was at once cold and apologetic. Augusta gave way to melancholy by the domestic hearth, instituted a chronic headache, and isolated herself in her morning-room with the ferns

and chintz rose-buds. That splendid interior in Mastodon Crescent did not make a lively picture, when there were no guests to call forth the social instincts of Mr. and Mrs. Harcross. But they never quarreled; on that point Augusta congratulated herself with a lofty pride.

"I have never quarreled with my husband," she said to herself, "not even on that dreadful night when he deliberately insulted me."

There were not many evenings, however, on which the house in Mastodon Crescent was thus gloomy. During the season Mr. and Mrs. Harcross rarely staid at home together, except to receive company. There were occasions when the gentleman excused himself from going out, and sat alone in the chilly library till the small hours, cramming himself with facts and figures for the next day's business; but Augusta was not fet-tered by his labors, and went forth alone, radiant and splendid, to awaken envy in the breasts of less fortunate matrons.

Mrs. Harcross and Georgie Davenant became fast friends in the interval that elapsed before the damsel's marriage. Georgie was an enthusiastic worshiper of the beautiful, and that cold perfect face of Augusta's had won her heart at once. She exalted the lawyer's daughter into a heroine, and was as much flattered by Augusta's notice as if she had been one of the greatest ladies in Other girls had complained of the impossibility of "getting on" with Mrs. Harcross, but bright little Georgie warmed the statue into some kind of life. If Mrs. Harcross could be warmly interested in any subject, that subject warmly interested in any subject, that subject was not at such provided in the property of the was dress, and at such a period it was naturally a theme of no small importance in the eyes of Miss Davenant. In giving her new friend her sympathy, Mrs. Harcross perhaps regarded her less as a young lady who was going to be married than as a young lady who required a trous-seau. She carried Miss Davenant about shopping with her in her own barouche, or brougham as the weather suggested, until Mrs. Chowder. the damsel's aunt, feeling herself a creature of limited ideas in comparison with Mrs. Harcross dropped into the background quietly, and contented herself with ordering recherché luncheons for her stylish guest, and placidly coinciding with

all Augusta's opinions.

By Mrs. Harcross Miss Davenant was presented to the great Bouffante, who consented, although the pressure of business at this time was something unprecedented—the Duchess of Durham's water-party, Lady Doldrum's private theatricals, Mrs. St. Quintaine's fancy ball, all crowding upon the mighty mind of the milliner within a single fortnight - consented, solely to oblige Mrs. Harcross, to undertake a considerable portion of Miss Davenant's outfit. It was a favor which Georgie must, of course, feel to the end of her life. The two ladies kissed each other in the brougham after it was all settled. had spent a whole afternoon at Bouffante's turning over silks and satins, and consulting about fringes and laces, gimps and furbelows, and refreshed by afternoon tea, served on a massive salver by the milliner's lackey.

"Bouffante gives herself intolerable airs," said Mrs. Harcross; "but her style is inimita-

ble. No one can touch her."

"How ever shall I bring myself to wear those dresses!" exclaimed Georgie; "it's delightful to choose them, but, do you know, I can't imagine to give up the society of Pedro, and all the rest of the animals. I have scarcely ever worn any thing but piqué or holland, so that I could run about the garden and play with the dogs just as I liked. But imagine me in that mauve silk, smothered with chenille fringe, like the picture Madame Bouffante showed us, and half a dozen Newfoundland puppies scrambling into my lap." "My dear child, you must give up those abom-

inable dogs and that atrocious monkey when you are married. I hope you don't mean to overrun Clevedon with such creatures."

'Not have some of my dogs to live with me!" cried Georgie, with a piteous look. there are some that are such favorites of papa's, I couldn't rob him of them. But I must have some at Clevedon. Besides, Frank adores dogs. I wonder you don't care for them. Don't be offended, Augusta, but do you know, that splendid flouse of yours always seems to me rather dull because there are no dogs in it. I shouldn't appreciate the handsomest drawing-room in England, if there were not a Maltese terrier or a

Skye on the hearth-rug."
"Perhaps you miss something else in my

house," said Augusta, with rather a moody countenance. "I have no children, you know."
"Oh dear, no, it was not that," exclaimed Georgie, blushing, and fearful that she had wounded her friend; "I never thought about the absence of children. I have not been accustomed to children, and am not extraordinarily fond of them. It sounds dreadful to say that, doesn't it? I see dear little blue-eyed things in the cottages where I visit, and they seem to take to me; but, oh dear, their poor little noses and pinafores are so dirty, and their fingers always wet or sticky, and I can't help thinking that Newfoundland puppies are nicer.

Sir Francis Clevedon and Miss Davenant were to be married at Kingsbury. Mrs. Harcross went down to the Bungalow to be present at the wedding, but Mr. Harcross was compelled to forego that pleasure. Every hour of his working-day was appropriated just at this time, he told his wife: the thing was utterly impossi-

ble.
"It's excessively provoking, Hubert," said Mrs. Harcross when he demonstrated this fact to her. "I hate going among a herd of strangers without my husband."

"But your dearest Georgie and your dear

Colonel are not strangers."
"Of course not, but their friends are. It

However, I've promised Georgie, and can't disappoint her.

Go, my dear Augusta, and enjoy yourself. What is that song Miss Davenant sings, 'They tell me thou'rt the favored guest?' Go, and be the favored guest, my dear; I shall be pleased to know you are happy while I am drudging in the committee-room.

"The session will be over soon, and then, I suppose, I shall occasionally be favored with your society," said Augusta, with rather a sulky

air.
"Of course, my dear. But upon those occasions when I can give you my society you are apt to be afflicted by one of your headaches." Augusta was silent. It was not a tête-à-tête

evening with her husband for which she languished. She wanted him to escort her to flowershows and evening parties. She wanted the world to see that her marriage was a happy one.

'I am afraid people will think there is some estrangement between us, Hubert, as we are so

rarely seen together," she said.
"What does it matter what people think, so long as we are not estranged?" asked Mr. Har-cross, in his coolest tone. "Besides, we are continually being seen together. you ask me to go down to Tunbridge Wells for a couple of days in the busiest part of the year. to see a young lady married, you ask an impossibility.

"Kingsbury church," said Augusta, medita-"isn't that the little village church you told me about in one of your letters from that farmhouse you went to for change of air after your

"Yes, it was King something-Kingsbury perhaps.

"And the name of the farm-house—I've forgotten it. What was the name of the farm-house, Hubert?".

"Upon my word, my dear, I've forgotten it too," Mr. Harcross replied, after a pause. "But what can it matter?'

"Not very much certainly; only if we are driving about while I am at Tunbridge Wells, I should like to have a look at the place where you staid so long. You sent me quite a fascinating description of it, you know, in your usual off-hand way. I should like to have seen it."

"There is nothing worth seeing, my dear.

It is a nice old-fashioned place, smothered with roses; but you may see half a dozen such in every rural neighborhood. You'd better not trouble yourself about going to look at it. I believe the people I staid with have left the country.

"How odd! I thought that kind of people were fixtures, rooted as firmly as their trees There are tempests that tear up the stron-

gest oaks."
"That sounds as if there were some romantic

story connected with the people.

"Nothing more romantic than insolvency. The farmer had been doing badly for some years when I was there, and I believe he got tired of failure at last, and shipped himself and his family for one of the colonies."

"How very sad!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcross: and the subject was exhausted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Our National Fine and our Real Offense.—The Queen and the Prophet.—The Bridge of Sighs.—No Slave to his Stomach.

O we are to pay you, the *Times* informs us this morning, "a little over three million pounds sterling." Perhaps it could tell us more exactly; but since another newspaper put the fine at £3.250,000 five days ago, it does not wish to be so precise as its rival. You may not think it much, on the other side of Harper's Ferry, but certainly, as our Attorney-General says, never was there such an expensive illness it was really illness, not indisposition—as that which prevented our Queen's Advocate from laying an immediate embargo on the departure of the Alabama. After all, the true cause of your discontent with us was one that no material compensation can assuage: it was the " sympathy' which, as you imagined, England forbore to give you at the time of your great internal strug-gle, and which she even offered to your opponents. Permit an Englishman to give you a correct account of this, and then let us have done

There were a few of us, such as Mr. Roebuck (the Sheffield "Tear'em"), who, jealous of the growing power of the United States, and perhaps (you will forgive me for saving) a little nettled by their arrogance, openly desired their disruption. There were a good many more, including the majority of the conservative party, who had a leaning toward the Southerners. aristocracy, in particular, from what they had heard of the idleness and extravagance of the lanters, and also of their "old blood," imag ined them to correspond in some sort with them selves-to represent "the gentlemanly interest among you-and therefore had a prejudice in their favor, while in a few cases, shameful to say, even the fact of their being slave-holders se cretly recommended them. But the great mass of the people of England, and a very large proof its intelligence (including, for thing, the whole liberal press), were all along heart and soul with the North. It is in my own opinion disgraceful to us that even a portion of this country favored the slave-holders; but when you consider that even on your own side there were many men who, until affairs became critical, looked upon slavery as an open question, you should make allowances for those over here, who at least had not so intimate an acquaintance with its evils to excuse their complicity. For the impression produced on the American mind that our sympathies as a nation were the other way seems so unnatural for me to be there without I believe the Times newspaper is solely respon-

sible, which you will persist in believing to be the exponent of English sentiments. It is nothing of the sort: it is the organ of capital, and a certain lethargic Whiggery, but not of public opinion.

In ecclesiastical matters the Times is tolerably liberal, and however much it may be scandalized by the Queen's proceedings in Scotland
—I am speaking, of course, of its proprietor, Mr. Walter, whose High-Church proclivities are well known, for I suppose the leading-article writers are not very particular about such matters-it never administers a word of spiritual reproof to her; the Tory journals are, on the other hand, much shocked by her attendance at the Presbyterian kirks, although, as a matter of fact, north of the Tweed the Church of England becomes a dissenting sect, and that of Scotland the national Church. At Dunrobin Castle, where she has been the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, it is true, she did not go to church; but Dr. Cumming came express from London and preached to her-though not as a text, of course—on the landing of the great staircase. At one end of this a throne covered with crimson velvet was extemporized for her Majesty; immediately opposite a raised chair was placed for the doctor, who officiated without a gown.

Perhaps you do not appreciate the outrageousness which such a proceeding involves to orthodox eyes; but suppose your Mr. Beecher had preached in the hue of a Christy Minstrel, and accompanied the hymns on the bones? After it was all over the Cueen left her seat, and congratulated this gentleman on his sermon. She ought to have congratulated him on having been there to preach it, since by his own computation the end of the world has been due many years ago, and, indeed, the exact date has been twice fixed. It was observed by Punch, on the near approach of one of these fatal fixtures, that it supposed Dr. Cumming was not having in his coals "by the sack."

At this moment the circumstance that is perhaps attracting most attention in this metropolis is the suicide of a young fellow-countrywoman of your own, under circumstances that may well, indeed, excite compassion, but which a century ago would have been treated with comparative indifference. From the evidence at the inquest it appears that Alice Blanche Oswald came from America to Scotland in the service of a lady, who harshly, to say the least of it, discharged her, friendless and almost moneyless, without taking any further trouble about her. She came to London to see the American consul. and in hopes to obtain a pass to her own country. Day after day she waited at her poor lodgings for the employment that never came, and at last, penniless and hopeless, threw herself off Waterloo Bridge, as many a poor girl, less resolute against temptation, has done before her. Perhaps the very place was suggested to her by Hood's sad poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," with which it is plain, from the letter she left behind her, she. was acquainted. She was but twenty, and very pretty, and her letter—which I subjoin, in case it may not have reached you by some other channel—shows marks of cultivation. The coroner's verdict was, as usual in such cases, icide while in a state of temporary insanity.' But the poor thing was sane enough, unless to be wretched is to be mad. One good result will probably flow from this in the establishment of A Strangers' Home" in London, which shall be duly advertised; for had the poor girl but known it, there are many charitable institutions -and I hope thousands of good Samaritanswhich would have held out a helping hand, and plucked her from the jaws of death.

"London, September 3, 1873, 178 HIGH STREET, SHADWELL.
"The crime that I am about to commit, and what I must suffer hereafter, is nothing compared to my present misery. Alone in London, not a penny, or a friend to advise or lend a helping hand, tired and weary with looking for something to do, failing in every way, footsore and heart-weary, I prefer death to the dawning of another wretched morning. I have only been in Britain nine weeks. I came as nursery governess with a lady from America to Wick, in Scotland, where she discharged me, refusing to pay my passage back, and giving me only my wages, 28 10s. After my expenses to London I found myself in this great city with only 5s. What was I to do? I sold my watch. The paltry sum I obtained for that soon went in paying for my board, and in looking for a situation. Now I am destitute. Every day is a misery to me. 'No friend,' no hope,' 'no money'—what is left? O God of heaven, have mercy on a poor helpless sinner! Thou knowest how I have striven against this; but fate is against me. I can not tread the path of sin, for my dead mother will be watching me. 'Fatherless, motherless, home I have none.' 'Oh, for the rarity of Christian charity.' I am not mad. For days I have foreeen that this would be the end. May all who hear of my death forgive me, and may God Almighty do so, before whose bar I must soon appear! Farewell to all—to this beautiful and yet to me most wretched world.

"I am 20 years of age the 14th of this month."

This is too sad a story with which to conclude my batch of gossip, so here is another equally true, and more cheerful. In spite of the agricultural strikes, we have had "Harvest-Homes as usual, where the laborer has given abundant signs of capacity, if not of intelligence. At one of these a certain rector of my acquaintance noticed a plowboy, who had already swallowed enough plum-cake to serve for a wedding party, turn suddenly green, and exhibit unmistakable signs of discomposure.

"I am afraid you are not well, my boy," said the sympathetic host.

"Oh yees, I be well enough, Sir, but my stomach aches," was the unexpected reply.

"But if you have had sufficient, don't you think

you had better go home and lie down? You can't be well, you know, if your stomach aches."

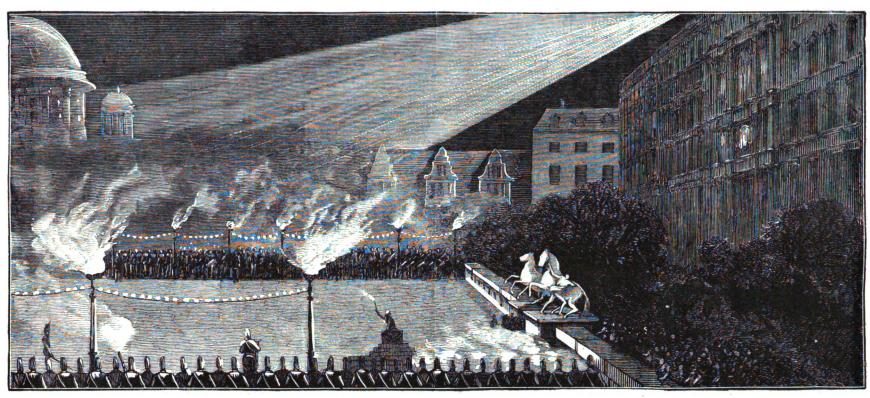
"Ah, he'll ache a deal more before I have done with him," was the heroic response; and a fresh slice of cake was at once applied internally. The boy was an epicure, and yet practiced that self-denying philosophy which forbids us to be "slaves to our stomachs."

R. Kemble, of London.





THE THREE EMPERORS AT BERLIN.



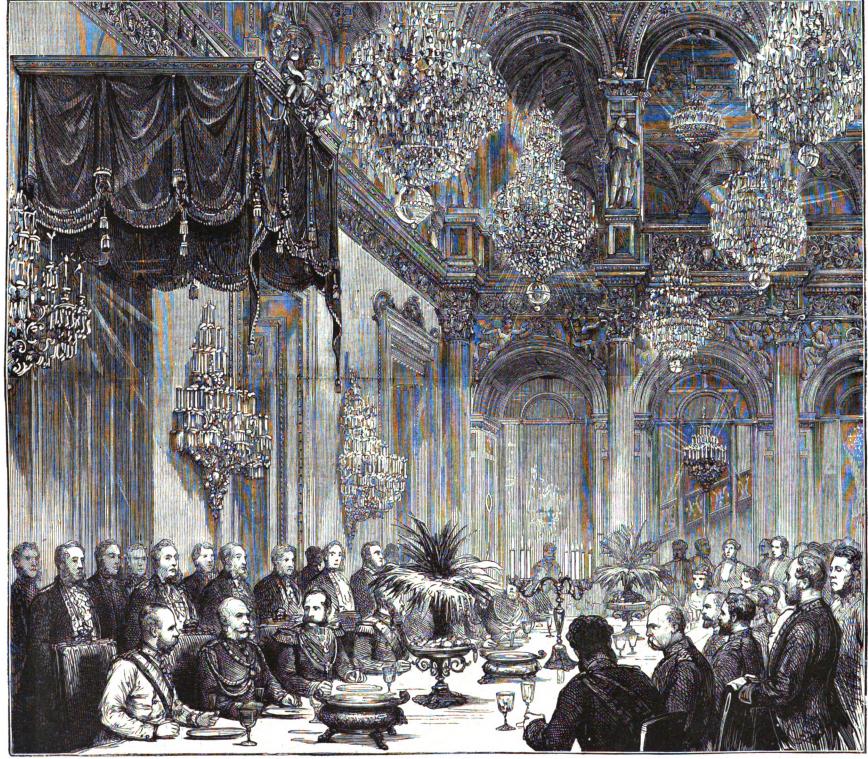
THE TORCH-LIGHT TATTOO.

IT is customary to call the Germans an undemonstrative nation, and so, indeed, they appeared to be before the victories of the late war, and the consolidation of their great empire. Within the past eighteen months, however, Berlin has seen more pageants and held more rejoicings than even Paris in the palmiest days of the old Napoleonic rule, and the Berliners have shown themselves quite as capable of excitement and enthusiasm as the most ardent Gaul extant. Indeed, there have been few such displays in

modern times as that which has not inaptly been termed the "Field of Cloth of Gold of Berlin." Kaiser William spared no trouble or expense to do honor to his guests, and right well did his subjects support him. Of what innumerable fetes and entertainments did we hear during the meeting of the three emperors; of what grand parades, reviews, and manœuvres! The description read like that of a court festival in the Elizabethan era. Our illustrations depict two of the leading events—the state banquet in the

White Hall of the Old Schloss, and the Zapjenstreich, or torch-light tattoo. Banquets and dinners are much alike every where, save that on the Continent the scene is rendered more lively than in America by the splendor and glitter of innumerable uniforms and decorations, as variegated as the hues of the rainbow. Listen to this description of the scene from a contemporary: "Outside and inside the awful precincts the white silver liveries of Prussia vied with the pink of Mecklenburg; while the gorgeous

Grenadiers, with sugar-loaf hats—relics of the days of Frederick the Great—strove hard to outdo the more modern splendor of Life-Guards, pages, and masters of ceremonies. The rest of the company were, of course, in the grandest of grande tenue. The gentlemen were arrayed in the costume of general officers, wearing all the orders, stars, chains, and ribbons they could muster; while the ladies were mostly radiant in blue and white satin interwoven with gold thread, diadems, plumes, jewels, and real flowers glitter-



BANQUET TO THE EMPERORS IN THE WHITE HALL OF THE OLD PALACE.

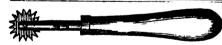
ing every where." Emperor William was in Austrian uniform, with the blue scarf of the Russian St. Andrew, and the Imperial Prince in Russian regimentals, with an Austrian order; while both the foreign Kaisers wore Prussian uniforms, with the star and chain of the order of the Black Eagle. The dinner, entirely à la française, was, in accordance with Berlin custom, short, and only took an hour and a quarter, the toasts at the close being of the curtest description. Emperor William proposed the first, "The health of my imperial guests;" the Emperor of Austria, thanked him for his good wishes, and the Czar wound up by simply saying, "I drink to the valiant German army."

ing, "I drink to the valiant German army."

The torch-light tattoo, which took place in the evening, was a splendid sight, though scarcely as peaceful as the banquet. True, there were 1200 musicians, all picked men, and well did they bring out the stirring German, Austrian, and Russian airs of the programme: but at what cost! Every avenue to the palace was crowded to excess long before the hour appointed for the performance, and in vain did the mounted to the police, armed with their sabres, try to open a way for the band to march to the place reserved for them before the palace. Time reserved for them before the palace. Time passed, and imperial orders must be obeyed; and so, writes a contemporary, "the bandsmen drove straight at the crowd before them, clear-ing a path for themselves with their blazing resinous torches, which they thrust right and left into the people's faces. You should have heard the screams of agony. One could see human heads of hair flaving up like bunches of tow. With the convulsive strength that torturing pain and maddening terror impart, the crowd tore itself asunder and opened out a long lane, along which the bandsmen hurried at the double; but the desperate wrench threw down many people, who were trampled into jelly under the feet of the swaying, yelling, panic-stricken thousands that filled the Lustgarten and Schlossfreiheit. Some of the dead bodies, disfigured in the most ghastly manner, were not got away for nearly two hours from the time of their fall." Four-teen corpses were afterward identified, others remained unrecognized, and the number of wounded was unascertainable. To return to the brighter side of the subject. The music was magnificent; and the sight of the 1200 bandsmen with torches, conducted by leaders with flaming flambeaux for bâtons, inconceivable; while the con-cluding tattoo, Zapfenstreich, was played as only Germans could play it. The Austrian national air began the performance. This was followed by the Russian Hymn, and then came the Tannhauser" March, with more Austrian and Russian

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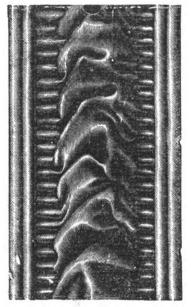
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DOUBLE BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT. "41

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TART AND SMART.

PHILANTHROPIST. "Now, my little man, de you really think you could eat a tart?"

OINECT OF BENEVOLENCE (contemptuously). "Eat atart!
Sh'd think I could—forty dozen

Whenever teetotalers talk about drunkenness they invariably break the pledge, and indulge in bitter-rail.

Men talk about the idle wind; but the wind is always busy, and, like a cheerful farm-er, whistles at its work.

Not FILLING AT THE PRICE— The roll of fame.

FAMILY RECIPES.

Plain sauce—an interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk.
To make a good jam—ask any horse-car conductor.
To boil a tongue—drink scalding coffee.
To make a good broil—leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it.

FACETIÆ.

Or all the projects of reformers and enthusiasts, no one has done so much to enlarge the sphere of woman in a practical way as—hoops.

COMMON SCENTS-Musk and

Workied.—A little busy "humble-bee" worried a man out of church a few days ago by trying to gather honey from his bald pate.

How old is a ship when she is at her anchor-age?

The festivities at Berlin consequent upon the meeting of the three emperors have caused that capital to be more on the *Spree* than ever.

THE LAST GLASS BEFORE GOING TO BED—The looking-glass.

CRAMPED.—A druggist recently received the following prescription, with a request to put it up: "Fur Kramps.—Tinct kamfire, won ounce; tinct lodenum, a little; tinct kyan peper, two pen'orth; klouform, a little, but not much, as it is dangerous medicine. Dose, half-teaspoonful when the kramps come on."

Who first encouraged Mr. Stanley in his search for Livingstone?—Sir Walter Scott. He said, "On, Stanley, on!" and Stanley went on.

THE BAKERS', STRIKE strike of flour.

STATISTICS.—A contemporary observes that on as close a calculation as possible "there are five thousand confirmed opium-eaters in New York city." There are a great many more opium-eaters than that in China, but then they are not confirmed. At the same time we are free to confess that we have not the faintest notion of the connection between the religious rite and the pernicious habit in question. It is true, there is a story afloat that a certain bishop detected an old lady getting confirmed more frequently than is usual; and was told by her that she did it because it was said to be good for the rheumatics. But this story wants quite as much confirmation as the old lady did.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY DITTY.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY DITY.

I do not mind being "out of sorts,"
My health was never prime;
And when I warble o'er my "quarts,"
I'm often "out of time."
I'm pretty often "out of sight,"
As dunning tradesmen find;
But still, with them, my care despite,
I'm never "out of mind!"

Lou often lures me "out-of-doors,"
To look at silk or rep;
A Volunteer, in "forming fours"
I'm ever "out of step!"
I'm "out of patience" too, no doubt,
When cook has spoiled the hash;
But, ah! the very worst thing out
Is to be "out of cash!"

A NATURAL CONGLUSION.—Mrs. Partington thinks there must be something wrong in the management of the army, for wherever soldiers are quartered there is sure to be a mess.

COMPARISONS OF TIME.—Which goes the quicker, a full minute, or a spare moment?

When the enterprising butcher's assistant "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

George Colman the younger was dining at Lord Mulgrave's, when, just before joining the ladles, he was loitering about the picture of Lord Mulgrave's brother locked up in the ice, in the arctic expedition in which Nelson sailed as a middy. Lord Mulgrave, holding up the lamp, said,
"What is that my brother has got hold of? Is it a boathook?"

"No, my lord," said Colman, in his half throttled, witty voice, "it's the north pole."



LUGGAGE INSURANCE.

It is rather Troublesome, when Traveling, to Carry all one's Personal Property about one; but even that is better than Losing one's Luggage altogether.

AN INSCRIPTION.

A snuff-box is a proper gift to send To one who at a pinch will prove a friend.

Norming Wonderful.—An unimaginative individual, on visiting the Falls of Niagara, was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions; and on one of them exclaiming to him, "is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful! no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

STARTLING FAOT.—Every man who commits suicide with a pistol must discharge his own debt o' natur (detonator).

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR SOME ONE.

FAMILY ORACLE. "Yes, my dear, this, a mere toy, may become, in my hands, a death-dealing instrument to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, even to the biggest beast."

LITTLE WIFE. "Oh dear! then pray take care you don't hurt yourself!"

Why is a man that can't mow as good as dead?—Be-ause he is no mower.

A Conshohocken farmer with a marriageable daughter, finding it impossible to keep the beaux from the house, introduced a music-box which plays "Home, Sweet Home," at 10 o'clock r.w. He thought the young men would take the hint and leave at that hour—and so they did, for two nights only. The third night a second music-box might have been seen in that house, placed there by the daughter—a much larger instrument than No. 1, emitting more powerful sounds. At 10 o'clock, when No. 1 machine commenced to grind out "Home, Sweet Home," the No. 3 box simultaneously struck up, "We won't go Home till Morning," completely drowning the voice of the first. And the young men took that hint too, and didn't go home till morning. This Conshohocken father hasn't as much music in his soul as formerly. The American girl of the period is hard to beat.

As the early morning train down one morning drew As the early morning train down one morning drew up at the first station, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the brakeman, "lsn't this invigorating?"

"No, Sir; it is Bethel," said the conscientions employé. The pleasant-looking gentleman retired.

CAPILLARY.—Young men have a back-parting, old ones a de-parting, in their hair.

Long Odds Offered.— Sixty-two proposing mar-riage to only eighteen on her next birthday.

Long Odds Taken.— Four-feet-eleven-and a-quarter in her boots ac-cepting six-feet-two in his stockings.

A clergyman in marrying a couple failed, at the usual part of the service, to obtain any indication from the bridegroom as to whether he would accept the bride as his helpmeet. After a considerable pause, the bride, indignant at the stolidity of her intended husband, pushed down his head with her hand, at the same time ejaculating, Canna ye boo, ye brute?"

There is a man in Portland, Maine, who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an ablebodied cat by the tail to a clothes-line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving-cups, brushes, etc., thrown into the yard by angry boarders in adjoining houses.

Why is a screw in tight like a screw in loose?—Because it is in-secure.

Who smoked the first pipe?—Prometheus, when he stole the fire from heav-en to light his clay.

A Cincinnati paper publishes the following: "A man in Detroit gave me some idea of the richness of the soil in that vicinity. He said there wasn't any place on earth where things grew as they do there. He said that his wife never made bread. She always made little biscuits the size of an egg, and she would leave 'em an hour to swell by themselves, and they would grow into twelve-pound loaves. I thought to myself, you are a loaf-er. He continued his growing tale, and said, 'Once there was a man. He went into the woods and chopped down four trees. He used the four stumps for corner-posts, and he built him a nice log-house on those stumps. Then he and his family went to bed in the house. The next morning he found himself and family up sixty feet in the air, with a lot of Indians down below waiting to cut their hair off, and the Indians did scalp the whole of 'em.' 'Stranger,' said I, 'you don't mean to tell me those trees grew sixty feet in one night?" 'Sir, I do,' says he; 'and not only that—they hoisted the house up with 'em.' 'Are you sure it wasn't sixty-one feet?' lasked, meekly. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never prevaricate, especially on one foot.' 'So they took and scalped 'em all, did they?' 'They did,' said he. 'How, in the name of Mary who had the little lamb, did they get up to 'em?' I asked. Says he, 'Respected Slit, those Indians each one sawed off a tree; then each Indians sat on a stump, and those stumps grew the Indians up to the house, and then they scalped the family.' It certainly was the greatest case of up a tree I ever heard of. 'Stranger, that story is pretty tough, but I believe it, because I know something about growing trees, and I know they grow darned fast sometimes. My father had some good soil on his place—good soil for trees. He couldn't afford to keep a dog, because there was so many of us young uns. He had to boil what bones was left to make soup for us. He had some trees, and in the place of a dog he kept some of the bark off those trees in the house to scare away robers, because that bar

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain a local paper said, "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

THE FIRST BOY MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE—Chap. 1.

INDIAN LOVE.—The Indian language is noted for the melody, and no one who has ever conversed with the noble savage in his native wilds can ever forget the eloquent harmony of its gutturals. A writer has discovered that the word love in the Indian language is spelled thus, "Semmmendameartchwayer."

What girl could resist the importunities of a man who informed her that he had a good deal of that for her?

A lady with a very in-harmonious voice insisted upon singing at a recent party.

"What does she call that?" injuried a guest.
"The Tempest, Ithink," answered another.

"Don't be alarmed," said a sea-captain present; "it's no tempest; it's merely a squall, and will soon be over."

When are stockings like dead men? — When they are men-ded; or, perhaps, when their soles have departed; or, again, when they are all in holes. All the reasons for things can't be thought of at once, and possibly there are more of cm.

A CBYSTAL GHOST-A glass

An Indiana farmer has purchased the "Cardiff Giant" for a gate-post.

A kangaroo is a curious chap: when it's wide awake it's leaping.

How to make an Indian loaf
—give him a gallon of whisky.
A plain loaf—a visit to the
prairies. How to make pi-jostle the printer's elbow.

To "bone" a turkey—take it when the poulterer is not looking.
To corn beef—feed your cattle at a brewery.

How to select a foul—ask the umpire of a base-ball match match.
A plain stew—a trip in an old-fashioned street railway car on a warm day.
How to dress beats—a horsewhip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if they be dead beats.

Hard Words.—Some one has said that the three hardest words to pronounce consecutively are, "I was mistaken."
Let the person who made this assertion try his articulating powers on the names of the lakes in Maine—three for instance—Hukuztyabob, Zitzmornumgohic, Mahogapragohgug.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Speech is a wonderful gift, I feel;
But, as some one, long before Talleyrand, said,
Twas invented for man that he might conceal
The real thoughts he had in his head;
For I hold there's truth in that motto olden,
"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden!"

Never argue with knaves or fools,
Although you know you've the right of it; since
You, clearly against all logical rules,
Waste sense on men whom it can't convince;
To the ancient maxim become beholden,
"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden!"

Utter no word to folks at strife,
For you make two opponents—one is enough;
And ne'er intervene betwixt man and wife,
For the peace-maker gets from each side a cuff.
Your interference will both embolden:
"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden!"

But—foremost of all—if a married man,
Ne'er contradict what your spouse may say;
Believe me, my friend, that the only plan
To escape the results of your wedding-day
Is the simple plan in these words enfolden,
"Speech is silvern, but allence is golden!"

"Dear me! how heartily tired I am of this mourn-ing!" said a fashionable young lady to her maid. "Jane, who is it I am in mourning for?"

Why is a note of hand like a rose-bud?—Because it is matured by falling dew.

"You carry the Pacific mails?" anxiously asked a nervous maiden lady of the captain of an Isthmus

steamer.

"Yes, ma'am," the captain replied; "but they are all in bags, ma'am."

A vanishing trail of dry-goods was all there was left to suggest that somebody had made a slight mistake.



AN UNWISE CHILD.

MINNIE (aged six, to bearded Papa, who has just returned after a five year? residence in the Australian Bush). "I don't Like you. You are too Rough; and I'm Sorry you ever Martied into our Family."



RULE OF PROPORTION.

GARRULOUS OLD PARTY. "Each of you Five Years Old? Why, I'm more than Eight Times as Old as both of you put together, my Dears! What do you think of that?"

ELDER OF TWINS. "Well-you're not very Tall for your Age, Sir!"



Vol. V.—No. 44.7

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

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Faille and Gauze Grenadine Evening Dress.

DRESS with low waist of pink faille. Polonaise of pink gauze grenadine, trimmed with ruffles and ruches of the material. White lace and bows of pink gros grain ribbon complete the trimming. A spray of cleander and white lace are worn in the hair.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XI.

NEITHER distilled waters perfumed like May, nor embrocation smoother than velvet, is this time to be offered you. The compound in its ugliness is more like a witch's potion, and the odor is generally liked by those only who are used to it. But its merits are equal to its ugliness—nay, so firmly am I persuaded of its effectiveness that before sundown I doubt not its virtues will be in active test within this household. Sea winds will roughen the face, and miscella-

neous food will leave deterioration on the softest skins. There are wrinkles, too, showing their first faint daring on the brow before the glass—wrinkles which had no business there for ten years to come, at any rate. "What hand shall soothe" their trace away?

It is a hunter's prescription that comes in use here. You will hear of it along the Saranac, or up in the Franconia region, where the pines and spruces yield fresh resins for its making. Its popularity there is for its efficacy in keeping the blackflies and mosquitoes away; yet even hunters bear witness to its excellence in leaving the skin fair and innocent. Thus runs the formula, simple enough, in all conscience, yet how few will have the boldness to try it: Mix two spoonfuls of the best tar in six of pure olive or almond oil, by heating the two together in a tin cup set in boiling water. Stir till completely mixed and smooth, putting in more oil if the compound is too thick to run easily. Rub this on the face when going to bed, and lay patches of soft old cloth on the cheeks and forehead to old cloth on the cheeks and forehead to keep the tar from rubbing off. The bed linen must be protected by old sheets thrown over the pillows. The odor, when mixed with oil, is not strong enough to be unpleasant—some people fancy its suggestion of aromatic pine breath—and the black unpleasant mask washes off assily with warm we mask washes off easily with warm water and soap. But the skin comes out soft, moist, and tinted like a baby's. And the crowning excel-lence of this sylvan remedy is its per-fect harmlessness in the rudest hands. Certainly it is preferable to the house hold remedy for coarse skins of wet-ting in buttermilk. Further, it effaces incipient wrinkles by softening and re-fining the skin. The French have long used turpentine to efface the marks of age, but the olive tar is pleasanter. A pint of best olive-oil costs about forty cents at the grocer's: for the tar apply to the druggist, who is apt to have some on hand for inhaling. A spoonful of the mixture put in the water vase of a stove gives a faint pine odor to the air of a room, which is soothing to weak lungs. Physicians often recommend it.

red pimples that crop out so annoyingly at the close of warm weather? The cause is very plain. When cool days check the free relief of perspiration, the system must send out little feverish matters by some other outlet before it can adjust itself to the new state of things. Nothing is better for the irritable face than bathing constantly with a dilution of carbolic acid—one teaspoonful of the common acid to a pint of rose-water. acid, as usually sold in solution, is about one-half the strength of really pure acid, which is very hard to find. The recipe given above was furnished by a regular physician, and was used on a baby, to soothe eruptions caused by heat, with the happiest results. Care must be taken not to let the wash get into the eyes, as it certainly will smart, though it may not be strong enough to do further harm. There is no more purifying, healing lotion known to medical skill than this, and its work is speedy.

Poor baby was not beautiful in his unaccustomed face of spots and blotches

What is to be done with the malignant little

when the laving with the fluid began at night, but next morning they were I commend this again to mothers as a specific against those irritations with which hardly visible. children suffer unimaginably. For soothing mosquito bites alone it is worth all the camphor, soda washes, and hartshorn that were ever tried.

There is a word of comfort to-day for those most hopeless cases of unloveliness, the tow-colored blondes. Light hair of the faintest shade, without a tinge of gold or auburn, is now fancied abroad. Chignons of pale hair, dressed in abundant frizzes, command nearly as high a price as those pure blondes dorées which have been worth so many times their weight in gold. Ladies of fashion in France dye their hair, or rather bleach it, to this colorless state; and really the effect is very piquant in connection with dark eyes and complexion. At the fêtes in Paris recently a marchioness of daring taste attracted general admiration by her pale tresses, relieved by profuse black velvet trimmings. Indeed, the only wear for the *trés blonde* is black, even if it is only black alpaca, with the most transparent ruches at neck and wrists. Let such not fear to expose themselves to the fiercest sun to gain a shade or two of color in the face. If the fine-grained skin which ac-

companies such hair takes on a pale, even brown, so much the better for artistic effect. Dark eyes will give wanted brilliancy to the dullest face; and dark they must be, if the harmless crayon can make them so by skillful shading about the light lashes. If ever art is a boon, it is when called in to change the sickly whiteness of too blonde brows and lashes. We can hardly expect that girls in to change the sickly whiteness of too blonde brows and lashes. We can hardly expect that girls will carry their zeal for coloring so far as to feed for months on the meal from sorghum seed, which has the powerful effect of deepening the tint of the entire flesh—a phenomenon as true as strange; but we must hope that they will live and work in the rays of that great beautifier, the sun, which brings out and perfects all undeveloped tones in Nature's painting. Pale eyes darken in rapid exercise out-of-doors, and pasty skins grow prismatic like mother-of-pearl in that wonderful way which so fascinated Monsieur Taine when he beheld the miraculous brows and shoulders of the latter of the latter of the perfect of the proportions under sadden. way which so fascinated Monsieur Taine when he beheld the miraculous brows and shoulders of English ladies. It is bewildering to read the announcements of toilette preparations under seductive names—rosaline, blanc de perle, rose-leaf powder, magnolia, velvetine, eau romaine d'or, and the rest—and wearying to think of the potent chemistry which waits outside our windows untried. Among the list of "eyebrow pencils," "nail improvers," and lip salves, a foreign paper brings to notice one invention which might be of use, sold as it is by a very frank dealer—namely, a nose machine, which, we are told, so directs the soft cartilage that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. That this is possible to a great degree no surgeon will deny, and that it would be a boon nobody can doubt, seeing how many unformantes walk the world whose noses have every ap-

ing how many unfortunates walk the world whose noses have every appearance of having been sat upon, or made acquainted with the nether millstone. The long thimbles reaching to the second joint for shaping fingers are a very new device, though something of the kind was used by very particular beauties fifty years ago. If women would not put themselves on the rack to increase their comeliness, it is the only thing they would not do, except to live healthfully.

WHITE OR GREEN MOSS CROSSES.

ERY pretty effects are produced by covering wooden or card-board crosses with finey fringed tissue-paper. The paper should be cut into strips about one and a half inch-es wide, then fringed with scissors as finely as possible, and wrapped around closely until the whole is covered like moss, none of the foundation being visible. may be made either of pure white paper or of several shades of green, and the effect may be pleasantly varied by mingling or entwining a few wax or dried flowers among the mass. If pure white wax-flowers are used with white tissuepaper, it will be very chaste. A wreath of autumn leaves in wax will also be very pretty. Baskets and mats made very pretty. Baskets and mats made of the same materials will be quite popular at fairs, or for little gifts at holiday seasons.

SOMETHING NEW IN LAND-SCAPE PAINTING.

WELL-PAINTED landscape needs A no further touches from experimentmakers; it stands out from the canvas with the boldness of reality, the soft clouds and dim distances lending enchantment to

But the unpretending amateur who does not venture into the ranks of professional art-ists will be glad to know of a method by which excellent effects can be produced without much skill. A very rude sketch is all that will be required, with such objects as castles, rocks, and trees in the middle and foreground of the picture.

landscape, using either water or oil colors. Next paint in and finish up in like manner the foreground; but the foliage of trees, which is generally found most tedious and difficult, as well as rocks and other prominent objects, needs only to be washed as for a first painting or dead-coloring, using for the masses of foliage some tint of neutral green, or greenish-brown, such as terre-verte or raw sienna, or both together

When the picture is dry have ready some thick gum-arabic and some birch

When the picture is dry have ready some thick guin-arabic and some order and button-wood bark, also mosses—green and brown—with lichens, little knots, or any other tiny product of the forest or way-side. Cut out the bark, and stick it on to the castles, etc., so as to make them stand up from the canvas, say a quarter of an inch or less, trimming it with a penknife to the proper shape, and observing the proprieties of perspective in all architectural objects. The trunks of trees may be covered also with bits of bark, and little pebbles, lichens, etc., will look well fastened about the bases of both trees and buildings. Another way of covering objects like bridges, ruins of castles, churches, etc., will be by thin layers of cork, or by coating certain portions with gum and then sprinkling over it small pebbles, with green moss about the tops to represent ivy.

sprinkling over it small pebbles, with green moss about the tops to represent ivy.

The moss and wood lichens are to be gummed on to represent foliage of the trees, and when dry may be touched with a little paint here and there to improve or vary the effect. For rocks use brown paper that has been crumpled or bent so as to show irregular and angular shapes.

I have seen very beautiful landscapes produced by this plan, which, when hung upon the walls, were

more admired than many others of far higher value. For those who desire to experiment in this line, and who can not paint at all, a very ordinary chromo or colored print will answer very well as a subject for ornamentation.



FAILLE AND GAUZE GRENADINE Evening Dress.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

WITH the next Number of HAR-PER'S WEEKLY will be sent out a gratuitous Eight-page Supplement containing another installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

the new and fascinating Novel by F. W. Robinson, commenced in the Supplement sent out with HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 19.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Girl's Princesse Polonaise Suit, for Girls from 5 to 15 Years old, illustrated on page 720 of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 727.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain an extra-sized Supplement, with a rich variety of patterns of Ladies' Fall and Winter Dolmans, Mantles, Mantelets, Paletots, and other Wrappings, Speet and House Dresses, Fanchons, Trimmings for Dresses and Wrappings, Handkerchief Cases, Writing-Desks, Point Lace Medallions, Edgings and Insertions, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc., with choice literary and artistic attractions.

ROWING UP STREAM.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

OMETIMES it seems just as disastrous to be a good housekeeper as a poor one. It is just as bad to be a better housekeeper than there is any call for, as it is to be a poorer housekeeper than there is any justification for. There are plenty to exact perfection in all household machinery. If I could induce women to be willing to be poor housekeepers when, through their poverty, life could be made rich, I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

There are, no doubt, reckless, brainless, wasteful, unprincipled women who bring ruin into a man's heart and home. Such women need no exhortation to a wise negligence, nor, indeed, can they profit by exhortation to wise thrift. It is of no use to admonish them one way or the other. They may extract, even from moral words, encouragement for their folly; but they would be foolish just the same, whether they had encouragement or not. There is nothing to be done with them but to make the most you can of this world, notwithstanding the wounds they deal, and to look forward with hope to a fresh start in another and a better. But these women are a small minority. Female America is, in the main, conscientious, disposed to be frugal, and to do its full part in building up the family fortunes. To my observation women err through being too careful and troubled about many things, rather than in not being careful and "particular" enough. They look too well to the ways of their household, and do not eat so much of the bread of idleness as would be good for them. They need to be encouraged to "let things go," rather than be exhorted to "look after things." When some troubled wiseacre tell us that a French family will live luxuriously and keep boarders off what an American family throws away, patient Griselda feels admonished to renewed and still more scrutinizing pursuit of every morsel of meat from the moment when it leaves the butcher's stall till it is set on her overflowing table; nor even thence shall the disjecta membra be permitted to depart in peace, but must be followed to their final classification and deposit in the frying-pan or soap jar, lest some atom be prematurely deflected to pig-pen or poultry-yard, and so the harmony of the universe disturbed.

But the overwhelming probability is the Griselda already gives quite its due share of time and thought to the salvage of scraps. She may or may not make as much out of a shin-bone as a Frenchwoman would; but in our happy country shin-bones are many and sirloin steaks not few, and it is a question whether energy and ingenuity may not be better expended than in wresting the last fibre of nutriment from a dismantled bone. Must is a word from which there is no appeal; but where there is freedom of choice let us remember the great army of dogs and cats which is glad to feed upon the crumbs that fall from our tables; and if the manipulation of fragments into viands seems likely to cost more than it would come to, let us not be deterred from comforting our dumb brethren therewith by any fears of foreign comparisons.

Economy is a divine law. No amount of

wealth justifies waste. A man can never be so rich as to afford wanton expenditure. The "man of means" is under just as strong bonds to spend his money wisely as the man of "limited income." All the teaching that a woman can give her servants she ought to give them, for their sake and her own. They touch her sphere, and she is responsible for all the good she can do them. But it is not her duty to sacrifice to their teaching a higher good. She has duties more strenuous than inculcating economy, far more strenuous, in most cases, than the saving of money. To economize at the cost of making her family uncomfortable, or of destroying the elasticity of her mind and the buoyancy of her spirits with the burden of details, is not thrifty.

Nature is sometimes prodigiously wasteful, to all appearance, yet she is strictly economical, since not only is no force and no substance really lost, but the seemingly extravagant expenditure is really the smallest that would certainly secure the desired end. Myriads of blossoms bear no fruit, but they gladden the eye, and, on the whole, making all provision for failures, there are, doubtless, no more than are necessary to keep up the supply. Nature surely believes that a large margin is the truest economy.

Flies are not a desirable adjunct to housekeeping, and the ideal housekeeper will set her face like a flint against them, regardless of my innocent remarks. Nor have I the smallest sympathy with that misplaced masculine tender-heartedness which forbids the use of the sticky fly-traps because they make the fly uncomfortable, or the poison-paper because it disagrees with the fly's constitution. When a fly comes into human habitation, he takes his life in his hands, and if fate swiftly takes it out again, that is his own affair. But why should we make more ado to put the fly out than he makes by coming in? Why should the sweep of his wings in parlor or dining-room be the signal for a sudden surcease of talk, a rush for towels, a vigorous onslaught, and a vindictive slaughter? Extreme fastidiousness is a greater nuisance than flies. There are women who ought to be bound over to keep the peace. Domestic happiness, social order, and the whole fabric of civilized life ought not to be at the mercy of a fly; and since you can not always catch the fly, there is nothing for it but to catch the women. When I see people devoting their minds to, and disturbing the universe for, the expulsion of a harmless wandering wayfarer, I am moved to say that I like flies. They are a busy and a cheery folk, well worthy of study, and capable of rewarding an intelligent curiosity. I remember once spending a whole Sunday afternoon in watching one with great interest, and, I trust, not without profit. How could Mr. THEODORE TILTON have written that charming lyric, beginning,

"Baby Bye, Here's a fly: Let us watch him, you and I,"

if a rigid domestic discipline had been brought to bear on the immortal little guest the moment he appeared in sight? Certainly it was with a positive satisfaction that I perceived the other day on what a friendly footing stood the flies with a certain agreeable and refined family of my acquaintance. The windows were thrown wide open, and with the scent of honeysuckle and the song of birds came in, too, the busy, contented, preoccupied tribe, adding their blithe buzz to the summer's infinite harmony. It bespoke a large and lavish hospitality, a generous sympathy, a unison with nature, a freedom from petty and deteriorating anxieties which promises well for the future and the humanities.

Some pestilent fellows lately prostituted our agricultural fairs to the promotion of patches by promising premiums to the best mender. And there were not wanting foolish virgins to come forward and compete for the prize. Now I do not mean to say that a patch may not sometimes be requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul; but there is a great deal of darning and patching and mending beyond what is wholesome. I have seen women darn stockings which, as stockings, had no right to further existence. True economy would have put the feet into the rag-bag and sewed up the legs into dishcloths; and to see a human being, capable of love and hope and memory and judgment, turn away from this great, beautiful world, and all the stir and thrill of multiform life, and give itself to driving a stupid little steel crow-bar back and forth through a yawning heel and a dilapidated toe when whole stockings can be bought at forty cents a pair, is melancholy, not to say exasperating. "A little darning now and then

"A little darning now and then Is relished by the best of men;"

and there is a nervous irritation which is really allayed by a short and solitary turn at the needle, and there are accidents and incidents which demand a stitch, and which no right-minded woman will refuse; but a

protracted and repeated darning, a darning on principle and from choice, a premeditated and vainglorious prostration before the shrine of this little one-eyed despot, is a sight for gods and men to weep over, not hold out prizes to!

I say again, if a woman must, she must, and that is the end of it; but she often thinks she must when she need not. She often darns and mends and makes over what it would be cheaper to throw away—infinitely cheaper, as regards time and patience and happiness, which are real values—and not dearer in respect of money, which only represents value.

Patient Griselda, do not let your patience—which in right measure and for right purposes is a divine virtue—degenerate into meanness of spirit, insipidity of mind, poverty of resources, and acquiescence in what is not inevitable. Life is short and its issues mighty, and there are things which ought to be done with painstaking, and things that ought to be done slightly, and things that ought not to be done at all. She is the wise woman and the thrifty house-keeper who accurately discriminates and intelligently chooses the good part which shall not be taken away from her.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Deiresses and Legacies.

Y DEAR RICHARD,—I was walking MY DEAK RICHARD, -- the other afternoon with one of the pleasantest young men of my acquaintance, when he said to me that he saw the beautiful Sylvia approaching. And what, said Ifor I confess my ignorance—what is the charm of the beautiful Sylvia? He looked at me for a moment in surprise, or as if not quite sure that I was not jesting, and then answered, "Is it possible that you do not know the greatest heiress in town?" wondered, as we walked on, whether he would have been equally surprised if I had professed ignorance of the most generous, the most humane, the justest of all our fellow-citizens. But his surprise was an involuntary testimony to the character of our society. Crossus is known to every body; John Howard to a few. If Sylvia had been merely an angel of mercy, I might have pleaded that I did not know her. But the greatest heiress—'twas unpardonable.

As she came nearer I was curious to observe her. She was plainly dressed. Her aspect was very sweet and gracious. Her manners were modest and maidenly, as I saw when my companion saluted her as if she had been Deity descending. There was nothing to distinguish her, except that which is always the best distinction—a certain refined serenity, which suggests the finest flowers-roses in June and the white lily. Yet when I afterward had the opportunity of talking with her I remarked a kind of withdrawal in her manner, as cf habitual self-restraint, which I explained by supposing that she is always in doubt how much of the homage offered to her is really not meant for her, but for her fortune. "If I were to appear to-morrow as Sylvia the penniless," I can fancy her saying, "how much of this fine deference would remain?" And this gives, perhaps, a certain touching quality, almost a sadness or a pensiveness, to her manner. In the old stories there was often a hard condition attached to the acquisition or ownership of great riches; and in like manner does not Sylvia sometimes feel that the price she pays for what all men envy is universal distrust? The shrewder she is, the more suspicious she is likely to become.

Yet I suppose it is only a superior nature that is really troubled by honors which are offered not to itself, but to its accidents. We meet a great many people who belong to what are called the best families, and who, although they are lazy, selfish, boorish, and useless, accept the respect which is paid to the family name as if it were really theirs. It would naturally seem that they would be overwhelmed with shame at the ridiculous disproportion between their own insignificance and the heroism or good service of some ancestor to which the respect is offered. Indeed, there is nothing more amusing than the lordly air with which young Achilles moves among his associates, as if he had himself been upon the plain of Troy, when the sum of his contribution to the world is a large tailor's bill, a neat hand at billiards, and a handsome face. His name ought to oppress him, since it does not inspire him. He should seek to hide rather than to flaunt it. But instead of saying when he is presented to you, "I am ashamed to say that my name is Achilles, for I do nothing to justify it," his manner says, "My name is enough." Thus he is content to be nobody because his ancestor was somebody; and a fellow without any superior gift or grace whatever is gravely honored as if he were peculiarly worthy of respect.

It is this which annoys Sylvia the heiress. She knows that her fortune represents no

skill, no effort, nothing of her own. It was accumulated by those who never saw her, for her grandfather died before she was born; and she is conscious that it sheds such a golden glamour upon her that it is almost impossible for any body to see her as she really is without it. But the advantages her fortune brings her are endless; for although only an heiress, she commands as much money as she wishes to spend. Think what money will buy-and she has it or may have it all. The finest education in every kind; travel through the whole world; the accumulation of precious and beautiful things; the most comprehensive charities; the building of hospitals and colleges and libraries; the timely succor that saves families, and turns heart-break into thanksgiving—all these, and whatever else imagination will furnish, are the possible gifts of her fortune. And how nobly she masters her fate! It is plain that she will use her great riches as a trust. Her fortune is not a diamond which she wears for her personal dec-oration: it is a torch with which she lights the world.

Since I have made her acquaintance I have seen her much, and I have watched her closely. Others, too, watch her, and I observe a great many parents who gaze at her wistfully; some, who are the fathers of sons, wondering whether one of their boys might not win her, and others, who are the fathers of girls, wishing with a sigh that they could leave their daughters such a fortune. Sometimes I catch their glances stealing toward me as if they said, "There, now, is a fellow who has nobody to provide for: he is not bothered about fortunes for his children." If they would allow me to reply, I should say that they need not be disconsolate, for it is in the power of every one of them to leave a handsome legacy to every one who comes after them. We can not, indeed, all be rich, nor all leave riches to our children. But we can leave handsome legacies notwithstanding. I know that Sylvia does not value her money as the chief bequest that her father will give her. It is the example and inspiration of a pure and generous life, of a noble character, of an unwearied courtesy, of a humane industry, which is the real fortune of which she is the heiress; and it is the disposition which these have fostered that leads her to the fear that the other fortune is a magic which bewitches the world and her.

And although this may seem a little siry, yet what man or woman would wish to have been left with a great fortune if with it there was the memory of a life lost and all the finer qualities of character wasted in pursuit of it? Pirates' money had a stain of blood upon it, and was cursed; and who would wish to have inherited Kidd's fortune? But is money which is stained with any kind of dishonor more valuable than that of pirates, or more comfortable in the having? And if, instead of dishonor, it is stained with bitterness and unhappiness, is it not also an un-canny treasure? Would Jessica prefer to inherit Shylock's countless ducats with recollections of a hateful home, or the unfading picture of sweet domestic love, trust, generosity, courtesy, and no ducats whatever? As for Lorenzo, his opinion is not asked. He is undoubtedly satisfied with things as they are. But Lorenzo would certainly have gladly thrown even his slender patrimony to the winds, had the alternative been to remember a sad and anxious home. His slender patrimony is like Captain Jackson's cheese paring—"the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat." It is the result of honest paternal industry and a cheerful paternal temper, and it is therefore money unstained and uncursed.

I knew another heiress besides Sylvia. Her name was Sapphira, and she was the daughter of Ananias, whom we all knew. His manners were polished to the outer world. His house was a palace of magnificence. His banquets were renowned. His career was very splendid until it was discovered that he was one of the greatest of knaves. He fled to other lands. Restless, unhappy, morose, he dragged his family about the world until, fortunately for them, he died; and I never heard that they pretended to be sorry, excepting his wife, who was the sincerest of mourners, not for the man who was buried-oh no!man whom long and long ago she married. Sapphira inherited the great fortune, but I think that she always felt a curse rested upon it, and she would gladly have relinquished it all in exchange for the remembrance of an honorable parent and a happy home.

Our chief happiness is, after all, in thoughts, not in diamonds and dinners, although they too are very pleasant. But there are very few of us who can leave large diamonds behind us, while there is nobody who can not leave pleasant memories. And I confess that had I a son I would rather leave him the inspiration of such memories than the possession of the



Indies. If, when he did a kind act or said a good word, it should be remarked that he was the worthy son of his father, I hope that he would feel how much costlier a legacy had been left him than if it were said he is the son of that rich old Bachelor. I am saying that if we can not lay up great fortunes to leave to our children, we can build good characters, and leave them the memory and the influence, and that of the two this is the richer bequest. I think, also, that a parent who has honorably acquired a great fortune must often look with dismay upon those to whom he is to leave it. He sees idle, dull, dissolute sons, foolish and frivolous daughters; and the money for which he has toiled his life long will now merely foster selfish indulgence and gratify a contemptible vanity. That which he hoped his son might inherit, his own probity, acuteness, energy, honorable industry, generous sym pathy, admirable influence—although he did not call them by those names—all these are lost, and his son is heir only of the means of gratifying mean tastes and propensities. I can fancy such a man deploring his own success, and asking himself whether, had he devoted himself more earnestly to the moulding of his son's character, he might not have left to his son and to the world something really valuable.

So you see, my dear Richard, although I did not know the great heiress Sylvia when she approached in the street, yet I do know heiresses whom I recommend to your most respectful consideration. There is my young friend Sibylla, who lives in her father's modest house, in which you would say every room fronted the south, so full of sunshine and softness is the air. Good humor and constant courtesy, thoughtfulness and selfdenial, are the constant spectacle of that home. No son or daughter is tempted elsewhere for sympathy or for enjoyment. That household does not think that ragged clothes and slippers down at the heel, and ill temper and selfishness, are to be expected at home. Indeed, it is the very place in which that family are agreed that they can not be tolerated. The sons say, "If we shall not respect our mother and show that we do so, what woman in the world shall we respect ?" And the daughters say, "If we are not courteous to our father, to whom shall we be?" The father meanwhile does not accumulate a great fortune; they live comfortably, and no more.

One day that household will be scattered. It makes me sober as I think of it, but I shall not see it. Those young women and young men will found other households, and this home will become a memory and a name. But, my dear young friend Richard, if it should be your happy fate to be loved by one of those young women-if Sibylla herself were she-I should shout all about the town that you were engaged to a great heiress, to a young woman who had received from her parents the diamond of perfect courtesy, the most costly habits of order and industry, countless rubies of quick and generous sympathy with all noble thoughts and words and efforts, and that priceless pearl, the power of making the best of every thing. And I doubt if you would exchange the fortune of your bride for a million of dollars.

An Old Bachelor. Your friend,

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT.

THE princesse polonaise suit worn by misses A and little girls is illustrated in the present number, and a cut paper pattern will be fur-nished. It has but one dart, and the front falls open slightly from the waist down; there is a pretty revers on the side, and the plain back is gracefully draped. The waist and sleeves are lined, but not the skirt of the polonaise. Singlewidth cashmere sold for 75 cents a yard is used for such suits; also the Irish poplins that are now sold in Pim's best quality for \$1 50 a yard. The trimming is velvet ribbon of the same shade, or else a bias band of velvet or of gros grain lined with crinoline, and sewed on with blind stitches.

INDEPENDENT WRAPS.

Independent wraps and cloaks that may be worn with various dresses will be more fashionable this winter than at any time since suits were introduced. These wraps are usually black, though stylish camel's-hair garments are either gray or brown. Black velvet is still the first choice for dressy cloaks; Ponson's jet black velvet three-fourths of a yard wide, worth \$12 or \$14 a yard, is bought for polonaises, Dolmans, etc. Camel's-hair is next in demand, and when richly embroidered rivals velvet in expense. The plain goods is a yard and three-eighths wide, and costs from \$4 upward. Lustrous repped Sicilienne begins to be appreciated for light, graceful Cashmere and cloth are the materials popularly worn by the million.

THE DOLMAN.

There are so many graceful modifications of the Dolman that it is found in some shape to suit ladies of all sizes, consequently it has become the leading garment of the season. sacque Dolmans, circular, belted, and loose Dol-

mans, all distinguished by wide sleeves, or else by its winged feature inserted on the sides. Velvet Dolmans are trimmed with embroidery, jet, and lace, and are thickly wadded and quilted: the simplest one shown costs \$150. Camel'shair and cashmere Dolmans are the present ob-They are jects of desire in the way of wraps. often so heavy with embroidery that it is an effort to lift them; thick wool embroidery, finer silk embroidery, and round soutache of the color of the fabric, appear on these; wool fringe or yak lace edges the garment. Much simpler garments have merely bands of very thick gros grain of the same color, and lace or fringe. The lin-ing is thin silk, or else farmer's satin. Some wadding should be added about the shoulders and back to give warmth, but care should be taken that this does not extend far enough down to make a clumsy wrap, and destroy the flowing beauty of these soft woolen stuffs. Imported Dolmans, richly trimmed, cost from \$80 to \$150, but they are plainly made to order for much less.

THE BEDOUIN SCARF.

The next most conspicuous novelty is the scarf mantle, or Bedouin. We described this in a former number, and our readers will find an illustration of this fashionable garment, and full directions for making it, on page 684 of Bazar No. 42, Vol. V. It is represented there in Scotch plaid goods, but it is exceedingly stylish when made of black cashmere, edged all around with yak lace, and an insertion of yak above as a heading. Such garments cost from \$75 to \$100. White Sicilienne and cashmere Bedouins are shown as evening wraps; very simply braided and edged with fringe, these cost \$60.

MANTLES, PALETOTS, ETC.

Mantles of velvet and cashmere rich with jet and laces are made in the old-time shape, with a round cape behind and long tabs in front; these tabs are sometimes crossed in front and fastened behind on the tournure. For old ladies are regular circular cloaks, very large double capes, with separate sleeves inside hanging from a tape attached to the neck; the arm is thrust into these sleeves when about to be extended from beneath the warm cloak.

Thick, soft, yet rough-surfaced cloths of gray, navy blue, and brown are made into jaunty little paletots of very simple and graceful half-fit-ting shape. These are double-breasted, warm, and y-looking, and are in great favor with young ladies for general wear, although sacques are no longer considered very dressy. The trimming is merely an inch-wide band of velvet or gros grain of the same color, or else the merest piping fold of velvet or silk appears as an edge around the sacque. Revers, collar, deep cuffs, square pockets, and large oxidized silver buttons give style to these semi-dress wraps. Such a paletot made of sailor blue cloth, simply stitched around the edges, and ornamented with stars of black braid on all the corners of seams, cuffs, and collar, costs \$30. A French gray paletot, with velvet band, revers, and oxidized buttons, is marked \$80. Dolmans of thick, warm cloth, scalloped and edged with bear fringe, cost from \$50 upward. A single narrow row of fur is a favorite trimming for velvet and cloth wraps. Double capes and the sacque with a cape are standard garments in cloth and cashmere.

'FUR-LINED WRAPS.

Black gros grain very heavily repped and the lustrous Sicilienne are made into paletots and Dolmans of very plain shape, and are lined throughout with gray squirrel-lock fur. They are entirely untrimmed, are exceedingly warm, and are much lighter than the heavily embroidered garments now in fashion.

INDEPENDENT POLONAISES.

Independent polonaises of gray or brown cam el's-hair to wear with various skirts are so covered with silk and wool embroidery that the fabric is almost concealed. They are edged with thick wool fringe or with yak lace. Sometimes wide Dolman sleeves are added to these. Polonaise patterns of Carmelite — undressed gray cashmere—and of camel's-hair are imported unmade, but bordered with embroidery. They cost from \$75 to \$125 unmade. Black cashmere polonaises are brilliant with fine jet, em-

broidery, and guipare.

A rich fabric for polonaises is brocaded Sicilienue, the fine repped cashmere we have already described. In all the antique colors, with satin stripe and raised figure of the same shade, it costs from \$3 to \$5 a yard. It is three-quarters of a yard wide, and from eight to ten yards are required for a polonaise. The skirt with which it is worn is silk or velvet of the same shade, or else black. Plain repped Sicilienne resembles Irish poplin, but is more supple and finer. In double fold it costs \$10 a yard; five-eighths of a wide, it is **35**2 50.

Black velvet polonaises are longer than ever of simple shape in front, voluminously draped behind, and are richly trimmed with embroidery, jet, and lace, or else a band of the expensive silver-fox fur. \$400 to \$600 is not an unusual price for these garments. To be well worn a velvet polonaise should have a dress skirt of black faille with velvet trimmings; such a suit is considered more stylish than if made entirely of velvet. Colored silk skirts are seldom worn with black polonaises; the reverse—a black skirt with colored over dress-is now in favor.

LOUIS QUINZE COSTUMES.

At the latest fashionable openings Louis Quinze costumes, with their long vests and ample pockets, are conspicuous among the French importations, and it is said they will be more worn than at any time since their revival. Carriage dresses of velvet and faille combined have velvet polonaises very long behind, with short silk vest and longer side pieces, on which are placed out-

side pockets, very large and almost square. Other costumes have the over-skirt and short Louis Quinze coat of velvet, with silk vest, Dolman sleeves, and the inevitable pockets; the basque and skirt are then of silk, with velvet facings. An elegant plum-colored costume has a flounced silk skirt, a velvet over-skirt with apron front and sash back, and a stylish Louis Quinze coat of velvet, edged with silver-fox fur, and fastened by large cut steel buttons. Similar suits are made in bronze, réséda, and black silks, with velvets of the same shade. Dinner dresses of two shades of silk have Louis Quinze basques, with long wide vests, and a jabot of Valenciennes lace passing from the throat to the end of the vest. One of pearl gray and plum-color made in this way is a very distinguished-looking toi-

TRAVELING SUITS.

For traveling suits there is a return to the navy blue cloths of two years ago. These are made with long redingotes, buttoned down the front with two rows of oxidized silver buttons, and a skirt with deep kilt pleating simply notched on the edge. A sash of black watered ribbon completes the suit, and the hat is of blue felt, with wide band and buckle.

Vigogne, like undressed cashmere, is a new fabwhich traveling suits are made. It is a dull Carmelite gray, and is prettily trimmed with wool fringe and groups of swinging cords. The voyager's suit comprises a kilt skirt, polonaise, and a Dolman for an extra wrap. Some very expensive costumes for brides' traveling suits have the skirt of brown velvet, with a camel'shair polonaise fastened by oxidized buttons, and a belt, bag, and long loops of Russia leather; the latter hold up the bouffant drapery of the polonaise. A felt Tyrolean hat and long un-dressed kid gloves complete this toilette. Warm, soft hoods with deep capes to wear on board steamer are made of scarlet or blue cashmere, and lined with soft silk.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITSER; Madame BERNHEIM; and Messis. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES M'CREERY

PERSONAL.

OSCAR II., the new King of Sweden, like most of his ancestors, is a highly gifted man, whose history up to the present time is full of romance. His father, Oscar I., was a strict disciplinarian, insisting that his two boys should be treated with the same severity as ordinary scholars, and the old gentleman "lathered" them personally when they were derelict. Frequent rod applications induced Prince Oscar, when twelve, to run away, and in a soiled, barefooted plight he found himself in Copenhagen. He was discovered playing at marbles with several young ragamuffins. At seventeen he was sent to the University of Upsals. First thing he did was to fall in love with a professor's daughter. He had it pretty bad, but they took him away. Got over it. Used to go to fires, "run with the machine," and always worked at the brakes. Delighted in walking the streets at night in humble apparel, and prevented many an act of OSCAR II., the new King of Sweden, like most Delighted in walking the streets at night in humble apparel, and prevented many an act of brutality. When his father selected a German princess for his wife, young Oscar went secretly to Lubeck, and in disguise traveled with her on the steamer that conveyed her from that port to Stockholm, watching her closely. He became satisfied she was all right, and has ever since been an affectionate husband to her. He warmly sympathizes with and is greatly beloved by the sympathizes with and is greatly beloved by the

The last notes from Nilsson-Rouzeaud —The last notes from NILSSON-ROUZEAUD intimate that at the conclusion of her present engagements in Europe she will visit this country to give a series of farewell lyric performances, and then retire to private life, making her permanent abode in this city. That is the report. Who ever heard of a prima donna's voluntarily retiring from the stage when in the flush of youth, health, and fame? They never go until the public decline to pay them cash—

—When Miss Bruce, the daughter of the English Secretary of the Home-office, was married, a few days ago, she was attended by ten bridemaids, of whom nine were her sisters! Poor Mr. BRUCE!

—Alexis says, earnestly, that he will come over and have more good time with us at the great centennial celebration in 1876.

great centennial celebration in 1876.

—Mr. Rooers, whose statuary in little is the admiration of his countrymen, is at work on a group larger than any of his former productions. It represents Washingron, Lafauette, and Hamilton on the battle-field.

—Mr. Benjamin D. Emerson, who died at his residence near Boston a few days since, was widely known in connection with the arithmetic bearing his name. He left an estate of \$250,000.

bearing his name. He left an estate of \$250,000, most of which he has devised for religious and educational purposes. To Dartmouth College he gives \$100,000. A considerable sum is left to

establish a library in his native town.

—Grongs Augustus Salla says he has proposed the toast, "The Ladies," in sixteen different languages and in nineteen different countries. By the way, G. A. S. gave his friend Mr. EDMUND YATES a letter of introduction to BRET HARTE. He had never seen B. H., but ventured to send the introductory note because B. H. had once written a sarcastic review of one of G. A. S.'s That was friendly!

works. That was friendly!

—ROCHEFORT'S personal history is one not exactly calculated to commend him to the respect of decent people. At present he occupies a quiet position in a French prison. Only his jaller and the government know where that prison is. When he had got the Lanterne established, it brought him a clear weekly profit of \$2500. He had his wash-stand furnished with pitcher, basin, tooth-brush box, soap box, all of soild silver. His walls were hung with pictures for which he had paid a great deal, and which bore the names of the immortal masters of painting. True, that at the sale they went for nothing, but ROCHEFORT's is not the only cabinet of pictures valued at a fortune by its colinet of pictures valued at a fortune by its col-lector, and sold for a song by its auctioneer. He lavished money on some of the most extravagant women of Paris. Meanwhile his father languish-

ed in a garret with no window but a sky-light, allowed only one candle a week, and fed—\$250 covered all the expenses, lodgings, tables, lights, and fuel, for the sordid boarding-house situated. at 310 Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine. Rochefort never visited his father, and never sent him money. There is some mystery about the father's marital relations. It is certain that Henri Rochefort's mother was a pastry-cook, or a girl employed in a pastry shor and forty odd years since renowned for her beauty.

—London wags declare that the great trial of Mr. Gladbetone's life is the growing resemblance of his wife to Disraell.

—The Rev. Stephen Gladbetone, son of the

blance of his wife to DISRAELI.

—The Rev. STEPHEN GLADETONE, son of the British Premier, has been made rector of Hawarden, the pecuniary value of which is \$15,000 per annum. This is not positively hard to take.

—The centre stone of a coronet of diamonds, presented by Lord Dudley to his wife on her last birthday, cost alone \$150,000. As they say down in Barnstable, Massachusetts, "he is a kind man and good provider."

—Tsang Laison, Esq., a mandarin of the second rank, of China, and a graduate of Hamilton College, arrived at New Haven on the 25th ult. with eighteen Chinese boys who have been sent

with eighteen Chinese boys who have been sent to this country to be educated. They are very bright and intelligent. Their ages vary from nine to fifteen years. They are to be placed in different schools in Connecticut, and will remain until each one has completed a full collegiate. course. Mr. LAISON remains until next summer,

and will exercise a general oversight of them, and next fall will return with about thirty more.

—Rev. Donald Macleon, one of the Queen's chaplains for Scotland, succeeds his brother, the late Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, as editor of Good

Words.

That droll, MARK TWAIN, preferring to take his little tour in Europe to lecturing in the United States, has canceled all his fall and winter engagements, and BRET HARTE is to fill the places that M. T. intended to fill.

Llady FRANKLIN, incited thereto by a letter frame officious and influential writer to the

—Lady Franklin, incited thereto by a letter of some officious and influential writer to the London Times, who begged for pecuniary aid for Lady F., replies that she is in possession of an income for life, secured upon entailed property, amply sufficient for all her wants, besides her pension as an admiral's widow, and that she would be very much obliged if people would only let her alone. only let her alone.

—The difference between Macaulay's critical

method and that of M. TAINE is thus defined in a recent number of the London Spectator: "Ma-CAULAY, a fair type of our English critic, habitof all the earth. M. Taire, on the other than the same of all the earth. M. Taire, on the other hand, tries every poet or novelist by the standard of his own rules. He asks not whether the rules are recorded to had but whether the work is well. are good or bad, but whether the work is well

done."
—Mr. MECHI, the most prominent experi-

—Mr. Mechi, the most prominent experimenter in agriculture in England—and successful, too—in summing up the results of the English harvest, says, "I believe that we shall have to pay for foreign corn, in quantity and price, fifteen to twenty millions sterling more than in a good wheat season." Much of that sterling must come to the U.S.

—The family of J.A. G. Lee, of Owingsville, Kentucky, had a reunion a few weeks since, at which \$6000 were placed under the plate of each of his children present. As Mrs. Nesbitt, one of the daughters, gazed with grateful bewilderment upon her thousands, she observed, "If it is more blessed to give than to receive, pa, how do you feel?"

—At West Point, on the 17th of August, 1783, the great generals there present were weighed, and kicked the beam as follows: Washington, 209 pounds; Lincoln, 224; Knox, 280; Huntington, 182; Greaton, 219.

—Twenty-five years ago the copyright of Paulde Kock's novels could not have been purchased for half a million of francs. His heirs now offer it for twenty thousand.

—Mrs. Rachell Stanley, now living, at the

chased for half a million of francs. His heirs now offer it for twenty thousand.

—Mrs. Rachel Stanley, now living, at the age of ninety-eight, near Charleston, West Virginia, is the mother of fourteen children, ninetynine grandchildren, and two hundred and twenty-three grand and great-grandchildren. Great grand total (two families to hear from), three hundred and thirty-six. "The world must be neopled." peopled.'

—Dr. RAABE, a Dutch scholar, has written a new "History of Nero," in which the popular whitewashing of that imperial scamp by sundry German and English apologists is shown up as

-Eight rabbis only in the United States PERINT FROMS ONLY IN THE UNITED STATES PRESENTED IN THE UNITED STATES PRESENTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE U

—In Dr. John Hall's church in this city one hundred young women have contributed and sent \$1000 to Netawaka, Kansas, to build a new Presbyterian church there. Charming example!

—John Tecumseh Jones, an Ottawa Indian preacher, died recently, and left \$60,000 for the education of Baptist preachers in Kansas. Kansas seems to be favored.

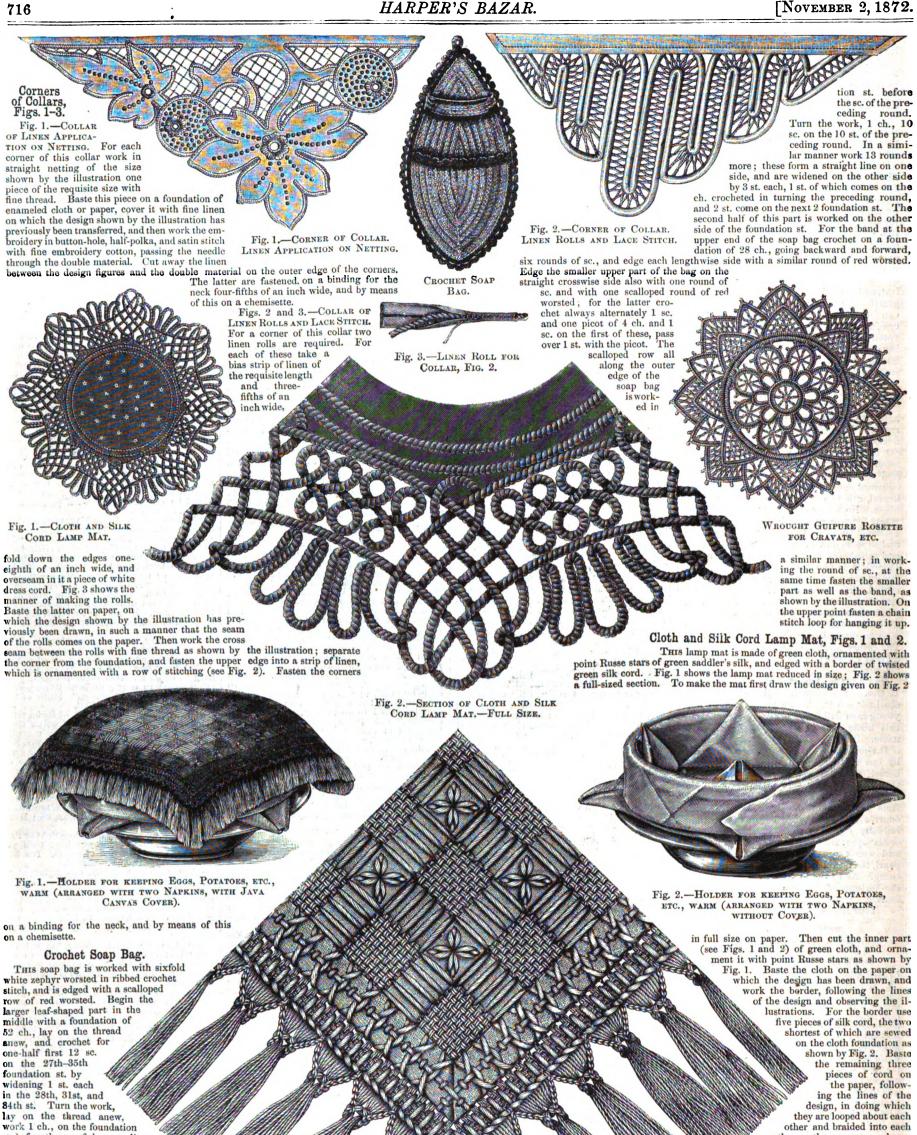
—CHARLES SPRAGUE, the financier-poet, of

Boston, attained his eighty-first year this pres-Boston, attained his eighty-first year this present month. He has been connected with the Globe Bank forty-seven years. Oddly enough for a bank man, the first poetical effusion which brought him prominently before the public was an ode to SHAKSPEARE, delivered at the Boston Theatre in 1823. This was a prize poem, and was successful over a great number of competitors. He took five other prizes for similar odes. His SHAKSPEARE ode has hardly been excelled by any thing in the same manner since GRAY's by any thing in the same manner since GRAY'S
"Progress of Poetry."

-Marshal BAZAINE is said to be so much depressed in mind by reason of his approaching trial that it is feared he will attempt to commit

The Marquis of Stafford, who is said to be future lbrd and master of the Princess Beatrice, is cldest son of the Duke of Sutherland. The Duchess of Sutherland has for many years been on very intimete relations with the Queen, and "probability" would seem, as it were, to point out the remote conjecture that the two ladies may have planned the thing among themselves—so to speak. -The Marquis of Stafford, who is said to be



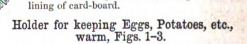


larger leaf-shaped part in the middle with a foundation of 52 ch., lay on the thread anew, and crochet for one-half first 12 sc. on the 27th-35th foundation st. by widening 1 st. each in the 28th, 31st, and 84th st. Turn the work, lay on the thread anew, work 1 ch., on the foundation st, before the sc. of the preceding round work 2 sc., then 1 sc. each on the st. of the preceding round, always passing the needle through the vein of the stitch, and, finally, 2 sc. on the 2 foundation st. after the sc. of the preceding round. Turn the work, 1 ch., 2 sc. on the 2 foundation st. before the sc. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on each sc. and 2 sc. on the 1 foundation st. after the sc. of the preceding round. Crochet on the thread ends at the beginning and end of the rounds, and after turning the work always crochet 1 ch. In this manner work 13 rounds more of sc., widening

2 st. at the beginning and end of each, but work these 2 st. alternately on one side of the work always on 2 foundation st., and on the other side of the work on 1 foundation st.; the crochet part thus becomes of an oblong pointed shape at one end, and a more rounded shape at the other end. Work the second half of the bag in a similar manner on the other side of the foundation st. For the smaller upper part of the soap bag, which is worked similarly, but always going backward and forward, make a foundation of 22 ch., and crochet, first, for one-half, I ch., I sc. each on the last 7 foundation st., then turn the work, 1 ch., 7 sc. on the 7 sc. of the preceding round, 1 ch., turn the

work, again work 7 sc., 1 sc. on the ch. and 2 sc. on the next 2 founda-

Fig. 3.—Section of JAVA CANVAS COVER FOR EGG HOLDER. -FULL SIZE.



THE bottom and rim of this simple and useful holder are formed of two napkins, which are arranged in the manner shown by Figs. 1 and 2, and then laid on a flat plate or small dish. The cover consists of a square piece of white Java canvas, which is ornamented with white cotton braid half an inch wide and in point Russe embroidery with coarse white knitting cotton, and is fringed on the edge. Fig. 3 shows a full-sized section of the cover. The two napkins of which the holder is formed are each thirty inches square; those of a different one napkin in full size, and fold the four corners on the outside so that they come together in the middle of the napkin. Turn the smaller square thus formed so that it lies on the side which was first uppermost, and

other on the corners, as shown

by Fig. 2. Sew the intersecting cord windings together with green silk, letting the stitches show as little possible. The cords on the outer edge

as possible. The cords on the outer edge of the cloth foundation are also fastened with a few stitches. Furnish the cloth foun-

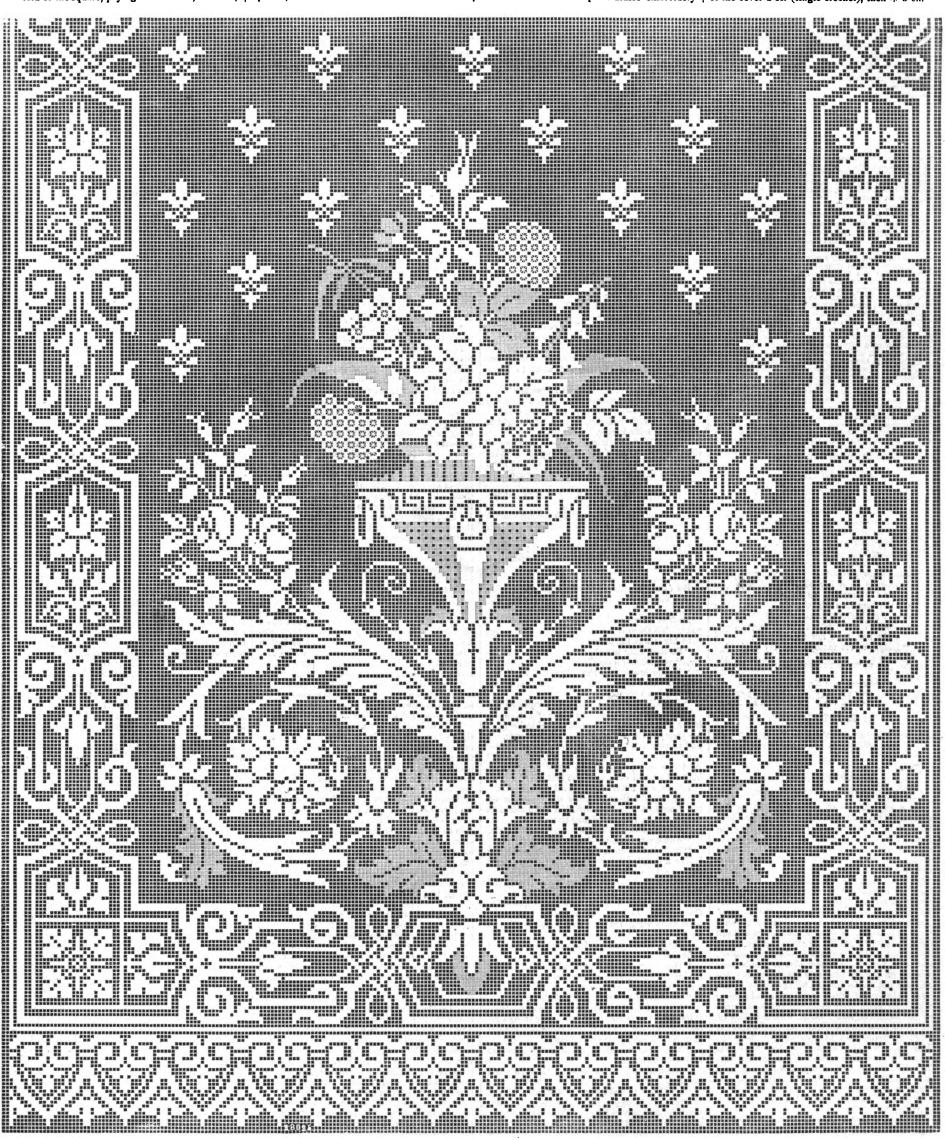
dation with a green muslin lining and an inter-

again fold the four corners on the outside so that they come together in the middle of the square. Turn the square a second time, fold down the corners as before, turn the square a third time, and again fold down the corners. Now turn the square once more, lay the four corners which come together in the middle of the upper surface on the outside so that they reach to the outer fold of the square, paying no attention, however,

formed together in a ring, which should correspond to the circumference of the bottom (in doing this pay no attention to the under corners of the latter), and fasten both ends of the strip, one on the inside and the other on the outside, with a few stitches. Finally, set the rim on the bottom as shown by Fig. 2, so that the corners of the bottom which were folded last are turned upward, and come on the inside of the rim. The

vas threads each. Baste six pieces of white cotton braid in a horizontal direction and six similar pieces in a vertical direction on the canvas at regular intervals, so that a kind of trellis is formed, and cover the ends of the braid by a row of braid, which is sewed on the canvas all around along the button-hole stitched edge. Lay this braid in a pleat on each corner of the canvas. Ornament the cover in point Russe embroidery

fasten the long thread on the foundation with a short stitch between every two of the crossed threads (see Fig. 3). Fringe out the cover on the outer edges to the button-hole stitched edge, and on the fringe thus formed crochet with tatting cotton, No. 80, as follows: Having first separated the fringe in strands of four double threads each, crochet on the button-hole stitched edge of the cover 1 sc. (single crochet), then * 5 ch.



NETTING DESIGN FOR WINDOW-CURTAINS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

to the under (single) layer of each corner. This completes the bottom. Press all the folds firmly with the hand, so that they are marked plainly. For the rim fold the other napkin, which is spread out smoothly, first in a triangle, then, beginning from the under corner of the latter, fold it in a strip which should be somewhat narrower than the height of the corners of the bottom which were folded last. Lay the napkin thus

corners may be fastened to the rim in this position with a few stitches. For the cover cut a square piece of white Java canvas (the original is thirteen inches and three-quarters square), and button-hole stitch it all around two inches from the outer edge with coarse white knitting cotton. These button-hole stitches are worked each on four threads (double threads) of the canvas in height, and are repeated at intervals of two canas shown by Fig. 3, at the same time fastening the braid on the canvas. The embroidery on the braid at the outer edge consists of long stitches, which are stretched crosswise over the braid, and are repeated at intervals of two canvas threads each. In stretching the long thread through the middle of the braid cross each two of these crosswise threads, and braid them with the long thread, as shown by the full-sized illustration;

(chain stitch); cross the next two fringe strands half an inch from the button-hole stitched edge, and on the point of intersection work 2 sc. separated by 8 ch., then again 5 ch., and 1 sc. on the button-hole stitched edge close behind the two crossed fringe strands. Repeat from *. Draw the ends of every two of the crossed fringe strands through the scallop of 8 ch., so that the latter thus comes on the wrong side of the fringe,



and to this scallop fasten a thread strand three inches and a quarter long so that the ends hang down an inch and five-eighths long each, in order to make the fringe heavier. Before crocheting on the cover fasten several of the canvas threads which have previously been drawn out on each corner so that no gaps are formed in the fringe.

Netting Design for Window-Curtains.

This design is worked on a foundation of straight netting with white thread and glazed cotton in point de reprise and point de toile. Work the foundation in straight netting with coarse thread, as follows: Begin with 3 st. (stitch), corner of foundation, and work, going backward and forward, widening 1 st. at the end of every round, until the straight side edges of the triangle thus formed count as many squares as may be required for the width of the foundation. Now follows one round without changing the number of stitches; in the following rounds always alternately narrow at the end of one round (that is, fasten the 3 last st. together with one knot), and widen at the end of the following round (that is, work 3 st. on 1 st.). When one (the longer) lengthwise side of this part counts as many squares as are required for the length of the foundation, work it in a point; to do this narrow it at the end of every round. When all st. but two are used up, work these off with one knot, without forming a new st., however. Button-hole stitch the outer edge of the foundation, and cut away the projecting edges of the material.

Sewed Guipure Rosette for Cravats, etc.

Sewed Guipure Rosette for Cravats, etc. See illustration on page 716.

See illustration on page 718.

This rocette is worked with green saddler's silk. Transfer the design of the illustration to paper, baste this on a foundation of enameled cloth, and sew on a double thread of saddler's silk along all the scaliops and rings with close crosswise stitches. This double thread forms the foundation for the button-hole stitched scaliops and the ring darned in point de reprise. Next work the wheels, crose seams, and the button-hole stitch filling, as shown by the illustration, with a single thread of silk, always passing the needle around the double foundation threads. Darn the two double threads which form the foundation for the point de reprise ring as shown by the illustration. Cover the foundation for the button-hole stitch scaliops closely with button-hole stitches; in working the round scaliops, which come on the point de reprise ring, fasten in the outer edge of the latter also, and, besides this, in working these scaliops, as well as the outer pointed scaliops, form small picots as shown by the illustration. This is done by letting the working thread lie in loops one-tenth of an inch long each between two button-hole stitches at the corresponding point; the loops are turned, as shown by the illustration, by twisting the working thread tightly. Separate the finished rosette from the foundation, and sew it on the cravat end, which should be of silk in the same color. Cut away the material underneath the rosette.

SIBYL.

EBON hair in mazy tresses, Gleeing with the wind's caresses; Skin as clear as crested brine, White as snow-crowned Apennine. Eves as soft as summer air. Roving here and resting there; Floating eyes of hazel brown, Witch's smile and fairy's frown. Lips snow girdled, ruby red, Rose-cups on a lily bed. Voice that melteth as the wail Of the love-lorn nightingale. Saw her, ladies fair among, Deemed her fairest of the throng; Sought her, took her to my side: "Deign, sweet maid, to be my bride!"

(Continued from No. 42, page 691.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXVII. FELIX COMFORTS MARTHA DAY.

In a very flutter of delight Alfred hurried away from his sister and Mr. Sheldrake to where he had been informed Lizzie was waiting for him. He did not pause to reflect upon strange manner in which Lizzie had been brought to the place; it was sufficient for him that she was here, that the day was bright, and that Mr. Sheldrake had promised him to see that his acceptance to Con Staveley would be made all right. "It is only for a little while," he said to himself, as he came to the gates of Bushey Park: "when the Cesarewitch is run I shall be all right. I dare say Sheldrake will put something on for me." Attracted by the crowd assembled round the street acrobats, he paused, and saw Lizzie. He saw also a pale-looking oman on the opposite side observing her; but this did not strike him as being worthy of notice. He looked round at the men and women who were admiringly following the movements of the acrobats, and noticed, with a feeling of as much pride as pleasure, that Lizzie was the most attractive and the prettiest of them all. Her back was turned toward him; she was watching for him in another direction than that by which he approached her, and he stood quietly behind her, anticipating the surprise he was about to give her.
"Lizzie!" he whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Alfred!" The girl turned at the sound of his voice with such unrestrained joy in her face that Martha Day bit her colorless lip until a blood stain came upon it. Lizzie's heart beat violently, but she soon recovered herself.

Who ever expected to see you here, Lizzie? "Are you disappointed?" asked Lizzie, arch-"If you are, I'll go back again."

In earnest of her sincerity, she took his arm,

and clung to it. Alfred laughed.
"It looks as if you wanted to go back," he

said, with admiring glances at her.

"Oh, Altred, isn't this a delightful surprise?"

He nodded, and heedless of the people about

them took her hand in his. But she, more immediately conscious of the proprieties gave his hand a little squeeze, and withdrew her She had on a new hat and a new dress, and she wanted him to admire them.

"Do you like my new hat, Alf?"
"Upon my word, I didn't notice it, Lizzie."

"Oh!" was her comment, in a tone of disap-

pointment. "I couldn't see any thing but your face, Liz-

zie."
"Ah!" was her comment, in a tone of gratification, with love-sparkles in her eyes.
"It's very pretty," he said.
"My face or my bonnet, Alf?"

"I should like to hug you, Lizzie," was his crooked answer.

"But you mustn't," she said, with ripples in her voice. "So many people looking! Give me twopence, Alf."

"What for?" he asked, giving her the cop-

"For the conjurers—because I feel so happy A juvenile member of the company had just tied himself into a knot, and having untied himself, Lizzie beckoned to him and gave him the money, the good example being immediately followed by others of the on-lookers.

"You've brought them luck, Lizzie."
"I'm glad of it."

But the hat question was not yet settled. She

directed his attention to it.
"I made it myself last night, Alf. I want to

know if it becomes me."
"It's just the kind of hat that I should have bought for you," he said.

"I made this dress too. Do you like it? Feel what nice soft stuff it is."

He squeezed her arm.

"I like what's in it best," he said. "What's that?" she asked, coquettishly.

"You."

"Oh, I dare say," with a saucy toss of her ad. "But it's the dress I want to know about." head.

'It's the very prettiest dress I ever saw.' "I thought you would like it;" and then she

inquired, anxiously, "It isn't too short, is it?"
With a lover's jealousy, he said he thought it might be a trifle longer.

"Goose!" she exclaimed, with an air of superior wisdom. "As if you knew any thing about it! If I had ugly feet, of course I should have made it a little longer. Perhaps I have got ugly

feet."
"Little Vanity!" he said. "You've got the prettiest feet in the world.

Accepting this statement (with feminine logic) as a decision in her favor respecting the length

of the dress, she said, "I'm glad you're pleased with it; I never make any thing for myself without considering whether you would like it. Just see if my panier is right. Alf."

He called her Little Vanity again, and said with a critical eye, that her panier was just the

Martha Day noted this comedy with wistful To them it was the pleasantest of plays

-to her it was the dreariest

"So that, take me altogether, Alf," said Lizes, "you think I'll do?"

zie, "you think I'll do?"
"If you speak like that, Lizzie, I shall hug I won't be able not to." (Most ungrammatical, but very expressive.)

"If you're not quiet, Alf, I shall run away."
"And now tell me," he said: "I want to
know all about it. When Mr. Sheldrake gave ne your note I was regularly knocked over. had to read it twice before I could make sure. How long have you known Mr. Sheldrake? And how did you come to know him? And how did he find out about you and me?"

Lovers are never tired of asking questions.

In this respect they resemble the character of the American people, which, if I were asked to define tersely, I should define thus:?. "It's like a delightful fairy story," said Lizzie.

"Nonsense, Lizzie. Do be sensible."
"It isn't nonsense, Alf. It really and truly is like a delightful fairy story, and if you don't think so, I'll not tell you any thing about it."

"I'll say it's like any thing if you'll only tell me all about it."

"Well, then, I must commence properly Once upon a time—" Here she paused, in th Once upon a time—" Here she paused, in the most tantalizing manner, and asked, "Where do I live?"

"Why, where you lived the last time I was at your place."
"How long ago is that?" with an air of not having the most remote idea as to whether it was

a day, or a week, or a year.
"This day last week, you little tease."
"Was it?" as though she really had no idea. "Perhaps you're right. Well, every thing's altered since then. I don't live there any longer.

But, Alfred, isn't your sister here?"
"Yes," he answered, not knowing what to make of her humor.

"Oughtn't we to go to her? I hope she'll like me.

"She loves you already, for my sake, Lizzie. She told me so, and is longing to see you. But we've no occasion to hurry. We'll walk slowly,

"Well," she said, with a smile at once be-witching and tender, "you're a dear patient boy, and now I'll be good and tell you all about it. Once upon a time—"

They turned and walked toward the entrance of Bushey Park. So interested were they in Lizzie's fairy story that they did not notice Felix, who brushed quite close by them. He saw them however, and saw at the same moment what was a greater astonishment to him-Martha Day, with a face like death, watching the lovers with misery in her eyes.
"Martha!" he cried, alarmed at her appear-

ance, and forgetting his own trouble for the moment: "you are ill. How strange to meet you here, and at such a time!"

She made no reply to his expression of surrise, and did not seem to think it strange that he should make his appearance at that moment. Taking, almost mechanically, the hand he held out to her, she clasped it firmly, and made a movement in the direction of the park gates. But Felix, not knowing what was her intention, held back. He had no desire to play the part of spy upon Lily's brother.

"Why do you restrain me?" asked Martha, in a low voice.

I don't wish to restrain you, Martha," replied Felix; "but I can not go in that direction for a minute or two. You appear to me not to quite know what you are about. What is it you quite know what you are about. What i want, and what is the matter with you?

"You passed close by them?" pointing after

Lizzie and Alfred. 'Yes.'

"And saw them?"

"Yes. "What do they look like?"

"Like sweethearts, I should say, Martha." An expression of pain escaped from Martha's

lips.
"Do you know them, Martha?" asked Felix. "I know one.

"Which one?"

"The girl. I must not lose sight of her." Again she made a movement in the direction of the retreating forms of the lovers, and again Felix held her back. She had clasped his hand so firmly during the time that he could not re-

"If you follow them," he said, "you must go alone. What is this girl to you?"
"She is my life—my soul!" cried Martha,

passionately, wringing her hands.

Seeing that her passion was attracting the attention of the by-standers. Felix drew her away gently toward the park, in the direction which Lizzie and Alfred had taken. Felix had not had much experience of Martha: but what little he had seen of her in his father's house had so decidedly exhibited her in the character of a cold, passionless woman, whom scarcely any thing could move to strong emotion, that this present experience of her filled him with amazement. It was a new revelation to him. Martha had exhibited much affection for him, and he was disposed to assist her to the utmost extent of his power. There had always been something odd and strange in her behavior to him; but he had ascribed this to her eccentric manner. He had, however, never seen any signs in her of the stormy currents of feeling which she now exhibited, and which were brought into play by the girl whom he had just passed, and had seen for the first time. What connection could exist between that bright girl and the pale sad woman by his side, whose whole life appeared to have been one of self-restraint? He asked himself the question, but he was unable to answer it. They walked slowly along, she being contented to allow him to take the lead, because she could see Lizzie's dress fluttering in the distance. lix took care to keep well out of sight, and when Lizzie and Alfred reached the spot where Mr. Sheldrake and Lily were sitting, paused also, and looked about for a seat for Martha.

"I will sit here, Felix," she said, seating her-self where she could see the movements of the party in the distance: she had somewhat recov-

ered herself, but was pale and trembling still.

Felix waited for her to speak. He had lost sight of his own troubles and his own misgivings in the contemplation of Martha's grief and agitation; but as he stood leaning against a tree, with his face toward the woman he loved with all his strength, they came back upon him. The subject they involved was so near to him, so dear, so inwoven in his heart, that it was impossible for it to be absent from his mind now for any but a brief space of time. He had not yet been able to think it over and to place a construction upon what he had seen. But although clouds were gathering about him, he had already committed himself to one determination—not to allow himself to be blinded by unworthy doubts. He had extracted a promise from Lily's grand-father, had pledged himself, as it were, and the old man had put a trust in him. It was not in his nature to betray a trust, nor to give way to mean suspicions. Suspicions! Of Lily, and her truth and innocence! No, indeed. "I have watched her from infancy," the old man had said, "and I know her purity. I pray that she may be spared from life's hard trials; but her way come to her as they come to most of they may come to her, as they come to most of They may come to her undeservedly, and through no fault of hers: and if they do, and if, like Imogen, she has to pass through the fire, she will, like Imogen, come out unscathed." The full sense of these words came upon Felix now, and were of themselves sufficient to hold in arrest his judgment upon what he had witnessed. But this influence was not needed, and it was a proof of the chivalry of his nature that, even as these words recurred to him, he should turn his face from the woman he loved.

There are a class of men who have no belief in generous feeling. It is an article of faith with these clever ones of the world to believe that there is something unworthily selfish or base at the bottom of every action; but this is not the only false creed extant. The Quixotism which they sneer at often contains a kernel of much nobility and sweetness. Felix was to a certain extent Quixotic; he was even, according to a certain mistaken interpretation of the term, a sentimentalist. But he was no rhapsodist; he indulged in dreams, but he did not allow his imagination to steal a march upon his reason and distort it. His mind was a logical one; and the course he had taken with his father proved that he could be firm and faithful to an idea. In the

few brief moments of silence that elapsed he was busy piecing together many things in connection with Lily, deduced chiefly from what had been said by her grandfather regarding her. "To her, as to others," the old man had said, "life's troubles may come. To her may come one day the sweet and bitter experience of love. When it does, I pray to God that she may give her heart to one who will be worthy of her—to one who holds not lightly, as is unhappily too much the fashion now, the sacred duties of life." the very interview in which these words were spoken, the old man had said to Felix, "You would give me faith if I needed it. It would have been my greatest pride to have had such a son." Swiftly upon this came the old man's advice to Felix to follow Lily and Alfred to Hampton Court. These things and the unexpressed meanings they conveyed—(here intruded the question asked by Felix, whether the brother and sister had gone to Hampton Court by themselves, and the old man's answer, Yes)—were so opposed to what might not unreasonably have been inferred from the attitude of Lily and Mr. Sheldrake to each other, that Felix, with characteristic Quixotism, refused to accept the interpretation that most other men would have put upon the discovery. His thoughts having arrived at this climax, he was prevented from going farther by Martha speaking to him. She had watched with earnest eyes the meeting between Lizzie and Lily, and seemed to derive consolation from the way the girls took to each other. She was calmer now, and directed Felix's attention to the two girls, with their arms round each other's waists, drawing a little apart

"I see," said Felix, also appearing to derive satisfaction from the companiouship of the girls; "but I am in the dark as yet. If you can trust

"Trust you, Felix! I would trust you with

my life!"
"You might, and with any thing else as dear

to you. Who is that young lady?"
"My niece." With a steady look at Felix, and with the slightest bit of color in her face.
"Your niece!" he exclaimed. "I had an idea that you had no relations. I never heard

you speak of any."
"No, Felix." (She was fast recovering her composure.) "But that does not prevent my

having a niece."
"I can tell by your manner that you love her

very dearly, Martha."
"If she were my daughter, Felix, I could not love her more." The composure of her face and manner was wonderful to witness, after her late exhibition of passion and anxiety. "You know

me, Felix."
"I think so."

"You know that I don't waste words."

"I know."

"I love the girl you see before you with as intense a love as if I had suckled her at my breast, and as if all other ties upon me (if I ever had any), all other demands upon my love, had passed out of my life. Rather than see her come to harm—" She stretched out her hands, which now were slightly trembling; she strove hard to preserve her quiet, calm demeanor, but could not quite succeed, as the tremor in her voice testi-"See here, Felix, whom I love next to fied. her. Rather than see her come to harm, I would choose to have these fingers torn from my hands, joint by joint; I would submit to any suffering, to any indignity; I would live my un-happy life over a hundred times, and be a hundred times more unhappy than I have been. don't know what could be dictated to me that I would not do for her sake."

The passion of her words and the forced calm of her voice presented a strange contrast. Felix listened in wonder.

"Does she know you are here, Martha?"

" No.

"How did you come upon her, then?"
"I followed her from London. Chance alone

befriended me. Yesterday I went to where she lived, and I was told she had moved."

"Where did she live?"

It was no surprise to him to hear her mention the street and the very house in which he had his lodgings, for as he asked the question he remembered how, on the first night of his taking up his quarters there, he had seen Martha pass swiftly out of the street-door as he was about to open He had not been very curious about the other lodgers in the house, being wishful that they should not be curious about him; but on two or three occasions he had seen a girl go up the stairs past his landing—a young, graceful girl, who might have been Lizzie, who, indeed, he settled in his own mind now, was Lizzie, although he had never seen her face. He said nothing of this to Martha, except that he knew

"By-the-hye, Martha," he said, with assumed carelessness, "you never came to see me in

London." "How could I, Felix? I did not know your address.

"Of course, of course. I interrupted you just now. You went to where Lizzie hved, and were told that she had moved-"

"Lizzie had already told me so in a letter she had written to me, and she said in it that in a day or two she would tell me more. But I could not rest after I received the letter. Here it is, Felix; read it."

She took a letter from the bosom of her dress, and gave it to him. In the distance, the two girls, having drawn still farther apart from Alfred and Mr. Sheldrake, were standing within the shadow of a great chestnut-tree, the branchas of which bent over them protectingly; their attitude bespoke the exercise of much affectionate feeling. Lizzie was speaking with animation, and Lily was listening with a smile on her



Alfred and Mr. Sheldrake were also engaged in conversation; their faces were toward the girls, and every now and then Alfred gave them a pleasant nod, and received smiles and bright glances in return

"She writes a good hand," observed Felix, opening the letter.

She has had a good education."
That speaks well for her mother." "Her mother died when she was a baby; she has no remembrance of her."

Then she owes it all to you, Martha." "All to me, Felix," replied Martha, quietly: " but read.

Felix read:

"MY DEAR AUNTY, -It is nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I am very tired and sleepy. But before I go to bed I want to talk to you, and as you are not here for me to tease you, I must write a letter. Now I dare say you wonder what about—I should, if I were you—although I know you are always glad to get a letter from me, whether there is any thing in it or not. But I really have something to say to you now; something very, very particular, although it will puzzle you, for I can only tell you a bit of it. You shall know the rest when you come to London, which I hope will be soon, but not until I write you another letter to tell you where to come to. I am going to move, aunty dear, into a nice house, where I'm going to be very happy and comfortable; and although I said at first that I must tell you about it before I did it, I have been persuaded to wait until it was done, so that I might give you a real pleasant surprise. Now this is to tell you just so much, and no more, and to tell you, too, that you mustn't be the least bit uneasy about me. We hall be picely extled in a your gond days and shall be nicely settled in a very few days, and then I shall write to you to come and see me. I fancy I see you walking in and looking about in astonishment, you dear aunty! I wish we could always live together, and that I could show you how much I love you, and how grateful I am for all your care of me. Perhaps that time will come, eh, dear aunty? Now I must wish you good-night, for I feel so sleepy. Goodnight; God bless you. From your happy and affectionate

"It is a good letter, Martha," said Felix,

handing it back to her.

Martha kissed the letter, and replaced it in the bosom of her dress, and kept her hand over

"When I received comfort even from that.
"When I received it yesterday," she resumed,
"I can not describe to you the misery it brought
to me. Lizzie had made a change in her life once before without my knowing, and she prom ised me then, seeing the unhappiness it caused me, always to consult me in any matter of im-She has not done so; I have seen her to-day with two-men who are utter strangers to me; she has never mentioned their names to me; and one is evidently more to her than an ordinary friend or acquaintance.

"Calm yourself, Martha," said Felix, in sincere compassion for her distress of mind; "you

"What can my poor Lizzie know of the heart-lessness and cruelty of the world? What can she know of the falseness of fair words, and of the baseness and want of heart that a smiling face can cover? Oh, Felix, I have felt it! I know what it is; I have suffered from it cruelly She was going to move into a nice house, she says in her letter. What do these words mean? I tortured myself with putting meanings to them. It was impossible for me to get to London yesterday, and I had to wait until this morning. Oh, what a weary night I passed, Felix—what a weary, weary night! I lay in the dark, and the tick of the old clock in the passage almost maddened me, it was so slow. I did not have a moment's sleep—you can see that in my face. I must have dressed myself at least half a dozen times. How I prayed for the morning to come!
Of all the nights of agony I have passed—and I have had many, Felix: my life has been hard and cold and bitter-that was the worst and the most unhappy."

She paused for a moment after this lament.

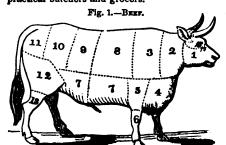
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRACTICAL HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

By CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

EVERY woman, at some period of her life, may need the instructions of this article. Many a widowed mother in our new settlements has had to train her young sons to do every thing on which life and comfort depend, and our wide prairies and forests will witness thousands of similar instances in days to come. For such especially this is prepared.

This article was first written at Cincinnati, by aid of business men experienced in such matters. It has been rewritten at Hartford, Connecticut, with aid and counsel from intelligent practical butchers and grocers.



The animal, when slaughtered, should be bled very thoroughly. The care taken by the Jews

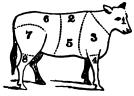
in this and other points draws custom from othects to their markets. The skin is tanned for leather, and the fat is used for candles and other purposes. The tail is used for soups, and the liver, heart, and tripe are also used for cooking. The body is split into two parts through the backbone, and each half is divided as marked in the drawing.

ed in the drawing.

1. The head; sometimes used for mince-pies; sometimes it is tried up for oil, and then the bones are used for fertilisers. The horns are used to make buttons and combs, and various other things.—2. The neck; used for soups and stews.—8. The chucke-tio, or shoulder, having four ribs. It is used for corning, stews, and soup, and some say the best steaks are from this piece.

4. The front of the shoulder, or the shoulder -clod, which is sometimes called the brisket, or rattleram, used for soup and corning.—6. The back of the shoulder; used for corning, soups, and stews.—6. The piece pieces; the front one is called the brisket (as is also 4), and is used for corning, soups, and stews. The back plate piece is called the hank, and is divided into the thick fank, or upper sirloin, and the lower flank. These are for roasting and corning.—8. The standing ribs, divided into heret, second, and third cuts; used for roasting. The second cut is the best of the three.—9. The strioin, and is the best roasting piece.—10. The sirloin steak and the porter-house steak; used for broiling.—11. The rump, or atthch-bone; used for soup or corning, or to cook d la mode.—12. The round, or buttock; used for corning, or for d la mode; also for dried best.—12. The hock, or hind shank; used for soups.

Fig. 2.—Veal



The calf should not be slaughtered until it is six weeks old. Spring is the best time for veal. It is divided as marked in the drawing.

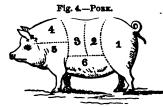
1. The head, sold with the pluck, which includes the heart, liver, and sweet-breads.—2. The rack, including the neck; used for stows, pot-pies, and broths; also for chops and roasting.—3. The shoulder. This, and also half the rack and ribe of the fore quarter, are sometimes roasted, and sometimes used for stews, broths, and cullets.—4. The fore shank, or knuckle; used for broths.—5. The breast; used for stews and soupe; also stuff and bake.—6. The lovin; used for roasting.—7. The fillet, or leg, including the hind fank; used for cullets, or to stuff and boil, or to stuff and roast or bake.

—8. The hind shank, or hock, or knuckle; used for soups. The feet are used for jelly.

Fig. 8.-MUTTON.



1. The shoulder; for boiling or corning.—2, 2. The neck and rack; for boiling or corning.—3. The tota; is reasted, or broiled as chops.—4. The leg; is boiled, or broiled, or stuffed and rossted. Many salt and smoke the leg, and call it smoked venison.—5. The breast; for boiling or corning.



1. The leg, or ham; used for smoking.—2. The hind loin.—3. The fore loin.—4. The spare-rib; for roasting; sometimes including all the ribs.—5. The hand, or shoulder; sometimes smoked, and sometimes corned and boiled.—6. The belly, or spring, for corning or sait. and boiled.—6. The belly, or spring, for corning or ing down. The feet are used for jelly, head-che and souse.

DIRECTIONS FOR MARKETING.

In selecting Beef, choose that which has a loose grain, easily yielding to pressure, of a clear red, with whitish fat. If the lean is purplish and the fat vellow, it is poor beef. Beef long kept turns a darker color than fresh-killed. Stall-fed beef has a lighter color than grass-fed.

Ox beef is the best, and next, that of a heifer. In cold weather it is economical to buy a hind quarter; have it cut up, and what is not wanted immediately, pack with snow in a barrel. All meats grow tender by keeping. Do not let meats freeze; if they do, thaw them in cold water, and do not cook it till fully thawed. piece weighing ten pounds requires ten or twelve hours to thaw.

In selecting Veal, take that which is firm and dry, and the joints stiff, having the lean a deli-cate red, the kidney covered with fat, and the fat very white. If you buy the head, see that the eyes are plump and lively, and not dull and sunk in the head. If you buy the legs, get those which are not skinned, as the skin is good for jelly or soup.

In choosing Mutton, take that which is bright red and close-grained, with firm and white fat. The meat should feel tender and springy on pressure. Notice the vein in the neck of the fore quarter, which should be a fine blue.

In selecting Pork, if young, the lean can be easily broken when pinched, and the skin can be indented by nipping with the fingers. The fat also will be white and soft. Thin rind is best.

In selecting Hams, run a knife along the bone, and if it comes out clean, the ham is good, but if it comes out smeared, it is spoiled. Good hacon has white fat, and the lean adheres closely to the bone. If the bacon has yellow streaks, it is rusty, and not fit to use.

In selecting Poultry, choose those that are full grown, but not old. When young and fresh

killed, the skin is thin and tender, the joints not very stiff, and the eyes full and bright. breast-bone shows the age, as it easily yields to pressure if young, and is tough when old. If young, you can with a pin easily tear the skin. A goose, when old, has red and hairy legs; but when young they are yellow, and have few hairs. The pin-feathers are the roots of feathers, which break off and remain in the skin, and always indicate a young bird. When very neatly dressed they are pulled out.

Poultry and birds ought to be killed by having the head cut off, and then hung up by the legs to bleed freely. This makes the flesh white and more healthful.

In selecting Fish, take those that are firm and thick, having stiff fins and bright scales, the gills bright red, and the eyes full and prominent. When fish are long out of water they grow soft, the fins bend easily, the scales are dim, the gills grow dark, and the eyes sink and shrink away. Be sure and have them dressed immediately, sprinkle them with salt, and use them, if possi-ble, the same day. In warm weather put them in ice, or corning, for the next day. Shell-fish can be decided upon only by the smell. Lobsters are not good unless alive, or else boiled be-fore offered for sale. They are black when alive, and red when boiled. When to be boiled, they are to be put alive into boiling water, which is the quickest and least cruel way to end life.

In hot weather, if there is no refrigerator, then wipe meats dry, sprinkle on a little salt and pepper, and hang in the cellar. Or, still better, wrap it, thus prepared, in a dry cloth, and cover it with charcoal or with wood ashes. Mutton wrapped in a cloth wet with vinegar, and laid on the ground of a dry cellar, keeps well and imroves in tenderness

Hang meat a day or two after it is killed before corning it.

Frozen meat must be thawed in cold water, and not cooked till entirely thawed.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH and its pastor are known the world over. In almost every part of our own country, and in lands beyond the sea, are those who have worshiped God in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and listened to the soul-stirring words that fell from the lips of Henry Ward Beecher. It is not strange, therefore, that the exercises commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of that church and the settlement of Mr. Beecher that church and the settlement of Mr. Beecher as pastor should awaken wide-spread interest. In a single paragraph we can only allude to exercises which, commencing October 7, were extended through five days: extended thus to enable members of the church and Sunday-achools and the pew-holders—in all more than six thousand persons—to participate in them. As the building accommodates only three thousand, it was manifestly impossible to throw the meetings open to the public: admission was only by tickopen to the public; admission was only by tickets. The morning prayer-meeting, from eight to nine each day, was the most interesting and characteristic feature of the whole festival. At characteristic feature of the whole featival. At that early hour the capacious lecture-room was filled to overflowing; and from warm hearts welled up irrepressible expressions of love and gratitude. A great swelling tide of affection for the well-beloved pastor mingled constantly with the deep under-current of grateful love and recognition of God as the giver of all gifts and all prosperity. On Monday the members of the three Sabbath-schools connected with Plymouth Church, whose united enrollment amounts to prosperity. On Monday the members of the three Sabbath-schools connected with Plymouth Church, whose united enrollment amounts to 2954 persons, marched with bands and badges and banners to Columbia Heights, and passing Mr. Beecher's residence, testified their affection for their pastor with music and flowers and gladgome greeting. Surrounded by numerous friends, he stood on the steps with uncovered head and love-illumined face, acknowledging with marked emotion the greetings and the floral offerings which were literally showered upon him. On Tuesday there was a social reunion of all who had been officers or teachers in the Plymouth, the Bethel, or the Navy Mission Sunday-chools, the two latter being sustained by the Plymouth Church. Over a thousand tickets were issued. Another reunion took place on Wednesday afternoon and evening of all the members of the church—altogether social during part of the time, but closing with a fine musical entertainment, and the reading of letters from friends and some statistics relative to the founding of the church. The historical meeting which had been announced for Thursday belied its name. Historic details were merged in the simple, earnest address of the pastor and in the spicy reminiscences of the Rev. R. S. Storrs. And when, in closing, Dr. Storrs, on behalf of all gathered there, turned to Mr. Beecher with touching words of reverent love, every heart united with him; and no eye was dry when, afterward, in wordless emotion, these two co-workers for twenty-five years in God's vineyard—pastors of neighboring churches in Brooklyn—clasped each other in a fraternal embrace. The commemorative exercises closed on Friday with a conference meeting and the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

We have not even mentioned the elegant floral decorations of the church, the lecture and Sunday-school rooms, the banners, flags, mottoes, the flag and the celebration of the Church, the lecture and Sunday-school rooms, the banners, flags, mottoes,

decorations of the church, the lecture and Sunday-school rooms, the banners, flags, mottoes, the fine paintings and engravings, and numerous minor details which added so much to the pleasure of these gatherings. But there was a deeper enjoyment not dependent upon outward ornamentation or any external surroundings, heart-felt and all-pervading. And we think that no one of the thousands who participated in these commemorative exercises will ever forget the so-called "Silver Wedding" of Plymouth Church. day-school rooms, the banners, flags, mottoes

The experiment of lighting ocean steamers with gas has been tried successfully on one of the great steamships which ply between New York and Liverpool. It is believed to be as safe as the ordinary method, and certainly will contribute greatly to the comfort and pleasure of passengers.

On the first opening of the New York Evening High School this fall no less than 1264 names were registered, and it is expected that there

will be about 2000 in general attendance. A large proportion of the pupils are strong, healthy-looking young men. The branches chiefly taught are the German, French, and Latin languages, and physical and political sciences, with geometry, algebra, reading, declamation, and book-keeping. The instruction is free, but no pupils are admitted except those whose avocations or ages prevent them from attending the day schools, and they must be represented to the principal by some responsible person.

Professor Plantamour is trying to frighten us again. Only a little while ago he prophesied that the world was to be burned up immediate-Inst the world was to be burned up immediately. This not having come to pass according to his expectation, he is now attempting to prove that the sun's heat will gradually diminish, and that about the year 2011 we shall all be frozen to death. This calamity will not disturb many of us personally, but it may be hard on the greatgrandchildren of the rising generation, especially if about that time the supply of coal should give out.

English papers speak of an excellent photograph which has been recently taken of Queen Victoria. It shows the Queen seated in an open carriage in company with the Duchess of Sutherland, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice.

Curious reports have been made of Madame Lucca's interviews with the Indian chiefs who have visited this city. It was understood that they were willing to receive calls, but did not desire to pay visits themselves. So the songstress went with a party of friends to their hotel. Her desire to see the Indians seems to have had some connection with "L'Africaine," for when one of the company, jocosely or otherwise, asked her if she would be frightened, she replied, "I am queen in 'L'Africaine,' and have commanded many savages; why should I be afraid of these?" And when "Afraid of the Bear' made his appearance, Lucca cried, "Nelusko! Trés magnifique!" The interview seems to have been pleasing to the red men, for not long afterward they returned the call at the residence of Madame Lucca. Here, having been refreshed by some excellent wine, they were induced to sing after the custom of their tribe, in return for which favor Madame Lucca, at the request of her guests, poured out the treasures of her wides to the sweet and delighted oblige. Curious reports have been made of Madame request of her guests, poured out the treasures of her voice to the amazed and delighted chiefs. Perhaps never was music so widely different heard in the same room within one short hour.

A Manchester (England) paper contains the following specimen of matrimonial advertise-

"A bachelor, middle-aged, money worth only about £1000, but very, very rich in mental and moral worth, desires a wife. Education thoroughly appreciated, but those qualities which go to make home happy shall have the first consideration. Scriptural religion desirable."

The candidates for this situation must go through a sharp examination. And we fancy the subsequent disciplinary course will not be especially easy to the successful individual.

What a pity that the banana will not flourish every where! All other crops might then fail, and yet man be safe from famine. The reproductive powers of this fruit and its nutritious qualities are remarkable. It is said that an acre sown with it will support more than fifty persons, whereas the same amount of land sown with wheat in Europe will only support two persons. As to the exuberance of its growth, it is calculated that, other circumstances remaining the same, its produce is forty-four times greater than that of the potato, and a hundred and thirty-three times greater than that of wheat. In many countries the people subsist almost entirely upon the banana, which is with us a rather expensive luxury. What a pity that the banana will not flourish us a rather expensive luxury.

The tomato first began to be regarded as a wholesome article of food about the year 1825, though even then many fancied it was poisonous. Ten years later it was a fashionable article of diet, both raw and cooked. There has been a diversity of opinion concerning the medical value of the tomato; but there is no doubt but that, when ripe, it constitutes a satisfactory and wholesome dish for the table. There are scores of methods of preparing it, and some of them are delicious. them are delicious.

Charles Nordhoff, in the preface of his recently issued "California," says:

cently issued "California," says:

"There have been Americans who saw Rome before they saw Niagara; and for one who has visited the Yosemite, a hundred will tell you about the Alpa, and a thousand about Paris. Now I have no objection to Europe; but I would like to induce Americans, when they contemplate a journey for health, pleasure, or instruction, or all three, to think also of their own country, and particularly of California, which has so many delights in store for the tourist, and so many attractions for the farmer or settler looking for a mild and healthful climate and a productive country....California is our own; and it is the first tropical land which our race has thoroughly mastered and made itself at home in. There, and there only, on this planet the traveler and resident may enjoy the delights of the tropics without their penalties: a mild climate, not enervating, but healthful and health-restoring; a wonderfully and variously productive soil without tropical malaria; the grandest scenery, with perfect security and comfort in traveling arrangements; strange customs, but neither lawlessness nor semi-barbarism."

The description which the author gives of this same California—the routes through it, the sights to be seen, and the resources of the country—is delightful reading.

Ladies seem to have no safe place in which to carry their pocket-books. Lately they have thought that if they held them in their hands the money was pretty secure. But it is not at all so. A most audacious game is played in broad daylight and in the most frequented thoroughtares, an unsuspecting promenader being the victim. Usually the robber seizes the pocket-book over the shoulder of the lady who carries it, and disappears before she realizes that pocket-book over the shoulder of the lady who carries it, and disappears before she realizes that it is gone. The people around have seen uothing going on; if the police follow and capture the criminal, the lady can not identify him; and as his booty has been thrown at once to a confederate, there is nothing about his person to convict him of the deed. Strange that nothing can be done to remedy this evil; but until there is, ladies must look out sharply for their pocket-books.



Ladies' and Misses' Fall and Winter Suits, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.-LADY'S STREET SUIT. Black gros grain skirt. Dark gray cashmere polonaise, edged with black fur and trimmed with bows of black gros grain. Gray felt hat. Fig. 2.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS.

Black velvet skirt, trimmed with a broad band of bronze gros grain and black velvet bows. Brown gros grain over-skirt, edged with two cords. Brown gros grain basque with black velvet vest.

Fig. 3.—Girl's Princesse Polonaise Suit (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit, for this pretty suit, and the paper patterns.

of which we give a cut paper pattern, graded to fit girls from five to fifteen years old, is seen in the illustration on a girl of fifteen, and may be made of any material. The original is of navy blue cashmere, trimmed with black velvet. The trimming can, of course, be varied to suit the taste.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit consists of two articles-princesse polonaise and skirt.

PRINCESSE POLONAISE.—This pattern is in six pieces-front, side front, back, side back, length of tape, and sleeve. The parts are notched

backs adjust the back to the figure, each having an extra width cut on at the waist line. Lay the extra fullness at the middle back seam in a box-pleat on the under side; turn the extra fullness at the side back seam forward on the under side, and tack the tape at the single perforation in the skirt and at the waist line for draping the skirt. Place the longest seam of ve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Close the front to the waist line with hooks and loops. Trim the neck, the fronts, and the bottom of the skirt with a velvet band three inches in width; this trimming is con-tinued around the entire edge of the front side gore from the armhole down, and around the revers. A large bow of velvet is placed over the top of the pleats at the middle of the back. An outlet of an inch is allowed for seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for girl

Velvet for trimming, 5½ yards.

Velvet for trimming, 5½ yards.

A quarter of a yard extra for each year of age.

SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces front, side gore, and back breadth. Only half of the pattern is given. Cut the front and back tury gone, who were forced to ride kneeling in carriages when their heads were dressed in the fashion of the day.

With respect to trimmings, we can announce the great success of fur, which is worn every where on dresses, boots, and bonnets of all kinds and classes without distinction, and consequently without exclusion. Of course beautiful and costly furs are much preferred to those that are cheap and ugly, but even these are worn, in bands of different widths, as linings of hoods,

revers of dresses, and trimmings of boots.

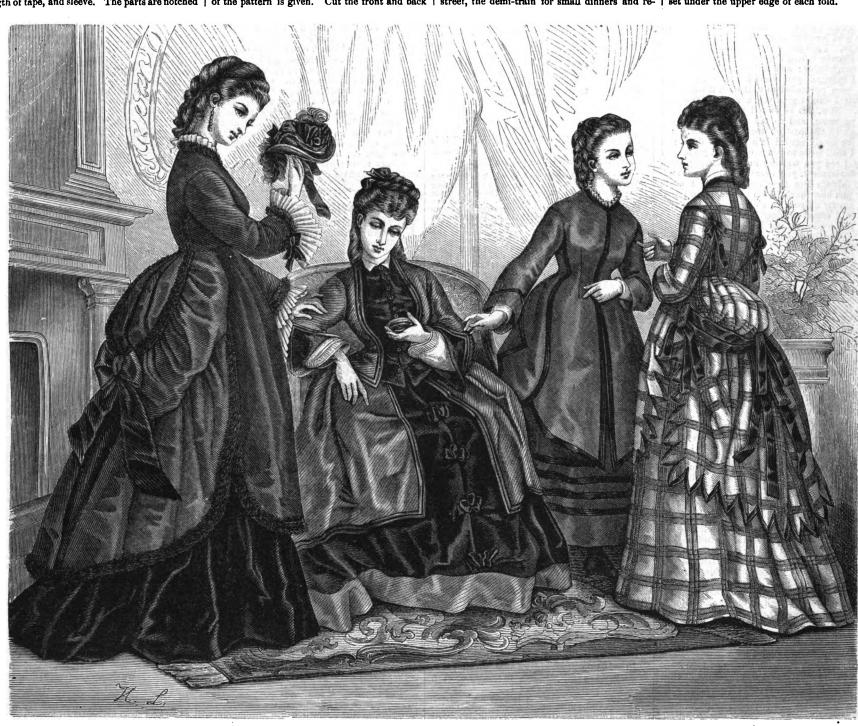
Let us also hasten to say that suits, for a moment attacked, but never dislodged, are more firmly fixed in favor than ever, and that they are in no danger, for this winter at least, of be-

ing excluded from the feminine wardrobe.
Polonaises of cloth or velvet are much worn, but are not draped as high as heretofore. They fall straight in front, and have barely one large pleat behind, and are known by the name of redingotes, thus reconciling two opposite needs, the retention of a convenient and economical fashion, and the love of change-of names if not of things.

Let us add that this winter there will be dresses of all kinds; the short suit for the street, the demi-train for small dinners and re-

on the sides by a large bow, one end of which falls on the skirt like a pleated scarf, while the other forms loops over the first; both bow and ends are made of black velvet lined with veuve faille. The skirt is like the over-skirt, and is trimmed with a wide gathered flounce with a pleated heading falling back and disclosing a broad band of black velvet. Nothing can be more effective, and at the same time more subdued, than this beautiful dress.

Another demi-trained skirt of vert-de-gris faille is trimmed with white lace. The waist is open in heart shape, with a sailor collar. The sleeves are furnished with cuffs to match the collar, both being of velvet of the same color as the faille. The over-skirt is simply looped on each side under velvet rosettes, and is trimmed with a flounce of faille embroidered with silk of the same shade, and edged with narrow white guipure, which also edges the collar and sleeves, and is mixed with the velvet of the rosette that drapes the tunic. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, without guipure, with two narrow flounces, separated by fringe, and each edged with narrow white guipure, and with three parawith narrow white guipure, and with three nar-row bias folds set on upright—that is, sewed only on the lower edge—a row of white guipure being set under the upper edge of each fold.



Figs. 1-4.-LADIES' AND MISSES' FALL AND WINTER SUITS.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S STREET SUIT. Fig. 2.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 3.—GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 4.—LADY'S HOUSE DRESS. [Cut Paper Patterns of Fig. 3, Girl's Princesse Polonaise Suit, graded to fit Girls from 5 to 15 Years old, from 92 to 82 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

to prevent mistakes in putting together, and to show where to lay the pleats. The perforations show where to baste the seams, to take up the dart, to tack the tape in the back of the skirt part, and to turn back the revers. The perforations in the sleeve show the size and form of the under part. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods; the notches at the top and bottom snow where to turn back for the hem in front. Cut the back with the longest straight edge of the pattern laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Cut the other parts lengthwise of the goods. Take notches at the top and bottom show where to the other parts lengthwise of the goods. up the dart at the lines of perforations, and close the seams in the back. Lay a pleat turning up-ward in the front edge of the side back, bring-ing the second notch below the waist line up to meet the first, and lay two pleats below this ac-cording to the notches. Close the remaining seams in the polonaise according to the notches and perforations. Try on wrong side out, and if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The front of this garment is fitted with a short dart and a seam extending from the armhole to the bottom of the polonaise. The back edge of the front gore turns toward the front, forming a revers. Middle and side with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gore with the edge that has a single notch, laid on the edge of the goods. The front and side gores are designed to fit plain, while the back is gathered or laid in small pleats to fit the belt.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for girl

five years old, 2½ yards.

Half a yard extra for each year of age. Fig. 4.—Lady's House Dress. Skirt and polonaise of blue and white plaid poplin, trimmed with black velvet binding and bows.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE most striking thing in the change of the fashions is the constant elevation of the bonnets; they continue to grow, in height if not in size, and no one can foresee where this growth will stop. The carriage-makers are al-ready concerned about it; and, according to all probability, coupés will be built with domes or cupolas to preserve our contemporaries from the harsh extremity inflicted on the dames of a cen-

ceptions, and the full train for large dinners and full-dress parties. The last are almost always accompanied with a Watteau pardessus or a Louis XV. over dress, draped in voluminous poufs on the hips; for it is said that the bouffant drapery which for some time since has been worn in the back is to be carried instead to the sides. This, however, is only a project,

though the probabilities are in its favor.

I can not better depict the general aspect of the fashions for the coming winter than by describing some of the dresses that are in course of preparation for the leaders of fashionable

A dress of veuve (blue-violet, almost black) faille has the waist open in the guise of a Spanish vest over a black velver vest bound with veuve faille, with buttons of the same shade. The waist terminates in very full faille basques, cut in points on the bottom, open in the back, and folded back so as to form points on the sides, and to make room for a pour of moderate size. The part of the waist which borders the vest is edged with a bias fold of faille covered with Chantilly lace. The over-skirt is edged with black Chantilly lace, five inches wide, surmounted by a bias fold of black velvet, and is draped

The following is a marcon cashmere suit: The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with tucks bound with maroon satin, and headed by bias folds of the same satin. The over-skirt is rounded in front and cut in points on the bottom, and is draped very high on the sides and in the back, and trimmed with maroon marabout. The points on the edge of the over-skirt are bound with maroon satin, and the marabout is set under the points. A cashmere scarf trimmed like the over-

skirt serves for a wrapping.

A suit of light black cloth has a skirt three yards and a quarter wide, embroidered with soutache from the bottom to the knee. The overskirt is buttoned the whole length, and draped on the sides, and is embroidered around the edge and down the front, and edged with black woolen ball fringe. Small half-fitting jacket, open at the sides and in the back, and entirely covered with braiding; the sleeves are almost straight, and are braided at the wrists and down the seams.

A mixed suit of faille and woolen reps has a skirt of very dark bronze faille, trimmed with a deep pleated flounce, surmounted by five bias folds. Over-skirt of woolen reps of the same color, but a little lighter shade, edged with a thick ruche of faille like the skirt. Louis XVI.



THE

LAST

CROQUET

O£ THE

SEASON

vest, long, and with small simulated pockets of the same faille. Basque-waist like the over-skirt, of woolen reps. The sleeves are trimmed with a very deep, scantily gathered ruffle, edged with a faille ruche; a similar ruche, but not so thick, covers the seam that joins the ruffle to the

After these particular details, I will make a few general remarks.

and for dresses composed of two different materials bleu faux is much used with jaune éteint, and vert-de-gris with mastic. Decided bright and fresh colors are exclusively employed for Pompadour costumes designed for dinners and

For traveling dresses tissu-éponge is the favor-ite fabric; this is made in all colors, both plain and striped.

of clear, bright tints; these dresses will be worn either with a Watteau pardessus, such as I have described above, made of crêpe de Chine, blonde grenadine, or very wide Valenciennes insertion, alternating with stripes of black grenadine of the same width, or else without a wrapping, but with a long black velvet vest with simulated pockets. The reverse is also seen — a black trained dress with a colored vest.

THE LAST CROQUET OF THE SEASON.

SUMMER is pleasant, when the sun shines mildly, and the grassy lawn is a smooth carpet of living green. Croquet is very pleasant, if one happens to be a young man or a young lady, like those whom our artist has sketched, with a gentle inclination to each other's com-



Embroidery in soutache and round galloon is much used on navy blue, green, bronze, plum, and dark réséda cloths and cashmeres. Navy blue and bottle green will be favorite colors during the coming winter; of all the decided colors, these will be considered the most elegant. Neutral or faded tints will still be worn prodigiously, both in silk and woolen goods; among these serpent blue and frog green will be favorites; Poplin is much in vogue for morning and walking dresses; it is the négligé of elegant

Polonaises will be worn very long in front, and draped high on the sides; for slender persons they will be draped rather high in the back, over a skirt trimmed nearly to the waist.

For dinner-parties very thick silks will be preferred such as broadle damage, and even mains.

ferred, such as brocude, damask, and even moiré,

A great number of black or dark velvet skirts will be worn under redingotes of black or dark cloth or cashmere. The skirt and redingote will not necessarily be of the same color; for instance, a redingote of bottle green, or any other color, may be worn with a black velvet skirt, or else a black redingote with a skirt of bronze, dark réséda, etc.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

pany, with an equal degree of skill and taste for that pretty open-air pastime. Pleasant things, however, are bound to come to an end; so it is with the amount seesan and so it is with the with the croquet season, and so it is with the agreeable visit to the suburban villa which has brought these young people together. Is it so, or have they met elsewhere? The players at so late a period of the season feel comfortably left to themselves. They have plenty of space, el-

bow-room and ankle-room, if we may so speak, for the performance of dextrous feats in the game; and the comments of those unemployed game; and the comments of those themptoyed girls sitting under the penthouse can not be heard at this distance. Miss Adeline, with up-lifted mallet, is approaching her own ball, while she meditates the stroke which shall quietly send it through the nearest loop, and leave it in a convenient place for passing the next stage when her turn comes round again. But it will be exposed to some danger in the mean time from an intervening ball of her opponents, which may drive her a long way aside. Young Mr. Frank, cigar in hand, affects to be watching her play in cigar in hand, affects to be watching lief play in a careless manner; but, if we can interpret the look on his face, there is something else in his mind. He is just now thinking what he shall say to her at home in the evening, when they may get half an hour by themselves, and he hopes she may be disposed to listen to a very important proposal.

LITTLE GERTY.

I've a sweetheart blithe and gay, Fairer far than fabled fay, Light and airy. She is bright and debonair, Softly falls her golden hair; I all other loves forswear: Little fairy.

Little Gerty swears she's true, Gives me kisses not a few; Do I doubt her? Hearts are often bought and sold; Is it glitter, is it gold?
Half my grief could not be told
Were I without her.

Gerty scolds me if I roam, Wonders what I want from home, With sly glances-Looks that seem to me to say, "I have waited all the day; You were very wrong to stray, Naughty Francis.

If I whisper, "We must part," Gerty, sighing, breaks her heart: Awkward, very. When I say that I'll remain, All her smiles return again, Like warm sunshine after rain. We are merry.

If my sweetheart knows her mind, Love is mad as well as blind. Little Gerty Says she means to marry me; She is only six, you see;

I—alas, that it should be!— Am two-and-thirty.

(Continued from No. 43, page 707.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDER," "LANY AUDLET'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

MR. AND MRS. HARCROSS BEGIN TO UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER.

IT was not quite done with in the mind of Hubert Harcross, however. He had but a slippery hold on facts and figures that night as he sat alone, pretending to work, in his gloomy den. The memory of the past was strong upon him—alas! when was it ever weak? But to-night it

was stronger than usual.

Kingsbury church! How the very name of the place brought back the memory of that first Sunday; the very atmosphere with its balmy warmth and rustic quiet; the fair young face looking up at him in that homeward walk by the fragrant hedge-rows; the utter peacefulness in his own heart, which had not yet gone astray! Yet was not that guiltless Sabbath afternoon the commencement of his undoing? Kingsbury church! Would to God he had married her there, and so escaped the horror of knowing himself ber murderer, and so won her for the joy and comfort of his days!

"I would not have let her die," he said to himself. "I would have made her life so bright and happy. What a sweet flower it was, lying in my hand, and I flung it away! Yet, oh God! how could I dream that I should kill her? How could I tell that she was of so much finer clay than other women?"

Mrs. Harcross came back from the Bungalow directly after the wedding, much pleased with her entertainment. There was a little dinner in Mastodon Crescent that evening—a small and careful banquet made for two or three legal luminaries whom it suited Mr. Harcross to gratify by such trivial amenities. Weston was there, in his capacity of cousin and tame cat, and to Weston and her husband Mrs. Harcross gave an animated account of the interesting ceremony in the back drawing-room after dinner, while the legal luminaries were disputing over their tea-cups in the front, and Mr. Harcross, in his office of

host, was for the moment off duty.

"Georgina looked lovely," she said.

"There was the usual string of bride-maids, but the only pretty one among them was Sir Francis Cleve don's sister. You ought to know her, Weston; such a nice girl, and a capital match, no doubt."

"Pray do not cherish any benevolent inten-tions on my behalf in that line, Augusta," replied Mr. Weston Vallory, with his supercilious air. "I am not in the market."

air. "I am not in the market.
"What a misfortune for Miss Clevedon!" said

"Then the wedding was a success, Augusta?"

This was the first opportunity husband and wife had had for conversation since Augusta's arrival from the railway station, just in time to

"Every thing was charming, Hubert. That Kingsbury church is the dearest place in the world; such a perfect bit of rustic architecture, set in such a delicious landscape. You were not half enthusiastic enough about it in your letter;

but then you never are enthusiastic."
"What, you know the neighborhood?" asked
Weston, with an inquisitive look.

"Yes. It was near Kingsbury that Hubert found the funny old farm-house where he recruited his health three years ago," replied Augusta. "I referred to one of your letters, Hubert, and discovered the name of the place," she went on to her husband. "It is called Brierwood. I made the kind old Colonel drive me to see it yesterday afternoon. Such a sleepy old place, and with quite an uninhabit air. I suppose the people have emigrated, as you said."

(1) Did now incoming 2" called Mr. Users.

"Did vou inquire?" asked Mr. Harcross, with a splendid indifference: the bar had made him

as a scomplished actor.

"No. There was no time. We had to get to your romantic Brierwood by all manner of cross-roads, and we were afraid of being late for dinner—at least the Colonel evidently was; and I didn't like to press the point, though I had quite a fancy for seeing the inside of the old house where you staid so long. How could you possi-bly endure such dullness for all those weeks?"

"I wanted rest, you see, Augusta; and it was an advantage to be remote from society."

"And then there may have been some accidental relief to the dullness," said Weston, with his favorite "snigger;" "a rustic flirtation, perhaps. A man does generally get up some kind of flirtation in that sort of place. It is a natural product of the soil."

Mrs. Harcross gave him a withering look, but Mr. Harcross vouchsafed no notice.
"I am glad things went off pleasantly," he said to his wife, with a glance at the group in the next room, holding himself ready to spring upon them the moment conversation flagged.

I never saw a sweeter wedding, so rustic; the church was decorated with flowers, all white and pink. I think I never saw so many azaleas, not even at St. Sulpice's on Whitsunday."
"Where do they go for their honey-moon?"

inquired Weston, languidly.

"To Switzerland. Georgie has traveled so little, and Sir Francis is to show her every thing she is most anxious to see. But they are to be at Clevedon early in August, and I have made

a promise for you, Hubert."
"Indeed! you should never promise any thing except for a godchild. What pledge have you taken on my behalf?"

"I have promised that we will spend the last two weeks in August with the Clevedons. Now there's no use in shrugging your shoulders like that, Hubert. The session will be over, no committee-rooms, no law-courts. You can have no possible excuse for objecting."

"Only that I detest staying in other people's houses.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Harcross, looking fixedly at him with her cold hazel eyes. "Do you feel so much out of your element among county peo-

It was a little involuntary burst of that slow fire which had smouldered in her heart of late. She was vexed with herself the moment after she had spoken.

"Well, no; I am not the kind of person to torment myself with an idea of my own inferior-ity, even to county people; and I certainly should not consider myself the inferior of Sir Francis Clevedon.

"The Clevedons seem to think themselves great people, at least Sibyl told me a good deal about their ancestors when she was showing

me the family portraits."
"Did she favor you with a sketch of her father's character?" asked Mr. Harcross, coldly.

"No; the father appears to have been hardly a nice person. Neither Francis nor his sister talk much of him. Now mind, Hubert, I have set my heart on this visit, and I do hope you will

set my neart on this visit, and I do nope you win not oppose me."

"I think I rarely oppose you in any reason-able desire. But it's hardly worth while laying out our campaign for the end of August at the

beginning of June. I must go and talk to old Shepeskinn. Won't you sing, Augusta?"

"In order that those horrid lawyers may talk all the louder. I'll play, if you like. Will you get me a volume of Mendelssohn out of the stand, Weston?-the blue morocco volume.

Weston found the volume, and stood by his cousin as she played, turning the leaves correctly to a crotchet, and talking to her in the pauses of the music. He asked a good many questions about Kingsbury, and the old farm-house in which Hubert had stopped, and seemed singularly interested in this episode in the life of Mr. Harcross. But he contrived to put his questions in the airiest manner, and Augusta's only idea upon the subject was a conviction of her

cousin's frivolity.
"I shouldn't wonder if there were something mysterious in that farm-house business," Weston Vallory said to himself, as he smoked a midnight cigar during his homeward journey to the Surrey hills. Harcross looked rather glum when I mild-ly suggested a possible flirtation in that quarter. Did ever any man on the right side of forty live six weeks at a farm-house without a stronger motive than the desire for fresh air and new-laid eggs? And I remember how uncommonly close friend was on the subject of this rustic excursion when I met him in Acropolis Square the day after his return. I am inclined to think there is something; and if there is, look out for

squalls, Mr. Harcross. I've had a trifle too much of your de haut en bas manner, to say nothing of your having swindled me out of the woman I meant to marry, and I should vastly like to drop down upon you unexpectedly some fine morning.

Christian meditations to carry through the soft summer night, but they were hardly unpleasant to the soul of Weston Vallory: they did not gnaw or rend his vitals with a vulture-like rending, but agreeably titillated his senses, and gave a zest to his contemplation of the future. He felt so sure that, sooner or later, he should be

"That little account has been a long time standing, my friend Harcross," he said to him-self, "but I mean to square it."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"MORE FELL THAN ANGUISH, HUNGER, OR THE SEA.

CHARGES at Brierwood. The land was let off to a sturdy red-faced farmer sprung from the peasant class, who lived with his numerous progeny in a roomy cottage remote from the old homestead; a substantial tenement, which had been built for the occupation of a bailiff in the days when the Brierwood people were gentry. The house and garden remained, cared for by Mrs. Bush, the char-woman, and her husband, who was of the gardening persuasion. No item of the old furniture had been removed, but the rooms were for the most part tenantless. For the last twelve months Richard Redmayne had been across the seas, at Bulrush Meads, where James and Hannah's industry had created quite a model domain. He had been to see how they thrived, but the prosperity of his estate gave him little gladness. She who was to have been the glory of his home could never look upon those fertile valleys, could never wander by his side across those breezy hills. The brightness and the beauty of his life had vanished; he lived on, ate, drank, slept even, very much as he had done before, and did not always dream of her. But oh, how often-how often in his slumbers the pale sweet face smiled at him, he heard her voice, felt the touch of the clinging hand, and told himself that it had all been a delusion, a false alarm—she was not dead! And then came the waking and the dreary reality. She was

God's curse light on her murderer," he said to himself, "as my hate and vengeance shall follow him to the end!"

Time had not dulled the edge of his hatred. Of the man who had tempted Grace away from her home he never thought but one thought. That man had slain her—killed her as surely, and with as deep a villainy, as if he had planned and executed a deliberate murder.

"He would have slain her soul," he told himself.

"There was no earthly friend to save her.

God sent his angel Death to snatch her from him. But that man would have killed her soul. Is he less guilty of her death because he did not mean to kill her body? And when his fancy had tired of her, would he have cared in what river she hid ber dishonor?"

James tried his hardest to detain his brother on that side of the world.

"You've no call to go back, Rick, old fellow," he said. "You've let the land to a good tenant. Why shouldn't you stop with us for the rest of your days, and take your own place as owner of the property? The climate suits you. There's plenty for you to look after here, a good horse for you to ride, and good friends to keep you company within a day's easy journey. What have you got to do in England?"

"To find the man who murdered my daugh-

"Poor Gracey! Well, it was the next thing to a murder," said James, who had shed not a few quiet tears over his niece's fate, brushing a rough hand across his eyes many a time when Grace's image rose before him as he walked alone in the sunshine. He had children of his own, and loved them heartily, but not as he had loved Gracey. She seemed so different from them—

like a moss-rose in a cabbage garden.

"It was a cruel thing to tempt her away,
Rick; but, you see, we don't know. He may
have meant better than we think. He may have

meant fairly by her; there's no knowing."
"Don't talk like a fool, Jim. Does a man ever mean honestly who acts as that man acted?
Mean fairly by her? Why, he lied about her
when she was dead, as he had lied to her when
she was alive; perjured himself, and called her his sister, because he knew himself to be a villain, and hadn't the manhood to speak the truth, even when she was dead, even when she lay dead under his roof. Thank God, she died! It is hard to lose her; yet I say, thank God, she died! And oh, Jim, if you know me at all, you know that I would barter all the rest of my life against

one year with her."
"Stay with us, Rick; stay, and be master here,

where it's all your own.

"No, Jim. I'll get a lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, and make you a present of this place. I may come back some day, when my business is done, and end my days in peace among you. I can never know peace at Brierwood any more. But I'm bound to go back there for a little while. I've something to do."

"Come, Rick, be reasonable. What's the good of hunting after a needle in a bottle of hay? ou'll never find that man; and if you did find

him, what then?"
"I'll settle that when I've found him. That's enough, Jim; I'm bound to sail in the Lucy Ashton next Thursday week."

He sailed in that teak-built clipper, made the homeward voyage once more prosperously, and came to Brierwood one bright June afternoon,

when Kingsbury joy-bells were ringing as if they

had gone mad.
"What's all that row about?" he inquired of Mrs. Bush, the housekeeper, as he walked in at the open kitchen door with the air of having come home from a day's outing. He had crossed the fields, and come in by the garden. There was no pleasure in such a coming homepectation. His fields were in the possession of others; his house was kept only in memory of

"Lor, Mr. Redmayne!" cried Mrs. Bush, let-ting fall a loaf which she was in the act of taking from the oven; "what a turn you did give me, to be sure!"

I told you I should come back some day." "Yes, to be sure; and we've looked for you many a time, but not expectin' to see you so suddint, without so much as a line to say you was comin', and your bed not aired nor nothink. But we'll soon get things straight. There's a beefsteak in the larder, as I got for my Sam tomorrow, and I can cook a bit of dinner for you, and have every think comfortable. And I hope you've kept your health, Sir, while you've been in foreign parts."

"I've been tolerably well; the climate yonder suits me. What are those confounded joy-bells

ringing for?"
"Don't you like 'em, Mr. Redmayne? I think they're so cheerful when they ring like that. I don't much care for them of a summer's evening rung slow; they make me feel solid. Don't you know about the wedding? It's a great day for Kingsbury, and there's a dinner at Clevedon —my goodman's gone there. Sir Francis Cleve-don was married at Kingsbury church this morn-

ing."
"Oh, Sir Francis is come home, is he?" said
Richard, listlessly, looking round the familiar room, with its heavily timbered ceiling, and lattice windows looking out on a spacious stone yard, and tumble-down low-roofed outhouses, a oump, an empty dog-kennel, and half a dozen fowls scratching on a shrunken manure heap. How well he remembered Grace flitting in and out of the old stone-flagged kitchen, pretending to help a little in the household work, sitting down by a sunny window to shell a great basket of pease, and running off before they were half

done, and forgetting to come back!
"Sure to goodness, Mr. Redmayne, didn't
you know about Sir Francis?" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, who evidently supposed that English newspapers would have made it their business to supply the colonies with the latest news of Clevedon Hall.

"How should I know?"

"Dearey me! He's been back going on for a year. Let me see, it was last August as he come, and you not to know any think! He was married this morning to as sweet a young woman as you ever see—Colonel Davenant's daughter of the Wells. I went over to see the wedding, but it was as much as I could do to get inside the church door. I don't suppose as Kingsbury church was ever so full since it was

Richard Redmayne seemed quite indifferent to Sir Francis Clevedon and his affairs. He left the kitchen, and roamed through the old house, unlocking the doors of the rooms, which had been carefully locked in his absence, and going into one after another, only to stand for a little while looking round him, with a slow, half-wondering gaze, as if he could hardly believe he had ever lived there. The rooms were all fault-lessly clean, but had a damp, chilly atmosphere, and a certain dreariness of aspect, as if they had been thus shut and thus disused for the last fifty years. If Richard Redmayne had been a be-liever in ghosts, he might almost have expected to see one in those dusky chambers, where the half-opened shutters let in the afternoon light grudgingly, leaving obscure corners where a ghost might lurk. But for Rick Redmayne there was only one shadow, and that was with

him always.

He had lived and been happy in those rooms once upon a time. His thoughts went back to the days of his early manhood, before his wife's death, to pleasant, peaceful days, when his worst care had been a doubtful harvest or sickness among his cattle, and from that quiet time they went to the summer afternoon on which his young wife left him smoking his pipe in the garden, left him with a light word and a loving smile, a little look back at him which he remembers to this hour, and thus left him forever.

Bitter memories! Can any life into which

death has once entered ever again be perfectly happy? Rick Redmayne had outlived the sharpness of his grief, but not the grief itself. years after that day of norror, with his fair young daughter by his side, loving her with all the force of his strong heart, the recollection of that loss was as fresh in his mind as it had been in the first week of bereavement. And now that Grace was gone, he forgot the tranquil years that had intervened between those two great sorrows. It seemed to him rather as if an angry Deity with one sweep of his hand had left him desolate, robbed him of all hope and comfort.

If he had any virtue, it was that of Joh. He did not curse God, and die. He lived: but he lived to cherish a purpose which perhaps was worse than the suicide's desperate sin. He lived on in the hope that fate would give his child's false lover into his hands—a vague, blind hope at the best, but strong enough to keep him alive.

Sorely had he changed since that day when, dashed a little by misfortune, but still daring and hopeful, he had asked the indulgence of his creditors before he sailed across the world to redeem his fortunes. In mind and body the man was alike altered; moody where he had been social-doubtful and suspicious where he



had been open and trusting as a child—brooding alone over his injuries, angry with the very world for having held such a traitor, rebellious against his God for having permitted such a wrong. In his outward aspect even the change was striking. It was not so much that his dark brown hair was streaked with iron-gray, that there were deeper lines than his actual years would have warranted upon the handsome, rugged face. The change of expression was agreater change than this. The face had hardened, the eyes and mouth had grown cruel. At its best now the expression was at once gloomy and reckless; at its best the face of Richard Redmayne was the face of a man to

He came back to his old home, but not to his old habits, or his old friends. The friends had fallen away from him long ago, chilled and repelled by a change so obvious. Of the details of that sorrow which had changed him, the outer world, his small world, knew very little. People in Kingsbury knew that Grace Redmayne had gone away from home, and had died away from home, but when and where she had died had been told to none. This very silence was in itself mysterious, and to the minds of most people implied disgrace—some sad and shameful story which the girl's kindred kept hidden in their own hearts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"BUT OH, THE HEAVY CHANGE NOW THOU ART GONE!"

RICHARD REDMAYNE sat in the old rooms. and paced the old garden, or lay smoking his pipe on the grass under the cedar day after day, and made no attempt to occupy himself, physically or mentally, but let the days drag themselves out how they would. They were slow to pass, yet so empty that when gone they seemed to have traveled swiftly, like the days in a workhouse or a jail, where there is no greater event to mark the passage of time than the monotonously recurring hours for meals. He shrank from being seen in his old haunts, and from being greeted by his old companions. If he had him-self committed some unpardonable crime against society, he could hardly have avoided his fellowmen more persistently than he now avoided all the friends of his youth and manhood. He rarely went beyond his own garden and orchard in the daytime, but at night sometimes, when the rover's restlessness was strong upon him, he would set out long after dark, walk fifteen miles or so across country, in a reckless mood which took no heed of distance or direction, and come back to Brierwood in the dewy dawn, worn out and haggard.

"I try to walk the devil down, you see, Mrs. Bush," he said to his housekeeper, on returning from one of these rambles, a speech which filled the honest woman with consternation.

"There's somethink unked about Richard Redmayne," she told her husband. "I don't think he's ever been quite right in his head, poor soul, since he lost his daughter."

He was in England, and he had come back to find his child's destroyer, yet he did so little. He went up to Mr. Smoothey's office, made an appointment with Mr. Rendel, the private inquirer, and effered that gentleman any terms he chose to demand if he would only find the man who had called himself "Walgry" on one occasion, and "Walsh" on another.

He pressed the business with such a feverish eagerness, that Mr. Rendel, who did not by any means see his way to making the required discovery, affected a kind of hopefulness for very charity.

"It is rather a difficult matter," he said. "You see, I have positively no clew. The man takes a furnished house at Highgate, gives it up, pays every one in cash, no checks or any thing of that kind, and vanishes. I have no photograph of the man, no knowledge of his profession, antecedents, any thing; and yet you ask me to pick him out from the entire population of this city, supposing him to be an inhabitant of this city, which we are by no means sure he is."

of this city, which we are by no means sure he is."
Richard Redmayne sat with his back to the
dusty window of the dusty office, listening to
these arguments with a gloomy countenance.
"Never mind the difficulty," he said, abruptly;

"it's your trade to get over that. If it was easy to find him, I should have found him long ago. Find him, Mr. Rendel, and I'll pay you what you like for your difficulty."

"But, my good Redmayne," said Mr. Smoothey, in his comfortable family-solicitor-like way, "supposing the man found, what then? You have no redress. The law which makes abduction a crime would not tell here, since your daughter was nineteen years of age. Nor can you prove that any wrong was done her, or that any wrong was intended. To what end, then, would you trace the offender?"

"Never mind what end. Find him for me, that's all I ask you to do. I may have my own manner of reckoning with him. I want to see him face to face. I want to be able to say, 'You killed my daughter."

"You killed my daughter."
"Upon my honor, Mr. Redmayne, I think you look at this business from a very false and fatal point of view. Granted that a great wrong was done in tempting your poor child to leave her home; but remember that it is a kind of wrong committed almost every day, and a kind of temptation to which every good-looking young woman of the middle class is more or less subject. The fatal result was not a part of the wrong, not contemplated by the wrong-doer. Had your daughter lived, who knows that this gantleman might not have married her? Even if it were not his immediate intention to do so, he might have done so ultimately, prompted by conscience and affection."

"'Don't try to humbug me by that seesaw

kind of argument—if he didn't and if he did," cried Rick Redmayne, roughly. "I only know that he stole my daughter away from her home, and that she died of the shame he brought upon her, and that I hold him her murderer."

There was no use in talking to such a man. The words of wisdom were wasted on this passionate, undisciplined soul. Mr. Smoothey shut his spectacle-case with rather an impatient snap.

"You must do as you please, Mr. Redmayne," he said. "I have no doubt Rendel will do his best with your business, and, of course, any legal advice you may want from me is at your service; but I really can not see your motive."

but I really can not see your motive."

"That man's in a bad way," said the astute Rendel, when the farmer had left the office.

"The sort of man who would scarcely surprise me if he did something desperate. I sha'n't help him to find the seducer. In the first place, I consider the thing beyond the limits of possibility; and in the second place, even if I could find the man, it would go against my conscience to have any hand in bringing those two together. Yet you know, Smoothey, that my conscience is rather elastic."

"Toughish, certainly," answered the lawyer; "and warranted to stretch. However, I quite agree with you about this poor fellow Redmayne. The man has brooded on this subject until it has become a monomania."

Richard Redmayne went back to Brierwood soon after this interview, believing that he had done his uttermost, but not till he had been to look at the cottage where his daughter died, and the grave in which she lay. The pretty little Gothic bandbox on Highgate Hill was let. He could only prowl up and down by the railings for a little, screened by the laurel hedge, listening to the fresh voices of children in the tiny garden. There were guelder-roses in bloom, and a bed of standard roses in the centre of the miniature lawn, bird-cages in the open window, the whole aspect of the place bright and joyous. He looked up at the window of that room where they had laid her in the last solemn slumber, looked at it, and thought of the day when she had lain there, a dull November day, with the rain beating against the window-panes, perhaps, and all nature gloomy. It wounded him to see the house under this cloudless June sky, to hear happy voices from the room where she had died broken-hearted.

He walked all the way to Hetheridge—seven miles along the dusty north road; then away westward, by a quiet cross-road, to the quietest village within twenty miles of London. He passed the village green, and the pond where the ducks were floating lazily in the sunshine, and went on beneath the shelter of chestnut and lime to the church-yard where Grace was buried. This sixth of June was her birthday, and he had chosen this day of all others for his pilgrimage to her grave.

"I might have brought some flowers or something," he said to himself as he opened the low wooden gate. "What a hard-hearted wretch I must be not to have thought of it! Did I ever go to see her empty-handed when she was at school?"

The church-yard was not a particularly pretty one, only very solemn and tranquil, with a great yew-tree making a wide circle of shadow above the quiet green hillocks. There were no splendid monuments of modern date, but here and there a ponderous tomb within a rusty railing, a mouldering stone sarcophagus, with sinuous ivy creeping in and out among the cracks in the stone, and a dank moss thick upon the timeworn inscriptions. The charm of the scene was its utter tranquillity. A village church-yard on a hill, with a wide stretch of landscape below it, and only the faintest indication of a city in the far distance.

Richard Redmayne found his way to the grave-stone. Was not every detail of the quiet scene burned in upon his brain? The church-yard was empty of all human kind, yet on the granite slab there lay a wreath of waxen-petaled exotics, all purest white, and as fresh as if it had been that minute laid there.

Rick Redmayne went back to the gate, striding over the low graves recklessly. Who was there to bring votive wreaths to her grave—who, in all her little world—except the man who had destroyed her?

"He has been here," the farmer said to himself; "is here still, perhaps, loitering somewhere. Oh God! if I could only meet him, in this place, by her grave! It seems the fittest spot for us two to come face to face; and if we do meet here, I think I shall strangle him."

The muscular hand closed with a tighter grip upon the oak sapling which Mr. Redmayne carried as a walking-stick.

He planted himself by the church-yard gate and waited, listening for a footstep on the gravel-path.

"I wonder that he can have the heart to stand beside her grave, knowing that he killed her."

He was not softened in any degree by this indication that his lost child was still held in loving remembrance. His only sentiment was wonder that her destroyer could presume to lay his wreath upon her grave—that he dared approach the scene which must needs remind him of his crime.

He waited an hour with a dogged patience, but no one came. Then he made a careful round of the church-yard, and meeting no one, knelt down and said a short prayer by his daughter's tombstone; not such a prayer as Christianity inspires—reverent, submissive, confiding; but tinctured rather with that fiery spirit which might have breathed in the supplications of some outraged father in the old Greek days, when men's gods were of the sternest mould; an appeal to the Eumenides—a blind, wild cry for stribution

He took the wreath in his strong hand when that prayer was ended—took it, intending to scatter those frail blossoms to the summer winds. The delicate petals seemed almost to shrink and shiver in his rough grasp; but after looking at it for a few moments with a moody countenance, he laid it gently on the stone where it had lain when he found it, encircling his daughter's name.

"She was so fond of flowers, and these white sweet-scented ones above all," he said to himself. "No, I won't spoil it, even though he put it there."

He rose at last and left the church-yard, meaning to make inquiries in the village as to the appearance of any stranger who might have been observed by the innkeeper or his gossips. In so small and primitive a place a stranger could hardly escape observation; but at the gate Richard Redmayne encountered the sexton, who had espied him from his cottage a few paces off, and had come out to see whether there might not be a sixpence to be earned in this direction.

"Would you like to see the church, Sir?" he inquired.

"No; I don't care about churches. Have you been about here all the morning?"
"Yes, Sir; in and out, on and off."

"There's been a man here; a man who brought some flowers to lay upon one of the graves."

"Like enough, Sir. There's many as brings flowers; that's the beauty of this place; nobody ever interferes with 'em; the children never lays a finger on 'em."

"You haven't seen any stranger, then, this morning?"

"Well, yes; there was a gentleman I met, coming out of this here gate, like as I might meet you now this minute, above an hour ago."
"You didn't know him?"

"Not to call to mind his name; but I know his face well enough. He's got somebody buried with us, I make no doubt."

"Does he come here often?"
"Not as I know of. I took the liberty to
wish him good-morning; but he only made answer by a nod, and walked off before I could ask
him if he'd like to see the church."

"Look here," said Richard Redmayne, with his hand in his pocket. "Here's half a crown for you. Tell me what the man was like, as close as you can, and I'll make it five shillings."

He tossed the coin to the sexton, whose shriveled old countenance wrinkled into a rapturous

"Lor a-mussy, Sir, I wish I were a better hand at that sort o' work. The gentleman were tall and dark, with his eyebrows marked very strong like, givin' him rather a fierce look. His face looked to me as if it were made of wrought iron; but he was a personable sort of a man for all that, and quite the gentleman."

"That will do," said Richard Redmayne, throwing him a second half crown. "If ever

"That will do," said Richard Redmayne, throwing him a second half crown. "If ever that man comes this way again, you get some one to follow him, and if you find out where he goes and where he lives, I'll give you a five-pound note. Remember that."

"Lor, Sir, it's a thing as I never did in all my born days," cried the sexton, gazing at Rick Redmayne with an awe-stricken countenance; "you bain't one of these here perlice orcifers in plain clothes, be ye?"

"Never mind what I am; you do what I tell you, and earn a five-pound note. You can telegraph to me at this address when you find out what I want to know, and you shall have your money by return of post."

money by return of post."

Rick Redmayne wrote his address on a page of his pocket-book and tore out the leaf, which he handed to the sexton.

"I am as willing as any one in Hetheridge to earn a honest penny, Sir; but follerin' any one do seem so out o' the way and under'and like. Certingly, there's my grandson Thomas, as sharp a lad as ever any one need wish to see, and as fleet-footed, he might foller any gentleman afoot or a-horseback, and I don't believe as he'd be left behind; and a rare artful lad too, and an uncommon favorite with our parson! Lor, how he do give out the responses in the psalms; you might a'most hear him out here—that sharp and shrill!"

"Find out where this man lives, and earn your money," said Mr. Redmayne. "Don't lose that bit of paper with the address. Goodday."

He walked away rapidly, leaving the sexton pondering, and scratching his head with a puzzled air.

"As to artfulness," he muttered to himself with an inward chuckle, "if it comes to that, our Thomas might get his livin' by follerin'; but I don't know what parson would say to it. Howsumdever, there's no call for him to know."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS. SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

WE don't inquire too closely into character in the case of a handsome, generous young fellow, who will have property enough to support numerous peccadilloes—who, if he should unfortunately break a man's legs in his rash driving, will be able to pension him handsomely; or if he should happen to spoil a woman's existence for her, will make it up to her with expensive bonbons, packed up and directed by his own hand. It would be ridiculous to be prying and analytic in such cases, as if one were inquiring into the character of a confidential clerk. We use round, general, gentlemanly epithets about a young man of birth and fortune; and ladies, with that fine intuition which is the distinguishing attribute of their sex, see at once that he is "nice." The chances are that he will go through

life without scandalizing any one; a sea-worthy vessel that no one would refuse to insure.

It is not for us men to apportion the shares of moral guilt and retribution. We find it impossible to avoid mistakes even in determining who has committed a single criminal act, and the problem how far a man is to be held responsible for the unforeseen consequences of his own deed is one that might well make us tremble to look into it. The evil consequences that may lie folded in a single act of selfish indulgence is a thought so awful that it ought surely to awaken some feeling less presumptuous than a rash desire to punish.

It's a deep mystery—the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen i' the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven year for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for th' asking. I often think of them words, "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

I think it is hardly an argument against a man's general strength of character that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution doesn't insure one against small-pox or any other of those inevitable diseases. A man may be very firm in other matters, and yet be under a sort of witchery from a woman.

However strong a man's resolution may be, it costs him something to carry it out, now and then. We may determine not to gather any cherries, and keep our hands sturdily in our pockets, but we can't prevent our mouths from watering.

I'm no friend to young fellows a-marrying afore they know the difference atween a crab an' a apple; but they may wait o'er long.

Our mental business is carried on much in the same way as the business of the state: a great deal of hard work is done by agents who are not acknowledged. In a piece of machinery, too, I believe there is often a small unnoticeable wheel which has a great deal to do with the motion of the large obvious ones.

Adam Bede had not outlived his sorrow—had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling, if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.

In our eagerness to explain impressions, we often lose our hold of the sympathy that comprehends them.

Without this fellow-feeling, how are we to get enough patience and charity toward our stumbling, falling companions in the long and changeful journey? And there is but one way in which a strong determined soul can learn it—by getting his heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that he must share not only the outward consequence of their error, but their inward suffering. That is a long and hard lesson.

Energetic natures, strong for all strenuous deeds, will often rush away from a hopeless sufferer, as if they were hard-hearted. It is the overmastering sense of pain that drives them. They shrink by an ungovernable instinct, as they would shrink from laceration.

If a country beauty in clumsy shoes be only shallow-hearted enough, it is astonishing how closely her mental processes may resemble those of a lady in society and crinoline, who applies her refined intellect to the problem of committing indiscretions without compromising herself.

Pray how many of your well-wishers would decline to make a little gain out of you? Your landlady is sincerely affected at parting with you, respects you highly, and will really rejoice if any one else is generous to you; but at the same time she hands you a bill by which she gains as high a percentage as possible.

That is a base and selfish, even a blasphemous, spirit which rejoices and is thankful over the past evil that has blighted or crushed another, because it has been made a source of unforeseen good to ourselves.

Sleep comes to the perplexed—if the perplexed are only weary enough.

It is well known that great scholars who have shown the most pitiless acerbity in their criticism of other men's scholarship, have yet been of a relenting and indulgent temper in private life; and I have heard of a learned man meekly rocking the twins in the cradle with his left hand, while with his right he inflicted the most lacerating sarcasms on an opponent who had betrayed a brutal ignorance of Hebrew. Weaknesses and errors must be forgiven—alas! they are not alien to us—but the man who takes the wrong side on the momentous subject of the Hebrew points must be treated as the enemy of his race.



"RELICS OF THE SIEGE" AT PARIS.

A STRANGER walking through Paris for the first time since the siege would be struck by the peculiar form taken by those nondescript productions for which Paris is so famed, and

and-one other articles, useful and useless, which may be included under the head of "drawing-room knickknacks." Now, however, he has struck out in a new line, and, having evidently imbibed a taste for the warlike in fighting against the Prussians, he produces every thing in the shape of a shell, a Prussian helmet, the Vendôme Col-

golden and jeweled imitations of those deadly golden and jeweied imitations of those deady iron missiles with which M. Bismarck so bountifully pelted Paris last year. Do you want an inkstand, you are proffered half a shell, "picked up in such or such a street, parole d'honneur, m'sieur." A paper-weight and a match-box are similar "relics of the siege." In fact, a

stand, is the most fashionable waste-paper basket you can have. Several shops are almost exclu-sively devoted to the sale of these relics, which are mostly warranted genuine, though of course there are gilded or bronze imitations, more gorgeous but scarcely so chic as the veritable article, usually so bedizened and ornamented as to be



AMERICANS BUYING "RELICS OF THE SIEGE" AT PARIS.

with which, under the title of articles de Paris, half the shops on the Boulevards and in the Passages are filled. The Parisian was always famed for the elegant grotesqueness of his work, and certainly can not be equaled in his fantastic ideas of what should be the correct shape for clocks, vases, candelabra, card-plates, and the thousand-

umn, or some other reminder of la guerre and | its consequences. Thus you go to one jeweler, and are offered a scarf-pin, with a morsel of the pain du siège carefully set in crystal; another, who wants you to buy a ring made out of rifle bullets, and inscribed "Défense de Paris, 1870-71;" while ear-rings and charms are devoted to

shell and bullet epidemic seems to have broken out every where. A clock is placed in the mid-dle of a huge "Krupp;" a smaller shell forms the base of a two-branched candlestick; a por-tion of a rounder missile, supported on four rifle bullets, makes a card-plate; while a Prus-sian picklehaube, placed spike downward on a

hardly recognizable. Such a shop is represented in our illustration, where the reader will recognize most of the articles we have enumerated. The inquisitive customer to the left is inspecting a rifle bullet converted into a breloque, wherein is set a view of some place connected with the war, or perhaps the portrait of one of the brave de-



fenders of the French capital. Besides these elegant relics, there are other and sadder mementoes of France and her misfortunes, in the shape of burned and calcined morsels from the palaces of the Tuileries and St. Cloud, and the various public buildings destroyed under the Commune. The relics of St. Cloud, however, are in the ma-

for at least a year. Remembering Birmingham and its manufacturers of antiquities, we are somewhat inclined to dispute the veracity of these innumerable "relics of the siege." But as we hapen to possess an "undoubtedly genuine" triad of shell, scrap of siege bread, and rifle bullet, perhaps we are disposed to be hypercritical.

come to remind her of joys and sorrows wellnigh forgotten, perhaps of some that she vainly tries to forget, but which a mocking spectre perpetually keeps alive before her eyes. We pity her: ghosts are bad company at best; and he is unhappy indeed who, like Sir Rohan, is doomed to travel through life with one at his side, ready

USE OF AMMONIA IN MAKING PRESERVES.

WE learn that very satisfactory experiments have been made in using ammonia to lessen the amount of sugar required in preserving acid fruits. In the course of the operation a



A REVERIE.

jority, and pieces of china and glass, broken and semi-fused into a hundred fantastic forms, calcined marble, morsels of scrap-iron and door hinges, are eagerly bought by trusting tourists at the village itself. We should think that enough materials had been sold there to build the ruined palace twice over, and shells to bombard Paris

A REVERIE.

ON what is this young girl musing as she sits alone in her chamber in the darkening twilight? Shadowy faces gather round her, the ghosts of departed years, and peer out from the darkness till they almost touch her cheek. They

to emerge from the invisible world at any moment. Our heroine would do better to shake off her morbid fancies, and, locking up her shadowy visitors, endeavor to forget the past in the usefulness of the present. It is dangerous to indulge overmuch in reverie, and habitually to look backward instead of forward.

small quantity of ammonia is to be stirred in, and its effect carefully noted. The alkali of the ammonia, combining with the acid of the fruit, produces a neutral reaction, which permits the sugar to have its full effect. An excess of ammonia can be remedied by the introduction of a little vinegar.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—The time for wearing mourning is much shorter than formerly. One year of deep mourning dress, viz., crape and bombazine, is usual for a brother. Half mourning does not imply lace and silk, except very instreless, thick, heavy silk. Self trimmings for dresses in lieu of crape, and white collars and cuffs, are the change in this dress. Purple, gray, and lilac are very little wora as part of dressing mourning,

are very little worn as part of dressing mourning, white and black being preferred.

E. B. C. F.—A suit of sea blue or of sage green cashmere, made with princesse polonaise, and a silk skirt of same shade flounced with cashmere, is what we suggest for a blonde. Facing, piping, and sash of silk of a lighter shade. A Dolman of the cashmere or of camel's-hair is the wrap, and the bonnet should be the rolled brim 'Port Louiz' of felt with velvet. be the rolled brim "Port Louis," of felt, with velvet

or silk facings the shade of the suit.

I. I. N.—Your samples of French poplin are worth
the price paid for them. Make the blue with a jockey
basque and over-skirt, and trim with side pleatings

basque and over-skirt, and trim with side pleatings faced with blue velvet. A very simple polonaise and single skirt are all that can be made of the green pattern.

Lucile.—A cashmere suit is what you want to exchange with your black slik suit. The quality sold for \$1.75 a yard is what is generally used. For manner of making see descriptions in New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 40, 41, and 42, Vol. V. Dotted tulle is coming back into favor for vells. The hair is worn very high, in the Josephine style. For pattern and directions for a Dolman read Bazar No. 41, Vol. V. Alaska sable costs \$30 or \$40 a set. Cashmere polonaises will be more worn than ever. Kilt pleating on half the skirt, with gathered ruffies, or else flat bands forming a tablier, is the popular trimming for both forming a tabler, is the popular trimming for both silk and wool dresses.

OLIVE J.—Make your blue twilled dress with a polo-

naise and single skirt, trimmed with rows of black Hercules braid.

BLACK-WED LAR.—Make your Swiss bridal dress by directions for a ball dress given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 39, Vol. V. White tulle for wedding veils is three and a half yards wide, and a square of this is required. The initials of the bride and groom's last name are combined on the envelope and the invitations. The bridegroom should wear a full-dress suit of black, with black year and white need-tie. of black, with black vest and white neck-tie.

GIBARD.—To remove creases from velvet pass them over the steam issuing from a kettle spout, and dry them by passing over a moderately hot iron upturned on a table. We can not give you addresses here, but we believe any of the furnishing houses and other stores quoted in our New York Fashions will send you goods, C. O. D. Velveteen is not much used this winter. You had better get a fine wool material for your suit.

your suit.

Baxoo.—Your sample is poplin. Trim with poplin folds of a darker shade. The princesse polonaise would suit you. A Dolman is one of the most graceful winter wraps. For patterns of both these gar-ments consult Bazar No. 41, Vol. V.

S. K. E.—A reddish-bronze suit will be becoming. Have your black silk with a basque and over-skirt, and have a polonaise cashmere suit. Lace ruffles are still worn in the neck. Black lace scarfs will soon be superseded by heavier kerchiefs of twilled silk, and those by fur boas. Your other questions are answered in the New York Fashions.

THE FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE.—The invention of the Wilson Sewing-Machine is destined to exert an influence over domestic comfort unequaled by any invention of the last hundred years. As an economical arrangement, it enables one person to do the work of ten in a superior manner and with unspeakably more comfort. To satisfy yourself how perfect and simple a new machine can be, call at the Wilson Sewing-Machine Rooms, and examine the perfect New Wilson Under-Freed Sewing-Machine, that is sold fifteen dollars cheaper than any other first-class machine in use Salesrooms at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

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One Grand Gift, Cash, - \$100,000
One Grand Gift, Cash, - \$50,000
1 Cash Gift, - \$25,000
1 Cash Gift, - \$25,000
1 Cash Gift, - \$000
2 Cash Gifts, \$000 each 1 Cash Gift, - \$000
1 Cash Gift, - \$000
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Cash Gift, - 4000 100 Cash Gifts, 200 each 1 Cash Gift, - 3000 613 Cash Gifts, 100 each 1 Cash Gift, - 1000 Gifts, all Cash, - \$500,000 The money to pay all these gifts is now upon deposit, and set apart for that purpose, in the Farmers and Drovers' Bank, as will be seen by the following certificate of the Cashler:

FARMERS AND DROVERS' BANK, LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 26, 1972.

This is to certify that there is now on deposit in this bank over half a million dollars to the credit of the Gift Concert fand, \$500,000 of which is held by this bank as Treasurer of the Public Library of Kentucky to pay off all gifts to be awarded at the drawing.

R. S. VERCH, Cashler.

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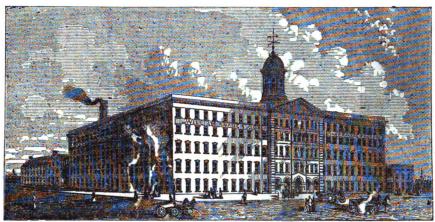
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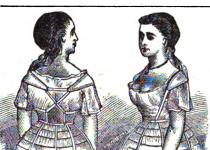


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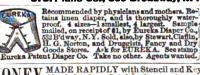
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A (TEA) DRINKING SONG.

My brethren all,
Come drink with me.
Both great and small,
Sip off your tea.
Fill up the pot.
This draught, my dears,
Inebriates not,
But only cheers.

Your nectar brown
Then freely pour
By spoonfuls down,
And call for more.
Your Gunpowder,
For all its name,
Fear not to stir;
It won't inflame.

When not too strong,
O nice Pekoe!
O rare Souchong!
O choice Kaisow!
How fond I am
Of right Chinée!
But with Assam
Content can be.

Dull care we'll kill:
Blend black and green.
We'll sit and swill
Till all's serene;
While they who choose
In beer delight,
And "Burton" booze,
Until they're tight.

We won't go home
Till bedtime's near.
Hence we'll not roam,
But we'll stay here.
The gas may waste;
Who fears may fiee;
But we will taste
The old Bohes.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Recent-ly two bankers met abroad. They at once began to com-

Whyshouldn't America be friendly to France, when so many of her families are sheltered by French roofs?

Simer no More.—A paper falls foul of a preacher who announced a sermon on "Short Bedsteads on the Procrustean principle, by cutting off any unnecessary head, we do not think there was very great cause of complaint. A long sermon is as bad as a short bedstead when you are compelled to sleep on it.

pare notes.

FACETIÆ.

GIVING a lady away at a wedding is simply a farce. The old proverb says, "Where there's a will there's a way." Consequently, as all the world knows that every lady has a will of her own, giving her a "way" seems quite superfluous.

BETTEE KNOWN THAN THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK TO SOME PEOPLE—The innkeeper's tap.

Nautioal.—When a ship "misses stays," does she lie becaimed until they can be found, or go down without 'em?

"There, now," cried little Bessle the other day, rum-maging a drawer in the bu-reau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his specta-cles!"

What middle-aged lady, who lets apartments, would not prefer to have a partial boarder?

PLEASE TO KEEP IT UNDER LOOK AND KEY.—"How I wish I could take a leaf out of your book!" said a scapegrace one day to his plous friend. Subsequent events proved that it was his friend's check-book on which the young scamp had fixed his mental eye.

When a storm is brewing, who can say whether it will be all hail, mild ale, or heavy

There is a story of one of the hangers-on at Washington who had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had no knowledge. The day after his appointment a gentleman and two ladies had the curlosity to look at the engine-room and its machinery, where they found the new office-holder on duty merely as usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer."

"How many horse-power is your engine?"

"Horse-power!" replies greeny, with a look of mingled pity and contempt; "don't you know the machine goes by steam?"

Why are the days in summer longer than the days in winter?—Because it is hotter in summer, and heat expands.

Mocking-Birds—Lean chickens for dinner.

The doctor's work fills six feet of ground, but the dentist's fills an

A FLOWERY SEEVANT.

Max Adeler says that Mrs. Smith was thus addressed by her new Chinese servant when he wanted to know if he should bring up a pail of water: "Would the beauteous dove who broods like an angel of peace over this fair heaven of domestic felicity, cooing soft notes to her affectionate mate, desire me to conduct the wooden vessel from the sublime subterranean apartment where it is excluded from the glance of her soft eyes?" Mrs. Smith thinks the Chinese much excel even the French in politeness.



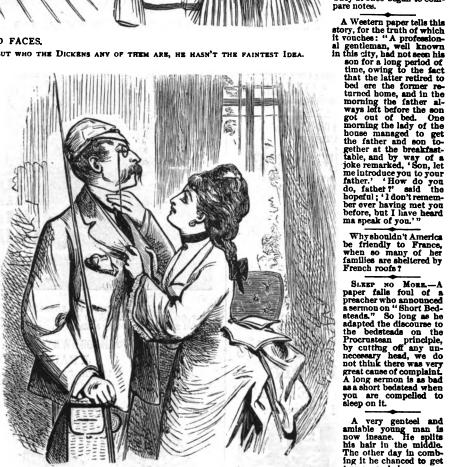
MASKS AND FACES,

OUR TALL YOUNG MAN HAS BEEN BOWING TO LADIES ALL THE FORENOON; BUT WHO THE DICKENS ANY OF THEM ARE, HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA.



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

PATERFAMILIAS (WHO IS GOING ON THE MORROW TO THE CITY), SUR-ROUNDED BY HIS WIFE'S LUGGAGE, DREAMS OF THE LITTLE CARPET-BAG OF DAYS GONE BY, AND IS HAPPY.



ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

PRETTY LITTLE THING. "Now, Gus, I hope you'll be Successful."
GUS. "Well. I sha'n't come Home to-night unless I catch something."
P. L. T. "Won't you, indeed, Su! Then you may be sure you'll Catch So thing when you do?"
[Gus doein't see it

QUERIES BY OUR ABSENT MAN.

QUERIES BY OUR ABSENT MAN.

Did you ever write a letter to a dead relation, and only find your mistake out when you wanted the address?

Did you ever stand for three-quarters of an hour before the glass wondering where on earth you had seen that face before?

Did you ever go on singing a verse of a hymn after the congregation had finished some time?

Did you ever light your cigar with a ten-dollar bill, and then stick the lighted and in your mouth?

Did you ever meet your father in the street, and wonder for fifteen minutes who that rum-looking old buffer was?

Did you ever run about until the perspiration tricked from your two brows looking for your pen and spectacles, one of which was behind your ear and the other on your forehead?

Did you ever hang yourself over the back of a chair.

own?

Did you ever hane yourself over the back of a chair in place of your overcoat?

Did you ever pay your tailor in an absent mood?

And did you ever sprinkle your strawberries with salt, pocket the silver forks, drink out of your fingerglass, or scratch somebody else's back for your own?

CUTTING A HUSBAND.

Jones assumes, on coming home to dinner, the bearing of an outraged husband.

"Why is it, Mrs. Jones, that you ride through Wall Street in the very equipage I am struggling to maintain for you at high charge, and cut your husband?"

Mrs. Jones at once reassures him. "You certainly would not have your wife, from a five-thousand dollar barouche, bow to a man who is at work for his living!"

During the late war some jokes were cracked at the expense of the knowledge of geography possessed by Frenchmen. A recent case shows, however, that some improvement has been made. Two Parisian bourgeois, of the true type, were lately exchanging the news of the day on the Boulevards. The first one said, "The news from Russia is terrible; twenty thousand persons have been burned by the fire of Vesuvius." The second Parisian here exclaimed, with a theatrical shudder, "Why, that is truly horrible, horrible! Who can have set it on fire?" The first one responded, "It is unknown asyet; but the Sultan will doubtless 'inform himself,' and the miscreant will suffer the full penalty of the law."



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

SECRETARY OF MENDICITY SOCIETY. "What's your Name, my good Woman?" (Answer unintelligible.)
S. M. S. "Perhaps you'll Spell it for me?"
Applicant. "Shure and how could I Spell me Name when I've lost all me
Front Teeth, your Honor?"

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TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

MAMMA. "Frank, if you tell a Story I must tell Papa, and he may Beat you. I don't think you would like that."

Frank (rebellious). "Then oo's be a nasty tell-tale Thing, and Pa must Beat oo first for that, so oo won't like it too. There!"

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Figs. 1 and 2.—Black Cashmere Paletot.—Front and Back. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

TO-MORROW.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Sing softly up the long low shore,
Sing softly in, O summer seas!

And toss your airy spray about
The beach grass and the purple pease!

Rock, lightly rock, the boat that dips
Above its shadow in your breast,
And curl its pennant with this breath
Blown from the Islands of the Blest!

Snare, snare the sunbeam in the foam
That feathers all your murmuring edge,
Where under rippling azure hides
The white horn of the breaker's ledge!

Sing, sing! For soon, full soon, you hail, With clamor round your midmost rocks, Dar'.ness and drowning and the tread in thunder of the Equinox!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

WITH the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 2 the readers of that paper will receive a gratuitous Eight-page Supplement containing the second installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

the new and fascinating Novel by F. W. ROBINSON, commenced in the Supplement sent out with HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 19.

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THE YOUNG GIRL.

WE fancy that every generation has a little croaking of its own in relation to the misbehavior of the next younger generation. Whether the eyes of age are jaundiced with a general bitterness; whether it is envious of the health and strength, the beauty and grace and lustre, of youth; whether old pleasures, palled once on the senses, now disgust; or whether it has seen better things, and understands the worthlessness of those that youth pursues—whether one or all of these are at the root of the matter, age is still the sharpest critic that youth has to fear.

Without claiming the privileges of the critic, or wishing to join in the chorus, it yet occurs to us to question if it be possible that in any other period the young girls have ever quite so decidedly gotten "the start of the majestic world" as in ours, and if there was ever a time when they came along tossing their curls so bravely, and pushed their elder sisters from the stool with so much easy nonchalance.

Can it be, we ask, that this fast time of steam and telegraph and balloon and breechloader imparts its character to every thing animate or inanimate, and that even the young girl acquires such a projectile property that she can not wait for her slow unfolding and flowering, but must make haste to be a woman before she has been a girl long enough to know the happiness of girl-hood? Or is it that the proper guardians are so absorbed in keeping pace with the rush of things that they neglect to watch over the dawn and opening of the young day till the ugly clouds have fatally obscured it?

Certain it is that when we see an unconstrained and natural young girl, whose whole soul is not bound up in hair-dressers and milliners and beaux, who is not feverish with impatience for the future, but is content with the present, and joyous with the bright world's impressions upon her fresh young sensee, we regard her as an anomaly, we look about for reasons why she is not

like the rest, and we fly to her, so to say, for rescue from the jaded and artificial little wretches who have numbered no more summers than the others, but who are yet as old as NINON DE L'ENCLOS herself.

We are tempted to wonder if it is not because the majority of our young girls take hold of life so soon that they are so soon done with it. In Turkey, in certain regions of those mythical lands of the "Arabian Nights" whose geography has no other lat-itude or longitude than that of the vague Orient, we are told that women are in their prime when a dozen summers have kissed them into bloom; that at fourteen they are a little past their youth, and at twenty they are hags. If this be so in the East, it is becoming almost equally so in the West. We laugh at the statement, but allowing for a very slight exaggeration, the same thing applies to ourselves. Instead of a dozen years, say a dozen and a half, and a woman is now supposed to be in her prime, and is treated as if she were; at twenty she is a little "gone off," or so those think that have just reached eighteen; at twenty-three she begins to shrink back before the bold fronts of those at twenty; at twenty-five the foregone conclusion is that she is an old maid; and if at thirty she is not a hag, it is because Christian civilization does not admit of the word. If this is in any measure overstated, it is, at any rate, as close an approximation to the truth as is usually to be obtained short of the demonstrations of more abstruse mathematics.

Look at any group of an evening where the invitations have not been the strictest as to age: you will see the younger putting the elder portion to the wall, as if there were no question but that was the proper position for them; a woman of twenty-five dancing in the same set with other women who are only eighteen is made to feel uncomfortably out of place, and as if she were assuming undue airs of youth—made to feel so whether by patronage or neglect, either of the two methods being equally impertinent and insolent with the other. If she sits and looks on the dance, with pleasure at the gay sight, as the fluttering, flower-like dancers advance and retreat and intermingle in petty mimicry of life's chief drama, she is sure to be considered a sentimental attitudinizer; and if, as very possibly may be the case, she looks at it with some disapproval of the close embrace just now in fashion with waltzers, they metamorphose the disapproval into spite because she sits in receipt of less "attention" than themselves. know we have been rather lively," said lately one of these little damsels to some others, her seniors by three or four years, "but then you must pardon that to youth." Meanwhile it is the younger one who, with her inexperience and ignorance, lays down the laws for picnics and parties, and makes her petty tyranny felt all along the line of those who have indeed perhaps had their day, and done the same thing in it. And of course, except so far as her presumption is to be blamed, it is really the Squire of Dames who is accountable for her misdeeds-

"He that loves a coral lip, Or a rosy cheek admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek Fuel to maintain his fires"—

and who, leaving the side of the woman once his companion for the smooth new face unlettered with the lines of a single thought, gives to the airs and graces of its owner his countenance, and to her whims his authority; and who, for all we see to the contrary, will do so to the end of time, for it is hardly on this earth that spirit will get the upper hand of flesh. For even those who condemn the arrogance of youth must delight in its sight and contemplation, in the fruity velvet of its cheek, the supple ivory of its contours, the melody of its laughter; and the young squire is hardly to be scouted because, like Pygmalion, he falls in love with these things, and kindles a soul in them by means of his own passion.

But the rosy down of the peach would not please the sight long if there were no juice within to please the other senses; and we warn these nsurping young queens of society to turn their sunshine to better account while they may, and add to their mere bodily beauty of youth some of that beauty that outlives youth.

"Upon her eyelids many graces sate, Under the shadow of her even browes, Working belgardes and amorous retrate,"

sang Colin Clout; but he took good care to add,
"And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meeknesse to her bowes."

But not only out of consideration for those whom they slight, and not only for their own sakes or for the sake of society at large, do we regret to see any manifestation of this unpleasant tendency on the part of those who are still so young, and should be so fresh and sweet; but as a naturalist might regret the degeneration of some noble spe-

cies, so must we look with dismay upon these

mothers of our future race of men. The mother, it is conceded, is the moulder of men, and posterity is here to make or mar; the to-morrow of the American people is in large measure in the hands of the American girl-since, wherever woman falls short of the high ideal, man falls after her; and surely the bold and boisterous, the selfish and slangy young girls, who seem to be overrunning the gay world like a new invasion of the barbarian, are something far beneath the standard of that womanhood on whom shamefacedness and modesty attend. It is of no such creature that the praiseworthy pages of history are written; it is not of her that pictures are painted or songs are sung for, without the shy charm of girlhood or the calm sweetness of womanhood, she is a nondescript that neither painter nor poet can recognize, and that society ought to cast out from its bosom. For self-preservation being the first law of nature, society must soon become a thing of the past, of romance and tradition, if those things that are its essence the graces and kindnesses and self-forgetfulness of good-breeding, the flash of cultured wit, the glow of tempered enthusiasm, and the delicacy of behavior—are to vanish before a swarm of hoyden caprices and va-

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. •• flabors.

MY DEAR RUPERT,—I stopped the other day at the famous house where we have so often enjoyed a dinner together, and seated myself with all the old expectation, regretting only that you were not with me I surveyed the familiar room, and thought of the merry days when it was all that Béranger sings of his garret, except that there was nothing that we can now regret. The old pictures were there. I saw the same old spots upon the wall. The waiters seemed to me the same. The locomotive shricked and moaned under the window. The landlord came to the great door and inspected the company. There were the old couples of lovers, the old bridal parties, unmistakable although they wear the shabbiest coats and bonnets in a futile effort to deceive. I looked to see if Jack was not somewhere near me, tucking his napkin under his chin; and Jerry, ogling the dishes as if they could blushingly respond; and Tom, soberly talking French to the waiters of Erin, and explaining himself in still more unintelligible broken English.

They are ghosts all, and silent. guests are gone, but here was the dinner-table unchanged. I recognized the very pattern of the chins, and the nicked glass was the same that we used to show reproachfully to the waiter, and beg him to bring us unfractured goblets, at which he grinned, and asked if we would have them baked or stewed in their own gravy. I sat for a long time, as if waiting for companions who did not come. But they had come. They were there. The waiter stood expectant at my elbow, and at length said, as he handed me the bill of fare for the twentieth time, "Well, Sir?" I turned and looked at him, and said, "Thomas, is it possible you have forgotten that I always begin with a few upon the half shell?" "Plaze, Sir, mee name is Mick," was his reply; and Thomas also had become a ghost.

It was strange that I could come no nearer to the old days than the spots upon the wall. When I saw the same old dishes upon the bill, I was sure that the taste would restore the fresh feeling of those vanished feasts. But when I tasted the soup that was always so appetizing, and the fish that recalled the turbot à la crème of other and foreign days, I perceived that the dishes had become ghosts too, and had lost all their flavor. With pious credulity I called for every thing that I remembered as especially good, and from all the spirit and the real character seemed to have departed. It was a new Barmecide feast. The form and the substance of food were there, but it did not seem to be the food that I remembered. Could the force of fancy be so persuasive? Could it really be that soups and meats would lose their taste because of changed associations? Is not a pear sweet to the broken-hearted, and is the finest cauliflower mere cabbage to those who grieve? These were the questions that I asked myself, curiously studying the phenomena of the table and of the palate, when I was happily interrupted by a gentleman with a round face and rotund person, and who in the pauses of vigorous eating looked at me over the huge napkin which covered him like a sheet, and said, in a melancholy tone, "Sir, it's no use; this cooking has lost its flavor."

It was fact, then, and not fancy. The place, the service, the food, were the same; but the food had lost its flavor. It was a spectral dinner, extravagant and unsatisfactory. But I sat long at table, partly musing upon the old days and companions, and partly amused by the melancholy gormandizing

of my neighbor, whose sorrow seemed to be seated upon his palate rather than in his heart. But as I paid my little bill and resumed my journey I could not help thinking of that loss of flavor, and how many more serious things than dinner suffer it. The form remains, the substance is there, butthe life, the spirit, the distinctive character of the taste are gone. In the rich autumn weather a friend offers you a "Duchess," or some other full, juicy, succulent pear. bite it, you taste it, and every thing is there but the flavor which makes the charm and the fame of the fruit. Perhaps the next one will have it, as the last one may have had; but the one that you eat is flavorless.

It is so with books, too, is it not? I go into your library sometimes, and it is like entering the dining-hall where I have sat at meat with friends. They are not Jack and Jerry and Tom; but they are friends as familiar, and perhaps not less valuable. Yonder is one of them. How I have pored over it in other days, carrying it with me in my pocket, repeating its choice and rhythmical passages, musing upon its beauty and its truth, never wearied, and always wondering at those who did not share my love. But now I take it down and turn the pages. I find the sentences that were an inspiration, and they are profoundly sad, recalling with a pensive spell the days in which I read them, and the delight that they gave. But they have lost their flavor. I do not care for them now. They quicken me no more. They are the works of gentle and generous genius; but they have become what the history of Tom Thumb and the story of Cinderella are-tales that I remember with joy, but which I read no more.

Do not our orators and preachers become gradually flavorless in the same way? I went to hear Hortensius, whom I remember as a tongue of music and of fire. His eloquence seemed always to reprove the meanness of our lives, and to open a realm of high and generous humanity. How gladly we trudged through winter cold and summer heat to hear him! How tame seemed all oratory before him, and how truly we pitied those who died before they heard him! And now he comes upon the platform. There are the old grace and the old music. The form of the feast and of the fruit is there, but that enchanting flavor is gone forever. Hortensius, like the books and the dishes, serves mainly to recall what he was, and to fill the mind and memory with a depthless melancholy.

And, indeed, sometimes I have even thought that the flavor of friendship vanishes away. I sit at my window in the morning, and I watch the passengers upon the street. They are full of hurry and of business, and I hope that their affairs are worthy of the ardor with which they pursue them. Among the rest I see Felix, humming, probably, upon his way. Once he would have stopped at my door, and I should have hastened to meet him. The waters of our lives were at the same level. Thoughts, plans, hopes, sympathies, were all in common. watch him as he passes, and I see the old Felix whom I knew. There are the same air, gait, vigor; and time seems not to have touched the elastic and sturdy frame. When we meet it is with a smile, and we part with a merry quip. It is still Felix and Bachelor, as in the old days. We shake hands, we smile, we nod. But Felix is more a ghost than Jack and Jerry in the dining-room. The flavor that was so spicy and exquisite
—where is it? That blithe hope, that fine faith in men and fate, that serenity superior to disaster and master of every fortune—this, which was the spicy and exquisite flavor of his youth, is gone forever. One day he said, "The world owes me a living, and I will gain it by fighting men with their own weapons." That was the end. The head remained, but it had lost the halo. Felix was one of the noblest fruits upon the tree of life—but he has lost his flavor.

There are those, also, to whom life itself becomes flavorless. Yesterday there sat near me in the car a gentleman who was complimenting a lady. He was supremely indifferent, and I could not help hearing in his tone and words a profound infidelity of every truly generous feeling. To this gentleman life was an opportunity to sail in a yacht, to dine with a few fellow-snobs, to see a boxing match, and to despise and ridicule all who believed it to be any thing more. He spoke of the happiness of France; and when the lady reminded him that of late it had not seemed the happiest of countries, and that in the morning's paper there was the report of Communists executed, he remarked, as if he had been speaking of pismires, "Oh! they only shoot the rabble!" Poor fellow! he is one of those shallow cups into which no full draught can be poured. All great emotions, all noble thoughts, are to him the seed that was dropped upon stony ground, and having no depth of soil, it soon

withered away.

But you must not think that life is a jour-

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nev in which at every stage the flavor of culture, of friendship, and of feeling is lost without reparation. When the boy lays down Tom Thumb, he takes up the "Parent's Assistant." When that is laid aside, he opens Homer: and Homer no more loses its flavor while the boy's and the man's sound mind and heart remain than the autumn loses its hues, or the sky its soft splendor. If the book or the poet which charms his mood and his range of experience to-day is not sought when they change, it is only that from one height he has passed to another, and a new landscape engages him. He is not left friendless because the friend of last year loses his flavor; and if Hortensius touches only his memory, here comes Cicero, who stimulates his hope. "More servants wait on man than he'll take notice of," said George Herbert. And indeed the world, forever turning, never wears out its welcome -that is, its flavor—to a healthy appetite.

And the secret of the long journey is to keep your palate unspoiled by fiery and numbing excess, so that it will know both when the flavor is gone and when it still survives, and choose without hesitation the flavorsome morsel. For although when I came into the dining-room of the old house where Jack and Jerry and Tom and I had so often dined with delight those friends were gone and that flavor was lost, yet other friends and new flavors remain. While I eat with pleasure the new feasts, I remember pleasantly the old; and while I gladly greet the friends that I see, I know 'tis but a little waiting and I shall greet the old friends Your friend, again.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FURS.

THE fashionable set of furs for the approaching winter and ing winter will consist of a long boa and a small round muff slightly larger than those worn last year. Fur collars are out of style, but are occasionally ordered for elderly ladies, and for country use where greater warmth is required. Cuffs are not to be found at the furriers'. The favorite fur cloak is a sacque of very simple shape; large capes and clumsy mantles of fur are seldom seen. There is little change in the prices of furs except in seal-skin, which is much more expensive than formerly.

LYNK, BLACK MARTEN, ETC.

There is a fancy at present for various black furs, and these have superseded in a measure the standard mink sets. The long, glossy black fur known as black marten or Alaska sable is the popular fur for general use. It is worn both for colors and for mourning, and is within the reach of people of moderate means, as a long round boa and muff cost from \$25 to \$35. Black lynx sets are new this winter. This is a finer, silkier, more lustrous fur than black marten, is entirely without odor, and costs about \$30 a set for the best quality. An eccentric novelty is a set made of black monkey skins, showing long black hair-not soft fur or wool, but harsh-feeling hair, almost straight, and without gloss. These are more expensive, however, than the beautiful lynx sets.

FOX FURS AND CHINCHILLA.

Fox furs have become very fashionable for expensive dressy furs. The most desirable of these is the silver-fox—a long blue-gray fleece with oc-casional tips of white. This is a fragile fur, light, and not very warm; but a set of it looks exceedingly handsome when worn with a black velvet cloak trimmed with a border of the fur. The must and boa cost \$150. Black fox fur is very expensive, a small muff costing \$300. Few boas are made of this fur, as the fleece is very light, and when sewed in a round boa it falls open and discloses the brown hairs in a way that produces a poor effect.

Fine gray chinchilla is being revived as a dressy fur, and the best qualities of South American chinchilla are almost as handsome as silver-fox, especially when worn with black velvet: \$60 buys a superfine set.

SEAL-SKIN SACQUES.

The favorite fur garment of the season will in shape, but are considered most stylish when bordered with natural unplucked otter or other kindred furs. Such a garment, with a muff trimmed to correspond, costs \$250 and \$275. Plain seal sacques cost from \$75 to \$175, but seal-skin is higher, than last year's quotations, and the low-priced cloaks are not very desirable It is better economy to pay \$90 or \$100 than \$75 for these garments. A partial test for sealskin is to smooth the fur with the hand, rubbing it against the grain: if the fur resists this pressure, rising roughly afterward, it is of good quality; but if it remains smooth and flat, beware it. Seal boas are flat, and cost from \$9 to \$15 when made short; long boas are \$15 or \$20; seal muffs are worth from \$11 to \$18. A set of fine Shetland seal costs \$60.

Seal-skin caps promise to be very fashionable midwinter. They are of the Canadian turin midwinter. ban shape, with the brim turned up high, like those worn by gentlemen; or else they are Scotch caps, with a point behind, and a bow with ends hanging. Turbans cost from \$12 to with ends hanging. Turbans co \$15; Scotch caps, \$10 to \$12.

ASTRAKHAN.

Astrakhan cloaks and sets are not made up

in quantities, as they have lost favor. They are so comfortable, however, that ladies who have them will continue to wear them, and they are especially suitable for mourning. They are so greatly reduced in price that a sacque of the Persiani, fine, glossy, and watered like moiré silk, may now be obtained for \$125, when its former price was \$200.

MINK.

Mink is no longer the standard fur. It has been crowded out of popularity by the showy black furs, but is still considered handsome. From \$40 to \$130 is the range of prices for a

SABLE.

Russia sable is too costly to be affected by the introduction of novelties. Sable muffs are quite large, lined with silk of the color of the fur, and instead of having fur tassels, the newest fancy is to finish them with bows of thick faille ribbons fringed at the ends, and ornamented on each loop and streamer with passementerie leaves or stars. Such a must costs \$400 or \$500. The boa to match is a yard and threefourths long, finished with two fur tips at each end. \$1100 buys a fine set.

Hudson Bay sable sets are made in the same style, and cost from \$150 to \$350.

ERMINE.

Ermine is not so fashionable as formerly for dressy fur since the advent of silver-fox. was sold so cheaply that it became very common. It is chiefly prized now for evening cloaks, Dolmans, and opera sacques. A must and boa of fine quality cost from \$35 to \$45.

FUR TRIMMINGS AND LININGS.

Fur trimmings will be much worn this winter. A single narrow band of fur, forming a border, is considered more stylish than two bands or a wider border. Silver-fox is the most fashionable fur trimming for velvet cloaks and costumes. As its fleece is very long and light, a border should be cut only half an inch wide on the pelt. and this will give over two inches of fur on the right side. Such a border costs from \$12 to \$15 a vard. There is a common gray fox fur much browner than silver-fox, but its best qualities are sometimes found with silvery bluish tinges, and these are sold to the uninitiated as silver-fox. This costs from \$2 to \$4 a yard. Black marten borders are preferred for trimming cloth cloaks, cashmere, and other woolen fabrics. This is also cut half an inch wide on the leather side, and costs \$2, \$3, or \$4 a yard, according to its quality. Fur linings are light and warm, but are expensive, and have never found the favor here that they have in Europe. Gray squirrel-lock fur is used for lining cloaks of velvet, faille, and also of seal-skin and Astrakhan.

CHILDREN'S FURS.

Chinchilla is the fashionable fur for children. Pretty little sets are sold for \$18. Girls from one year old up to six years wear sacques of white cony skin. The smallest size costs \$10. Caps and turbans of cony for small girls cost **\$2** 50 or **\$**3.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Infants' dresses are made very long and with high neck and long sleeves; this is true of christening robes and plain slips alike. The trimming is an elaborate tablier of lengthwise puffs and Valenciennes insertion, with lace frills and medallions around the skirt. The long sleeves and the principal part of the waist are made up of puffs and insertion. For the christening and other grand occasions these dresses are worm over slips of rose or blue silk, and with wide faille sashes knotted on the left side.

Infants' cloaks are large double capes of white cashmere, with sleeves set in the lower cape. White worsted embroidery is the newest trimming for these; silk embroidery and fringe are very rich garniture. Plain cloaks, sold for \$19. are of white cashmere, lined with wadded silk, and trimmed on the edge with a thick cord of white satin.

Normandy caps are worn by babies at their christening début, and by girls up to the age of six. They cover the ears, fit closely around the face, are tied under the chin, and are far more comfortable for winter than round hats. The christening cap is now made of embroidered muslin, with the crown wrought as a medallion, and the muslin placed smoothly over colored silk that is warmly wadded. A Valenciennes ruche passes around the cap, and ribbon bows ornament the top. Normandy caps are also made of white cashmere and of satin, trimmed with lace and tiny ostrich tips, pink, blue, or white: Girls in short clothes they cost from \$5 to \$10. wear Normandy caps of blue or pink satin, or of black velvet, trimmed with pleatings of colored satin, the wings of tiny birds, and closely curled ostrich tips: \$12 to \$18 is the price. Instead of turbans boy babies wear little sailor hats made of pale blue or pink velvet, with soft shirred silk brims turned up on the left side, and ornamented with rosettes of Valenciennes and feather tips.

Walking coats for children in short clothes will be made of black velvet or velveteen, and of white, gray, and pearl-colored cashmere. These are made in a new style, with pleatings in the back holding the fullness there, instead of being gored as formerly. Cords on the edge and em-broidery are the trimmings. Elaborately made in Lyons velvet, with pink satin facings, these

cost \$50; in velveteen, from \$20 to \$25. White still remains the favorite dress for small girls even for midwinter. There is, how-ever, a caprice this fall for the sailor suits of navy blue flannel introduced in the spring. We have already described their neglige blouses and pale blue merino sashes knotted on the side. They cost from \$7 to \$10. Water-proof suits for

school wear are shown at the furnishing houses for \$10. They have a skirt and over dress very heavily braided. School hoods of scarlet or blue flannel cost \$2 or \$2 50. Jaunty little sacques of soft beaver, and longer sacques with capes edged with bear fringe, are imported for girls wraps. Party dresses for girls of six or eight years are made up of narrow puffed gores of silk alternating with wider gores formed entirely of in-sertion and edging of narrow Valenciennes. The corsage is half-low and square, and has a sash of wide ribbon passing under the left arm and tied on the right shoulder, from whence hang long ends. Without the sash, and made in the Italian Valenciennes, which so admirably imitates real lace, these cost \$45; a colored silk under-slip is included in this price.

For boys not vet in trowsers the kilt suit is universal. It is made of ladies' cloth, blue, brown, or green, with silk facings and thistle buttons of Price from \$12 to \$18.

Boys of five or six years wear double-breasted blouses with sailor collar and belt; a gold anchor is on the corners of the collar; the knee pantaloons have buttons on the outside seam. entire suit is made of plain or of diagonal cloth, and costs from \$12 upward. Blue is the favorite color for boys' suits, and the sailor fancies are more popular than ever, as is shown in boys' and suits and in the sailor hats worn by tiniest baby boys.

Dress suits for boys from seven to ten years are of green or blue cloth; the jacket is faced with silk, has a collar, and falls open below to show the vest beneath. The prices range from \$22 to \$25. Boys of nine or ten years wear long pantaloons.

The overcoat for boys is a double-breasted sack of soft, thick beaver, either blue or brown, with a velvet collar. The edges are simply bound for large boys; a fur border is on overcoats for by boys of all sizes. Scotch turbans are also fashionable. These have a turned-up brim with a pointed crown, caught down on the side by a sel. Cloth turbans cost from \$1 25 to \$2 50;

velvet turbans are \$3 50 or \$4.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons; F. W. Lasar's Son; D. D. YOUMANS; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL precipitated himself into the affections of the Bostonians at the first opening of his lips and apparatus. All the notables were there—O. W. H., QUINCY, WINTHROP, and any number of D.D.'s. Bidding the gas glare begone, he caused a platinum wire, stretched across the table in front of him, and no thicker than a horse-hair, to glow with an intense brightness and then melt by electricity, which sufficed to demonstrate the principle of electrical action. Then, substituting his lamp for the circle of gas jets of the hall, he proceeded by a series of rapid and beautiful experiments to analyze a ray of light. Through a tiny aperture in a bit of tin-foil he took the single ray and showed the process of combustion and the and showed the process of combustion and the laws of refraction. Then with a prism he resolved the ray into its component fragments, and afterward gave the synthesis of light by those wonderfully brilliant and marvelously simple methods which have given him a world-wide reputation as the greatest living popular scientific demonstrator. His fascinated audience, we are assured, cheered him to the echo, and went away to hunt up new adjectives with which to away to hunt up new adjectives with which to praise him.

Old warrior MOLTKE means to do the cor rect thing. The other day he sent proofs of his work on the late war to Marshal M'MAHON, to enable him to correct any possible errors regarding the part taken in the campaign by the French marshal.

French marsial.
—Colonel WILLIAM GOWANS has recently returned from abroad to Boston. Colonel G. will be remembered as the engineer who raised the Russian fleet that had been sunk in the harbor of Schastopol, when many failures to effect that result had been made by the best engineers in the Russian service. the Russian service.

the Russian service.

—They grow to be very old in Wareham, Massachusetts. Captain William Howard, who died in that place a few days ago, was upward of ninety, and died in the house which he built before his marriage, and where he constantly resided. His widow is very nearly the same age, and his eight children survive. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and the same week of his death received his bounty and certificate of pension. Up to almost the day of his death he was vigorous in body and mind, keenly enjoying life, but ready to lay it down.

joying life, but ready to lay it down.

—Mr. Percy Firzgerald is writing the "Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas," in which the singular career of Dumas and his strange system of manufacturing books will be related. It will be out in November.

-Miss Louise S. Fellows, who has just been chosen secretary of the Chelsea (Massachusetts) Savings-Bank, is the first lady in that State who has been elected to an office of trust in any of its monetary institutions.

—John Wesley, at the age of seventy-seven,

JOHN WESLEY, at the age of beverly, te, "I do not remember to have felt lowness te, "I do not remember to have felt lowness wrote, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for one quarter of an hour since I was born." No wonder that he was able to preach when ninety years old!

—Emulating many other good Yankees, the late James Arnold, of New Bedford, bequeathed to Harvard University \$100,000 for the establishment of an arboretum. That's a great

tablishment of an arboretum. That's a great deal of cush for such an object. Still, he had a right to do it, and Harvard is glad.

—The first Presbyterian hospital in the United States was opened a few days since in this city. The institution owes its existence chiefly to the liberality of Mr. James Lenox, w'10 inaugurated the movement by announcing his intention to give \$50,000, \$100,000, or \$125,000 as soon as a like amount should have been subscribed by others. The site of the building, which was valued at a quarter of a million of dollars, was given by Mr. LENOX, who also contributed \$10,000. So far, the building has cost \$750,000. Attached to it are a chapel and theatre, and all

the newest devices for the benefit and recreation of patients. It is one of the largest and best in-stitutions in the country, and is for the benefit of sick or disabled persons of the Presbyterian Church, who will be admitted free on the recommendation of any member of the Board of

ommendation of any member of the Board of Managers.

—Speaking of "George Eliot," a writer in the Springfield Republican says: "She is a feminine BACON of the present age, and many of her aphorisms are as good as BACON's in their way."

—Precisely how Mrs. JOAQUIN MILLER appears to the California interviewer is thus stated: "She is tall and rather fragile in appearance. Her eyes are soft, but do not lack courage. She was standing in the centre of the room, holding a sheet of manuscript in her hand, and, with her dark tresses of rich, wavy hair flowing unconfined over her shoulders, woul I at that moment have formed a fine subject fo the brush of an artist."

-Mr. and Mrs. HENRY BLACKBURN, of London, are announced as coming to New York, Mr. B. was formerly editor of London Society. Mrs. B. is a daughter of Professor WATERHOUSE

HAWKINS.

—THACKERAY'S son-in-law is the present ed-THACKERAY'S son-in-law is the present editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and his daughter, Miss THACKERAY, one of its most constant contributors. Her weekly receptions during the season bring together the most charming literary people to be met with in London.

—The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, is temporarily, and it is feared may be permanently, retired from service by a disorder peculiar to that locality, affecting paralytically the lower part of the alimentary canal, and known as the Madison Square complaint.

—Mr. Henry Beroh, whose efforts in behalf of the overworked and overbeaten animals of

of the overworked and overbeaten animals of New York and other cities have won him the esteem of all good people, has been made the subject of a "personal" by Longfellow, which does Mr. Bergh naught but simple justice:

"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face."

-The Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of Grace Church, is mentioned in connection with the Church, is mentioned in connection with the succession to the episcopate of Massachusetts. It is doubtful, however, whether he would accept. His parish is one of the most opulent and liberal in the United States. As high as \$8000 have been placed on the plate at a single collection on Sunday morning. Every pew in the church is rented, and the services are largely attended. Several benevolent societies have been considered within the period and a vector of the succession of the services are largely attended. been organized within the parish, and a vast amount of practical Christian work is constantly going on. A free chapel is maintained by the church, and the attendance is very large. In a word, it seems to be a model of what a parish should be with so much to do, and so much to

do it with.

—More grand times among the monarchs. The Empress of Russia and Prince Nicholas go to Jerusalem to pass the winter. On the way the Sultan will give them a reception the likes of which was never before witnessed in old Tur-

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has changed his local Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has changed his local habitation and his name on assuming the Lord Chancellorship of England. Instead of going Sir Roundell-round-round-ell on the English circuits, he will henceforth be known as Lord Selborne, of Selborne, in Hampshire, where he has bought a bit of ground and settled down for good. It is in the same place where he lately built and endowed a church.

—Mr. Froude was honored with a dinner at Delmonico's on the 15th ult. that brought together several of the cleverest men of the coun-

gether several of the cleverest men of the country. It was the respect paid by brain to brain. The specches were capital, Mr. FROUDE's especially, and the remarks of BRYANT, EMERSON, BEECHER, and one or two others admirable; but the reader of the reported proceedings will probably agree with us that the address of welcome by Mr. George William Curtis was one of the most felicitous and perfect specimens of post-prandial oratory that has been heard in this country, and seldom, if ever, surpassed abroad.

—M. Paulus, premier of the French Band, is about to contribute to the annals of the century his impressions of this continent, especially that gether several of the cleverest men of the coun-

his impressions of this continent, especially that portion comprised within the limits of Boston, and the towns intermediate on the railway between that place and New York. The PAULUS was here, like Count Smorltork, "ver' long time—two, tree week,"—and is consequently qualified to make an exhaustive record of the statistics tongershy religious politics and statistics, topography, religions, politics, and social life of this hemisphere. Prepare for his

-Reveral ambitions littérateurs baying taken the life of Bismarck, that eminent prince has taken the thing in hand himself, and proposes at an early day to let the world know what he knows about himself.

—Miss Arabella Rice, who died recently in

—Miss Arabella Rice, who died recently in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is found to have bequeathed to the town of Kittery, Maine, the birth-place of her father, \$30,000 for a public library, \$20,000 to the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, \$3000 to the Portsmouth Athenseum, and \$3000 to the Unitarian church in that city.

—The Pasha of Bosnia, one of the smallest-acred potentates of Europe, raises the wind by imposing upon all red-haired persons a special tax. In any but a red-haired community the pasha would be a pauper.

—Dr. T. W. Coit, for eighteen years past rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy, has resigned his charge to accept a professorship in the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut. The pleasant and rather unusual incident connected with this change is that his old parishioners, mindful of his good works and ways with them, have voted him a handsome annuity.

—Per Gronge Rongers on English Congre-

annuity.

—Rev. George Rodgers, an English Congregationalist, accompanied by several tenant-farments. gationalist, accompanied, by several tenant-turmers, has recently been on a tour of inspection through Minnesota for the purpose of selecting lands for a colony of two thousand persons, welto-do, possessing from \$2000 to \$10,000 each, and all experienced agriculturists. Two hundred families will leave England in April for this colony, and the remainder, with their pastor, will follow later in the spring

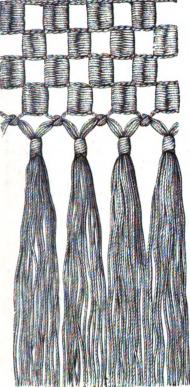


Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND POINT DE REPRISE FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.

Knitted, Cro-chet, and Point de Reprise Fringe, Figs. 1 and 2.

This fringe is suitable for trimming covers, etc., and may be work-ed with fine or coarse cotton, or with knitting cotton, according to the purpose for which it is de-

signed. It may also be worked with colored worsted or saddler's silk, and used for trim-

ming hoods, capes, etc.
Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND POINT DE
REPRISE FRINGE. For this fringe work on a foundation of the requisite length, going back and forth, four rounds of always alternately 1 tc. (treble crochet), 3 ch. (chain stitch), always working the tc. on the tc. of the preceding round. In the first round always pass over 3 st. (stitch) of the foundation with the 3 ch. Fill the intervals between the tc. in point de reprise as shown by the illustration, and knot in the

fringe strands.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET
FRINGE. To make this fringe knit on a foundation of the requisite length, going back and

forth, eight rounds all plain. Then gather the st. of the last round on

a thread and crochet three rounds as follows: 1st round.a thread and crochet three rounds as follows: Is round.—

1 sc. (single crochet), with which fasten together two of the st. gathered on the thread, 4 ch., 1 sc., with which fasten together the next 2 st., and so on. 2d round.—Always alternately one dot on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, 4 ch. For each dot crochet st. an inch and seven-



For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 57.



ed by hinges, one of which serves to hold writing materials, and is furnished with a lid, while the other half is furnished with several pockets for holding letters and memorandum-books, as shown by Fig. 2. The pockets and lid are of card-board covered with white watered paper and maroon leather; the soufflets are of linen, and are partly covered with watered paper and partly with maroon leather. The outside of the desk is ornamented, as shown by Fig. 1, with initials of brown velvet and with strips of brown silk on which arabesques of brown velvet in a darker shade are applied; Fig. 57, Supplement, gives the design for the arabesques. Evening Head-Dress of Flowers and Feathers. This head-dress consists of a spray

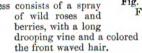


illustration.

THIS writing-



Fig. 2.—Knitted and Crochet Fringe for Covers, etc.

drooping vine and a colored ostrich feather drooping over the front waved hair.

Needle-work Medallion for Cravat Ends.

To make this medallion first transfer the design to Swiss muslin or nansook, baste the latter on wash tulle, and together with this on a foundation of enameled cloth or pa-per. Then work the embroidery, as shown by the illus-tration, partly in satin and half-polka stitch and partly in

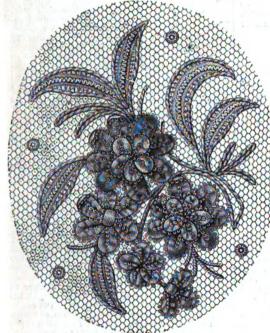
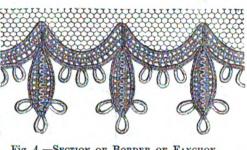


Fig. 3.—Flowers in Point Lace Embroidery FOR FANCHON, Fig. 2, Page 733.

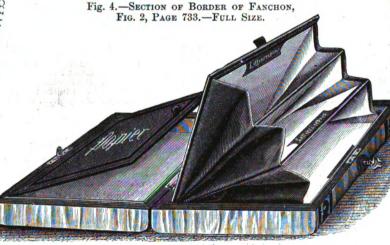
eighths long, separated each by throwing the thread over once, on the corresponding ch. scallop, and work off together all the st. and threads thrown over, drawing the thread through once. 3d round.

—Like the second round. Now work for the upper edge of the fringe one more round of picots as follows: Always alternately 1 sc., in doing which at the same time surround the st. of two rounds, and 1 sc. consisting of 5 ch.; pass over the cor-

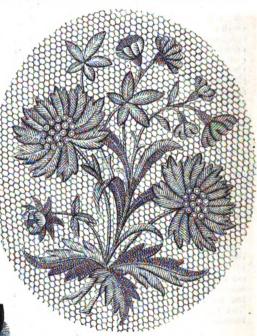


EVENING HEAD-DRESS OF FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

.—Section of Border of Fanchon, Fig. 2, Page 733.—Full Size.



-WRITING-DESK WITH PORTFOLIO. -OPEN. For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 57.



NEEDLE-WORK MEDALLION FOR CRAVAT ENDS.

back stitch, and cut away the Swiss muslin along the outlines of the design figures. The finished medallion is button-hole stitched on the cravat end. Instead of tulle, fine netting may be used for the foundation.

Needle-work Border.

This border is suitable for trimming curtains, covers, etc. It may also be used for trimming church ornaments, vestments, etc. It is worked in Swiss application on a foundation of tulle or net-



ting. The outlines of the design figures and the stems and vines are overcast or button-hole stitched; the parts of the design that appear all white are worked in straight satin stitch. The outer edge of the border may be edged with button-hole stitch scallops. Cut away the Swiss muslin along the outlines of the design figures.

Embroidered Tulle Fanchons, Figs. 1-4.

THE fanchons Figs. 1 and 2 are made of tulle and ornamented with embroidery. They may be worn with a simple as well as with an elegant toilette, and may be trimmed, according to taste, with colored ribbon bows or flowers.

Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK TULLE FANCHON (IMITATION LACE). For this fanchon cut of tulle one whole piece from Fig. 27, Supplement. Baste the tulle on a piece of linen of corresponding size, having first transferred the design given on Fig. 27 to the linen. Then darn the border and the foundation figures with black filling silk, as shown by Fig. 1, in imitation of lace, buttonhole stitch the outer edge of the border, and cut away the projecting material. Instead of silk, black chenille may be used.

Figs. 2-4.—White Brussels Tulle and Point Lace Fanchon. The crown of this fanchon is tripmed with foundation forward.

Figs. 2-4.—WHITE BRUSSELS
TULLE AND POINT LACE FANCHON. The crown of this fanchon
is trimmed with foundation figures,
and the strings are trimmed each
with a spray of flowers; the latter
is worked, as shown by Fig. 3, page
732, with point lace braid of various widths and designs and with
white guipure cord. To make the
fanchon first cut of tulle one whole
piece from Fig. 28, Supplement,
and baste it on linen, having first
drawn the design on the linen, observing Fig. 2, and Figs. 3 and 4,
page 732, and work the sprays on
the ends of the strings. To do this
baste for the leaves of the spray a
piece of the wider braid of the reqnisite size on the tulle at the corresponding points (see Fig. 3, page
732), and edge all the leaves with
the guipure cord above referred to.
Carry the cord along the outlines
of each leaf, and in order to form
the stems pass it from one leaf to
the next, and fasten the cord with
overhand stitches of fine thread, as shown by

overnand stitches of nne thread, as shown by Fig. 3, page 732. The braid should be gathered slightly or folded on the wrong side, according to the shape of the leaf. The vines of the spray are worked in half-polka stitch with embroidery cotton. The large and small flowers, which are raised on the foundation, consist of two circles of leaves; the leaves of each circle are made of long and short pieces of braid,

which are folded to half their length, and are joined at the sides which come together with an overhand seam, so that they end in an even line at the under end, and are rounded at the other end, as shown by the illustration. The length of the braid for the pet-als is shown by the full-sized illustration Fig. 3, page 732. In arranging the petals on the foundation first sew on the petals of the lower circle, then covering the seam of the latter, sew on the smaller upper circle of petals, in doing which care should be taken that the petals of both circles lie on as loosely as possible. For each foundation figure gather one side of a piece of narrow point lace braid an inch and a quarter long, sew up the ends, sew it on the responding point, and work the stems in halfpolka stitch. The eyelet-holes between the foundation figures are worked with fine thread in button-hole stitch. The border on the outer edge (see Fig. 4, page 732) is worked similarly to the leaves of the spray, with two kinds of braid and with guipure cord; the cord, however, is fastened with button-hole stitches along the outer outline of the border, and loops are formed, besides, of the cord, which project free from the outer edge of the border, as in Genoese embroidery, as shown by



Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK TULLE FANCHON. For design see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 27.

Fig. 2.—White Brussels Tulle and Point Lace Fanchon.—[See Page 732.] For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 28.

the illustration. Cut away the projecting edge of the material. Of course these fanchons may be white or black, according to taste.

SMALL MERCIES.

THERE was once an old woman who, in answer to a visiting almoner's inquiries as to how she did, said, "Oh, Sir, the Lord is very

good to me: I've lost my husband, and my eldest son, and my youngest daughter, and I'm half blind, and I can't sleep or move about for the rheumatics; but I've got two teeth left in my head, and, praise and bless His holy name, they're opposite each other!" Now it has been said that this old woman was thankful for small mercies; but when I use the phrase I am thinking of what we can do for ourselves or each oth-

er, and not of what is done for us in the way of a Dutchman's breech-es-piece of blue in a whole firmament of blackness. It is curious to note how many ways of making things pleasant are missed in this weary world. We are too idle, or too inattentive, or too dull of wit, or too ignorant—it is usually a lit-tle of all these elements—to take up the hundreds of small resources which surround us for smoothing the wheels of life. I remember the surprise of a very innocent country cousin at the peremptory injunctions she used to see in the shop windows, to "Cough No More."

And well she might, for there are coughs which nothing will cure.

But there are small evils which are almost always curable, the means almost always curable, the means of cure being within any one's reach, and yet which people go on enduring. One great enemy of comfort and excluder of small pleasures, which, added up together, go a long way, is routine. "Chops and tomato sauce!" Just so. It was only yesterday that I saw in a shop window bottles lebeled." Tomato window bottles labeled, "Tomato sauce—good with chops." Now tomato is good with chops—but why with chops only? It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to say. And any body who will make a few experiments will find that he may get both pleasure and use out of the tomato in dishes totally un-precedented perhaps, but quite as good in their way as that which Mr. Pickwick ordered and Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz dwelt upon. Indeed, in the whole subject of cook ery and pairing articles of food there is room for endless innovation. I speak what I know, having innovated with success in such matters. Routine murders half our nice chances.

The extent to which some of the arduous passages of civilized life are helped by small mercies in the way of inventions of comfort and convenience is a commonplace. But numbers of those inventions, even when patented and produced, die out of sight for want of encouragement. And even as to those that are used, there is a great indisposition on the part of nine people out of ten to take just the degree of trouble which puts the small

mercies in their proper place. I will put the case of late and long-continuing work at an office, where the means of harmless refreshment are not at hand. Fellows will go on, with aching heads and flagging energies, doing their work about half as well, and half as fast, as it might be done if they were in better condition; when, with the help of some of the small mercies invention has placed at our disposal for almost

nothing, tea or coffee or soup may be made in five minutes, and half a dozen weary workers refreshed. Then they go on with kindlier feelings and renewed vigor, and the time "lost" in prepar-ing the refreshment proves time gained; for the work is done both better and quicker. It will be seen that I am thinking of cases where the adoption of the small mercies involves a little trouble. This—the trouble—is what I find people usually stick at. But when they would really like what the small mercies would help them to, would be the better for it, and would be helped in doing their duty, there is a certain base-ness in this flinching "trouble." from man has, of course, a perfect right to say the the use or pleasure; but I have never yet noticed that those who do say this are at all unwilling to accept the use and the pleasure too when somebody else has taken the trouble. One of the nuisances

of daily life is the noise occasioned by the slamming of doors. Yet how few, comparatively speaking, avail themselves of the cheap India rubber appliances which remove this or reduce it to a minimum!

The objection to taking trouble at first is inveterately strong, or else there is a "wrin-



Fig. 1.—Gros Grain and Cashmere Suit.—Back.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 32-39.

Fig. 2.—Gros Grain and Cashmere Suit.—Front. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 32-39.

kle" for lightening labor in the long-run, and very greatly smoothing life, which would be general, instead of extremely rare. I mean the use of short-hand for purposes of correspondence. How many things go unsaid in our letters for want of time and strength-things which really ought to be said, I mean: words of kindness or of guidance, or pleasant words which would bring a smile to the worn face! Now let it be noted that short-hand writing is, at the lowest, from four to six times as rapid as common cursive writing, and can also be read more quickly (by any one practiced in it), and that it need not give any one a degree of trouble worth speaking of to learn this useful little art; and how irritating it may well be to those who can use it not to be able to apply it extensively in correspondence! Yet, out of a certain round, I do not know two persons to whom I can write in short-hand. And all I can say is that every correspondent of mine who can't read short-hand loses by it; for, otherwise, I should rarely write a letter without a merry anecdote or two, or half a dozen, or a dozen. So strong is my feeling on this subject that, supposing three different systems of shorthand were in use among my correspondents, I would even now think of undergoing the labor of learning all three for the sake of the consequent pleasure.

There are other matters of a similar kind in which our adoption of certain small mercies of contrivance, ready to our hand or easy to be thought of, would greatly help our lives; would, in particular, make us less dependent on the dress-maker, the tailor, the domestic servant, and the "working-man." But it is of no use. People won't take trouble—the trouble of thinking or the trouble of crossing a room. I am sorry for them, for they thus miss a greal deal of the pleasure that is enjoyed by one who is

THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.

LOVE'S DECEMBER. By MARIAN DOUGLAS.

"Now, Cupid, now, your rose must die! "Twill perish in the snow!"
"No fears have I," is Love's reply; "My flowers all winter grow.

"My roses bloom the whole year round; In every time and place they're found; And when you find a heart that scorns Those flowers, be sure it's felt their thorns."

BEAUTY AND THE BARBER.

HAD just finished putting up my shutters; it was getting rather late-nearly ten o'clockfor I'd had a hard day's work of it: and no won. der, for it was the night of the lord-lieutenant's We think a good deal of the lord-lieutenant down in Yorkshire; and when we get up a bit in the world, and get asked to his lordship's ball, we think a deal of ourselves; and my word! some folk are a bit proud. Yes; that very day I had dressed the Misses Millikin's hair for the ball—pretty early, mind you, for I wouldn't put my old customers out of the way for any of your start people, seeing as I've dressed the hair of all the first families in Lydford, and my father before me, whereof no man knoweth to the contrary, as the lawyers say. Now Millikin has drawn me many a gill of ale in the days when he kept the tap up Newsman's Yard, and has borrowed many a sixpence of me too--not but what he was welcome to them, as I told his lordship when he came to ask me for my vote for the town council. But that's neither here nor there. It isn't Millikin and such-like as I'd take the trouble to tell a story about. It were past nine, as I told you, and I were putting up the shutters pretty smart, not being a thing I often do myself, but it so happened that night; and in another minute I should have been off to the White Horse to meet one or two good fellows who were in the habit of having a glass or two together of a night; but as I was screwing up the bar of the shutters, what should I see drawing up to my door but a splendid carriage and two beautiful horses, all of a lather with sweat! Well, that put me about a bit, to think what a carriage should be doing at my door at this time of night; but I hadn't long to wonder, for a grave, tall, solemn-looking chap comes up to my door and calls out, "Is Creecher here?"

"That's me," says I.

"Oh, then," says he, "jump in," pointing

with his finger to me to get up the steps of the carriage, where there was a tall flunky holding the door open for me. Well, that capped me still more. I've heard of things like that in storybooks, and there's something very like it in the "Rabian Nights," where they seem to think a deal more of us barber chaps than they do in dom. Well, as I were saying, this tother chap kept motioning of me to get into the carriage, but says I, "Master, where are you bound?"

"Oh, never you mind," says he; "you'll be well paid. Look sharp."
"But I'd like to beautify myself a bit," says I,

"and I mun tell the missis.

With that he took up my hat, that was lying on the counter, and bangs it on my head, and pushes me into the carriage, and away we went be-fore you could say "Jack Robinson."—And away we went. Eh, but we did go rarely! It were a dark night, and frosty; and we soon got out of the lights of the town, and still the horses gal-loped on, and I could see the stars twinkling overhead; and then it grew colder all of a sud-den, and the windows of the carriage were covered with ice in a minute, and I could see naught but the inside, where I were sitting with the And he said never a word. strange man. still we galloped on; and after a good bit I heard the murmur and dash of a river hard by above

the clatter of the hoofs, and we crossed a bridge. I think, for we went up and down for a minute as if we had been in a swing. And then the sound of hoofs died away altogether, as if the horses were galloping over gravel or soft turf and presently the carriage stopped all of a sud-A footman stood at the door; the silent den. man jumped out. "Stay there!" he cried as he went, with a gesture of authority—"stay there!" And there I staid, for I were cowed like with being carried off like that, and didn't know if my soul were my own. "What'll the old wom-an say, though?" I thought to myself. The carriage moved on a bit, and stopped again.
"Now, then, my lad!" says the footman,

opening the door.

But I weren't going to be ordered about by such cattle as he. Says I, "I'm on thy master's business, and if thou doesn't speak respectful, It's well to I'll smite thee in the ear-hole. stand on your dignity with those chaps, you see.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," says the man, more respectful; "but will you step into the house-

keeper's room?"

And with that I fell off the high horse I'd been riding; for, to tell you the truth, I were thinking for a while I were perhaps rightful son of a lord as had been stolen in his youth, and that they were taking me home to the halls of my fathers, and happen were going to marry me to the daughter of the usurper to make all square. But says I, "I'll stick to the old woman." Not but what the flesh is treacherous, and happen I'd have changed my mind when I'd seen the young one. But, however, all that was knocked on the head when I heard the flunky tell me to go up to the housekeeper's room. It were only a dressing job, after all!

Well, before I'd got well inside the door, an old chap dressed in black catches hold of me by the elbow. "Creecher?" says he; "Creecher?" "Yes, I'm Creecher," says I. "What's your

pleasure?"

"Oh, you've to come this way d'rectly."

And away we went along passages, and up stairs and down stairs, and presently we came to a broad corridor beautifully carpeted, and the old man tapped at a door, and a young woman opened it, and says she, "Is he here?" and the man says, "Yes." "Come in," she said; "my lady will speak to you directly." And I went into a little room as was beautifully furnished with easy-chairs and sofeys, and all the luxuries of the season.

"Well, my dear," says I to the maid, "and so your missis is going to the ball. But it 'll be well-nigh time to go home before she gets there."

"Hush!" she says, putting her finger to her lips; and then I began to think it was a death job as I had got on hand. I've had such jobs afore now, when the corpse has been young, and with beautiful hair. Ah, and many a time my fingers has itched, for, says I to myself, it's a pity such a sight of beautiful hair should go down to the worms, when it might be going on enjoying itself atop of some other young woman's head—ah, and I could tell you a tale or two about that. But it wasn't a job of that kind, I found, as I heard somebody moving in the next room, and such a soft little moan, as it went to my heart to hear it—ay, lad. And then some-body came out—a tall, splendid lady, dressed in black satin, as haughty as a queen. "Creecher," she says—"are you Creecher?

Don't speak, but listen to what I tell you. A lady has had an accident - has been severely burned. Remedies have been applied-plasters.

what not. Her hair-

"I understand, my lady: you want me to take it off. I'll do it in a jiffy, if you'll lend me one of his lordship's razors, for I was that hurried when I came away I left mine behind me. I've got my scissors and comb, my lady," says I, pulling 'em out, "because, as good luck would have it, I'd just cut a chap's hair as was going

to fight next—"
"Silence!" she says, "Creecher!" looking at me quite disgusted; and beckoning the girl, she says, "Take the fire-shovel and throw them things away." But I wasn't going to lose a good set of tools, so I claps 'em into my pocket, and buttons up my coat, and says I, "Now, your buttons up my coat, and says I, "Now, your ladyship." And she says, "Amelie, throw something over the wretch." And with that Amelie brought a white gown with sleeves, as smelt as beautiful as a nosegay, and she wraps me up in it, and I caught a sight of myself in the glass, and, thinks I, you might take me for parson when he's agate at the seven commandments.

she says, "Creecher, hold your " Now. tongue, and listen to me. Whatever happens, she must not lose her hair; you understand, it must be saved at all hazards. Now come and

do your duty.

Eh, but it were pitiful to see the poor lassie, half sitting, half lying, in a thing atween an and a couch. All her face ered over but her eyes, and they seemed to burn. Such sad, pitiful eyes I never saw before nor since. She'd had beautiful long hair that came down to her knees a'most; but eh, it were in a tangle, all knotted and twisted and raveled together with the messes and poultices and all kinds of things they'd put on her head. No, there wasn't a thread of it any where that wasn't bound up and twisted. Well, I looked at it, and I shook my head.

"My lady," says I, "it would take me twelve hours' hard work, without stopping, to untwist

Well, then," she says to me, "why don't you begin?'

But," says I, "your ladyship, do you know what twelve hours is, sitting up with a man pulling away at your tangled hairs? Why, my lady," I says, "I don't think as I could stand the job, as am hale and well; and as for the poor young lady there, why, bless your heart, it would kill

But her ladyship took no notice of me. "Well." she says to the young lassie, "you hear what he says: are you ready to begin?"

And the lassie gave a little sigh, a heart-breaking little sigh, and she says, in a feeble little voice. "Go on.

"But," says I—for I wanted to have an excuse to be off the job-"I wouldn't do it under a hundred pounds.

"Oh," says she, "then you shall have a hundred guineas.

That was a temptation, mind you, to a chap as wasn't much beforehand in the world, and hadn't ever had so much as ten pounds in his pocket at once all his life. But I was sorry I took the job, after all.

'I mun have my supper," I says, "first, and think about it."

"Ring, Amélie," she says to the maid, "and

order up a tray.' And a bang-up supper I had in the little sit-

ting-room: a chicken and Champagne, and what they call a cure-or-so, out of a brown jug; but I didn't think much o' that, and I'd sooner call it kill-or-so, if I were giving it a name; for eh! it did make my head sing above a bit, and I only

took about a gill of it, to see what it were like. Well, when I'd done my supper I were taken into the young lady's room, and I began the job. I took it up bit by bit, washed it in spirits of wine, combed it out hair by hair, and so I went on hour by hour. There was naught for it but patience and hard work. She seemed to doze a bit, the poor lass, ever and again; but work as gently as I would, it must have given her a deal of pain. She'd sigh a little now and then, and give a little soft moan sometimes; but eh! she bore it all, all her weariness and pain, for all the suffering and trouble that were in her eyes-she bois it like an angel from heaven. The old woman sat beside us for an hour, till she got so sleepy she couldn't keep her eyes open, and then she beckons to the maid to come and sit in her place, and she goes off to her comfortable bed, suppose; and by-and-by the maid goes fast asleep, and every thing seemed asleep but me and the lassie. There wasn't a sound but the wind soughing among the trees outside, and the murmur of the river falling over the weir.

Well, the job went on, and still as it went on the lassie seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and then a big awful fear came into my throat.

She were dying under my hands.

Conscience says to me, "Joshua!" says she, "you're killing that nice fine young gal, you're killing her for a hundred guineas."—"Hold thy tongue," I says. "It's no such thing. It's her mother's doing," says I.—"If she be her mother, her breasts are as hard as adamant." But it were no use. Conscience has at me again. "Joshua!" she says, "it's you who are killing the poor lassie. If you were not at the job, they could get nobody else to do it. Joshua! throw

thy comb and scissors into the fire."
"A'm dommed if I don't, too!" says I, quite sudden like, and I pitches my things into the fire-place with a clatter as I thought 'd wake up a hundred guineas," says I. But now ye should ha' seen the look as crept over the lassie's face when she saw what I were about. Her great eves softened and filled with tears, and she put out a little white hand out of the wraps, and I took it in mine, and says I: "My dear, do you care so much about your hair that you'd lose the beautiful life God Almighty's given you, and the sweet bright days that may follow?"

"but she says, "mother!"
ther be ——!" Eh, I'm feared I said a "Mother be ——!" Eh, I'm feared I said a bad word there. "Do you care?" says I, ay,

just like that—"do you care?" says I.

And she shook her head. Well, I picked up my scissors again, and in a jiffy all the beautiful hair was lying on the floor; and the poor head was dressed with soft dressing, and I'd waked the maid, and had her missis put to bed, right and tight, and then I gives her a kiss, yes, by —, I did. I, Joshua Creecher, kissed the Lady Felicia Felixstowe, av, and I says, God bless her, as if I'd been her father. And she called me as I was going away, and she says in a little whisper, "I've got no money; take the hair."

The maid let me out by the back staircase. without any body hearing us; and away I went right over hill and dale, as tired and as happy as a man could be. But I were sorry about the

hundred guineas too. Well, it were about six months after that tall, nice-looking young chap came into my shop, and says he, "Creecher," says he, "have you got a nice plait of hair, real golden hair, as you could sell to a lady as is going to court?"

So, says I, "Well, no;" for I never meant to sell the hair as the young lady gave me, never!

"Well, but," says he, "you haven't sold it, have you?"

at business is it of yours "My dear," says he, running out to the car-age, "it's gone!"

Oh, Creecher, how could you!" she says, looking out of the window a little bit put out, but so sweet, too, bless her pretty face!

was Lady Felicia herself, as bonny as a fairy!
"Why, your ladyship!" says I. "Well,
I'm pleased to see you. Bless you! I've kept your hair for you, my dear; and I've done it all up in the most beautiful way.-Come in, my

lord," says I.
"Oh, I'm not a lord," says he; "I'm only plain Jack Thompson of the Holt;" and says he, "Creecher, I owe her to you, my boy."
"Why, how's that?" says I.
Says he: "The Dook of Dovercourt were

wild to have her, and they say he'd asked Lord Cromer, her father, for her the very night she was burned; but when he heard she'd lost her hair, and was likely to be disfigured, he cried off, else they'd have forced her into it; but then I stepped in and carried her away.

"Ay," says I, "and much joy I wish you, Colonel Thompson," says I; "and hope you'll accept this hair, Sir, as a wedding present."
"All right!" he says, "Creecher;" but he

left a bit of paper on my counter. It was a check

for a hundred guineas.

So I didn't lose by the job, after all. And the carriage comes for me every fortnight to take me to the Holt to do the hair of the young peo-ple there; but they come so fast that I say they'll overmaster me.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Golden Rule of Life.—Mark Twain and his Hot-tentot.—G. F. Train on his own Line.—Rumored Marriage of Princess Beatrice.

N our Oxford Street there stands the Portland Club, where whist is played from three to seven daily by the greatest modern professors of that science. Mr. Clay, the real author of Mr. Baldwin's text-book on whist, Mr. Henry Jones (Cavendish), Lord Lytton (who used of old to occupy the time during which he was "cut out in getting on with his current novel), and other great performers, are to be seen here any day studying the "History of the Four Kings;" and though the play may be higher in other clubs, it is perhaps nowhere better. The cards used have plain white backs, so that all the packs are quite alike. Now the other day a young gentleman (young, that is, for the Portland Club) who had lately become a member of this noble society was looking on at a game of whist, and perceived that the gentleman about to lead had a card un-der his chair. "You have dropped, Sir—" he began; and then, remembering the excellent law which decrees that any spectator who shall make an observation upon the game to the advantage of either party shall be responsible to their opponents for both points and bets, he stopped very

What is it? what is it?" inquired the gentleman addressed, who was a very nervous per-sonage indeed. "Pray tell me what is the matter i

"It is nothing," protested the unhappy youth -"nothing, at least, to speak of. I ought not to have said a word about it. If the other three gentlemen have no objection, I will tell" (for he was a cautious lad of about five-and-forty), "but not unless.

They gave him leave, and then he stated that Mr. Aspen had dropped a card under his chair; on which that gentleman picked it up, and thanked him. The youth lounged into the billiard-room, and thought no more of the matter, until "to him," as they say in the melodramas, entered one of the club committee in a state bordering on delirium.

"A pretty thing you have done, Mr. Tyro! You've lost Aspen and his partner twenty pounds. He had four honors and seven trumps, and must have won the game if he hadn't made a misdeal of it by taking a fourteenth card into his hand. The dropped card belonged to the other pack."

A great man—that is, in the world of clubs was in the room, an octogenarian and an Epicurean philosopher, and had overheard this state-ment. "Young man," said he to the already abashed Tyro, "the golden rule in life is to mind your own business. I learned it very early—before I was your age—at Hampton races. I was standing on the outskirts of the course with my grandfather, Lord M-, when I saw a fellow a few paces off steal a gold watch from an unsuspecting countryman. The latter missed his property at once, and I was about to cry That is the man who robbed you, another by-stander volunteered the same benevolent information. No sooner had he done so than a ruffian who stood next to him, and was the confederate of the thief, lifted his bludgeon and dashed the poor fellow down, knocking his teeth down his throat with the violence of the blow. At this my grandfather turned quietly you were about to cry "Stop thief!" just now; it was lucky for you you didn't. Let this be a warning to you, and in future always mind your own business." own business.

I am afraid that this story, humorous as it is, is only too gravely characteristic. It was "no-body's business" to look after a poor forlorn creature like Alice Oswald, whose sad fate I described to you in my last. After death, how-ever, the unhappy girl has been so well cared for that, all too late as the kindness comes, it at least convinces us that her case had only to be known to have been succored. On Tuesday last she was buried at Woking cemetery in the presence of many sympathizing ladies (chiefly your own countrywomen), and among them Miss Stride, the superintendent of the Home for Wom-The freehold of the grave has been furnished by subscription, and a fitting memorial is to be erected. What still remains to be cleared up in this sad story is, Who was the mistress with whom this young woman lived? It appears from the Scotch papers that though strict inquiry has been made in Wick, no such person has been identified; and yet Wick is a small place, and scandal has probably as keen an eye there as in other provincial towns.

Two of your fellow-countrymen have of late been affording us serious Londoners some very genuine amusement. One of them is Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who makes his plaint against one Mr. Hotten, a publisher of other publishers' books in Piccadilly, in the Spectator, in the following fashion:

'My little grievance is this: my books are bad enough just as they are written; then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half a dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen



under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or if even you yourself, were to write a book and set it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not what it ought to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? not the world seem cold and hollow to you? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest?Suppose, on the strength of hav-ing evolved these marvels from his own con-sciousness, he should go and 'copyright' the entire book, and put on the title-page a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket, and the legend, 'All Rights Reserved' (and only suppose the picture; still it would be rather a neat thing).....Suppose he should expunge the modest title you had given to your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, 'Screamers and Eye-openers,' and went and got that copyrighted too!.....Sometimes when I read over those additional chapters by John Camden Hotten I feel as if I wanted to take a broomstraw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, for I feel none. Oh, not in anger; but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curi-

osity."
And so on—poor Mr. Clemens's righteous indignation showing through his humor, as it were, in the most amusing fashion. He lays the lash on very smartly, however, and on shoulders that well deserve it

The second and even still more "amusing cuss" who is now enlivening our dullness is your old acquaintance Mr. George Francis Train. At the Temple Discussion Forum, Fleet Street (not a place very well known to fame, by-thebye, for I have never before heard of it), he last week informed a numerous audience that if he was not elected President of America this year, he most confidently predicted that he would be so in 1876. He then proceeded to relate his experience in France during the late war, asserting that he was Presidential Chief of the International, and Organizer of the Commune. Fi-nally, after boasting of his "perfect manhood, physical strength, moral superiority, and intellectual capacity," he finished by informing his hearers that he was either a great truth and a great statesman, or else a great fraud. One more obvious alternative, that he is a great liar, seems never to have struck him.

It must needs seem a bathos to speak of any one else after speaking of G. F. Train; but perhaps in the case of royalty and a lady he will pardon the presumption. There is a rumor that the Princess Beatrice, the only remaining daughter of our Queen, is to be married to the Marquis of Stafford, son of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, of whom her Majesty has so lately been the guest. There is no objection to such a match, which will be welcome on at least one ground—that the bridegroom's enormous wealth will enable him to dispense with a public grant. But it is unexpected news. The princess was reputed to have set her heart on a husband of royal blood, and to have satirically remarked, when her sister stooped to marry Lord Lorne, that for her part, since the family had begun to marry beneath them, she supposed she must be content with a Marshall & Snelgrove, or a Lewis & Allonby (two well-known London haberdash-R. KENBLE, of London.

AN AMERICAN GIRL OF THE PERIOD IN EUROPE.

WELL, girls, you know that I came back from my grand European tour only last week, and I'm sure you're perfectly dying to hear all about it. It was just splendid, and of course I couldn't help enjoying myself, although one needs a good education and fine taste in order to appreciate all the beauties of foreign travel. I was so glad that I had been educated at Madame Folatre's, and knew French, logic, geom-

etry, and all the other things.
While we were crossing the Atlantic ma took the absurdest notion into her head that perhaps I'd forgotten my French; and so she dunned me through all the rest of the voyage to review my grammar and phrase-book, just as if we hadn't reviewed and reviewed at school until there wasn't any thing left of them.

I told her it was a pretty pass things had come to if a well-educated American girl couldn't parly fronsy as well as those ignorant foreigners! "Why, it stands to reason," said I, "that if I've studied any thing as much as I've studied that horrid old Fasquelle, I ought to know it by this time. So, now! And, besides, it would be better employed, and it's against my principles to do that."

Then I appealed to her feelings as a mother, but that didn't do any good; so again I resort-

ed to argument.
"Now, ma," said I, "it's entirely useless for me to study that; and if it's entirely useless, of what use is it? Therefore, and conversely, it's of no use at all."

This contained all the force of logic and geometry combined, and as she was convinced, I call it a signal triumph of science.

She immediately gave up, and acknowledged with a smile that this proved to her conclusively the utter uselessness of my studying French. I don't see what she smiled for, though; I never smile when I'm beaten in argument.

Of course we went through England before going to France, and we found London to be quite a large town-larger than Boston, I should judge. But then it isn't near as nice as Boston. I should hate to live there. And, anyway, England isn't very interesting. The people all speak our language, a little corrupted; and when one visits foreign countries one wants

to hear foreign languages, or else what's the use of studying French?

But we saw a number of dukes and marquises and we crossed the Channel on the same boat with a real live English nobleman, Lord Ferdinand Alfred Adolphus Fitz-Clarence. He had pale blue eyes and yellow mutton-chop whiskers. and wasn't very handsome, after all; but then he had such an aristocratic air! He belongs to one of the best families, you know.

I mentioned to him carelessly that we were from Boston, and he raised his eyeglass like a true scion of the British nobility, and observed,

condescendingly,
"Ah! um! hindeed! yes—Shropshire!" I explained, "Not Shropshire, but Boston, Massachusetts."

He regarded me with an air of the most aristocratic perplexity, and dreamily murmured, "Ah,

indeed! "Yes," I pursued, "Boston, Massachusettsthe metropolis of America. Pa is a merchant there.

"H'm! ha! Hamerica! Savages receiving the benefit of trade! Wonderful progress of British civilization! Very gratifying, hindeed,

to ear that they ave shops."
"But," said I, "Sir—that is, Lord Ferdinand
Alfred Adolphus—pa isn't a shopman. He's a wholesale dealer-a real merchant prince!'

Ha, prince!" he returned, while a shade of the sublimest melancholy swept over his noble "Princes reduced to serving in a shop!" hen, indignantly exclaiming, "Wretched And then, indignantly exclaiming, result of a republican form of government!" he turned on his heel and strode majestically away in his noble wrath.

I was sorry for the mistake he made, but didn't have a chance to explain, and now I suppose that I've left the impression among all the British nobility that pa keeps a little gro-Well, it is sad, but I can't help it.

We went on to Paris, and took rooms in the most expensive hotel we could find, for, you know, we're accustomed to the best society and the best of every thing at home.

We intended to dress as well as the finest: so the first time we went to breakfast I wore my blue silk with the court train, and ma her lownecked velvet, and I assure you we created a sensation!

I didn't want to appear proud and reserved though, so I entered into conversation with a dapper/young Frenchman seated near me. ut him at ease immediately I said, sociably, 'Parly-voo Fronsy?"

"Certainement, mademoiselle," he replied, in a sprightly manner; and, to encourage him, I

"Enjoyez-vous cette beautiful matin, monsieur?

"Comment?" he responded; "I no compren-

dre Inglees!"
"Didn't you understand what I said to you?" I asked; but he seemed to be still more confused, and out of pure pity I ceased to puzzle him.

No doubt he was bashful, and my evident acquaintance with the language and intimate fa-miliarity with the rules of fashionable life tended to perplex him still more.

His accent was very bad, and on the whole I think that Paris is about the last place where I should go to perfect my French.

But whatever disappointments I met with in France were fully compensated for by the lovely scenes of Switzerland. Oh, girls, you ought to see those charming lakes imbedded in green, like looking-glasses framed in velvet, and the cunning little cottages, and the darling peaked hats that the peasant girls wore, just like those that were in fashion here two years ago. I was so sorry when they went out of style!

Mont Blanc is just the cunningest mountain that ever was. You've no idea, and you never will have until you see it. I send you a poem that I wrote on the occasion, and perhaps that will show what an impression it made on me. You'll see it is written in blank verse; that expresses great thoughts best.

ODE TO MONT BLANC.

ODE TO MONT BLANC.

Sublimest mount! thy grand and snowy head,
White as the muslin of my polonaise,
Rises afar. The gentle summer breeze,
As soft and soothing as a powder-puff,
Makes no impression on thy rugged brow.
O mount sublime! thy dense and sombre pines
Wave like green plumes on a white velvet hat;
And over all the lovely azure sky,
Mottled and veiled with thin and fleecy clouds,
Bends round thee like a blue silk parasol
Lined with white lace. Delightful mount, farewell.

Pa and ma couldn't believe that I wrote that, told them I certainly did, for, if I didn't who did? therefore I did.

I don't know, on the whole, but that the poems I wrote on the places we visited may give you a better idea of them than any thing else. They were written on the inspiration of the moment, when the scenes were before me, and-well, I don't want to be vain, but—

Here are some on "Moonlight in Venice." I can remember just as well as could be how every thing looked that evening. I sat on the balcony till midnight, and it was so romantic!

Moonlight on the vasty deep, And moonlight on the ocean; Moonlight where the billows sleep, And where they are in motion;

Moonlight on the waters clear, And moonlight on the boat, And moonlight on the gondolic Who keeps the thing affoat;

Moonlight on the mountains high, And moonlight on the flats; Moonlight on the passers-by, And moonlight on their hats.

Every thing described there is strictly true, for I never take advantage of poetical license to meddle with the facts.

I always was a martyr to principle

But, girls, I don't know how I shall describe to you my impressions of Italy. It is perfectly splendid! When I was a little girl I always wanted to go to Italy, because oranges grew there; and the fond dream of my childhood has been more than realized.

The climate is so delicious! And the fruits—oh, who can describe them! If one only had a good sofa and plenty of novels, Italy would be a paradise!

It was with the strongest emotions that we approached Rome.

Oh, girls, you don't know what sublime thoughts came over me! I expressed them, as well as I could, in the following lines:

In dreary, lonely grandeur standing, Towers Rome's Eternal City; Ruined, but stately and commanding, And (isn't it a pity?)

Along the dead and barren reaches Of Italy's once fertile garden The desolate Campagna stretches Its vaporous marsh. Dolly Varden.

I know the last words of it don't seem to chime in with the general idea, but I couldn't find any thing else to rhyme, and I wasn't going to spoil the whole verse by leaving off the last line, merely because it required a change of

We finished Rome in about a week, and since we came home have said a thousand times that no one could exaggerate in praising its works of

art, especially the figs.

Now I know you'll want to go to Europe right off, and I would advise you to, i: I supposed you would have half of our peculiar advantages for mingling with earls, dukes, and other crowned heads. Such company imparts an indescribable elevation and refinement.

Still, don't go there unless you are sure that you know enough to appreciate the beauties of Europe.

It lends such a charm to Italy to remember that among those groves of olive the immortal Beethoven sculptured the Medicean Venus, and Shakspeare composed the sublime poem of "Paradise Lost.

But, above all, don't talk much French in Paris, for if you do, you'll spoil your pronunciation entirely.

It needs a good education and thorough knowledge of society to enable one to appear creditably in European circles, but still it may be best for you to go. Association with the best society adds so much to one's elegance. I never would have supposed that Europe improved one so much, or added such a delicate polish to one's manners, until I went there myself.

Finally, you may receive it as a maxim, that it takes travel to make one perfectly commy eel feu, and give a real aristocratic air.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NE year ago the whole country was in agitation over the "creat Children was in agi-NE year ago the whole country was in agination over the "great Chicago fire;" even now its details are fresh in every mind. The rapidity of its restoration is almost incredible. Commercially speaking, the city is rebuilt already—at the end of the first twelvemonth. The results, as indicative of the elasticity and energy of Western men, are wonderful—wonderful, also, as showing the value of the sympathetic help which was so promptly tendered from men, women, and children all over the world. Some doubts have been expressed in regard to the women, and children all over the world. Some doubts have been expressed in regard to the strength and stability of structures erected with so much rapidity; but Chicago people seem wholly satisfied. It has been frequently stated in the journals of that city that for solidity and beauty there never before were any buildings in Chicago or in the West to compare with those which are now being erected; that not even can New York, Boston, or Philadelphia exhibit so excellent an average in the principal streets. However that may be, the Chicago Post gives the following statements, which are certainly of great and general interest:

"The burned city is more than half rebuilt. The

"The burned city is more than half rebuilt. "The burned city is more than half rebuilt. The capacity of the new business blocks is greater than the capacity of those that were burned. The character of the new buildings is vastly superior in every respect to that of the old. Our population has increased twenty-five per cent. in the year. The number of business men in the city is considerably greater than the number here one year ago to-day. Our wholesale merchants are occupying much more room, and doing nearly twice as much business as they did before the fire. Real estate has risen fifteen to twenty per cent."

The aurora borealis is not a safe exhibition in such an energetic city as New York. It should be confined to slow country places when it is on magnificently brilliant as it was last week. One of our vigorous fire companies started out in mad haste on that occasion for the purpose of extinguishing the aurora. This was the result in brief: a horse-car overturned, and all the ssengers spilled out: conductor passengers spilled out; conductor seriously injured; the arm of a lady broken; an old man badly bruised; one horse attached to the fire-engine instantly killed—and the aurora borealis continued to blaze as brightly as ever. Supposing the aurora had been a terrestrial conflagration, it should be remembered that fires are not the only danger to which the human race is exposed; and however important it may be for firemen to hasten to the place where their labors are needed, they have no right to dash with perare needed, they have no right to dash with per-fect recklessness through crowded streets.

Again from poor Persia come reports of the famine. Three millions of the inhabitants have died from the effects of this dreadful visitation.

There are four laboratories in Japan where the science of chemistry is taught. Three of these are presided over by Germans, and one by an American.

The Court Journal gives the following curious detail of foreign etiquette: "The Emperor William is about to return the visits of the sovereigns of Russia and Austria, and among the questions of etiquette there is one in which all are not agreed. When the Czar arrived at Ber-lin the Prussian officers were admitted to kiss

his hand, according to very ancient custom. The court of Berlin wished to establish a reciprocity in respect to the Emperor William when he shall visit St. Petersburg, but the Russian officers refuse in the most absolute manner. In that empire the ceremony of kissing hands only takes place once a year, and solely for the empression. place once a year, and solely for the empress-dowager and the reigning empress, never for an emperor or any prince whatever."

Vesuvius shows symptoms of breaking out again. That mountain is really getting to be dangerous.

The Boston Public School Committee recently declined to accept a legacy for the re-estab-lishment of the exploded prize medal system. The Congregationalist, in referring to this fact,

"We know of a young lady, a recent graduate of a Boston high school, who, after going through with examination and the crowning exhibition, alept for three days and nights, and had to be aroused to take three days and nights, and had to be aroused to take her meals. Any physician knows what that fact means, and will say that if the young lady recovers from the effects of the moral and intellectual stimulus after months of rest, she will be fortunate. A year or two since a bright boy in one of our public schools was taken down by scarlet fever. The teacher was so interested in the boy's mental progress, and so anxious to have him keep his place in the class, that he called upon the father and actually offered to give the boy two hours of instruction every night save those of Saturday and Sunday. The fact shows the strain put upon our boys and girls."

Among donations of great value which have recently enriched the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg is a Koran written by the hand of Osman. This manuscript is more than twelve hundred years old, and is one of the most ancient at the content of th cient and precious treasures of Mussulman literature.

We see it stated in an exchange that We see it stated in an exchange that several members of the Sophomore Class at Harvard College have been suspended for a year on account of their persistence in "hazing." This shows the determination of the faculty to abolish the practice which has so long disgraced many of our colleges.

It may not be known to all our readers that "Mario" is merely the stage name of the famous tenor singer who bears it. His real name is Guiseppe, Marquis of Candia. He was born in Turin in 1810. The vicissitudes of his life having led him to Paris in early manhood, his exquisite voice soon attracted great attention. exquisite voice soon attracted great attention. He first appeared under the name of "Mario" at the Grand Opera-house in Paris, in 1838. In at the Grand Opera-nouse in raris, in 1838. In 1849. In 1 voice which has so long been celebrated.

A learned man of Paris—M. Stronin—and another, equally learned, of Berlin—Herr Ehlert—recommend that the people encourage the multiplication of cockroaches, and even undertake to tame them, on the ground that they promote good sanitary conditions. This may be true; and those who desire to domesticate these sprightly bugs are at liberty so to do. For the comfort of others, however, we mention that powdered borax, sprinkled plentifully about the places they frequent, is said to be certain to scatter them.

Stories about Mount Desert may be thought "out of season," but this one should not be "kept over" to another summer: A few weeks ago a little boy about nine years old, son of the assistant light-house keeper at Mount Desert, strayed away, and was missing for about two hours. The mother went out-doors and called his name, when a fine Newfoundland dog belonging to the family ran up from the shore with the boy's wet cap in his mouth, and apparently desired her to follow him. The mother and father both followed him, and found the little boy lying insensible on a rock, his wet and torn clothes indicating that he had been dragged from the water. After much effort the child was resuscitated, and told his story. While gathering shells a large wave carried him off, and the dog jumped in after him, but did not reach him immediately. When the dog seized him by his trowsers and tried to drag him ashore the cloth gave way. The child recollected the dog coming for him again, but then he lost consciousness. But that the faithful creature had carried him to the rocks out of reach of the waves, and tried to restore him, was evident. waves, and tried to restore him, was evident. When he heard the mother's call he took the cap, and obtained help. That dog should have a

There is a man in Maine who would, in "slang phrase," be called a "brick" in a double sense. Recently, while intoxicated, he committed some misdemeanor, for which he was imprisoned. Determined to prevent such a disgrace in the fu-ture, he published in an Augusta paper this card:

"Whoever sells or offers to sell to me any intoxicating liquors of whatever nature, or whoever sells any in my presence, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Summe S. Brick."

We believe that man will reform.

Owen Meredith must have been disappointed in getting a good dinner upon which he had set his heart when he penned the following lines in a moment of revengeful feeling:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without

We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Five hundred million francs were recently sent by the French government to Germany. The operation of weighing this sum consumed three days.

"folk-lore" that we have now most to do, and many of the super-stitious observances are so quaint and so implicitly believed in that some account of them may not prove uninteresting.

In Lancashire and many other parts of England the country gossips begin to note the omens and cast their spells about a child before its birth, and do not let go of the individual even after death. For instance, an infallible method of ascertaining the sex of an unborn child is to char the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton till two holes can be made in it; a string is then passed through them, and is hung over the door of the house, and of whatever sex is the person who first enters, the child will be the same. Pursuing the infant through the various disorders peculiar to childhood, we find that Daffy's Elixir and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sirup may be cast to the winds, for there is a magic cure for them all. If it has the

Fig. 1.—Braided Cashmere Dolman.—Back. For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 47-49.

Borders, Agrafes, and Tassels for Wrappings, Dresses, etc., Figs. 1-3. See illustrations on page 737.

Fig. 1.—SILK GIMP AND BEAD BORDER. The upper edge of this border consists of a row of wide black silk gimp trimmed with cut beads; on this gimp are joined different sized scallops of fine black silk cord, on which beads have been strung. In the middle of each of the outer scallops set a grelot of knotted

Figs. 2 and 3.—CORD AND BRAID AGRAFES. The upper part of the agrafes is made partly of different-sized black cord and partly of braid. The tassels consist of saddler's silk and covered grelots.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

IN these practical days of railroads and telegraphs, when the winner of the "Derby" is known at Cal-cutta almost before the bustling crowd round the Grand Stand have yet made out the numbers put up, we might well imagine that the age of superstition and credulity was long past; but with all our advantages of so-cial improvement and modern education, this is far from being the fact. Even among welleducated people we meet with many superstitions, such as not dining thirteen at table, not passing under a ladder, and so forth; but it is with country







STEEL BLUE CLOTH PALETOT.

For pattern and description see Supplement., No. V., Figs. 17-22.



Fig. 1.-WOOLEN PLAID MANTLE.-FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29, 29, 31.

thrush, catch a duck and hold the bill wide open in the child's mouth; the cold breath of the duck will remove the disease (whatever its merits may be, this certainly appears to be a quack remedy). Hooping-cough will never be taken by a child that has ridden on a bear (probably because the bear takes the child first). Again, roast mouse cures the measles—though some people might imagine measles the more preferable of the two; and finally, children should always be weaned on a Good-Friday. As the individual grows up the directions for his well-being can be personally attended to, though it must require a somewhat retentive memory to bear them all in mind. If he eats an egg, a hole must be made in the shell to avoid a witch sailing out in it and wrecking ships; if he gets the cramp at night, his slippers must be put under the bed, soles upward. For a sty in the eye a hair must be pulled from a cat's tail and For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29*, 29*-31.



Fig. 2.—Braided Cashmere Dolman.—Front. For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 47-49.

rubbed over it nine times (no mention is made as to any possible

rubbed over it nine times (no mention is made as to any possible objection on the cat's part). If he sees a white horse he must spit at it, irrespective, it is presumed, of any opinion which the rider may have on the subject; and if he meets a red-haired woman while setting out on a journey, he must turn back. If he hears a singing in his right ear, some one is praising him—if in his left, some one is abusing him; but here he has his remedy, for, by biting his little finger, he can make the evil speaker bite his tongue. The individual may now fairly be assumed to have arrived at man's estate, and likely to take unto himself a partner; therefore full

unto himself a partner; therefore full directions may be obtained from any gossip versed in folk-lore as to the magic influences applicable to court-ship in general. In the first place, he

ship in general. In the first place, he must never go courting on a Friday; this is such a sine qua non in many parts of the north of England that no village fair one will receive her swains on that day. To dream of his lady-love he must stick nine pins into the shoulder-blade of a rabbit, and take it to bed with him (it is somewhat difficult to con-(it is somewhat difficult to conceive how any one could dream at all with such a bed-fellow, but c'est selon). When he first sees the moon in the new year, he must immediately take off one stocking, run to a stile, and under the great toe he will find a hair of the same color as that of his fair one that is to be. This is really a very awk-ward observance, especially in a



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Fig. 2.—CORD AND BRAID AGRAFE WITH TASSELS FOR MANTLES, PALE-

how they had to wait till an open door or window in the house in which the death had taken place

enabled them to get free from it. Every one knows the Celtic super-

stition of the "fetch," or appearance of one's double, being an immediate forerunner of a violent

death. There are very few of the peasantry, or indeed of the better classes, who do not believe firmly in the "banshee," or that its wail will not bring death or

misfortune to the house near which it is heard. There is an

old belief that no one can die on a bed containing game feathers; and another, that has some amount

of truth in it, that death must take place at the turn of the tide. Shakspeare commemorates this in

Shakspeare commemorates this in Madam Quickly's account of Falstaff's death, "'A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide." Dickens, too, in "David Copperfield," makes old Barkis's spirit go out with the tide. These are some of the most common beliefs and superstitions which are to be found in England. To turn now to a more dis-

in England. To turn now to a more dis-tant and less enlightened country, the ob-servances among the Chinese are the more

district where stiles are scarce and the country rough. Now we get to presents and tests of affection. The luckiest thing a man can present to his sweetheart is the first egg laid by a pullet. If the fire burns brightly when it is poked, the absent lover is in good spirits. A girl shelling pease, when the first are seen and the same and the same and the same and the same are same are same are same and the same are same and the same are s when she finds a peas-cod with nine peas in it, must lay it on the threshold of the kitchen door, and the first bachelor who walks over it will fall in love with her. If a girl is doubtful as to the depth of her lover's affection, she has only to throw an apple-pip into the fire; if it cracks, all is well; if not, the sooner she looks out for another helpmate the better. When a newly married couple come home, it is absolutely necessary to their future felicity to bring in a hen and make it cackle. We have heard of a good many married house-holds where extra cackling was quite superfluous, but perhaps this is in-

hen is a sure forerunner, so is also the squeaking of a mouse behind a bedstead. If a cow breaks into your garden, there will be a death in the

family within six months; if a pigeon enters a house, a child will infallibly die.

When a death takes place all the doors and windows should, be unfastened, as in many parts of the country it is thought that the first pairs of pure

that the first pains of purgatory are inflicted by the soul squeezing through the closed doors. We have

like

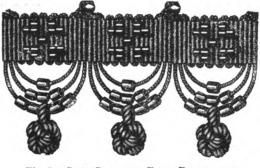
something lik this in Swift's

"Journey from this World to the Next,"

where the spirits,

conversing on their way to the throne of "Mi-

cros," relate relate



SILK GIMP AND BEAD BORDER FOR Mantles, Paletots, etc.

permost, the answer is negative, and every thing is unpropitious; if they fall with one round and one flat side up, the answer is in the affirmative, and the man may go on his way rejoicing. When a Chinaman dies, and his bereaved relatives wish to communicate with him, a medium is employed. These mediums are females, and are of two classes. One of them professes to obtain and transmit the news required by means of a very diminutive image made of the wood of the willow-tree. The image is first exposed to the dew for forty-nine nights, when, after the performance of certain ceremonies, it is believed to have the power of speaking.

The image is laid upon the stomach of

the woman to whom it belongs, and she by means of it pretends to be the medium of communication between the dead and the

living. She sometimes sends the image into the world of spirits to find tended as a counter-irritant.

Of the signs and tokens of death there is no end. The crowing of a left or sprite, and ostensibly departs on its errand. The spirit of the person enters the image and gives the information sought after by the surviving relatives.

The woman is supposed not to utter a word, the message seeming to proceed from the image. The questions are addressed to the medium; the replies appear to come from her stomach: there is probably a kind of ventriloquism employed, and the fact that the voice appears to proceed from the edly assists the delusion. Any way, there are scores of these

mediums, Fig. 3.—CORD AND BRAID AGRAFE implicitly believed in, and widows who desire to communicate with their deceased hus-

bands, or people who desire any in-formation about a future state, invariably resort to their aid.

WITH TASSELS FOR

MANTLES, PALE-TOTS, ETC.

Another class of women who pretend to be able to obtain information from or about the dead proceed in a very different man-ner: when their services are called into requisition a table is covered with three sticks of lighted incense placed upright, with two lighted candles, a censer, and a small quantity of boiled rice; seated by these things, the me-dium inquires the name and surname of the deceased and the precise time of death, and then bows her head upon the table so as to conceal her face, muttering in a loud voice a sort of incantation; those who desire news of their dead relative draw near, and wait smidst the most solemn silence the moment when the spirit of the dead shall rush into the medium and enable her to communicate to them the news of

"The unseen world beyond."

After giving a certain number of answers to the questions, contortions of apparent agony begin to rack the medium, generally culminating in a violent fit of retching, after which, the spirit of the dead having departed, she speedily becomes herself again.

A most curious Chinese custom is that of releasing spirits of the departed from hell. If a medium reports to the survivors of any one deceased



Fig. 1.—Velours Mantle.—Back. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40-46.

too," by touching the ground with his head nine times, states his name and residence, the object of his inquiries, and whether on his own or another's account; he then takes a bamboo tube containing the lots and shakes it gently before the idol until a slip falls to the ground. He then rises from his knees and picks up this slip, and places it so that the "god" can see the number of the lot written on it; he then takes two pieces of wood, each having a round and a flat side, called a "kapue;" after pass-ing these through the incense he tosses them into the air before the idol; if they fall so that both round sides are up-

solemnly walk round, repeating formulas: and after a time the mock money is set fire to, and the instant it is consumed each tile is broken by blows from the staves, and each priest seizes and rushes off with as many of the paper figures as he can grasp, the attendants beating gongs and firing crackers to frighten the devil away, should he attempt to follow them.

After this burglarious effort on the part of the priests the natives are quite satisfied that the departed one is out of limbo, or if he isn't, that's his look-out, as they have done all

they can.
We all know how common superstition is among the Norwegians and Germans generally. Not a mountain but has its gnome, not a stream



Fig. 2.—VELOURS MANTLE.—FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40-46.

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or an element of any kind but has its spirit; not | or American; I will say no more), but she was a cold night passes without certain viands being placed outside each homestead for the regulement of Nipo, the demon of frost, and no doubt much appreciated by him (or some one else), for they are nearly always gone in the

morning.

Take what country you will, whether East or West, North or South, and we find that "magic lore" has its sway nearly always over a certain portion of the people. The teachings of religion are not always turned to, but the lower orders hail with delight any thing mysterious, and in spite of what education has done and may do, there will always be some belief in "signs and

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

MADAME DE RUSENVILLE'S share in the transaction was a very remarkable one. Not merely had her interference been of primal necessity to the baron, as we shall continue to style him, but it was of considerable importance to herself. The passion for match-making, which in other countries is a weakness common to amiable and meddling matrons, busybodies who delight in managing their neighbors concerns, and kind-hearted women who like to see young people happy, and will go to great trouble to bring them together with a view to starting them in the matrimonial bark, is a disinterested passion, at any rate. But in France it is different; there match-making is a business, sometimes carried on by professionals with a sign-board over their door, as in the case of M. De Foye, but more universally by women in drawing-rooms, who are also paid their percentage, often a much heavier one than the professional would dare to ask. Many of your readers who only know French life through books or travelers' stories are perhaps ignorant of this branch of social industry as it exists in France. They have heard that marriages are made up in a very heartless way by notaries and mothers, etc., and that that beautiful and complex ma-chine called a young girl's heart is left out of the affair altogether, and that, as an inevitable consequence, all French menages are unhappy, all the husbands being indifferent and all the wives coquettes. A sweeping assertion, not much to be wondered at, but decidedly false. We will have a talk, dear Bazar, one of these days, on the pros and cons of the two systems, as they are worked in volatile France and in decorous England and independent America, and we shall put our heads together and see if we can not strike a balance between them, and agree that there is a great deal to be said for and against on both sides, and that the perfect system, as you and I would organize it, should include a combination of both.

Meantime you are perhaps curious to hear something of that particular phase of the Celtic system which is represented by M. De Foye. You may have seen his advertisements in the most respectable papers of the metropolis and the prov-inces—his long lists of eligible husbands and wives, whose qualifications and qualities are se forth with business-like accuracy of detail, the color of their hair, complexion, eyes, etc., being gravely stated side by side with the amount of their fortunes, actual and prospective, and the sweetness and equanimity of their tempers. You have perhaps fallen upon some of these charac-teristic specimens of newspaper literature in your perusal of French journals, and you have smiled at the singular naïveté which they revealed on the part of the editor or his readers, or mayhap both; but you have never for one moment imagined that the advertisements were made and taken in good earnest, and that the answering them was quite as simple a piece of mercantile negotiation with the public who happen to be in want of husbands and wives as would be the answering of a puff of some world-renowned hair restorer or incomparable sewing - machine those who are on the look-out for the benefits proffered by the inventors of those two great boons to bald and industrious human beings. Yet such is actually the fact. I do not mean to say that the majority of matches made in France are effected through the agency of M. De Foye and his colleagues, or that it is the most distinguished portion of society who pat-ronize him; but I do say that his business is a bona fide one, and that his advertisements, as a rule, are reliable. He is paid for getting hus-bands and wives, and it is his interest to provide good ones, and to insure the fulfillment of those promises of "bonheur domestique" that form so conspicuous an item in the attractions set forth in his bill, just as it is the interest of the dealer to sell you a good horse, or the architect to build you a strong house. You will praise his work, and recommend him to such of your friends as want to buy a horse or to build a house. It is true that people are not so apt to boast of a good bargain in the shape of a wife as in the aforesaid articles, but it is sure to eke out somehow, no matter how discreet the parties immediately concerned in the bargain may be: and if the affair turns out a success, it acts as an encouragement to others.

The class of people who, as a rule, apply to marriage agencies are, I believe, the middle class trades-people and employés in the various public offices. I happen to know one lady who I happen to know one lady who applied to M. De Foye, and the circumstance led to my hearing a good deal of the system as practiced by him, which put his office, which I had hitherto treated as a joke, in a much more serious light, and really, taking it all in all, in a fairly respectable one. The lady in question, I must own, was not French (neither was she English

a woman of the very highest rank in her own country, noble for fifty generations, all her kinsmen holding high place at court; she had, moreover, a fortune of 40,000 francs a year. I was, therefore, very naturally astounded to learn that she had applied *personally* to M. De Foye to find her a husband; in fact, if I had not had it from one who was with her at the time, and at whose suggestion the step was taken, I should not have believed it. My informant, who was French, said, by way of explanation, that the lady was no longer young (she was forty at least); that in her set it was extremely difficult to marry late in life; she had been prevented doing so earlier by a variety of family circumstances; her fortune was not large enough to tempt a man of her own class, and she would have gone on "withering on her virgin stem" to the bitter end rather than marry beneath it. Seeing all likelihood of establishing her among her equals at home at an end, he had suggested trying M. De Foye. She consented, and came to Paris for the purpose. The interview would sound too grotesque to an American audience if related it in all its details, but it was gone through in perfect simplicity and good faith by the applicant. She gave her age, her family circumstances, and her fortune as truthfully as if she had been on her oath before a court of The matrimonial dealer took notes of all in his book of wives, and read her then several specimens from the book of husbands. pros and cons were as gravely discussed as if each aspirant had been a shawl or a piano. The advantages of one were all moral, those of another entirely social or personal, with a deficit in more sterling qualities; one was too old, another too young; one made a point of living all the year round in the country in his old château, another agreed to come for two months every year to the metropolis, provided his wife sol-emnly promised to be raisonnable, and not draw him into undue expense by too much theatregoing, toilettes, etc. Some cautious Benedicks went so far as to set down the number of times he would take madame to the play, how many times they would dine at the cafe; others simply specified a certain sum to be set aside "pour le plaisir," it depending on the dot brought by the wife how far this agreement might be modified to meet her wishes, etc. It all sounded very funny to English ears, but it was thoroughly straightforward and matter-of-fact from first to last. I might improve the opportunity by telling you that the lady alluded to found the article she was in search of, and how the experiment turned out, but I prefer to be honest, and own that she was disappointed. There was not in the long line of candidates one who precisely answered her requirements. They were all either too young or too old, too rich or too poor, or in some way unfit for the place; so she took her leave of the agent, none the better for her visit, but none the worse. I must not forget to mention that no names are given till there seems a probability of the parties suiting, and the greatest discretion—so my French informant assured me—is observed throughout. This little digression has carried us away from

Madame De Rusenville, the other type of the French match-maker, with whom our story has to deal. This one is commoner and infinitely more dangerous, it is needless to say, than M. He, at least, waits for customers; De Foye. his rival in the salon watches for prey. There are women in Paris who depend entirely for their income on this equivocal industrie, and a very suug income many of them contrive to draw from it. It would be a curious and instructive fact if one could ascertain how much of the contingent is furnished by those dreadful Americans: at a rough guess we may set down their contribution as a pretty large one. I will vent ure to say that not one American girl out of ten. and this is putting it at a very low average, has been married in France during the last twenty years without having paid a handsome tax to the match-maker, who, all unknown to herself, was pulling the strings of her destiny. They fancied they had made conquest of their fascinating French lovers: they believed the honeyed protestations that were poured into their ears innocent, unsuspecting babes—while all the time they were no more than a piece of goods that represented so many dollars "on the table," and so many more in "hopes," to their ardent adorers, who never cast one passing thought on the heart, or the principles, or the temper of their argents looking solely steadily to the min bargain, looking solely, steadily, to the main chance. They found out soon, to their cost, on what foundation their fancied happiness was resting, poor things! but it was too late to mend it; and the saddest and strangest part of their mistake is that their experience does not even serve as a guide or a warning to others. Year after year we have shoals of rich, handsome, true-hearted American girls coming over to Europe and being pounced upon by drawing-room sharks, and devoured by "Français ruines," as the class of men who catch them are called by their own, and yet the eyes of others are not opened, and more come in their suite to be way laid and trapped by successive relays of ruined. dissipated vicomtes and barons, who think they do the rich, true-hearted girl a very mighty honor in giving her their name and their title in return for gold and silver, and what is incomparably more precious than both, an honest wom-an's love. I had better refrain from saying any more on this subject, for it is one that always makes me lose my temper, not only with the fortune-hunters, but with their prey. Why, in fortune-hunters, but with their prey. Why, in mercy's name, are American girls, and still more unpardonable American fathers and mothers, so foolish as to be caught by the glitter? But let us come back, once for all, to Madame De Rusenville and her speculation with regard to Ophelia and the baron. COMET.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RECOVERED TREASURE.

RICHARD REDMAYNE went back to Brierwood after his visit to Hetheridge church-vard, and the dreary days went on. A ghost pacing those garden walks, or loitering under the old cedar, could hardly have been a more dismal figure than the farmer, with his listless gait and haggard face, unshaven chin and slovenly attire. He was waiting idly for his agents in London to do something; speculating on the possibility of dis-covering his enemy by the intervention of the sexton—a dreary business altogether; his land in other hands, no work to be done, no interest in the young green corn, no care, no hope; his whole being consumed by one fatal passion—more constant than love, more bitter than jeal-

He had not spoken to John Wort since that night when he burst in upon the agent in his little office, sudden and violent as a thunder-bolt. The two men avoided each other. Mr. Wort had his own reasons for that avoidance, and Richard Redmayne shrank from all companion-ship. He smoked all day long, drank more than he had been used to drink in the old days, and paced the weedy gravel-path, or lay at full length under the cedar, lost in gloomy thought. If he had needed any external influence to sharpen his sense of loss, the familiar home, once so happy and now so desolate, would have furnished that influence; every flower in the garden, every petty trifle in the house, where all things were old and familiar, was in some wise associated with his daughter. He could not have felt her death more intensely if he had spent his days and nights beside her grave.

The longest day had dragged its slow length along, and the corn was beginning to change color, when, after some weeks of sultry and oppressive weather, there came a great storm—one of those tempests which spread consternation over all the country-side, filling the souls of farmers with hideous visions of beaten corn and lightning-struck cattle, and which people talk of and remember for the rest of the year. It was on a Sunday evening, just after church-time, when the first thunder-peal roared hoarsely among the distant hills, and the first vivid flash of forked lightning zigzagged across the low leaden sky. Richard Redmayne was sitting under the cedar, smoking, as usual, with an unread Sunday paper lying on his knee, and his eyes fixed dreamily on the line of poplars that rose above the garden wall. He was not afraid of a little thunder and lightning, and sat for a couple of hours after this first swelling chord in the tempestuous sym-phony, watching the progress of the storm with a gloomy delight in its awful grandeur, with al-most a sense of relief in this sudden awakening of earth and sky from their summer silence, as if his own sluggish heart were stirred and lightened a little by the storm.

It was only when the rain began to fall in tor-rents, and Mrs. Bush came out, dripping like a rustic naiad, under a dilapidated cotton umbrella, to entreat him piteously to come in-doors, that he roused himself from that morbid sympathy with the elements, and rose from his bench under the cedar, stretching himself, and looking round him half bewildered.

"It's that dark as you can't see your hand before you, Mr. Redmayne, between whiles, and that vivid when it lightens as you can dextinguish every leaf on the trees, and to think of your sitting here all the time! My goodman says as how you must have gone to Kingsbury village. I've been that fidgety about you I didn't know what to do; so at last I says to my William, 'If I gets wet to the bone, I'll go and see if he's in the garden;' and as soon as I came to the edge of the grass, which is like a bog, it lightened just in my eyes like, and I see you sitting here like a statter. You'll be a lucky man, Mr. Redmayne, if you're not laid up with the rheu-matics along of this night's work."

"A few drops of rain won't hurt me, Mrs.

Bush; but I'll come in-doors if you like. storm is worth watching; but I reckon it 'll be bad for Davis's corn. It's lucky the hops are no forwarder." Davis was the tenant, for whom Mr. Redmayne had some natural compassion, as became a man whose interests and desires had once been bounded by those hedge-rows.

He went in-doors to oblige Mrs. Bush, but would not allow the garden door to be barred that night, and sat up long after the housekeeper and her husband had gone to their roost in their garret—till the tempest was over, and the sun was shining on the sodden trees and beaten flower beds, and the birds were twittering in the calm morning air, as in the overture to "William Tell." He walked round the garden, looking idly at the ruin of roses and iasmine, carnations and lavender bushes, before he went up stairs to his room.

It was late when he came down to his solitary breakfast, and the countenance of Mrs. Bush was solemn with the weight of a startling communication when she brought him his dish of eggs and bacon.

"Such a calaminty, Mr. Redmayne!" she ex-claimed. "I felt certain sure as the storm would do some damage, and it have. Mr. Davis have had a fine young heifer struck dead, and the pollard beech in Martinmas field is blown down." "The old pollard beech!" cried Richard;

"the tree my mother was so fond of-and Grace I'm sorry for that.' Mrs. Bush shook her head in a dismal way, and sighed plaintively. He so rarely mentioned

his daughter, although she was bursting with

sympathy.

"And so she was, Mr. Redmayne—poor dear love—uncommon fond of Martinmas field and that old tree. I've seen her take her book or that old tree. I've seen her take her book or her fancy-work up there many an afternoon when you was in foreign parts. 'I'm tired of the garden, Mrs. Bush,' she'd say; 'I think I'll go up to Martinmas field, and sit a bit.' And I used to say, 'Do, Miss Gracey; you look to want a blow of fresh air;' for she was very pale that last autumn before we lost her, poor dear. And when the hop-picking was about, she'd sit under the pollard beech talking to the children, no matter how dirty nor how ragged, she was no matter how dirty nor how ragged, she was that gentle with 'em! It was enough to bring the tears into your eyes to see her."

"I'm sorry the old beech is gone," said Richard, thoughtfully. He remembered a tea-drinking they had had by that tree one mild afternoon in the hop harvest, and Grace singing her sim-ple ballads to them afterward by the light of the hunter's moon. What a changed world it was without her!

He made short work of his breakfast, which was as flavorless as all the rest of his dismal meals, and set out immediately afterward to inspect the fallen beech in Martinmas field. rarely had he trodden the land tenanted by Farmer Davis, but to-day he was bent on seeing the nature of the accident which had robbed him of one of his favorite landmarks, the tree that had been ancient in the time of his great-grandfather.

The ruin was complete; the massive trunk snapped like the spar of a storm-driven vessel, broken short off within three feet from the roots.

A couple of farm laborers—men who had worked for Richard Redmayne when he farmed his own land-were already hard at work digging out the roots, which spread wide about the base of the fallen tree. Farmer Davis was a smart man, in the transatlantic sense of the word, and did not

suffer the grass to grow under his feet.

"Gettin' rid of this here old beech will give him a rood of land more at this corner," said one of the men, when Mr. Redmayne had surveyed the scene, and said a word or two about the storm. "He allus did grumble about this tree, the grass was that sour under it; so now he'll

be happy."
"I'm sorry it's gone, for all that," replied

Rick, contemplating it gloomily. He seated himself on a gate close by, and watched the men at their work, idly and hopelessly, thinking of the days that were gone. He sat for nearly an hour without speaking a word; and the men glanced at him now and then furtively, wondering at the change that had come upon him since the old time when they had called him master. He took his pipe from his pocket, and solaced himself with that silent comfort-He was sitting thus, with his eyes fixed on the distant horizon, when one of the men, who had been digging out a rugged arm of the root from a little hollow into which the dead leaves had drifted, tossed some glittering object away with the leaves upon his spade, and uttered a cry

of surprise as he stooped to pick it up.
"Why, what's this here?" he exclaimed, turning it over in his broad hand. "A gold brooch!" It was not a brooch, but a large oval locket. Richard Redmayne roused himself from his reverie to see what this stir was about, and at sight of that golden toy broke out with a loud oath that startled the men more than the finding of

the treasure.

"It's Grace's locket," he cried; "the locket my daughter lost three years ago! See if there isn't a bunch of blue flowers painted inside."

He had heard the history of the locket from Mrs. James, and had forgotten no detail of the one gift which the fatal stranger had sent his

"11's uncommon hard to open," said the man, operating upon the trinket with his clumsy thumb. "Yes, here's the blue flowers, sure enough, and I suppose there ain't no doubt about the locket

being your property, Sir; so here it is."

"And here's a sovereign for you and your mate," replied Richard Redmayne, tossing the coin into the man's hand.

He took the locket, and sat for some time looking at it thoughtfully as it lay in the palm of his hand—poor relic of the dead. She had worn it round her neck every day, Mrs. James had told him; had loved it for the sake of the treacherous giver. "I ought to have thought of hunting for it about here," he said to himself, "knowing she was fond of sitting under the beech. I suppose it dropped from her ribbon and fell into the hollow, and so got buried among the dead leaves. And she grieved for the loss of it, Hannah told me. Poor child, poor child! she was no more than a child, to be tempted by such toys.

He put the trinket into his pocket, and walked slowly homeward; and from that time forward he carried it about him, with his keys and loose money, in an indiscriminate heap. The spring which was made to defy the eye of jealousy was not proof against this rough usage, and became loosened from constant friction. Thus it happened that, when Mr. Redmayne dropped the locket one day, the false back flew open, and the minature stood revealed.

He swooped upon it as a kite upon its prey. Yes, this was the face he had heard of; but how much handsomer and younger than Mrs.

James's description had led him to suppose! He sat for an hour gazing at it, and thinking of the time when he should come face to face with its owner, should look into the eyes of the living man as he now looked into the eyes of the picture. Nemesis had put this portrait in his way.
"It 'll be hard if I don't find him now," he

said to himself. He went up to London, took the miniature to a photographer, and had it copied carefully,

painted in as finished a manner as the original; Digitized by GOOGLE

and this copy he gave to Mr. Kendel, the private inquirer.

You told me you could do something if you had a picture of the man I want to find," he said, "and here is his miniature."

"An uncommonly good-looking fellow," remarked Mr. Kendel, as he examined the photograph. "I'll do my best, of course, Mr. Redmayne, and the portrait may be of some use; but if I were you I wouldn't build too much on finding the man."

CHAPTER XXX.

"LOOK BACK! A THOUGHT WHICH BORDERS ON DESPAIR.

THE London season waned, and Mr. and Mrs. Walgrave Harcross went on a duty visit to Mr. Vallory at the villa in the Isle of Wight—not an unpleasant abiding-place after the perpetual streets and squares, with their dingy foliage and smoky skies. They had the Arion, on board which smart craft Mr. Harcross could lie under an awning and read metaphysics, without giving himself much trouble to follow the propositions of his author, while Augusta talked society talk with the bosom friend of the moment. Of course they came to Ryde when the place was fullest, and it was only a migration from a larger heaven of Dinners and At Homes to a smaller, with slight variations and amendments in the

way of yachting and picnicking.
Weston was with them. He was now much too useful a person to be neglected by his uncle; he had indeed become by his inexhaustible industry and undeviating watchfulness the very life and soul of the firm in Old Jewry. There was still a tradition that in affairs of magnitude Mr. Vallory's voice was as the voice of Delphi; but Mr. Vallory indulged his gout a good deal, gave his fine mind not a little to the science of dining, and the rising generation of City men were tolerably satisfied with the counsels and services of Weston. He was less inclined to formality than the seniors of Harcross and Vallory had been; brought his own mind to bear upon a case at a moment's notice; would take up his pen and dash off the very letter in the vain endeavor to compose which a client had been racking his brain by day and night for a week. He leaned less on counsels' opinion than the firm had been wont to lean; and, indeed, did not scruple to profess a good-humored contempt for the gentlemen of the long robe. The busi-ness widened under his fostering care; he was always to be found; and his antechamber, a spacious room where a couple of clerks worked all day at two huge copying-machines, damping, pressing, drying the autograph epistles of the chief, was usually full of busy men eating their hearts out in the agony of waiting. He was free of access to all, and there was now much less of that winnowing in the sieve of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, articled clerks, or junior partners. So great was Mr. Weston Vallory's power of dispatching business, so rapid his comprehension of every legal entanglement, every undeveloped yearning of the client's mind, that the junior partners found themselves reduced for the most part to drawing up small agreements, filling in contracts that Weston had skeletoned, writing insignificant letters, and such small de-tails. Weston held the business in the palm of his hand, and yet he was able to attend his cousin's "at homes. " and escort her to classical matinées when Hubert Harcross was too busy. A man at his club asked him one day if he ever went to bed, to which Weston replied, blandly, Sometimes, in the long vacation.

He was at Ryde now, neat and dapper, with a freshness of complexion and general youthfulness of aspect which many an idle young parrician, a stranger to intellectual labor and City smoke, might have envied.

"I don't know how you do it, Weston," Mr. Harcross said to him one wet afternoon when they were weather-bound in the pretty drawingroom which looked across a sloping lawn to the You must have some elixir, I think. you drink the blood of innocent young children, or do you wrap yourself in the skin of a newly flayed ape occasionally, or by what other medieval nostrum do you preserve that Hylas-like appearance of yours?

"Do you really think I'm looking well?" inquired Weston, with his placid smile. "My specific is of the simplest order, I assure you. don't gorge myself as some men do. I never drink any wine but amontillado. I lunch on a biscuit and a bottle of soda-water. I have my clothes made by the best men in London, and I make a point of taking life easily. I am like that citizen of London who got out of bed one night when half the streets of the city were being consumed in a general conflagration, and aft er ascertaining that the fire must burn three hours before it reached him, went quietly back to his roost and finished his night's rest. ticipate trouble, and it must come home to me before I concern myself about it."

"Would to God that I were master of your admirable philosophy!" said Mr. Harcross, with one of those little bursts of passion which some-

times set his wife wondering.

She looked up at him now from the pages of the last volume of fashionable literature with astonished eyes.

I hope your life is not so very disagreeable that you need to be sustained by philosophy, Hubert," she said, in her coldest tones.

'My dear Augusta, what can be better than my life? and is it not the very existence that any sensible man would choose for himself? A little heaven here below, which many a man dreams of for years, laboring unavailingly, and never enters. How thankful, then, should I be for the magic pass which has admitted me within the gates of that earthly paradise! But, you see, there are clouds on the sunniest day, and I have my hours of shadow.

You certainly have not the gift of high

spirits," replied Augusta, "except in society."
"Can a bottle of Champagne go on efferves cing forever?" asked Mr. Harcross: "you may goad it into a factitious sparkle with a sippet of bread, but what flat stuff it is after that transient esuscitation! Society asks too much of a man He is perpetually being uncorked, perpetually called upon to sparkle, whereby his domestic condition becomes flatness. If you would let me take you through Spain this year, now, Augusta, you would find me the liveliest of companions. I am well posted up in all the Spanish pictures and we should be away from the people you call your set. You can't imagine how I should revive under the genial influence of solitude: or if you would like a short sea-voyage, we would go to St. Michael's and see the oranges growing."
"What preposterous propositions, Hubert!

You have heard a hundred times that there is not a hotel in Spain fit for a lady to enter. Don't you remember that story of the innkeepwho was also a cobbler by trade, and who made an omelet in his dirty leather apron? Imagine my having to eat omelets made in leather Besides, you know very well that I have promised to go to the Clevedons on the fifteenth Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday is the twenty-ninth; and there is to be a luncheon in the park, and a ball in the evening, and a fête for the tenantry and poor people, and so on."
"A failure, no doubt," said Mr. Harcross, in

his dreariest way. "Those elaborate inventions, those bringings together of gentle and simple, a double debt contrived to pay, always result in a fiasco. Can not Sir Francis keep his birthday —the idea of a man keeping his birthday!—without our assistance? I don't care about going to

"I can not understand what mysterious objection you can have to this visit," exclaimed Mrs. Harcross, with evident displeasure. "One would really suppose you had some association with the neighborhood—either so pleasant that you do not care to revisit the place under altered circumstances, or so painful that you can not endure to renew your acquaintance with it.'

Mr. Harcross frowned, and glanced at Weston, wondering whether this hint of suspicion

arose from any suggestion of his.
"I have no mysterious objection to Clevedon," he said; "and of course, if you make such a point of it, I shall go. I have never refused any request of yours that I had the power to comply with. But I tell you again that I hate other people's houses. When I have a holiday—and Heaven knows my holidays are few and far apart -I like to live my own life, not to be awakened at half past seven in the morning by the bruit of somebody else's gong, nor to find my host swelling with a sense of outrage because I was not down in time to hear him read family prayers. When the season is over I languish for scenes remote from West End man. I should like to take you to Algeria, and scrape acquaint-ance with the Moors. I should like to charter a ship and sail away to the arctic seas, if there were time enough for such a voyage. Any thing rather than Belgravia and Tyburnia and Kensingtonia out of town."

I am sorry that the duties of civilized existence will not permit us to go to the north pole, replied Mrs. Harcross, with a little scornful laugh "but, you see, if you do not value friendship, I do, and I should be very sorry to disappoint Georgie Clevedon. Poor child! it is such a new thing for her to be mistress of a great house like Clevedon, and I have promised to give her a good deal of advice about the management of her household."

"What! Do you know any thing about that science?" asked Hubert, incredulously. "Have you ever stooped to such petty details? I thought

Fluman and Mrs. Candy managed every thing."
"How stupid you are, Hubert! Of course I am not my own housekeeper, if that's what you mean. I never interfered with any thing of that kind in my life; no woman dare do it who hopes to hold any position in society. Imagine one's mind being distracted by a question of dinner ith papa, I made it a point never to find fault with a servant. If they did not suit, they were dismissed, and the housekeeper had full authori-'I never question any thing you do,' I said; 'and in return you must never disturb me by so much as a hint of household annoyances."

"In that case, would it not be better to send Mrs. Candy to Clevedon? She would be best able to advise Lady Clevedon."

"You surely don't suppose that Georgina Clevedon wishes to be advised about soups or jellies, or house-maids' wages, or soap and can-dles. I am going to put her in the way of tak-I am going to put her in the way of tak-

ing her position in the county."
"But, my dear, do you know any thing about counties?"

"I know society," replied Augusta, with dig-

"I know society," replied Augusta, with dig-nity. "Society in Kent is the same thing as so-ciety in Mastodon Crescent." "Unhappily, yes," cried Mr. Harcross, with a faint groan. "It was said that the printing-press had driven away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies, and I fancy that the railway system has, in the same manner, banished all individuality. There is no such thing as a country gentleman. If Sir Roger de Coverley were alive now, who would not rejoice to visit him? And there would be some fun in spending a week with Squire Western: the fellow was at least racy."

Then I am to understand that you will go with me to Clevedon, I suppose," said Augusta, after a pause, during which she had returned to ok, and Mr. Harcross to the contemplation of the rain-drops chasing one another down the plate-glass window, or the leaden sea be-Weston stood with his back to the chimney-piece, pretending to read the Times. This

discussion about Clevedon was particularly interesting to him, and he became more and more to think that Mr. Walgrave's visit to the Kentish farm-house was associated with some episode worth his knowing.

"I will go, of course, if you really wish me to

go. It can not signify very much where I spend the last weeks in August."

"We need not stay longer than a fortnight at most," said Mrs. Harcross, graciously, evidently softened by this concession. "And then, if you really care about the Continent, I shall be happy

to go any where you please."
"Even to the north pole," Mr. Harcross observed, with a smile. "We could hardly be a colder couple if we spent our lives there," he

said to himself afterward.

"Weston is invited," continued Mrs. Harcross-"Sir Francis asked him when they met in the square. Papa was asked too, but, with his gout, he prefers remaining quietly here. I don't think there'll be a very large party staying in the house, for Sir Francis has few old friends in England, and of course Georgie does not wish to crowd the house with her people.

It was settled, therefore, that Hubert Har-cross should visit Clevedon; should eat, drink, and be merry in the place where he had spent that one idly happy summer day—in a place that was associated with the dead. He thought of the room with the oriel-window, the room where he had told Grace Redmayne his fatal secret, where he had held her in his arms for the first time. He wondered how that room would look changed or the same—and how he should feel when he looked upon it.

For a long time after that hideous November day when she sank dead at his feet he had lived in constant apprehension of some encounter with Grace Redmayne's kindred. But nothing had come of this dread except a visit from John Wort, who had accused him straightly enough of having tempted the girl away, and to whom he had deliberately lied. So, little by little, his fears had worn themselves out. He had heard of the migration of Mrs. James and her family, heard that the old farm-house was tenantless, and believed himself tolerably secure from the evil consequences of his sin. But notwithstanding his sense of security, nothing could have been more repellent to him than the idea of this visit. It was only from the fear of awak-ening suspicion in the mind of his wife that he consented to go. Had he been asked what it was he dreaded, or why he, who was not a man prone to sentimentality, should so shrink from looking once more on that familiar scene, his explanation must have been of the vaguest. He only knew that he did shrink from this visit, and that it was against his own judgment he consented to go to Clevedon.

"If there is any danger for me in that neighborhood—danger of scandal or unpleasantness of any kind—I am running into the teeth of it," he said to himself; "but I hardly think there can be. The whole family are in Australia, and Brierwood farm-house shut up. Poor old house, where I first learned that my heart was some thing more than a force-pump to assist the circulation of the blood! Poor old garden, where I was so foolishly happy!"

CHAPTER XXXI. HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

SIR FRANCIS and Lady Clevedon left the Swiss mountains and valleys early in August, and came to their Kentish home, desperately in love with each other, and altogether a most foolishly devoted couple, as Sibyl Clevedon informed them after a day or two spent in their society

"You really do flirt abominably," she said 'and I don't think I shall be able to stand it if things are always to go on in this way. existence here will be a perpetual state of doing gooseberry. Don't you think you might find some eligible person to fall in love with me, Frank, so that I may set up a rival business?

The present state of affairs is awfully slow. Not slow for the principals, however, to whom life just now seemed a summer holiday. The young couple certainly made the most of that happy week of perfect liberty which preceded the arrival of their visitors. They wandered in the park all through the sultry summer morning, exploring their territory like a married Robinson Crusoe and his wife, "running about," as Percy Shelley's wife called it, when she spoke of herself and her boy-husband in their Welsh cottage. They rode about the surrounding villages, made themselves familiar with the houndaries of the estate, and formed the acquaintance of numerous small tenants and farm laborers, all of whom wanted something done, and took advantage of Francis Clevedon's ruthless manner. John Wort rated his master soundly for such folly.
"If you go giving 'em every thing they ask,"

he said, "you may as well divide your estate among em at once, and go and be a Plymouth Brother. It 'll come to the same thing; for I'm blest if ever you'll get sixpence a year out of the property if you listen to your tenants' whims and fancies. I never give 'em any thing; that's and fancies. I never give 'em any thing; that's my rule. 'Don't you like the place?' I ask, if they come whining to me: 'because if you don't, you've got your-remedy next quarter-day. There isn't an acre of land or a house on the estate that I couldn't let over your heads three deep; so if you want to better yourselves in some other direction, pray don't stop out of politeness to me. That generally brings them to their senses. But of course if the proprietor goes tampering with the tenants, I'm done. Once give 'em any thing, and they'll never leave off asking; and if you begin by giving inches, you'll find yourself let in for ells before you know where you are.'

Sir Francis looked penitent, and referred to a dainty little note-book of Georgie's with a grew

some countenance. "I'm afraid I committed myself to a new chimney or two, and a little improvement in the way of drain pipes where I found the cottages hardly as sweet as Breidenbach's shop; and here's a case where I think something inexpensive in the shape of a stable would be an actual charity, for the family have a donkey which lives with them in their common sitting-room-uncomfortable for the donkey, which must find himself hustled about when the family are busy, and perhaps a check on the freedom of conversation; for who can tell what a donkey may or may not understand? My wife pleaded piteous-ly for the brute. I'm afraid her compassion went to the donkey rather than to the family who were compelled to have him in their parlor. Here's an oven, I see, to which I certainly did pledge myself, at the request of a woman whose cottage was a perfect model of cleanliness. And if she had an oven she could give her old man a bit of pie for his supper, or a toad-in-the-hole for his linner. What is a toad-in-the-hole, by-the-bye? I've heard of viper broth being given by the Italians to people in extremity, but a toad is a new Come, Wort, be philanthropic, and redeem all my promises without any more grum-bling. I dare say I've been a fool, but you see a man does not get married many times in his

life, and may be excused a little weakness on such an occasion."

"Of course if you say I'm to do these things, Sir Francis, I must do them," replied John Wort, with the sigh of resignation. "It isn't my place to make objections." to make objections. I suppose you know you've let yourself in for a couple of hundred

"We'll save the money somehow, Wort, depend upon it," answered the delinquent, gayly.
"You have no idea what a financier I am.
Lady Clevedon and I were planning a Swiss cottage in the loveliest corner of the park to-daya sequestered nook where we might spend our afternoons when we wanted to be alone, in order that our servants might tell people we were not at home without outraging their own moral sense. We'll defer the building of our Swiss cottage, and that will balance matters.'

"This here feet-shampeter will cost no end of money, I reckon," observed the unappeasable steward, who, conscious of having made the shipwrecked estate sea-worthy by his own exertions, was inclined to consider that he had a pre-

tions, was included to consider that he had a prescriptive right to grumble.

"Oh dear, no; it will be the simplest thing in the world. Besides, that's ont of your jurisdiction, you know, Wort—a mere domestic expense."

"I know that, Sir Francis. I know there

ain't many masters as would let me speak that free as I do to you. But, you see, I've worked hard for the property, and it's almost as near and dear to me as if it was an only child; and I don't want to see you ruin yourself, as Sir Lucas did. Shampeters was in his line, you know, Sir.

"Don't alarm yourself, Wort; I've graduated in the science of economy. Remember what I lived on abroad. And you don't know what a treasure of a wife I have secured. There'll be no extravagance in this household, depend upon it. Oh, by-the-way, Wort, if you're not in a hurry this morning, I should like to ask you a question."

"My time is your time, Sir Francis." "Sit down, then, and make yourself comfortable. I'll ring for some sherry and sods. I've

been looking over the maps of the estate, and the family history, intermarriages of great-uncles ramifications of cousins, and so and great-aunts, on; and I find there's a small estate my father got rid of about seven years before I was born, a place I never heard of in my life, called Ravenhurst. It seems to have been a farm of about three hundred acres, with a house of some importance upon it. I wonder I never heard my father speak

"I don't," said Mr. Wort, decisively.

"But why not?"

"Does a man ever care to talk about a thing he has parted with?" asked the steward, philosophically, as he removed the wire from a soda-water bottle. "It's always a sore subject."

"But how did my father come to sell this Ravenhurst estate?" inquired Sir Francis. "Wasn't it in the entail?"

"No, Sir; it was your grandmother's property. She was an heiress, you know, a Miss Blandford, only daughter of Colonel Blandford, who made no and of monor in the Colonel Blandford, who made no end of money in the Carnatic-whatever that may be—and bought a good deal of

lan. hereabouts."
"Humph! Curious I should never have heard of the estate. My father's difficulties had begnn, I suppose, when he sold it?"

Well, yes, Sir.

strong necessity."
"And did his creditors get all the money?" "Not the common run of his creditors," replied Mr. Wort, who had a thoughtful air, and seemed indisposed to be communicative. "They didn't touch a penny. It was a debt of honor which Sir Lucas settled with the price of Ravenhurst."

"Ah, that fatal play! Fox and that card-playing set, who made it the fashion for a man who bought the estate?"

"A Mr. Quinlan, a gentleman-farmer, whose

property it joined; but the land was sold again at his death. Ravenhurst has been through other hands since Sir Lucas sold it: seven-and-thirty years ago, you see, Sir. It belongs to a re-tired builder now, who has divided it into three small farms, and sold the frontages for building

ground.' Sir Francis was satisfied. It was strange, certainly, that his father had never mentioned Ravenhurst, and yet like his father to have avoided an unpleasant topic. He put the sub-

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ject out of his mind. Ravenhurst was gone from him and his heirs forever. He had not the insatiable hunger for land which possesses some men. It was hard upon the poor old Colonel, who had fought, and possibly plundered, in the Carnatic, that his estate should have been thus lightly disposed of, but it was scarcely a hardship for Sir Francis.

That idle, happy week with his young wife seemed the briefest of his existence: one long ride through shadowy woods and sunny green lanes, where the hedges were full of flowers; one lazy morning, dreaming under the chestnuts in the park; one tranquil evening, made musical by two sweet girlish voices blended in old familiar melodies such as the heart of man loveth.

They spent the peaceful evenings of this initiatory week in Georgie's morning-room, that very chamber with the oriel-window in which Grace Redmayne's girlish form had first been folded in a lover's arms, that room which in Hubert Walgrave's memory held a place as solemn as a mortuary chapel. The furniture had not been changed; the old Indian cabinets— Bombay black wood—and Poonah desks and card-racks, which had been good enough for Colonel Blandford's daughter, the heiress of spoils from the Carnatic, were good enough for Georgie. A new Persian carpet, with new blue silk window-curtains, and blue silk covers for the antiquated chairs and sofas; a dainty maple-wood cottage piano in a snug recess by the fire-place; a huge cage of Australian birds; and a prettily carved ivory frame, containing all the photographic portraits that had ever been taken of Francis Clevedon—from the boy at a German university to the master of Clevedon Park: such trifles as these had sufficed to make the room perfect in the eyes of Georgie.

The fifteenth of August—the day upon which their guests were to arrive—came too swiftly for

the wedded lovers.
"Frankie, do you know I'm afraid I hate vis-

itors?" Georgie said, with a solemn face expressive of profound self-abasement, as she stood by her husband's side at an open window in the square parlor in the early summer morning.

"What a horrible confession for the head of a county family! And yet you were anxious that

Mrs. Harcross should come to you, Georgie."
"Was I, Frank? Mrs. Harcross! Well, you know, Mrs. Harcross was very good to me about my trousseau. You've no idea what trouble she took. But for her you might have had such a dowdy wife. She said Aunt Chowder's notions were a quarter of a century old."
"I don't think it would have disturbed my

peace of mind very much, Georgie, if that calamity had occurred. I should love you just as well if you had only one faded gown—like Enid. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of putting you to the test as that young lady was tested, or taking a leaf out of the 'Decameron,' and making a modern Grisel of you. I wonder how you would come through that kind of furnace."

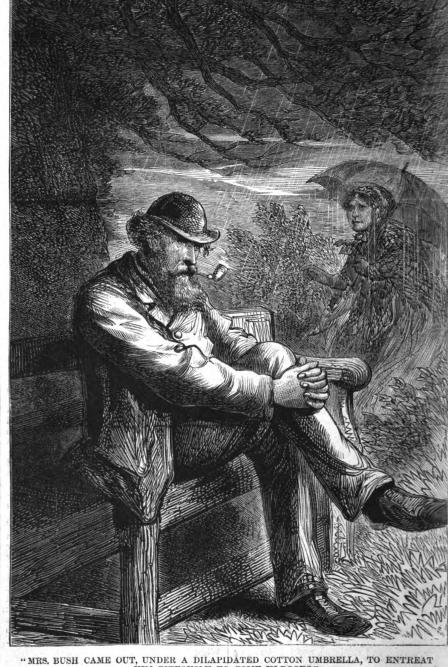
"You can't say I'm wanting in fortitude, Frank, when I parted with Pedro for your sake. But don't let's be silly, please. I want to talk very seriously."
"I am all attention."

"No, you're not, Sir; you're staring out of

the window with all your might."
"Look at the shadows of the chestnuts, Geor-

gie, and that group of deer; don't you think those are worth staring at?"

"Yes, of course; but I want you to talk of the people who are coming to-day. First and foremost, there is Aunt Chowder. I had a tremendous discussion about the rooms with Mrs. Mixer, and I really thought we never should settle things so as not to offend any one. Aunt Chowder is to have the yellow room, with the little dressing-room, which by rights belongs to the blue room; but that we give to a bachelor—Mr. Weston Vallory—and he can do without a dressing-room." dressing-room.'



HIM PITEOUSLY TO COME IN-DOORS."

"Weston Vallory!" exclaimed Sir Francis,

with a wry face. "Did we ask that snob?" "Why, Frank, you know you invited him yourself!" "I know nothing

about it, my dear. A man who is going to be married may be ex-pected to be a little off his head. I suppose I did ask the fellow in some expansive moment.

"Don't you like him, dear?" "Do I like cobras, or skunks, or muskrats, or any other unclean things? I should think Weston Vallory was of the musk-rat species, and that if he ran across the bottles in my cellar he'd poison the wine inside them: ca sent le snob."

"How can you be so unjust, Frank? Mrs. Harcross told me that her cousin is a most good-natured man. He is quite devoted to her.

Yes, and hates her husband with all nature. I tell you, Georgie, Weston Val-lory belongs to the venomous tribes. I was a fool to invite the venom of a small the two men together. However, I suppose in good society one must have people who hate each other. Go on with your list, my dear."
"The tapestry room

for the Harcrosses, said Georgie, count-ing on her fingers; "the room the prince slept in for General Cheviot and his wife; the oak room for your friend Captain

Hardwood; the cedar room for my friends the Misses Stalman; and one of the best rooms on the top story for your learned friend Mr. M'Gall, the Scotchman who writes for all the reviews. the Scotchman who writes for all the reviews.

I think that's all. Papa is to be with us every day; but he won't sleep away from the Bungalow, you know, if he can possibly help it, for fear there should be a fire in the night, and all the animals should be burned."

"Like Barnum's Museum," said Sir Francis, increasently.

irreverently.

Although Georgie was inclined to lament the advent of her visitors, it was by no means an un-pleasant thing to receive them, and to feel the full force of her position as mistress of Clevedon brought home to her by their presence. She did the honors of the old house nobly, escorted her lady guests through the rooms and galleries, showing them the various points of attraction— the family pictures, the music-room with the new concert grand, the billiard-room with its two vast tables, the spacious library, sustained in the centre by three massive porphyry columns—a room which had been added by Sir Lucas Clevedon's father. Mr. and Mrs. Harcross were the last to arrive. Their luggage had come down by an early train with the ruck of the visitors, three monster trunks that might have held an Indian monster trunks that might have held an Indian outfit, with Mrs. Harcross's name and London address engraved upon a brass plate on each, and a modest portmanteau or two belonging to Mr. Harcross. Tullion had brought these and the inevitable traveling-bag, now more gorgeous than of old, being in fact a wedding present, silver-gilt tops to all the jars and bottles, with Mrs. Harcross's monogram in pink coral on every thing from the scent-bottles to the hair-brushes. The Harcrosses themselves came by brushes. The Harcrosses themselves came by an express that brought them to Tunbridge late in the afternoon; so that Weston Vallory had been installed some time, and was making himself agreeable at a five-o'clock tea in the garden when his cousin and her husband arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOUIS QUINZE COSTUME.

THIS pretty costume has a black velvet skirt, trimmed on the bottom with a graduated kilt-pleated flounce of Vandyck brown faille, headed with a deep embroidery of soutache of the same color. The corsage and bouffant tunic are cut in one piece of Vandyck brown faille, and have the effect in front of a Louis Quinze vest under the short open black velvet jacket. Both jacket and tunic are trimmed with embroidery of Vandyck brown soutache. Turquoise blue bonnet, trimmed with forget-menots and black velvet ribbon, with turquoise blue strings.



LOUIS QUINZE COSTUME.

Black Woolen Lace for Wraps, etc. Imitation of Guipure, Figs. 1-3.

This imitation of real guipure lace enables one to make a pretty and stylish lace trimming with comparatively little trouble. It is wrought with black worsted, silk, thread, or cotton on a foundation of stiff paper, on which white net lining is basted. First cut of stiff paper the outlines of the lace, which frame the design figures and serve to fasten on the lace stitches. Baste the paper figures on the net, and begin the lacework, covering these figures more or less closely in thread windings, going back and forth, in doing which fasten each winding with a stitch through the net without passing the needle through the foundation. These windings are darned according to the pattern. To give a clearer explanation, we shall mention the most

clearer explanation, we shall mention the most important particulars.

Fig. 1.—Black Woolen Edding. Having worked the thread windings (rather far apart) on the outline figures as above described, darn them, as shown by the illustration, four times

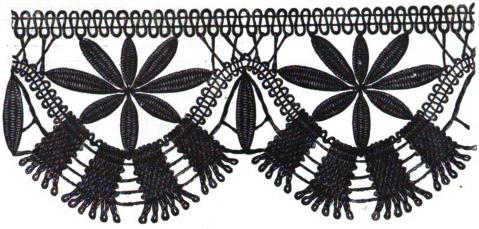


Fig. 3.—Black Woolen Lace for Wrappings, Dresses, etc. (Imitation Guipure). For design see Supplement, No. XVL, Fig. 58.

lace. The upper edge is worked in a corresponding manner. For the leaflets inside of the

Fig. 2.—BLACK WOOLEN INSERTION. To make this insertion narrow strips of paper are alone required for the side edges; these are covered very closely with thread windings, and are darned closely in point de toile. For the leaf figure stretch twice three threads which cross each other, and are fastened to the side edges, observing the illustration, and darned in point de reprise. For the crossed bars stretch threads also, and darn them with long stitches in point de reprise, so that a kind of narrow plait is formed. For the two loops at the intersection point of the bars fasten the thread to the corresponding point

and wind it closely.

Fig. 3.—Black Woolen Lace. (Fig. 58, Supplement, gives the design for the paper figures.) This lace is worked similarly to the edging and insertion previously described, observing the illustration. For the picots on the outer edge the thread windings are left unfilled a quarter of an inch wide, and are wound and fastened together as shown by the illustration. Cut the basting threads.

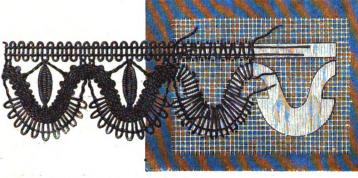


Fig. 1.—Black Woolen Edging for Wrappings, Dresses, etc. (IMITATION GUIPURE).

at regular intervals in the middle of the scallops, always taking up one thread on the needle and letting the next lie underneath it; in the hollow of the scallops darn the windings three times only, and fasten on the fourth thread in the middle of the hollow, so that it forms two thread bars there. First overcast all the horizontal threads closely, and then also the thread windings, which strengthens the whole work and at the same time forms picots on the outer edge of the



Fig. 1.—Point Lace and Crochet Edging for LINGERIE, ETC.

scallops stretch three threads each, and darn them in point de reprise. The thread bars at both sides of the leaflet consist of single threads stretched, and which are wound with thread going back.

Fig. 2.—Black Woolen Insertion for Wrappings, Dresses, etc. (IMITATION GUIPURE).

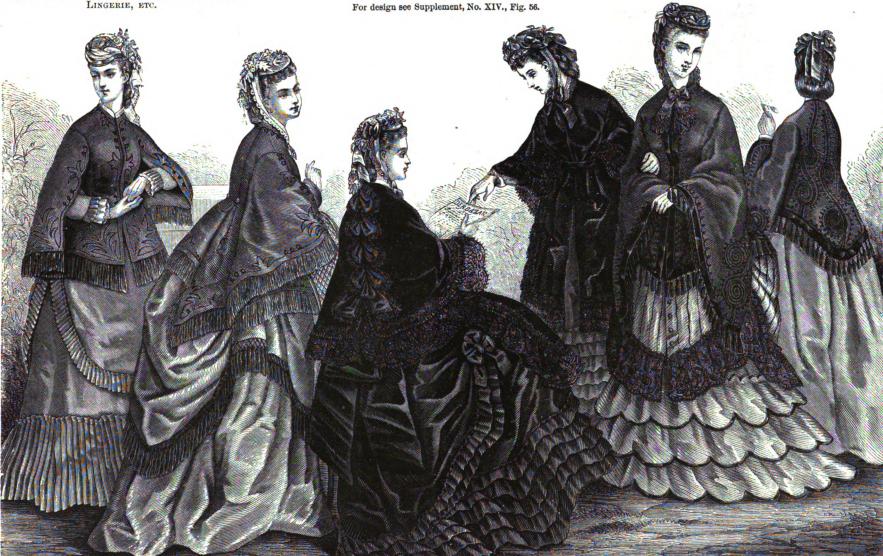
away the net along the outlines of the paper foundation, in doing which the paper foundation drops out, and then draw out separately the threads of the net which are still in the work.

Embroidered Handkerchief Case.

To make this case cut two pieces of blue silk each eight inches and a half square, and line them with white lustring, having first basted the latter on an interlining of perfumed



Fig. 2.—Point Lace Edging for Lingerie, etc.



EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Fig. 1.—Steel Blue Cloth MANTLE.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.] For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10-13.

Fig. 2. MANTLE.—BACK. For pattern, design, and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 10-13.

-Steel Blue Cloth Fig. 3.-Black Velvet Man-TELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.] For description see Supplement.

MANTELET. -FRONT. For description see Supplement.

Mantle.—Front.—[See Fig. 6.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 14-16.

Fig. 4.—Black Velvet Fig. 5.—Dark Green Cashmere Fig. 6.—Dark Green Cash-MERE MANTLE.—BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 14-16.

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wadding and quilted the lustring and wadding together with white silk in slanting diamond Trim the upper part of the case, as shown by the illustration, with a diamond of écru silk pongee worked in Venetian embroidery. The embroidery is worked with coarse saddler's silk of the same color in the design given by Fig. 56, Supplement, which gives a quarter section; the outlines of the design figures are button-hole stitched, and the veins are worked in chain stitch. Between the design figures stretch thread bars, as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern, and wind the bars with thread; cut away the material underneath the thread bars. Fasten the corners of the finished diamond on the upper part of the case with a few stitches, having first trimmed the case with two closely box-pleated ruches of blue silk ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide, as shown by the illustration. Set pieces of similar ribbon, each eight inches long, on the corners of the case for

Point Lace and Crochet Edgings, Figs. 1 and 2.

Point Lace and Crochet Edgings, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 741.

Fig. 1.—Point Lace and Crochet Edging, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—Point Lace and Crochet Edging. For this edging first transfer the lines for the point lace braid to linen or paper, or else to the material which is to be trimmed; the material is fastened on a foundation of paper or enameled cloth. Then run on the point lace braid along the lines indicated, run the line for the row of button-hole stitches on the upper edge of the edging with a thread of medium-eized embroidery cotton, and work first the button-hole stitche bars, and then the two rows of button-hole stitches which edge the bars, as shown by the illustration. In working the bars and the lower button-hole stitch row the needle should not be passed through the material. Separate the edging from the foundation, cut away the material close to the upper button-hole stitch row from the under side, and on the outer edge of the edging crochet with twisted cotton, No. 80, one round, as follows: x 9 sc. (single crochet) on the outer edge of the next scallop, eight times alternately 1 p. (plcot; that is, 8 chain stitches and 1 slip stitch on the last sc.), 8 sc. on the outer edge, then 1 more p. and 9 sc. on the same scallop. Then 7 sc. on the next scallop, 1 leafiet of 6 ch. (chain stitch), fasten to a st. (stitch) of the preceding scallop as shown by the illustration, 1 ch.; going back on the 6 ch., work 1 sc. (short double crochet), 8 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc.,—1 leafiet of 11 ch., pass over the last of these ch., and going back on the remaining ch., work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 6 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., then 1 leafiet like the first. Then work 7 sc. on the same scallop, and repeat from *. In working the next sc. fasten to the last of the three leaflets as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—POINT LACE EDGING. To make this edging first run on the point lace braid along the lines of the design. Then border the braid on the upper edge with thread scallops, which are fastened on the mat

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—Your suggestions about combining your watered silk with black faille are good. Use lengthwise alternate kilt pleatings for the front breadths, and horizontal ruffles behind.

D.—A lace ruff with long jabot should be worn with your bronze bridal dress. White kid gloves. Hair dressed with puffs, braids, and short curls—no flowers. Black vest like the coat of suit for bridegroom

N. A. H.—The Port Louis, the Revere, the Cavalier, and the Mont Blanc round hats will all be worn this winter. Their shapes have been described in late numbers of the Bazar. They are either black or the color of the dress. A watered or a black velvet ribbon band, with a wing of a South American bird, is the trimming for sailor hats. An ocean blue or a bronze cashmere suit will be becoming to a demi-blonde. White stockings are not likely ever to be auperseded by colored ones, although the latter are being introduced abroad. Gay young ladies here wear white stockings with line stripes of black or a color passing around the limb; but these are worn only in the house with low buskins, and would be too conspicuous on the street.

Ross Dalls.—Make your silk dress by description of a bronze and blue silk from Worth's in New York

Fashions of Bazar No. 40, Vol. V.
TROUBLESOME QUESTIONS.—Wear your Marguerite polonaise of black cashmere with a belt and side sash of wide faille ribbon. The Watteau cape does not need alteration, nor can the Irish poplin be altered to advantage. Put strings under the second side seams of the over-skirt to tie it back, and drape it anew in any irregular, fanciful way you can suggest. Make your black lustre with kilt-pleated back breadths, an apron front, and jockey basque. Make yourself a gray or brown Dolman of camel's hair or of cashmere by pattern in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. V. Read about the new way of dressing the hair in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 43, Vol. V. A black gros grain with velvet facings is the most useful "best dress" for church, etc., in the winter, and is also stylish

TEXAS.—There are many good musical academies in the United States, both in New York and elsewhere, but we can not recommend one above another.

IRENE DE St. J.—A course of reading would be good occupation for your leisure time. We would recom-mend you first of all to acquaint yourself with contemporaneous literature, and afterward with the standard authors of the past. It is a very good plan to take in the choice lite rature of a parti up the choice interature of a particular era—for instance, that of Queen Klizabeth or Queen Anne, both of which are particularly rich. It is a curious fact that literature has always flourished under the peaceful rule of queens. The reigns of Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria are all golden ages in literary history.

HONEY BIRD.—Most of your questions are so puerlle that we can not do the rest of our readers the injustice to occupy space in answering them. A little observa-tion of well-bred people will give you information on points of which it is difficult to believe that any one could be ignorant. As to your idea that it may be necessary to walk backward to the door, so as to face the company, in leaving the room, we have never heard that it was required any where save in the presence of royalty.

Mrs. F. C.—Bazar No. 46, Vol. IV., will tell you all about materials, quantity, and manner of making a gentleman's dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and will give you an illustration of the patterns sent you.

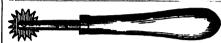
Mrs. W. F. B.—Get cashmere or Biarritz cloth for your child's winter dress, and make with polonaise and single skirt.

MABEL LEE.—Address a gentleman as "Sir" or "Dear Sir," but never "My dear Sir," unless he is old enough to be your grandfather. The length of an engagement generally depends on the wishes of the parties concerned. Church weddings are the most fashionable.

ADMIRER.—An inexpensive polonaise of gray de-laine, or soft empress cloth, or of striped fiannel made by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 29, Vol. V., trimmed with a black velvet ribbon band, and worn with a velvet belt and sash. will be serviceable with your alpaca skirt. The blue poplin made in the same way, and faced with black velvet, will be in good taste.

Economy should be practiced in all purchases these hard times, and there is no need of paying seventy-five or eighty dollars for a sewing-machine when the Perfect Wilson can be bought for fifty. The New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine has not an equal in existence for capacity, simplicity, durability, and perfect workmanship. It is made of the very finest and best material, and combines every valuable principle known to sewing-machine science. Call and soeit. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

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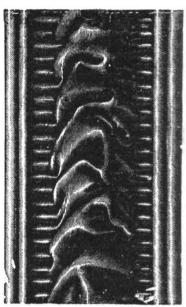
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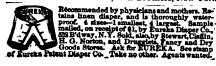


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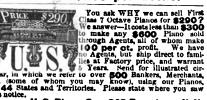
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	I YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT.		
	I VEST. AND PANTALOONS (for vonth		
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i	INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe		
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ı	MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING		
ĺ	SUIT	**	91
	LADIS WATTEAU WRAPPER	**	42
	GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from		
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	GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN		
ı	AND SMOKING-CAP PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-	••	46
	front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt		43
	LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Ad-	••	43
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1	WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse,		22
	Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.	66	50
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1	DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postil-		
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HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

MR. Howlaloup. "Robin, you didn't come to Sunday-school yesterday, and went for a Wicked Walk instead. Have you not been Smitten by Remorse?"

DELINQUENT. "Wuss nor that! Feather Smited oi wi' his Strap!"

FACETIÆ.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

When are gardeners quite dissipated characters?—When they both owe (hoe) and rake.

Poor Prince Bismarck would seem to lack any thing like sympathy in his illness. Many people, indeed, are quite indignant at the idea of his getting About again.

A DEAD COLOR-Shot silk.

"Time the Destroyse."—It is said that few people who have gone through one official minute ever survive for another.

Little Jones, who stands five feet nothing in his bluchers, declares he intends entering the bonds of Hymen.

A FAST YOUNG LADY-One who is engaged.

When do you consider your wife a truly dear creature?—When her milliner's bill comes in, of course.

An old lady, whose poultry had been somewhat dis-turbed by the military, was heard to say that "some people called 'em the ought-to manoovers; she called 'em the didn't-ought-to manoovers."

ADVICE TO TRAVELERS.

In making your tour, don't omit the Isles of Greece. As the proverb says, "Greece is Greece, be it never so Greasy;" and you can't possibly meet with a more slippery lot than those inhabiting the Isles of Greece. The names of the Isles are Lamp Ile, Pollux Ile, Castor Ile, Paraffin Ile, and Colzas Ile. You can lay out a pot of money in pictures, as the insular artists all paint in Isles. Greece, mind, is not much of a place for sport, so don't be disappointed if, at the very hottest season of the year, Greece isn't Melton. Notice the curious customs of the people, especially when Greek meets Greek. As the poet has justiy said, "When Greek meets Greek, They bow and speak."

Of course you'll call on the Greek statue, if only as a

ADVICE TO TRAVELERS.

They bow and speak."

Of course you'll call on the Greek statue, if only as a mere form. Notice, too, the Albanian costume. This was what used to be worn by every one who lived in Albany—a custom and a costume that have, we regret to say, been utterly dropped.

You will notice a strong family resemblance between Albanians, fair Circassians, and unfair Greeks: but don't confuse them, or the affairs of Greece will get into another muddle; and if they're in a difficulty while you're on the spot, they might insist upon your becoming king. No doubt you'd be a very becoming king, only you'd get nothing for it, except to be shot like rubbleh whenever they should be tired of you.

To the tourist-joker merely to go to Algeria for twenty-four hours will be worth his while, if he can find any one to whom he can say, and who will enjoy his saying it, that "he only went for one Dey to Al-



PHILANTHROPIC FARMER. "Well, Tomkins, after this Week, instead of Paying you partly in Cider, I shall give you Two Shillings extra Wages." Tomkins. "No, thanky, Master; that won't do for Me!" FARMER. "Why, Man, you'll be the Gainer; for the Cider you had wasn't worth Two Shillings."

Tomkins. "Ah, but you see I Drinks the Cider myself; but the Ow' Ooman 'll 'ev the Two Shillun'!"

tead. Have you not been giers." He must take care on whom he lets off this witticism, as, on account of its antiquity, it is a danger-ous jest, and even the Algerine pirates won't take it. The man who last made it hadn't uttered it two seconds before he was forced to run for his life. Had he been killed, he could not, in conscience, have looked for redress at the hands of a justly irritated government. government

looked for redress at the hands of a justly irritated government.

If you go any farther East, go to Jericho; but at this point you had better do what the beer does it very hot weather, viz., turn. Having turned, do the Simplon.

The Simplon.—You will commence with Martigny, then go on to Tourtemagne and Visp. Stop at the latter place in order to see, at the hotel, the celebrated ostler who used to attend to all the horses of the old diligences, endeared to every one as Villiam or Vill of the Visp. Visp is a mysterious place. The inhabitants, the Vispers, are all people of a very low tone. The Visper bell calls the people to their evening devotions, and warns the traveler that it is time for him either to be going to bed or continuing his journey; and at

and at Brieg he will commence the ascent of the Simplon. The first object of interest is the hospice, i.e., a monsstery, which, if not actually founded by a cardinal, is at all events built on an eminence. If you get tired of your hat and coat during the journey, you can always hang them up somewhere in the passage of the Simplon.

The dinner hour is getting later and later; it must end in our not dining till to-morrow.

Too TRUE.—It don't follow because ladies are well laced, that they are staid in their demeanor.

THE VERY LAST OF THE SERVANTS' STRIKE.

A house-maid I wanted to hire, A modest young woman, and ready; And 'twas always my special desire That she should be plous and steady.

One came; and "My lady," says she,
"I hope you won't make no objection
To let me go out and take tea,
As my spirits is prone to dejection?

"Your butler I met on the stairs; Your footman I saw as I came— I thought I perceived he'd gray hairs; And the baker's decidedly lame!

"Arter all, perhaps, I sha'n't come again, Or think of your place any more, For I find that you put up a chain, And at eight you lock your hall door.

"Then how could I go out alone?
On my Sunday out how have a spree?
You'd best get some dowdy old crone,
For your place, ma'am, won't suit sich as me!"

LADY.

"Young woman! you've talk'd till I'm tired;
One mistake you have made, do you see—
You came hers to me to be hired,
And you think you are hiring me!"

The balance of trade may be a spring one, but it is certainly no use in the autumn.

ALWAYS DRIVING THINGS-A hammer.

"I declare, Mr. Boxer, it seems you have read every thing," "Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country."



THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

"Oh, I want to Buy another of those pretty Tea-pots, like the one I Bought last Week, you know!"
"Shure an' we've given up Keepin' them intirely, my Lady! For as soon as iver we Got them In we Sold them Out!"



SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

MRS. DE TOMKYNS (sotto voce, to Mr. de T.). "Ludovic, dear, there's Algernon playing with a Strange Child! Do Prevent it!"

MR. DE T. (ditto, to Mrs. de T.). "How on Earth am I to prevent it, my Love!"

MRS. DE T. "Tell its Parents Algernon is just Recovering from Scarlet Fever, or Something!"

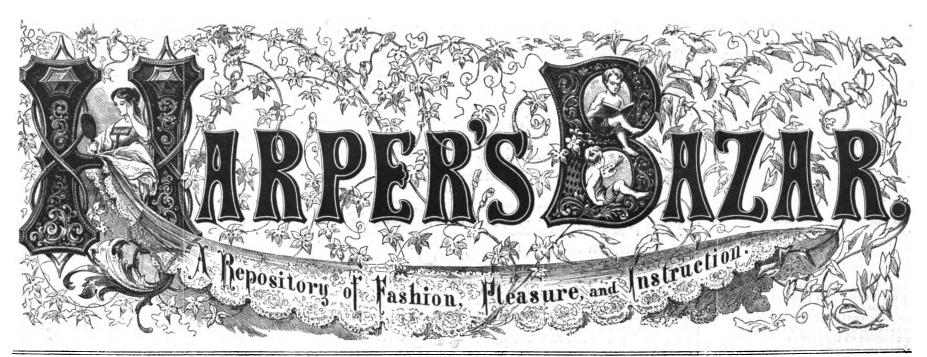
MR. DE T. "But it isn't True!"

MRS. DE T. "Oh, never mind! Tell them, all the same!"

MR. DE T. (aloud). "Ahem! Sir, you'd better not let your Little Girl play with my Little Boy. He's only just Recovering from—er—

Scarlet Fever!"

MR. AND MRS. JENKINS (together). "It's all right, Sir!—so's our Little Gal!"



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LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.-[SEE PAGE 746.]

Fig. 1.—Louis Quinze Vest-Basque, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Walking •

Fig. 2.—Double-breasted Redingote Walking Suit (with Cut Paper Pattern).

SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). [Cut Paper Patterns of the Louis Quinze Vest-Basque, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt; and the Double-breasted Redingole Walking Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.]

Ladies' House and Street Dresses. See illustration on first page

Fig. 1. - Louis Quinze Vest - Basque, APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit, copied from a new Paris model, comprises the favorite Louis Quinze vest-basque, with long lappets and square pockets, a stylish and graceful over-skirt, and a walking skirt. The original is of sage green faille, trimmed with yak lace of the same color and faille pleatings of a little darker shade. It may, of course, be made of any material, and trimmed to suit

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles - Louis Quinze vest-basque, apron-front over-skirt, and

walking skirt. LOUIS QUINZE VEST-BASQUE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, side back, sleeve, and ruffle. Each piece of the pattern is notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts in front and the cross basque seam, to sew the trimming on the front to simulate the vest, and to make the opening for the pockets, to sew the upper ruffle on the sleeve, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Each side of the front is fitted by two darts and a cross basque seam. The first dart extends to the bot-tom, and back of this the front is cut longer, and rounded up to the waist line at the seam under the arm. The back is not so deep as the front, and is adjusted to the figure by the middle and side back seams, which have an extra width cut on at the waist line, forming three large boxpleats. The under arm seam of the skirt part is left open to the waist. The sleeves are finished with two ruffles, one overlapping the other. The front is closed with buttons and button-holes the entire length. Sew the sleeve plain in the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

Lace, 2½ yards. APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—apron front, straight side breadth, and full breadth for the back. The front edge of the side breadth is laid in eight small pleats, turned upward in the space of three inches, and joined to the front. The perfora-tions denote where to lay the pleats, one over-lapping the other. The front breadth is laid in two small pleats at the top on each side, turning toward the back. The back and side breadths are gathered to fit the waist.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4½ yards.

Extra for ruffles and puffing, 1½ yards.

Lace for trimming, 71% yards.
WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each like the pattern given for the side gores, and put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Extra for pleating and puffing, 6 yards. Fig. 2.—DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE

WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).
This redingore is one of the best independent wraps of the season. It may be made of any material—cloth, cashmere, velvet, etc.—and may be lined and wadded for greater warmth, if preferred. The original is made of dark gray cloth, and is worn over a black cashmere skirt trimmed with side pleating.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises two articles - doublebreasted redingote and walking skirt.

DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTS. -This pattern is in five pieces-front, back, sleeve, cuff, and collar. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to haste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the dart in front, to baste the seam under the arm, to turn back the revers, to lay the pleats in the skirt part, to tack the tape for draping the skirt in the back, to set the buttons and to make the button-holes, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. This garment is double-breasted, and each side in front at the neck is cut with extra width to form a revers, which is turned back in the line of perforations. It is loosely fitted, with one dart on each side and a seam extending from the armhole to about three inches below the waist line. The neck is low, and the right side of the front overlaps the left, and fastens with nttong and button-hole Extra butt and button-holes may be added, so as to close it to the top if preferred. The back is cut with a middle seam and extra fullness at the waist line; the fullness is laid in a large double boxpleat on the under side. A tape ten inches long is tacked at the waist line and at the two single holes in the skirt part of the back, forming a double panier. The side seam is laid in two deep pleats, turning downward at the holes, placing the four holes evenly together. A belt of the material passes over the body at the waist line, in order to adjust the garment to the figure. Cut a strip of the material on the bias one yard and a half long and one-quarter of a yard wide, make two loops at one end, the first one a quarter of a yard deep, and the other half a yard deep, and join to the belt on the right side. Finish the neck at the back with a deep collar. The coat sleeve is finished with a square cuff. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 71/2 yards.

Fringe, 5% yards.
WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given for the gores Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with side pleat-

ing twelve inches deep.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Extra for pleating, 4½ yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

Cut Paper Patterns of the new and eleant Louis Quinze Vest-Basque, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, and the Double-breasted Redingote Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 759.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will be specially devoted to patterns and illustrations of Girls' and Boys' Cloaks, Paletots, Overcoats, etc.; and will also contain a rich variety of Ladies' Walking, House, and Visiting Dresses, Wrappers, Dolmans, Jackets, Fichus, Work-Tables, Work-Bags, Toilette Boxes, Embroidery Patterns, etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

ANXIETY ABOUT CHILDREN.

HE trouble which the proverbially anxious parent gives himself in regard to the safety of his children is frequently misplaced, and not seldom, in its excess, hurtful. There is, it is said, a providence which watches over the drunkard, and protects him against the dangers to which his willful and self-assumed imbecility exposes him. It requires, however, no supposed interposition of any external agency to explain the frequent escapes of the tipsy in their vagaries of motion. The instinct of self-preservation is, in fact, so strong that amidst the utmost bewilderment of thought and disorder of volition it seldom loses its protecting power. It is so to a very great extent with even the most immature and heedless of children. Fear, with its cautious apprehension of danger and pain, is among the earliest as well as most abiding of the emotions.

The human offspring is certainly in infancy the most helpless of creatures, yet it is far from being so dependent as is generally supposed. The youngest Tahitian is said, when plunged into the water, to strike out with the readiness of the tadpole, and float himself instinctively into safety.

If children were not naturally very cautious there would be in every nursery, in spite of the vigilance of mother and nurse, a daily slaughter of the innocents. It is not necessary that they should avail themselves of the convenience of a fourth-story window for a deadly dive into the street, or the accommodating proximity of an open medicine chest for a mortal draught, as they could summarily execute themselves with the poker on the hearth-stone, or offer their tender little bodies as burnt-offerings upon the domestic fire. Children show no dispositionvoluntarily to knock their heads against stone walls, to spit themselves upon iron rails, or leap into the abysses of the area. They become almost immediately conscious of hardness, sharpness, and all dangerousness and unpleasantness. Of the new, the vague, and obscure they are singularly fearful, and every child shrinks back from an unfamiliar face, an unmeasured height or depth, and darkness of all kinds.

Parents, whose prudent care for their children we would not diminish for the world may intermit much, however, of the solicitude with which they are apt unnecessarily to worry themselves. This gratuitous anxiety often, moreover, defeats its own object. ing it of the risks to safety, unnaturally timid, and prevents that calmness of mind and development of animal courage essential for the prudent avoidance of and bold resistance to danger. The overwatched children are notoriously those who are the most constantly exposing their health and lives to hazard. They are so accustomed to move at the will of another that their own volition loses its power to a great extent, and becomes hesitating and uncertain. Their muscles, accordingly, act with little precision, and render the step faltering and the hold insecure. The child who is left free to run, climb, and jump, though he may apparently expose himself to a thousand risks, generally escapes danger by his habitual readiness of expedient and practiced precision of movement.

The freer children have, moreover, the ad-

vantage of protecting themselves by various means of security denied to those kept under too close a supervision. Swimming, riding, running, leaping, using fire-armsspeak of wrestling and fighting-all which may in their turn become important means of safety, are the ordinary acquisitions of the emancipated boy, but seldom of him who is subjected to an unceasing parental control. It is obvious, too, that the greater freedom of the one is more favorable to health than the constraint of the other.

It is equally advantageous to the moral as to the physical health and development that the parent should not allow his anxiety about his children to become too apparent, or to interfere too much with their freedom of conduct. The self-reliance and independence of character which are essential elements of all human excellence are to be acquired only by learning early to act from voluntary motive. If the parent fixes himself as a finger-post at every turn, the child will hardly ever find the road of his own accord, and must necessarily lose his way when deprived of his habitual guide.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. Of Ruts.

Y DEAR GREGORY,—Mrs. Margery in-VI vited me a few days since to come up and see the glory of the maple-trees, and I lost no time in going. She drove me every morning in her pony wagon through the brilliant woods, and we had the usual debate upon the epoch of the Indian summer. The soft, rich, russet hue of the October days, she insisted, was the complexion of the summer of All-Saints; but I reminded her that her argument turned against herself, for All-saints Day is the 1st of November, and the Indian summer is truly a November season. Then as we rolled along we wondered, as so many hundreds of other loiterers were doubtless wondering, what was the exact significance of the name applied to the still and misty autumnal days. Why Indian summer? The usual explanation, drawn from the smoke of the Indian camp fires, did not satisfy Mrs. Margery; and I mentioned at last the best suggestion for the name that I had ever heard. It is that in the earliest colonial days, when the early frosts and cold weather came in September, the settlers supposed that the summer was over, and that they must now prepare for winter, when the Indians said that there would be summer yet, meaning that milder days would follow. And when, on the very edge of apparent winter, the warm, hazy, perfect weather revived all the sentiment of summer, the colonists said that it was the son which the Indians had foretold—the Indian summer.

Mrs. Margery agreed that she had heard no better theory, and that this should stand until a better appeared. Meanwhile we had entered a road which seemed to be very uneven, for the carriage jolted, and my companion was evidently perplexed. She looked carefully at the road for some time, and then said that she perceived the reason. "It is the road in which the heavy wagons pass from the river," she said; "and their gauge is different from that of my little carriage, and my wheels do not run in the ruts. That makes the mischief." She looked at me and smiled, and I answered that it certainly was very pleasant to run in the ruts, but that there were two sides to the question. As we were still speaking a comfortable carriage passed us, and I saw Mr. Lard, round and beaming, smiling at us, and shaking his hand as we drove by. "Those wheels run in the ruts, you observe," said Mrs. Margery, archly. "They certainly do," I answered and you see that there is no jolting whatever. They run as smoothly as if they were oiled." "Like carriage, like man," returned my companion, as we jarred over an espe-

cially rough spot. And upon the road that we are traveling have you remarked how easy it is to slide along the ruts, and how exceedingly and uncomfortably you are shaken up if you leave very all the carriages that run in the well-established ruts. He never leaves them. Indeed, the shock to him in deserting ruts would be like that of a railway train running off the track. See how carefully he runs in the most obvious ruts. His house is in the fashionable part of the town, and it is furnished by the fashionable upholsterers in the fashionable manner. Whenever there is a fashionable change in furnishing or in arrangement, Mr. Lard sees that his house conforms. He is never in advance. He never makes a rut, but he follows it piously when it is made. Thus when it became evident that it was fashionably proper to have double glass front-doors, with the outer left open, and rich lace hanging over the inner one, that rut being fairly worn, Mr. Lard's house slipped smoothly into it. So when the coal grates in fashionable libraries and

drawing-rooms were replaced with open fireplaces for burning wood, the changes were duly made in the rooms of Mr. Lard's fine house. Indeed, when you see any thing of that kind in his house, you may be very sure that it is not an innovation nor a freak of his own, nor a happy stroke, but it is conformity to a well-established rut. Mrs. Margery, or some other bold Sebastian Cabot of a housekeeper, might veer away from the old courses, and abolish carpets, for instance, upon the score of health. And byand-by, when it was "the thing" not to have carpets—that is, when the rut was established-Mr. Lard's parlors would run in it without a jar.

It is so with his dress and with that of all his family. It is always unexceptionably proper. There is nothing peculiarly tasteful or attractive in it, but if you remark gaiters over his shoes, or a scarf instead of a cravat about his throat, or the shape of his collar, or the material and cut of his coat and trowsers, it is evidence that the most respectable gentlemen of his age and position wear precisely such things. Of course he goes to Saint Rainbow's on Sundays: and he would go to every church meeting there during the week, except that such going is not a rut, like the Sunday attendance. In Constantinople Mr. Lard would be the most exemplary Mahommedan, and in Thibet he would prostrate himself before the Grand Lama with great punctuality, because those are the religious ruts in those countries.

In politics it is the same. Mr. Lard is the gentleman who said some years ago at a dinner-table to a guest who remarked that he should support the candidate of the Pacific party, "Indeed! well, that is very interesting; you are the first gentleman of whom I have heard who proposes to vote in that way." The Atlantic party had worn a deep rut, in which most of his friends slipped along, and Mr. Lard, of course, ran in it, and thought it a very interesting but of course inexplicable fact that any body should run out of it. His opinions upon all subjects, indeed, are the regular, respectable opinions. What is the use," asks Mr. Lard, as he sits sipping wine after dinner—"what is the use of making trouble? What is gained by running against public opinion? Have we not high authority for remarking that it is hard to kick against the pricks! I repeat, what is gained by it? You can not accomplish any thing against public opinion. Why not wait, then, until it changes ?"

Mr. Lard then drinks a little, and is delightfully conscious that there is no friction in the just observations which he has submitted. But if Wasp, that cynical listener, chances to be at table, he has been known to say, when Mr. Lard has spoken in this strain, "Exactly. Columbus and Galileo were of the same opinion." Mr. Lard is gratified by the support of eminent names, and he beams even more blandly when Mr. Wasp thus indirectly says to the company, You see, gentlemen, Columbus, Galileo, and Lard are of the same opinion." Mr. Lard smiled at the folly of the Mont Cenis Tunnel until it was finished; then, being in Europe, he joined the party that passed through it, and with the other orators paid some fine compliments to those who had done the work. Long ago when Dr. Lardner demonstrated that steamers could not cross the ocean, and that the passengers in a railway car passing through a tunnel would certainly be suffocated, Mr. Lard said, "Certainly." But the rut has changed, and now he says, "Poor Lardner! he was not a very wise If Buddhism should supplant Christianity, and the rector of Saint Rainbow's should be replaced by a bonze, Mr. Lard would slide gently into the rut, and would willingly appear among a proper list of offi-cers of the society to propagate Nirvana among the heathen Christians.

Thus without jolt or jar, and with perfect equanimity, Mr. Lard runs in the ruts, and gently wonders that any body should run out of them. Once Mr. Wasp asked him at dinner, "Mr. Lard, how are new roads ever to be made?" Mr. Lard was prompt in replying, "By obtaining sufficient subscriptions ne"Wa foiled. But he rallied, and said, "If nobody will ever break out of the ruts, we must all inevitably proceed upon the same road for-ever. Mr. Lard, it is those who refuse to run in the ruts who make the journey of life worth taking." And he instantly named a dozen persons whom he called great human benefactors; and they were so merely because they did what Mr. Lard thinks is the proof of the utmost folly—they broke from the ruts, and made a new road "'cross coun-

Yet I said that there were two sides to the rut question. If a man should have the axles of his carriage so gauged that they would not fit the ruts in a road that passes his door, he would be what Mr. Lard called Dr. Lardner. He would be always jolting and thumping, and nothing gained. wisdom is to know when to leave the ruts,

and to understand that running in them is no virtue.

Mr. Lard, had he lived in Spain with Torquemada, would have run in the ruts of the Inquisition. In India he would calmly contemplate Mrs. Lard as a probable victim of the suttee. In Japan he would order a huge grist of prayers to be ground in the praying mills of the wandering priests of Gautama. He is the obstruction upon the journey, because he thinks that means are ends, and that we run in ruts for the sake of running in them, and not that we may arrive somewhere. Oh! Gregory, what a topic is here! What a touch of tragedy upon our journey to see the bright hopes, the earnest aims, the pure inspiration of youth, settling down into the dull ruts of passive commonplace! What perpetual freshness, what beauty, what endless charm, did not life promise to Vecchio, for instance, if he had only kept his faith! But he fell into the ruts of money-making, of political ambition, of fashionable supremacy, and his career, instead of Apollo's chariot circling the bright heaven, has become a baggage wagon chained by the inflexible ruts of faithleseness in which it moves. If you choose to call regularity and conscience in your daily work ruts, very well; then they are ruts upon the heavenly highway which is forever ascending. But from all earthly ruts, although they be very easy to run in that nipper in the morning, Gregory; that sport with a girl's faith, my boy; that scorn of noble motives; that love of success measured by dollars-from these ruts, and all such, break away, break away!

I had been for some time silent by the

side of Mrs. Margery, pondering these things, and involuntarily I spoke those last words aloud, and with such energy that the ponies took me literally, and away through the scarlet splendor we flew straight to Mrs. Honeysuckle's hospitable door.

AN OLD BACHELOR. Your friend,

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LOUIS QUINZE COSTUME.

THE Louis Quiuze costume illustrated in the present number, and of which a cut paper pattern is published, is one of the most stylish designs for rich silk dresses that may be used both for dinner and carriage toilettes. The name of this suit is derived from its imitation of the long vest and large pockets worn in the reign of Louis XV.; and as its character depends on these features, they must not be omitted. These dresses are often of silk and velvet combined, having the upper skirt, basque, and pockets of velvet, while the sleeves, vest, and lower skirt are of silk; or else cashmere is used in the place of velvet, with silk of the same shade. A border of silver-fox fur or of black marten is often used as a trimming. Some of the most elegant black costumes are of this design, partly faille and part-ly velvet, arranged in the manner just described. Colored silk suits are sometimes trimmed with a velvet pleating or bias frill, edged with lace, fringe, or perhaps only a ruffle of silk on the velvet. Suits made entirely of silk are trimmed with silk of a darker shade. Louis Quinze dresses of blue-gray silk and velvet of plum-color, olive. London smoke, and very dark garnet are imported by the modistes, and sold for \$300 or \$100. There is usually a bonnet to match, made of the velvet and faille. A Valenciennes lace frill with a long jabot, and fully ruffled undersleeves, complete the costume.

DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTES.

One of the most comfortable, graceful, and useful garments now in fashion is a double-breasted redingote of ladies' cloth, cashmere, or camel's-hair. It is warm, stylish, and convenient either as an independent wrap to wear with various skirts, or else as part of a suit for shopping, traveling, and general use. Most ladies just returned from abroad supplied themselves in Paris with a redingote of navy blue or dark myrtle green cloth. These are made in the simple fashion illustrated in another column (and of which a cut paper pattern is published), and are plainly trimmed with fringe, braid, bias silk, and large buttons. The skirt with which they are worm may be of cloth to match, or of cashmere with deep kilting; if a richer toilette is desired, a r one of silk - faced There is a fancy here for redingotes of rough camel's hair, either gray or brown, thickly wrought with wool embroidery. The dress skirt is then silk or velvet, and may be either black, brown, or gray. For a full suit of cashmere there can be no better model than this pattern. The revers, cuffs, and belt with sash should be thick gros grain of the same shade as the cash-mere, lined with stiff foundation net. A plain dress waist is needed underneath the redingote.

SAILOR BLOUSES.

Instead of breakfast sacques for ladies, the furnishing houses are offering sailor blouses of navy blue cloth, not belted, but gathered by a rubber band in the hem in the way children's blouses are made. They have large sailor collars of white, pale blue, or scarlet cashmere, and cost from 27 to 39.

THE SCARF UPPER SKIRT.

For modernizing black silk dresses of last year we commend the new scarf over-skirt, as it is stylish, easily made, and does not cut up the ma terial. It is simply four yards of silk trimmed

all around with narrow lace and jet passemen-Take the middle of the scarf and fasten it at the top by a hook and loop to the middle of the dress skirt just below the belt; then pass around the sides, leaving the front to form a wrinkled apron, and tie up the back in long loops and sashes. A band of black velvet, a facing, or a simple hem sometimes serves for trimming.

CAMISOLES, TULLE BODICES, ETC.

Among French lingerie are dainty camisoles of India muslin, with many rows of Valenciennes insertion down the front, and a jabot of shells of have down their entire length. These are lined throughout with rose or blue silk. Tulle bodices made of alternate puffs of finest tulle with bands of Valenciennes insertion have bows of faille rib-bon and sashes to match. These are worn at dinner-parties with skirts of black or colored silk and a sleeveless basque of black velvet, made with heart-shaped neck, and trimmed with thread lace and transparent insertions. Braces or bretelles of black velvet ribbon, with sashes of colored China crape trimmed with point duchesse lace, are among the small and dressy extravagances.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING. BUSINESS SUITS.

The novelty for business suits is their short, jaunty, double-breasted coat, generally called the pea-jacket. The suit is made of dark mixtures, with almost invisible plaids formed of threads of white. The entire suit, coat, vest, and pantaloons, is made from the same piece of cloth, and costs from \$75 to \$85. The overcoat for such suits is a long sacque of rough cloth, such as Elysian and fur beavers.

SEMI-DRESS SUITS.

Semi-dress suits for church, visiting, etc., are made of black or blue cloth with raised curled perpendicular lines, or indented checks, or the basket-woven goods, instead of the diagonals so long worn. The whole suit made of this fabric costs \$85. The coat is the double-breasted Prince Albert, with longer skirts than those of last season; the vest is single-breasted, with notable coller and buttoned birt to wear with a notched collar, and buttoned high to wear with a scarf; both coat and vest are bound; the pantaloons are of medium width, shaped to the limbs. Sometimes the single-breasted cut-away Newmarket coat is preferred for this suit. By way of variety, an extra pair of pantaloons is provided to wear with this coat and vest. These are made of thick rough-surfaced Scotch mixtures in shaded gray stripes, or else grayish-black grounds with white lines, or a faint suggestion of warmer color. Price \$20.

DRIVING COATS.

There is an effort to introduce for carriage wear the English driving coat of light drab or cremm-colored beaver. It is long and double-breasted, with collar of the same, and two rows of buttons down the front.

FULL-DRESS SUITS

There is no change in full-dress suits. They remain of solemn black, with swallow-tailed coat, low-rolled collar, and pantaloons all made from the same roll of broadcloth.

The English overcoat for opera and other fulldress occasions is the double-breasted surtout. Instead of this tight-fitting garment, the preference here is for a loose, easy sack overcoat of light gray or creamy brown cloth.

WINTER HATS, FURS, ETC.

Dressy silk hats for gentlemen are taller than sual. Their crowns are six and a half inches high, and of moderate ball shape; the brims are two inches wide, with open D Orsay curve, and not much roll. Price 49.

Undress hats for business are of stiff felt, with

stiff crowns about five inches deep, and almost quare; the brim is two inches wide, and shaped like those just described for silk hats: price \$6. New soft felt hats have slightly tapering high crowns, with curved brim heavily rolled on the sides. The best quality cost \$6. Black felt hats are most worn. A few of dark brown and London-smoke color are seen.

Scal-skin and otter caps, collars, and gloves are the fashionable furs for gentlemen. The fa-vorite fur cap is a seal-skin Canadian turban, or, as hatters say, a band turban. This has a high soft crown, with a wide stiff band or brim turned up all around close against the crown. They cost from \$10 to \$25. Seal trimming for over coats will be much worn this winter. This is a border or facing for the whole coat, with cuffs and collar, of seal. Entire overcoats and short double-breasted jackets of seal-skin are also shown for midwinter.

LINGERIE.

There is no change in the fashion of shirt fronts. Doubled linen bosoms, with three cords stitched a quarter of an inch from the edge and just outside the eyelet-holes, remain popular for general use. A slight vine of very fine needle-work is added for dress occasions, or else a medallion of embroidery is wrought around the These bosoms are usually interlined, making them "three-ply," that they may retain the starch better, and are sloped half an inch narrower at the bottom than the top, to prevent breaking in the middle. Such bosoms wear far better than those made with pleats. For conservative gentlemen who have always worn pleats, and will always wear them, no matter what is the fashion, bosoms are made with one wide pleat on each side of a box-pleat in the middle, or two narrower pleats are on each side, making four in all. The French yoke shirt, like that given in our cut paper patterns, is the favorite Wamsutta or New York Mills muslin, with Richardson's or Peake's linen for the fronts, is the material for shirts. The Bazar has said

these things before, but repeats them on account of recent inquiries of correspondents.

Very high standing collars are worn in the English shape—made all in one piece. Cut's very large and deep, and are sometimes turned over at the corners, or cut away, to match the

SCARPS, NECK-TIES, ETO.

The newest made-up scarf is the Count Sclopis. This has a large square fold at the top, with two wide flat ends. Price \$2.50. This is in favor with demure elderly folk, while young gentlemen prefer the "classic" scarf, with its very narrow sailor knot and ends. Repped fabrics are most in vogue for such scarfs, and they are shown in all the quaint dark colors now worn by ladies; but these are unbecoming to many, and look outre upon most men; and the safest plan is to confine a gentleman's purchases to black or blue scarfs for general wear, with white and lavender for dressy occasions. Windsor ties of bias twilled silk or satin are shown in the English style, with dashes of white, or else Japanese figures on a colored ground. For midwinter days are cashmere mufflers, squares of blue or scarlet fine wool, with silk edges, for \$2. Silken mufflers are \$3 50 or \$1. Long shawls for travelers are invisible plaids of gray, white, and black: price \$12. The strap to hold them is \$1 25.

For information received thanks are due, for ladies' garments, to Mesdames Switzer; and Bernheim; for furs, to C. G. Gunther's Sons; and for gentlemen's fashions, to Messrs. W. R. BOWNE; D. D. YOUMANS; and UNION ADAMS

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.

George Waters was aided a few years ago by William H. Seward and Theodore M. Pomeroy, of Audurn, with means to go through Hobert College. He went to California, made and lost two fortunes, and finally located a mine in Nevada. When it was deeded to him he conveyed one hundred feet each to his former benefactors. Recently Waters sold his part of the mine for \$400,000, while \$40,000 has been placed to the credit of Messrs. Seward and Pomeroy.

—The late James R. Spaulding, prior to the war, became ardently attached to Miss Augusta Evans, of Mobile, the author of Beulah, and offered her his hand. Differences of opinion as to that war, we have been told, caused a breaking of the engagement. Afterward Mr. Spaulding married a lady of this State, who soon became insane, and survives him in that condi-

came insane, and survives him in that condi-

-Mile. Bardou, a dress-maker, who recently —Mile. Bardou, a dress-maker, who recently tried to drown herself in the Scine, exclaimed, "We have no libertles!" When she was pulled out, instead of thanking her preservers, she cried out, "They don't even allow us to drown ourselves." "On ne peut donc plus se noyer."—The smoothness of Mr. Edmund Yates's statetion and the harmony as well as grammat-

—The smoothness of Mr. EDMUND YATES's diction, and the harmony as well as grammatical accuracy of his sentences, are explained by the fact that he invariably dictates to a stenographer and talks off his stories. All great novelists have talked better even than they have composed. Mr. YATES began novel-writing quite by accident. Being editor of a London mugazine, there had been an announcement of a forth-coming serial by a popular romancist, who, from illness, failed to be in time with copy. Mr. Y. vainly importuned his collaborateurs to fill Y. vainly importuned his collaborateurs to fill

Y. vainly importuned his collaborateurs to fill the gap, and in sheer despair began Broken to Harness, which is one of his best works, because probably conceived and written under more ambitious spur than were his other works.

—Juarez, late President of Mexico, left three documents of interest. The first is Advice to my Sons. It contains a complete autobiography, and is filled with interesting details. The second contains a minute account of all moneys received by him from the time of his election to the Presidency to the period of his death. The third is a kind of alphabetical table of the names of persons with whom he had become acquaintof persons with whom he had become acquainted during his political career, and his opinion

of them.

—Gentlemen recently arrived from abroad say

for far from being bene-—Gentlemen recently arrived from abroad say that Senator SUMNER, so far from being benefited by his trip, is in poorer condition than when he left. A caucus of Freuch doctors was to be held in reference to him, but the Senator may "bolt" the caucus programme, as he frequently has done in Washington.

—The late Chief Justice Taner, like the late Mr. Seward, and Mr. Weed and Mr. Froude and many other men of mark, was an inveterate smoker. While on his sick-bed he found his createst relief from pain in smoking—almost

smoker. While on his sick-bed he found his greatest relief from pain in smoking—almost died with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Weed, after half a century of assiduous enjoyment, has

er half a century of assiduous enjoyment, has given up burning.

—ALPHONSE KARR loves to have about him things that are cheerful. So it comes that in his library is preserved the skull of an old sweetheart, and the skull of a servant-girl who was always robbing him.

—Miss Olive Risley Seward, the adopted

daughter of the late Governor Seward, was the intimate companion of Miss Fannie Seward, Governor S.'s daughter. Miss Fannie never Governor S.'s daughter. Miss Fannie never recovered from the shock of that fearful night when Patne attempted to assassinate her father. From that moment she steadily declined. In adopting Miss RISLEY as his daughter, Governor S. paid a beautiful tribute to Fannie, which has proved to have been well deserved. It was the habit of Governor S. and Miss OLIVE, after their nant of Governor S. and Miss Clave, after their return from their trip around the world, to dis-cuss at the breakfast-table each day their plans for the day's work, and then to separate, Mr. SEWARD going to his and Miss S. to her study. At a certain hour they met, compared their work, and talked it over.

At the commemoration services of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's connection with Plymouth Church the Rev. Dr. Storns spoke with great fervor of the long years of friendship between Mr. Beecher and himself. When other men had only spoken to upbraid, he had never raised his voice cept in admiration or defense. except in admiration or defense. In concluding his address he turned to Mr. BEECHER and tendered him the right hand of fellowship, as a quarter of a century ago he gave it to the man who came to Brooklyn without money, friends, or influence, with nothing to assist him but his surpassing genius. He spoke of the days gone

by in a manner ti at left few dry eyes among the audience. Mr. BEECHER attempted to rep

without speaking.

—A Boston man, who was present at the reception of Mr. FROUDE by the Lotus Club, contrasts his personal appearance with that of Mr. EDMOND YATES, and says the difference between trasts his personal appearance with that of Mr. Edmund Yates, and says the difference between them is as great as the chasm that separates Chappaqua from the White House. While the punch and cognate inspirers were circulating freely among the guests, Mr. Froude was noticed as drinking nothing stronger than water, which, as a general thing, is not the striking characteristic of the literary Briton.

—The Queen has assured the Duke of Sutherland that the happiest period of her life since the death of Prince Albert was the days recently spent at Dunrobin Castle.

—The wealth of Daniel Drew is estimated at \$40,000,000. On one occasion, not many years back, he was known to place in the hands of a friend for safe-keeping overnight a sachel containing \$6,000,000 in greenbacks.

—Henry N. Smith, who fifteen years ago came to New York not worth a baubee, but now one of the wealthlest and boldest operators in stock, is reported to have cleared over \$5,000,000 during the last twelve months, while Jay Gould, his brother-in-gold, has added \$2,000,000 to his little mound of securities.

—Colonel Jerome Bonaparte and wife will make New York, instead of Baltimore, their residence during the coming winter. Our municipality will not drive him from the balliwick as the touchy Frenchmen drove his kinsman, Plon-Plon, from his France.

—Henry W. Sage, Esq., of Brooklyn, who has already given \$200,000 to the Cornell University, has supplemented it with a donation of \$30,000 for a university chapel. He is one of those "hard-hearted Wall Street men."

—Some of the most accomplished linguists in Europe are sons of kings and emperors. The Crown Prince Ruddler, of Austria, speaks six

Crown Prince RUDOLPH, of Austria, speaks six languages, and understands three more. The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia, FREDeldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia, FRED-BRIGE WILLIAM, who some day hopes to be Em-peror of Germany, fluently speaks German, Po-lish, Danish, French, and English. Crown Prince HUMBERT, of Italy, boasts of being familiar with all the numerous dialects spoken in Italy. The Crown Prince FREDERICE, of Denmark, speaks Danish, Swedish, German, French, and Russian; and the eldest son of the Emperor ALEXANDER II., of Russia, can converse with you in Russian, Polish. German. French, Danish, and English.

and the eldest son of the Emperor Alexandra, II., of Russia, can converse with you in Russian, Polish, German, French, Danish, and English.

—The Countess Brauchamp appears as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. As a sculptress she has decided talent, and her figure of her youngest child is said to be excellent both as a likeness and work of art.

—The following fresh photograph of Count Von Moltke is from the Paris Constitutionnel:

"He is a man of fair height, thin, and who, in spite of his seventy-three years, holds himself erect. His appearance is imposing. On seeing him one recognizes a man accustomed to command, and whose orders admit of no reply. He altasted at Colmar at the Hôtel des Deux Cerfs, and he had hardly arrived when he went out walking quite alone in the town, showing a preference for the most tortuous streets, and always finding his way easily without asking for inforerence for the most tortuous streets, and always finding his way easily without asking for information. He works nearly constantly alone in his spartments. As late as eleven at night one may see one of the windows of his apartment lighted up. Before a table sits an old man wearing a little black cap, tracing lines upon maps with pencils, which he often changes, no doubt on account of their color. Field-Marshal Vox MOLTER works thus every evening. He rises at six A.M. and labors till one o'clock, when he dines in one of the public rooms of the hotel. at six A.M. and labors till one o'clock, when he dines in one of the public rooms of the hotel. After dinner, which is rapidly dispatched, the marshal goes out walking; he returns at four, works till seven, and then goes out unattended till half past eight. He is often to be seen walking along the river-side in a most deserted spot, with his hands behind his back, in the attitude of a man who is meditating."

of a man who is meditating."
—Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, has accepted the presidency of the Ohio Agricul-tural and Mechanical College, and will enter upon its duties at the close of his Senatorial

—Abbé Bauer, another French priest, has Hyacinthed with a widow who has two chil-dren. Great scandal thereat in France. Rev. Hydeinthed with a widow who has two chidren. Great scandal thereat in France. Rev. Bauer is a converted Austrian Jew, and was one of two students of Vienna who came in the name of their comrades of that city in 1848 to present a flag of honor to the youth of the Paris schools. He is a rather smart chap, but they think he was what Dundreary calls "a lu-lu-natic, you know, to go and ge-et ma-married."

—The accession of Sir Roundell Palmer to the English cabinet brings to it eight Oxford first-class men—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, the Earl of Kimberly, Viscount Halfax, Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, Mr. Goschen, and the new Lord Chancellor.

—Dr. Gray, the Bishop of Cape Town, and Metropolitan of South Africa, just deceased, had served his quarter of a century in that far-off diocese. He will be remembered by Episcopalians chiefly for the vigorous and prominent part he took in the proceedings against Bishop Colenso.

COLENSO.

-Dumas was asked one day at dinner how —DUMAS was asked one day at dinner now much time he would require to write a novel of 400 pages. He replied, "Seventy-two hours." A wager was offered that at the end of seventy-two hours he would not have completed a novel. Dumas called for pen and paper, 400 pages were numbered for him, and he began at the dinner-table. Refore the time had expired he had com-Before the time had expired he had completed one of the best of his stories, The Chevalier

of Maison Rouge.
—An American, Mr. G. H. Booth, being about to return home after a long residence in Brad-ford, England, has expressed his intention to present to that city a full-length statue of RICH-

ARD COBDEN, to cost about \$5000. He has also given \$5000 to various local charities.

—ROSA BONHECK—to her credit be it mentioned—is said to have expressed quite recently a desire to visit the United States. Would like to do it a.D. 1873.

—The Rey MONGUER D. CONWAY, one of our

The Rev. Moncure D. Conwar, one of our frequent contributors, was charmed lately with the preaching he heard in the village pulpits of France. He urges American students of theology to "devote half their time abroad in listening to the French Catholic preaches and stade." ing to the French Catholic preachers, and stud-ing the most effective pulpit style in the world

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-CORD GRELOT FRINGE FOR

shown by the illustration, and join the finished figures with the

under edge of the border, which is made of coarse and fine cord

and beads as shown by the illus-

Fig. 2.—SILK, CHENILLE, AND

tration.

end, the lower half of which is wound with fine cord, and forms the head of the grelot. The rosettes are fastened on a row of gimp at regular intervals.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Crocher Buttons. These buttons are covered with silk and trimmed with crochet-work; work the latter similarly to the leaves of the border shown by Fig. 1, observing the illustration. The raised circles consist

of brass rings which are closely covered in crochet-work. The star in the centre of the button Fig. 4 is worked



Fig. 2.—SILK, CHENILLE, AND CORD TASSEL FRINGE FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC.

Crochet, Cord, and Bead Passementerie Trim-mings, Figs. 1-9.

THESE passementerie trimmings, which are designed for wrappings, dresses, etc., are partly crocheted with coarse black saddler's silk and black cut beads, and partly made of coarse and fine black silk round cord and beads.

Fig. 1. — CROCHET, CORD, AND BEAD BORDER. To make this border crochet the five leaves of each figure and the count of the country in the coun

leaves of each figure and the round dot each separately in the usual manner, all in sl. (slip stitch) and ch. (chain stitch), always from left to right. The crocheting is done very loose, and the wrong side of the work counts as right side of the figure. Begin with the middle leaf, and first crochet the point as follows: Work a foundation of 4 ch., passing over the last of these, work on the foundation one round of sl.; in the middle and at the end of the round work 2 sl. separated by 1 ch. on 1 st. (stitch). 2d round.—Like the first round; at the end of this round crochet 9 ch.; t. (turn the work) pass over the last ch., and, going back on the remaining 8 ch. the work), pass over the last ch., and, going back on the remaining 8 ch., work 8 sl. (this forms the middle rib of the leaf), 2 sl.

on the next 2 st. of the second round, then 3 ch.; in working the third ch. fasten on one

bead (these 3 ch. form the first point of the leaf), t., pass over the last ch., on the next 2 ch., all around the rib and on the following 2 st. of the leaflet work 1 round of sl.; in the middle of this round work 2 sl. separated

by 1 ch.; at the end of the round work 3 ch., and in working the third ch. fasten on one bead; t. Now crochet five rounds more like the last round, but at the end of each round leave 5 st. of the pre-

but at the end of each round leave 5 st. of the preceding round unnoticed, so that points are formed as shown by the illustration. After the fifth round work sl. to the middle of the leaf, and fasten the thread there. For each of the remaining four leaves of a figure make a foundation of 13 ch., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and crochet on this six rounds of sl.; at the end and in the middle of each round widen several stitches, working at the relative point for the two leaves which are pointed most 2 sl. separated by 3 ch., and for the two upper leaves which are less pointed 2 sl. separated by 1 ch. on 1 st. of the preceding round. For the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and crochet on the ring five rounds of sl., in doing which widen several st., and in the last round for the round for the round for the round strong for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round for the round strong for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round for the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave the round dot make a foundation of 4 ch., leave

ing which widen several st., and in the last round fasten on several beads. Fast-

Fig. 7.—Soutache, Cord, and Bead



Fig. 1.-Insertion.-White Ex-PROIDERY ON NETTED FOUNDATION.

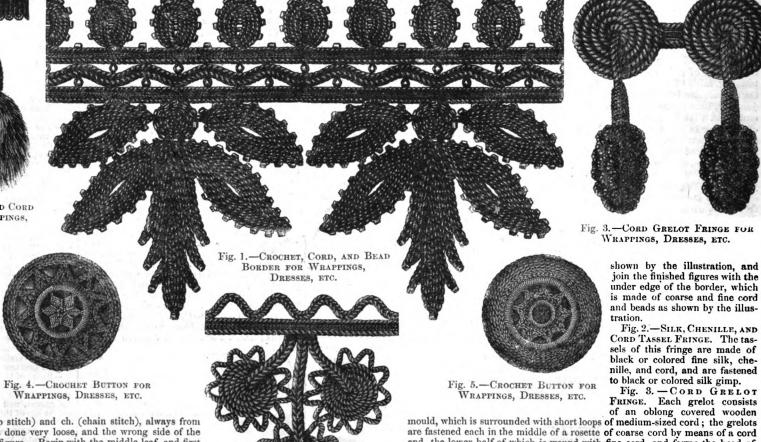


Fig. 6.—CORD AND SOUTACHE BORDER FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC.



CORD AND BEAD BORDER FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC.

en a large bead in The rosettes are fastthe middle of each rosette. ened on gimp as shown by the illustration.

Square for Bed or Cradle Coverlets.

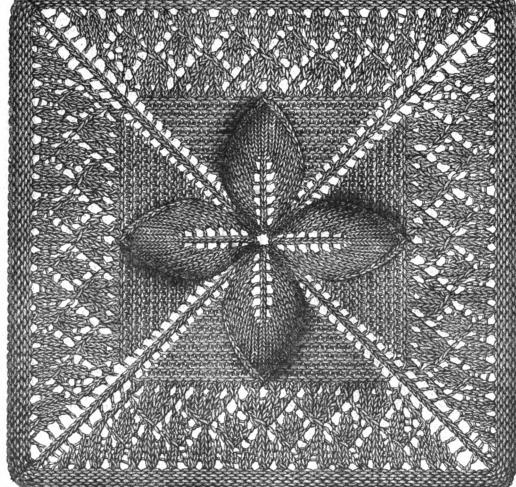
This square is knitted, according to the purpose for which it is designed, with coarse or fine knitting cotton, or else with fine twisted crochet cotton and steel needles of corresponding size. It is worked throughout always going forward. To work the square make a foundation of 8 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and work one round all plain. 1st pattern round.—* T. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k. (one stitch knit plain); repeat from **, always going forward. This repetition from ** will not be referred to again in the course of the work, as a matter of course. 2d round.—All knit plain. 3d round.—* T. t. o. (the stitch is the round.—* T. t. o. (the round.—* T. t. o

1 k. 4th round.—* 1 p. (one stitch purled), 5 k., 1 p., 1 k. 5th round.—

* T. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 8 k., t. o., 8 k., t. t. o., 8 k., t. o., * 2 p., 7 k., 2 p., 1 k. 7th round. —



Fig. 8. CORD BORDER FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC.



KNITTED SQUARE FOR BED OR CRADLE COVERLETS.



Fig. 2.—Insertion.—White Embroidery on Netted Foundation.

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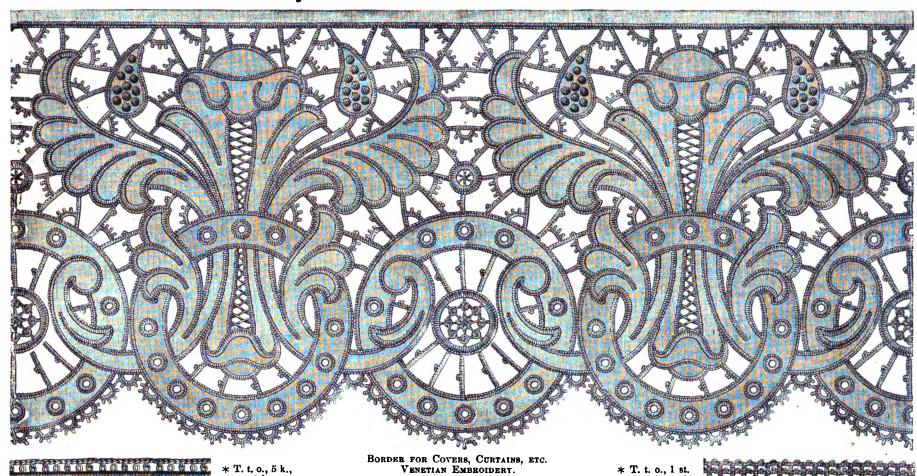




Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE, TATTED, AND CROCHET INSERTION.

* T. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., l k., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 8th round.—* 8 p., 9 k., 3 p., 1 k. 9th round.—* T. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 10th round.— * 4 p., 11 k., 4 p., 1 k. 11th round. - *

t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 12th round.—

* 5 p., 13 k., 5 p., 1 k. 13th round.—* T. t. o., 11 k., t. t.
o., 1 k., t. t. o., 11 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 14th round.—*
6 p., 15 k., 6 p., 1 k. 15th round.—* T. t. o., 13 k., t. t. o.,
1 k., t. t. o., 13 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 16th round.—* 7
p., 1 st. n. (narrowed; to do this, always slip the next st., knit off the following st., and draw the slipped st. over the latter), 13 k., 1 st. n., 7 p., 1 k. 17th round.—* T. t. o., 29 k., t. t. o., k.1 crossed.

Like this round work every following round denoted by an. odd number up to and inclusive of the 31st round; we shall not describe rounds again. 18th −×8 p., round. 1 st. n., 11 k., 1 st. n., 8 p., 1 k. 20th round. -* 9 p., 1 st. n., 9 k., 1 st. n., 9 p., 1 k. 22d round.— * 10 p., 1 st. n., 7 k., 1 st. n., 10 p., 1 k. 24th round.-* 11 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., 1 st. n., 11 p., 1 k. 26th round.— * 12 p., 1 st. n., 3 k., 1 st. 12 p., 1 k. 28th round.—

* 13 p., 1 st.

n., 1 k., 1 st. n., 13 p., 1 k. 30th round.— * 14 p., 2 st. n. (to do this slip the next st., knit off the together, and draw the slipped st. over the latter), 14 p., 1 k. 32d round. -All King plain. From here all rounds denoted by even numbers up to and in-clusive of the 48th round are knitplain. 83d round. — * 15 times alternately t. t. o., 1 st. n.; then t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed.

35th round.-

T. t. o., 9 k., t. 12th round.—

EMBROIDERED FOOTSTOOL.

* T. t. o., 1 st. n., five times al-ternately t. t. o., alternately t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n., 1 k., 1 st. n.; then t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o.,

Fig. 2.—Crochet Insertion. t st. n., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 39th round.—* T. t. o., 1 st. n., five times alter-

k. I crossed. 39th round. — * T. t. o., 1 st. n., hve times alternately t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n.; then t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 41st round. — * T. t. o., 2 k., five times alternately t. t. o., 1 st. n., 1 k., 1 st. n., t. t. o., 1 k.; then t. t. o., 1 st. n., 1 k., 1 st. n., t. t. o., 2 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 43d round. — * T. t. o., 4 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., five times alternately t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n.; then t. t. o., 4 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 45th round. — * T. t. o., 43 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed.

47th round.— * 22 times alternately t. t. o., 1 st. n.; then t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 49th, 50th, and 51st rounds. -– All knit plain; after the 48th round, howev-er, turn the work, and knit the last rounds on the wrong side of the work, so that they appear purled on the right side.— Then cast off all the stitches.

Border in Venetian Embroidery for Covers, Curtains, etc.

This border is worked on fine linen, batiste, nansook, or Swiss muslin with thread or embroidery cotton. Transfer the design to the foundabaste the latter on a foundation of paper, lin-en, or enameled cloth, run the outlines, and work the button-hole stitch bars and scallops between the design figures, observing the illustration. Work the picous of the button-hole stitch scallops as shown by Fig. 4, page 172, Harper's Bazar, No. 10, Vol. V. The



Fig. 1.—Stit for GIRL FROM I to 3 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET CASHMERE WRAPPER.

Fig. 3.—GRAY CASHMERE SUIT WITH SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Figs. 1-4.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE DRESSES.



knots on the button-hole stitch bars are worked similarly to those shown by Fig. 6, page 172, of the same number. Finally, edge the design figures with close button-hole stitches, and inside of the design figures work the dots, eyeletholes, and lace stitches as shown by the illustra-After finishing the border cut away the material between the design figures.

Mignardise, Tatted, and Crochet Insertions, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 7

THESE insertions may be used for trimming lingerie, llow-cases, etc. They are worked with twisted cro-

There insertions may be used for trimming lingerie, pillow-cases, etc. They are worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80.

Fig. 1.—Mignanies, Tatten, and Crochet Insertion. To make this insertion use two mignardise borders of the requisite length. On these borders work the four-leaved tatted figures with one thread (shuttle) as follows: One leaflet of 2 ds. (double stitch), 4 p. (picot) separated each by 3 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the next loop of a mignardise border, 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the third following loop of the same border, 2 ds., 1 p. somewhat longer, 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the third following loop of the same border, 2 ds., 1 p. somewhat longer, 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 2 ds. Now work two more leaflets like the preceding, in doing which fasten to the other border as shown by the illustration. This completes one figure. The following figures are worked in a similar manner after a thread interval of seven-eighths of an inch each, and are fastened together by means of the longer picots as shown by the illustration. Finally, edge both sides of the insertion with one round of single crochet and chain stitches as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—Crochet Insertion. To make this insertion first work the roseites, beginning each roseite from the middle with a foundation of 10 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and crochet three rounds, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—16 ch., *1 sl. on the next ecto the right in the preceding round.—16 ch., *1 sl. on the next ecto the right in the preceding round (in this round work always from left to right), 's.c. on the last 5 ch., 7 ch., repeat from *, always going forward; at the end of the round crochet the last and first 5 ch. together with 7 sc. 36 round.—15 co. on the next ch. to the right in the preceding round, * \$2 ch., 1 sc. on the first of these), \$2 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop; repeat from *, always going forward; at the end of

Embroidered Footstool.

See illustration on page 749.

This footstool is made of carved oak; it is sixteen inches and a half long and ten inches and seven-eighths broad, and is three inches and a quarter high on one end and six inches and a half high on the other end, exclusive of the cushion. The cushion is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with two strips of dark brown much and an embroidered border; the design for the latter is given by Fig. 5, Supplement to Harper's Bazar, No. 36, Vol. V.

Ladies' and Children's House Dresses, Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 749.

Fig. 1.—Sure yor Girl From 1 to 8 Yrans out. This suit consists of a dress with low-necked waist of white plqué. The skirt of the dress is scalloped on the bottom, and trimmed with a kilt-pleated ruffle of white batists, which is sewed on the wrong side of the skirt. The trimming for the waist consists of scalloped bias strips of the material. A blouse of plan batists, with long sleeves, completes the suit. Sash of blue silk ribbon.

ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Violet Cashmere Weapper. This gored wrapper is of violet cashmere, trimmed with folics of violet gros grain two inches wide and black guipure lace four inches and two inches wide, and hows of violet gros grain ribbon. Linen collar, Swiss muslin and lace cravat bow, and linen under-sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Gray Cashwere Surr wire Satin Stiton Employment. This suit consists of a skirt and polonaise. The original is made of gray cashmere, and is trimmed with satin stitch embroidery of gray worsted. The skirt is trimmed, besides, with box-pleated figures.

Fig. 4.—SULT FOR GIBL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD This suit of blue serge consists of a double skirt and high vest-basque. The skirt is trimmed with kiltnight vest-basque. The salt is trimmed with Anti-pleated founces slightly gathered. The vest-basque is trimmed with revers of the dress material. Fine linen collar. Gray felt round hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and flowers.

Insertions.-White Embroidery on Netting, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 748.

These insertions are suitable for trimming lingerie, children's wardrobes, etc. Draw the design on Swiss muslin or nansook, baste the latter on a netted foundation, which is laid diagonally, work the outlines and veins of the design figures in straight half-polka stitch, and cut away the Swiss muslin outside of the design figures. Instead of netting, coarse tulle may be used for a foundation. When worked in application on cloth, these borders are also suitable for trimming baskets, etc.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LET'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.) HUSBAND AND WIFE.

AUGUSTA insisted on going to her friend at once when she heard that Lady Clevedon was in the garden. She was not a person whose toilette was ever disordered by traveling, and all the puffings and flouncings of her gray silk dress seemed as fresh as when they left the hands of her milliner. So, conscious of her fitness to meet the gaze of society, she begged to be shown at once to the garden, and followed the butler across the great hall and along a passage leading to the garden door, with Hubert Harcross in her train.

The oak-paneled passage was just a little dark. and a flood of summer sunlight streamed in at the opening of the door. Was it this sudden burst of light that dazed Mr. Harcross as he stood in the threshold of the house for a moment looking out at the garden?

It was the garden in which Grace and he had wandered all through that thoughtless summer afternoon. How well he remembered it! The arches garlanded with roses and honeysuckle, the passion-flowers, the stone basin of gold-fish, where no fish had been when he last saw it, only

shallow stagnant water covered with duck-weed. oor old neglected place! They had trimmed and improved every thing, of course, but not with an inexorable hand. The garden still belonged to the old world, the sweet-scented flowers still grew in a wild profusion; nor had the form of beds or grass-plots been altered. In the midst of his pain, which was of the sharpest, he felt glad to see that the place was so little changed.

Lady Clevedon was pouring out tea in the very arbor where Mr. and Mrs. James Redmayne and Mr. Wort had sipped their milk punch with the old butler and his wife. There were a few garden seats scattered round the bower, and on one of these Weston Vallory was balancing himself, making himself agreeable after his kind. Sir Francis was absent, pleasantly engaged in show-

ing the stables to his friend Captain Hardwood.
"What a magnificent woman!" said Mr. M'Gall, the gentleman who wrote for all the reviews, looking up from a meditative cup of tea as Mrs. Harcross came along the gravel-path. her glistening gray dress and dainty pink bonnet resplendent in the sunshine. "Is that one of your Kentish friends, Lady Clevedon?"

No; that is my friend Mrs. Harcross." "What! the wife of Harcross the barrister? I've met him once or twice. ()h, here he comes in the background, looking rather fagged. He's said to work as hard as any man in London.

Mr. Harcross performed his share of all the greetings; gave the ends of his fingers to Weston, was presented to General Cheviot, and so on, and said all that could have been expected of him under the circumstances. But he looked wan and haggard in the sunshine, and was glad to drop into a chair by Georgie's tea-tray present-

ly, after a little talk with the General.
"You look so tired, Mr. Harcross," Lady Clevedon said, compassionately, thinking that her husband might come to look like this some day, worn and weary, and with an air of prema-ture age: "I hope the journey was not very fatiguing.

"No. Augusta did not seem to feel it at all; but I suppose I am growing old and nervous, and that the vibration affects me more than it did a few years ago. I worked rather hard in the season, and since then I have been yachting a little; and I dare say that sort of thing, with a sixty-ton yacht on one's mind, is not so complete

a rest as a professional man requires."
"I should think not," cricd Georgie; "and you have been at the Isle of Wight, yachting. How I envy you your yacht!"

And how I envy you-"What, Mr. Harcross? What can such a

successful man as you are find to envy in any one's fate?

"A great many things. Your youth, to begin with, and the freshness that belongs to itthe power to envy any body any thing. Do you v, I sometimes look round the world, wonder whether there is any thing in it I should care to have if the mere act of wishing would secure it for me; and the answer is doubtful.

That means that your life is so full already. You have fame, fortune, a charming wife. there any thing more you could wish for?

"Can't you imagine something? Children, for instance—you remember what Wordsworth says about a child? But I don't wish for those. I don't feel myself the sort of man who ought to have them.

He said all this carelessly enough, yet with a certain earnestness beneath that outward lightness. He had been drawn on to speak more unreservedly than his wont by something sympathetic in Georgie's face and manner. is the kind of woman a man might trust," said to himself. "I like that firm mouth and rounded chin, which give such character to the sparkling face. I like the tone of her voice and the touch of her hand "

Mrs. Harcross had become the centre of a circle by this time: the elderly gray-bearded General prostrating himself in the dust before her, stricken down by her beauty, while his wife conversed apart with the eldest Miss Stalman, on the alarming tendencies of the English Church, undisturbed by the pangs of jealousy. The stable clock struck seven while the party were still pleasantly engaged, and the ladies moved off to dress for the eight-o'clock dinner, leaving the gentlemen to contaminate the first cool zenhyrs of evening with the odor of premature cigars during the quarter of an hour which they could safely spare from the labors of the toilette.

The first dinner at Clevedon was a success Cook and housekeeper, butler and subordinates, had nerved themselves for a grand struggle. Now or never the new establishment was to show what it was worth. "Don't talk to me about your Regency dinners, Mr. Moles," modern butler had said to his ancient brother, in the expansiveness of social intercourse. helegance or hartistical effect could there have been about a dinner in those blessed think was put upon the table?"

"I don't know about the table, Mr. Mumby," said the ancient butler, with an offended air; 'Sir Lucas's platto was as fine a sight as you'd wish to lav your eves on-fourteen feet long, with gadroon edges, and ramping lions for supporters at all the corners; and our silver covers and side-dishes took three men a week to clean before they come to the state of perfection as I liked to see. As for covers and side-dishes nowadays, with this mean, sneaking way of handing every think round, you might as well be without 'em, for all the credit they do you. I'm pass my time I dessay, Mr. Mumby, and I'm glad of it when I see the present low-lived way of doing things. Why, one of our dinners would have made six of yours in solid butcher's-meat; and where you've one side-dish in your menew we had half a dozen."
"I don't know what you mean by side-dishes,

Mr. Moles," said the modern domestic; "we have nothink but honotrays and honotraymays.

The inaugurative dinner was a success. tram Moles was allowed to peep into the diningroom before the banquet, a wan, feeble figure amidst all that glow of color and sparkle glass under the soft light of waxen tapers. Pale as a ghost revisiting the scenes of its earthly joys, he gazed upon the glittering board with a faint approving smile, and confessed that it was nice-

ly arranged.
"I never did hold with flowers on a dinnertable," he said, shaking his head at the pyramids of rare hot-house blossoms, and the dwarf forest of fern and geranium reflected in the crystal pla-"but if you must have 'em, I allow you've arranged em tastily. It's all very pretty, Mr. Mumby, like a young lady's counter at a fancy fair; but I'm an old man, and I shall go down to my grave with the opinion that your top and bottom and your six side-dishes is the best decora-tion for your dinner-table." Thus, with a deprecating shrug and a mournful survey of the frivo-lous board, Mr. Moles, having come like a shadow, so departed

The dinner, as well as being a success from a gastronomic point of view-there was a Parme san soufflé toward the end of the feast, which the eldest Miss Stalman, who was gifted with an epicurean taste, dreamed of—was a social triumph. The hum and rattle of conversation never ceased: there were no awkward pauses, in which simultaneously awake to the discovery that no one is talking, till the most audacious member of the circle plunges into the gulf of silence with some inane remark, which being gratefully received by host or hostess, bridges the dreary chasm, and leads the way to pastures new. night at Clevedon there were plenty of good talkers. General Cheviot and Colonel Davenaut helped and sustained each other, yet were judiciously placed far enough apart to have each his auditory. The two Misses Stalman were of the agreeable-rattle species; could talk croquet or theology, tine art, horses, or botany, with equal facility; could draw out the dullest neighbor, and entangle the coldest cavalier in the meshes of one of those confidential conversations about nothing particular, which, seen from a little dis-tance, look like flirtation of the deepest dye.

In such a party, if Mr. Harcross had chosen to ent his dinner in comparative silence, he might have done so with impunity. There were plenty of people to talk; and Georgie's aunt. Mrs. Chowder, whom he took in to dinner, was not exacting so long as the ministering spirits of the banquet brought her the nicest entrees, and not the ruined walls of the vol-au-vents, or the legs "I can't dine without curry, of the chickens. she told her neighbor, confidentially, " can't dine without bitter beer. I know it sounds dreadful; but I was twenty years in India, and use is second nature, you know. I'don't know whether you noticed it, but there was no grated cocos-nut in that curry. I must give Georgina's cook poor dear Chowder's recipe; a copy of it, that is to say. The original document is in his own handwriting, and I keep it among the letters he wrote me when I came home for my health."

While Mrs. Chowder enjoyed her dinner, however, Mr. Harcross did not abandon himself to silence. (In the contrary, he went in for a triumph, and achieved it, saving some of his best and bitterest things, to the delight of an admiring circle, talking much more than usual; not hanging back and watching his opportunity to upon the talk with speech as keen as a sword-thrust, after the manner of some dinnertable wits, but making all the talk at his end of

the table and sustaining it with unabated vigor. Weston Vallory, who was seated at Augusta's left hand, was not slow to observe this extreme vivacity.

"How lively your husband is to-night!" he said to Mrs. Harcross: "he has almost a feverish air.

"I suppose he wishes to make himself agree able to our friends," Augusta answered, in her chilling way, but with a little suspicious glance across the table toward her husband, nevertheless

'He is not generally dull in society," she added.
"Oh dear, no; on the contrary, he is a man who seems created to shine in society. It's a pity that type of man always seems to lose a little in the domestic circle."

Augusta flashed one of her sternest glances upon her cousin; but he was as much accustomed to the angry flash of those brilliant hazel eves as she was to this kind of malicious insinuation against her husband.

"I don't know what you mean by losing in the domestic circle," she said, stiffly; "I never find Hubert at a loss for conversation at home.

"Really now," said Weston, with his insolent incredulous air, "I should have thought that even Canning or Sydney Smith must have been rather bad company at home. A man of that kind wants such a dinner as this to develop his owers. Though by the bye there really one here, and that's why I felt surprised by Harcross's excessive vivacity. I can't see the source of his inspiration. What can it matter to him whether those girls in blue think him a wit or a dullard; or that old Indian General, or the stout party in green satin—an aunt of the house, I What kudos can he get from amusing all these nobodies?

"It is just possible that he may wish to please my friends," replied Augusta, with dignity. "You can not suppose that a man in his position must always have a motive for being agreeable. He is not upon his promotion.

"No, he is one of those infernal lucky fellows who have only to open their mouths for manna to fall into them."

"He has worked harder than most men, and has more talent than most men, Weston, don't see that there is any luck in the case." "Don't you? Was there no luck in marrying

you? What is there to distinguish him from the ruck of mankind that should entitle him to such a prize as he secured when he won you? How provokingly devoted you are to the fellow. Augusta

"Weston, I will not allow you to talk in that style.

"Oh, come now, Augusta; I'm sure I behave myself remarkably well, but a man can't always be dumb. It provokes me past endurance sometimes to see you so fond of him."
"Indeed! I had supposed myself among the

coldest of wives.

"Cold! Why, you blaze up like a volcano if one says a word against yonder demigod. He can not do wrong in your sight. Why, I verily believe that if any awkward episode of his past life were to come to light, you'd accept the revelation as a matter of course, and go on adoring him.

"I really wish you would not use such absurd words, Weston—'demigod' and 'adoration!' Of course I am attached to my husband. Our marriage was one of inclination, as you know, and Hubert's conduct from first to last has been most conscientious and disinterested. With regard to his past life, I doubt if I have the slightest right to question that, although I should be naturally grieved to discover that he had ever been any thing less than I believe him to be, a man of high moral character."

"Upon my word, Augusta, you are a model But suppose now, during your engagewife. ment to him, at the very time when you keeping company, as the maid-servants say, there had been any little episode—a rustic flirtation, for instance, which developed into something of a more serious character—how then?

This time Mrs. Harcross grew suddenly pale

even to the very lips.
"I will never speak to you again, Weston," she said, without raising her voice in the least degree, "unless you immediately apologize for that shameful insinuation."

"My dear Augusta, I was only putting a case I will beg your pardon a thousand times over, if you like. I had no idea of offending you."

'You always offend me when you talk of my husband. I request that for the future you will abstain from speaking of him.'

I expunge his name from my vocabulary. From this moment he shall be as sacred in my eves as the Lama of Thibet, or those nameless goddesses whom the Greeks worshiped in fear and trembling. I could endure any thing rather than your anger. Augusta.'

"Then pray do not provoke it by any more silly speeches about Hubert. Lady Clevedon is rising; will you give me my fan, please? dropped it just now. Thanks

Her color had come back by this time. insinuation of Weston's was, of course, like all the rest of his malicious speeches, the meaning-less emanation of a jealous soul. She had grown accustomed to the idea that this cousin of should be thus bitter upon the subject of her marriage. She knew what a crushing disappointment that marriage had been to him, and was hardly inclined to be angry with him for being still devoted to her, heart and soul, still jealous of the winner. Where else, indeed, could she have found such faithful service, such unflagging zeal?

Poor Weston," she used to say to her confidantes, "he would go through fire and water for me.

And through fire and water Weston Vallory was quite prepared to go, with one end and aim held steadily in view.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

SUMMER skies and summer woods, quaint old gardens brimming over with roses, a fair supply of carriages and horses, a good cook, and a considerable proportion of youthful spirits, combined to make the little gathering at Clevedon a very pleasant business. There were plenty of show places and a sprinkling of interesting ruins in that fair garden of Eugland; and Lady Clevedon's visitors were rarely at home for luncheon, but were to be found at that social hour either picnicking on the smooth turf in the chancel of a dilapidated abbey, or roughing it in the sanded best parlor of some rustic inn, or camping on the summit of a hill, with a Turneresque landscape spreading wide beneath, and melting into the blue sky beyond an opposite range of wooded hills twenty miles away. Sir Francis Clevedon's horses, and such job-

horses as were to be hired in the village of Kingsbury, had rather a hard time of it during these festivities and may reasonably have wish ed themselves in any other state of life. rest had they in the gloomy, substantial old stables in the spacious quadrangle, where pear-trees and yellow jasmine climbed over the dark red walls and a great clock clanged the ho half hours, and quarters, with a dissonant clang that outraged the summer quiet. As soon as the cheery, lounging breakfast was over, the morning papers read, and perhaps a stray game of billiards indulged in, while the ladies were dressing for the day's excursion, preparations for the start began on the broad gra vel drive in front of the porch. Matrons were duly stowed into landau and barouche; maidens came tripping down the stone steps in riding-gear, with chimney-pot hats perched coquettishly on wonderful struc-tures of puffed and plaited hair; adventurous spirits, eager to drive doubtful horses in tittuppy dog-carts, paused for the signal for departure; dogs barked, footmen and grooms run to and fro, carrying shawls and sun-umbrellas: ponderous baskets of comestibles were hung on to the heavier carriages; and at last, Georgie having mounted a mail-phaeton with her husband, in defiance of etiquette, the gay proces-



sion moves merrily off at a dashing pace down the long avenue, whose glories have been somewhat thinned by Sir Lucas, but which is still a noble alley.

"I will drive with you, Frankie," says the young wife, nestling under her husband's elbow. "What a tall creature you are up there! I would sooner stay at home at once than sit and prose in that stuffy landau, while you rattled on a quarter of a mile before us, smoking and haha-ha-ing with some horrid man. How is it men are always laughing when they are together? and what in goodness' name do they find to laugh at? They must be either very witty or very idiotic."

"Not much of the first, I'm afraid, Georgie.

"Not much of the first, I'm afraid, Georgie. Your wit never laughs, and doesn't often make other people laugh. His true province is to set them thinking. Of course I like to have you with me, Miss Crusoe" (this was a pet name, founded on his first remembrance of her), "but don't you think you ought to be doing company with Mrs. Cheviot and Mrs. Harcross in the landar?"

"They're very comfortable without me, Frankie," Georgina answers in a wheedling tone, getting a little closer to the driver's elbow. "Augusta can get on with any one, in her grand way, and there's aunty too; and they know we haven't been married long, dear, and perhaps they'll think it natural we should like to be together."

"And of course by-and-by, when we've been married a little longer, we shall wish to be as far apart as possible," replies Sir Francis, laughing; and away they go along the bright Kentish roads, where every hedge-row frames a new picture of sweet pastoral beauty, where every fresh turn of the road reveals a panorama that seems fairer than the last—away they go by hill and valley, by woods and fields, as happy as the skylark caroling in the blue vault above them.

In all of these agreeable excursions Mr. Harcross followed in his wife's train. He was never sulky or objective, never languished to stay behind to play billiards, or read novels in the dim old library, or smoke perpetual cigars among the roses—he was only supremely indifferent. The small world of Clevedon considered him a model husband. He was always polite and attentive to his wife when occasion called for politeness on his part, brought her shawls and parasols, handed her in and out of carriages, but all without any ill-advised empressement which might have reminded people that he had married a fortune. By fits and starts he chose to be brilliant, but at other times was the most silent of the party. People accepted the tacitum humor as natural in a professional man of his standing.

ural in a professional man of his standing.

"That fellow Harcross does no end of hard thinking, Joe," one of the young men of the party observed to his compeer; "can't make out how he does it. Did you ever try to think, Joey?"

"Yes, once," answered Joseph, gravely: "I

"Yes, once," answered Joseph, gravely: "I tried to make a safe book for the Derby, and did a lot of thinking over it; but the figures wouldn't come right, and yet they ought. Now look here, Treby: if you lay a hundred to ten against eleven horses, only one of the eleven can win, you know, and you can't lose any thing. If none of 'em win, you make a hundred and ten pounds. That's the secret of the colossal fortunes made by omnibus cads, and that sort of neonle."

"Don't seem to see it," replied Treby; "I'd rather back the favorite for a place. It isn't such a strain upon one's intellect."

Did Mr. Harcross enjoy life amidst that merry party, with all the verdure and freshness of English landscape about and around him, with young voices ringing in his ear, and young faces smiling upon him? Well, no; he rather suffered these pleasures as something that must be got through and endured somehow. Half the time his mind was away in dusty law-courts, or in the Lords' committee-room. He could not enjoy the present moment as these people did. That breathless race which he had run for fortune had incapacitated him for holiday-making. It seemed such a foolish waste of time, this dawdling among broken arches, and Champagnedrinking at two o'clock in the day—the trivial jokes, the flirtation, and meandering. While the rest were beguiled by such pettiness, he strolled thoughtfully over the grave-stones of mitred abbots, weighing his own life, pondering upon what he had won and what he had missed The ruined abbey, whose aisle he paced, was somewhat suggestive of such contemplation; for it belonged to a law lord, whose mansion stood a little way off, within sight of those ivy-covered

"The monks who built and maintained this place seem a grander race than our law lords," he said to himself, "for they have left a finer monument to mark their existence than Thurlow or Brougham. After all, there is nothing like architecture, if a man wants to be remembered when he is dust; and that was a pardonable weakness of the Pharaohs which made them go in for incalculable bricks and mortar."

There were times, however, when Mr. Harcross was more socially inclined, and would even condescend to flirt a little, in a half-cynical way, with the prettiest Miss Stalman, who was disposed to adore him, and in little gushes of confidence to her sister deplored the fact of his marriage. In spite of his habit of retiring within himself occasionally, and withdrawing from the pleasures of the rest, he was eminently popular. First and foremost, because he was a man of mark in his profession, and people liked to be on such intimate terms with so distinguished a person; and secondly, because he talked well when he did choose to talk, and had the gift of at least seeming to know every thing under the

"You are so dreadfully clever, Mr. Harcross," said the pretty Miss Stalman, with a reverential look, after he had told her some legends of the

monks who had tossed their censers and sung their masses under the vaulted roof that once had spanned those lofty walls. "I think you must have read every book that was ever printed"

ed."

"Not quite. Indeed, I doubt if I have read as many books as you have. I am told some young ladies devour a three-volume novel in a day, and that, knocking off Sundays and an occasional saint's day, would make nine hundred volumes a year. Allow them seven years of novel-reading, and there you have six thousand three hundred volumes. I don't believe I've read so many as that. But I thought, as we were to lunch in the cloisters, every one would be eager to know something about the abbey; so I looked it up in the history of Kent while you ladies were dressing."

"It is so nice to be with some one who knows all about Gothic architecture," murmured Miss Stalman, with a faint sigh. "My sympathies are with every thing medieval."

Several people at Clevedon had observed the likeness between Mr. Harcross and his host. They might have been brothers or first cousins, people said, and were more like each other than many men so related. Hubert Harcross's type of face was to be seen in ever so many of the Clevedon portraits, as Weston Vallory, the all-seeing, pointed out one wet morning when the visitors were confined to the house, and tramped the galleries restlessly in their search for amusement.

"It's really a singular fact, that likeness," he said, "especially as my friend Harcross's face is by no means a common one. There's that slight projection of the under lip, for instance, which gives what some people call a cynical expression to the mouth—that's a regular Clevedon mark. You see it in the chief justice yonder, with the Ramilies wig, and in the old colonel of dragoons over there. Very curious, these accidental resemblances."

There was a full-length portrait of Sir Lucas in the drawing-room, by Lawrence—rather an effeminate figure, in the famous Regency swallow-tail coat and high stock—and in this picture also the likeness between the Clevedons and Mr. Harcross was obvious. All that made the strength of Hubert's face was wanting in the spendthrift's thoughtless countenance; but the likeness was not the less palpable.

not the less palpable.

"You are like what my father would have been if he had ever learned to think," said Sir Francis; "but he never did. Even misfortune could not teach him that lesson. He only acquired the art of grumbling."

quired the art of grumbling."
"Ye shall know them by their fruits," said
Mr. Harcross, sententiously. "Do men gather
grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Sir Francis looked at him wonderingly for a moment, but said nothing; whereupon somebody began to criticise the fashionable attire of the year '20, and the conversation drifted into another channel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVE THE LEAVES.

IT is becoming a favorite amusement to select the rarest variegated autumn leaves, especially those of the maple, when, by putting them through the process of pressing, drying, and varnishing, arranging them in various devices, such as wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, they produce effects as brilliant as a picture from an artist's brush. One of the choicest attractions at the famous "World's Fair" in London was a wreath of autumn leaves, prepared and sent by a New England lady. The visitors to the White Mountains late in the season cull hundreds of leaves to adorn their city homes, and one gentleman this fall has gathered and pressed five thousand leaves of Nature's own handiwork, whose exquisite colors vie with those of the painter's palette.

To prepare these leaves press them under heavy weights for a few weeks, varnish them with map varnish if you desire a shiny surface, and arrange them as your fancy dictates. When the leaves are thoroughly dried, they can be attached to a long piece of coarse, flexible wire, by the aid of brown cotton thread, or thread wire-the latter is the most durable. Arranged in this manner, with the contrasting colors of the oak, maple, beech, etc., they make pretty garlands with which to encircle the mirrors, picture-frames, and windows. Indeed, the prettiest lambrequins we ever saw were made of pressed and varnished leaves, pinned on to the lace hangings in graceful forms, and each cur-tain was adorned with one variety of leaves, with fronds of the feather fern of the woods interspersed between them. There is utility in these dying leaves, and their gathering need be no dainty operation. Only a rake and basket are required, and the stored-up leaves will furnish a valuable fertilizing material for another season, as there is no better ingredient for renewing the strength of house plants and gardens than leaf mould. It is mere boy's play to rake up and gather the leaves; so let the boys do it, and teach them not to scatter more than they save.

And aside from the practical use of them, a due regard for appearances should prompt us to gather up the leaves from our door-yards and lawns; for it is one serious drawback to the beauty of deciduous shade trees that when they cast off their summer robes they will leave them lying around loose, yet the growth of our forests is maintained by the yearly coating of dead leaves which decay at their roots, showing how much fertilizing power they possess. Again, there is use for dead leaves in the horses stalls, where they are more manageable than straw, and can be used as bedding, without cleaning out the stalls more than two or three times a week; for

the leaves readily absorb ammonia, and can be more thoroughly mixed with the offal by being trodden and worked over in the stall, while they add much to the richness of the manure. For this use they must be stored dry, as when damp they will soon heat or mould, and become unfit.

So let us gather up the leaves which fall at our feet, either for beauty or utility, whichever purpose seems to us most desirable.

GOING TO AMERICA.

See illustration on double page. OUR graphic illustration depicts the great Liverpool landing-stage for sea-going steamers at the moment when one of these great ships is about to set sail. The variety of nationalities which are for the moment huddled together, the concentration of strong emotions of hope and fear in some, and the recklessness and indifference of others, together with the eccentricities of costume, form a tableau which once seen will always be remembered. Passengers are conveyed to the steamers by tug-boats from the land-The stolid German emigrant, with his Frau and children, smokes his long pipe as calmly as though crossing the Atlantic to a new home was an every-day incident in his life. Americans, with their sharp features, peaked beards, and glossy boots and coats, every where predominate; and above all the Babel-like hubbub and apparent confusion the great steamer's heart throbs impatiently, as though longing to speed away. The calmest and coolest person on the deck is a tall, well-built man in a shooting suit of gray, whom you would set down as a country gentleman, and who appears to take a good-humored but rather lazy interest in all that is going on. In reality, however, our friend is one of the most experienced Liverpool detectives; and depend upon it, if there be a bank forger or fraudulent debtor, or any publican or other sin-ner who has eloped with his neighbor's wife or cash-box, he will not leave the ship without that particular culprit in his grasp. The frequency with which artistes of all branches of the scenic

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

profession now visit America often gives a strong-

ly dramatic tinge to the passengers' list, and adds

materially to the resources of amusement and enjoyment of the voyage.

THE dispute concerning the northwest boundary line between the United States and Great Britain awakens some general interest in the coveted island of San Juan. For although San Juan is only one of a group consisting of seven large and many small islands, it is the most important bit of land in the territory which has been claimed by both countries. This group lies northwest of Washington Territory, between the main-land and Vancouver's Island, being bounded by the Gulf of Georgia, the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Canal de Haro, and Rosario Strait. According to a treaty concluded in 1846 the United States claim that the boundary line passes through the Canal de Haro, the channel nearest Vancouver's Island, thus leaving the group in the possession of our country; while England claims that the line passes through Rosario Strait, the channel nearest the main-land, which would transfer the islands to British jurisdiction. The contending governments submitted the matter to the arbitration of the Emperor William of Germany, who referred it to the most eminent German jurists for examination. They have decided that the Canal de Haro is the proper boundary between the Continent and Vancouver's Island, and their decision has been ratified by the emperor.

San Juan is about fifteen miles in length and, in its broadest part, seven wide. The northern part is mountainous, but the southern is exceedingly fertile. Near the harbor is a valuable quarry of limestone. Coal is also found on this island. Excellent fishing is found in the waters of the sound off the lower part of San Juan—halibut, salmon, and cod-fish. The population of the island is estimated at about four hundred.

The Spanish Escurial has suffered by fire many times before the recent conflagration. Indeed, it has been, according to details given in a Madrid journal, struck by lightning before no less than three times: in July, 1577, in September, 1590, and in September, 1744. Three other serious fires have also taken place, destroying portions of the Escurial.

In Florence is the well-known statue of David by Michael Angelo. By constant exposure to the weather this is in danger of permanent injury. As long ago as 1503 Leonardo da Vinci and Pietro dl Casimo recommended that it be protected, and, had their advice been followed, it-would now be in a state of complete preservation. Recently arrangements have been made for its removal to the Accademia di Belle Arti, which will secure it from further injury.

Several months ago \$2000 were appropriated by Congress, and a party sent out by the United States Coast Survey, for the purpose of making examinations for the site of an observatory. Sherman, 8300 feet above the level of the sea, on the Union Pacific Railroad, was selected. But at this attitude it was found that the prevalent windy and cloudy weather would make the place unreliable for scientific purposes.

It is pleasant to learn from observations made in Philadelphia—though statistics from other places give a modified result—that the sighs and groans of last summer were not lost, but were expended on the "hottest summer on record."

So many persons are seriously poisoned every year while wandering through the forests in search of flowers, mosses, and autumn leaves, that a word of caution may be useful. No brilliant leaves which are seen in the fall are more attractive than those of the poisonous ivy and sumach or dogwood. While these plants affect different persons very differently, few can handle them with impunity. The ivy may be distin-

guished by the leaves, which are ovate, and grow in clusters of threes, and are shining on both surfaces. The crimson leaves of the poison sumach in autumn closely resemble those of the common sumach; but the poisonous species has a light ash gray stem, while the harmless kind is of an iron brown. The former is confined mostly to swampy locations, while the latter grows in dry situations.

A deserted Hawaiian wife thus advertises her runaway husband:

runaway husband:

"Know all men that I, the undereigned, a woman living at Koloa, Kauai, do hereby make inquiry in regard to Wahineaea, my husband, for I have waited for him during the past nine years, in which time I have not set my eyes on him, neither have I heard his name nor his place of residence. Now if he is still in existence, and is living on any of these islands, or any where else in the world, he had better make it known through the newspapers. And if he does not show himself or advertise at the expiration of thirty days from this date, then I shall consider him as dead, whereupon I shall immediately proceed to get married to another man."

An art critic, in referring to the marvelously painted sheep—one of Verboeckhoven's—which is on exhibition in the picture-gallery of the Cincinnati Exposition, says:

"Probably there have been at least ten thousand Verboeckhovens, so called, sold at auction in America alone. We do not remember a catalogue without one or two. But we question if ten original pictures of this artist can be found in America."

One reason why picture shops and private galleries are full of "Verboeckhovens" is that the fine pencil-work of that artist is much more easy to copy than the more original effects of many other artists.

A unique feature in the concerts given by Madame Clara Brinkerhoff consists in a short descriptive preface to each musical performance. These spoken preludes serve an excellent purpose in acquainting the audience with facts concerning isolated selections which, when rendered by themselves, are often partially unintelligible. Madame Brinkerhoff, although born in London, really belongs to the list of American singers, as her musical education began here in her fifth year. She has a fine soprano voice, of great pureness and power.

The love of rash adventure has hundreds of times resulted in death to travelers. Courage is well; rashness always questionable. There comes a dreadful tale from the very crater of Vesuvius. A party of six tourists, with guides, horses, and all necessaries, recently ascended the volcanic mount. When the crater was reached, two of the company, an American and a Frenchman, insisted on being lowered down to the cavern which is formed below the mouth of the volcano. The guides complied with their request, and lowered them by ropes. The mountain being perfectly quiet, no danger was anticipated; but when one of the party above the crater called out to the rash adventurers, no answer was returned. The guides, growing anxious, cried, "Gentlemen, it would be better for you to hold on to the ends of the ropes." Still the ropes remained slack, and no answer came from the sulphurous and murky cavern below. Twenty minutes passed, and the adventurers were yet silent. It was then proposed that one of the guides should be lowered, and hold on to the ropes until he had investigated the appearance of the cavern base. He had hardly entered when he cried out loudly, "Up! up! there's nothing here but a very narrow rock!" As far as any living person can tell, the unfortunate strangers—the victims of their own imprudence—were hurled into the mysterious abysess of Mount Vesuvius. About sixteen years ago a similar calamity occurred on the same spot, by which two Englishmen and a Frenchman lost their lives.

A recent writer asserts that certain plants have a natural antipathy to each other; as, for example, the oak and the olive. If these are planted near together, it is said that both will die; or if one is planted in the soil from which the other has been taken, it does not flourish.

The Duke of Edinburgh is becoming noted in musical affairs. He is not only very fond of music, but is himself an amateur performer of considerable skill. Recently he composed a waltz called *The Galatea*; and at a grand concert at the Albert Hall, the chief feature of the performance was the duke's waltz by five millitary bands. The duke went sixty miles to be present on the occasion, and the whole affair was a decided success.

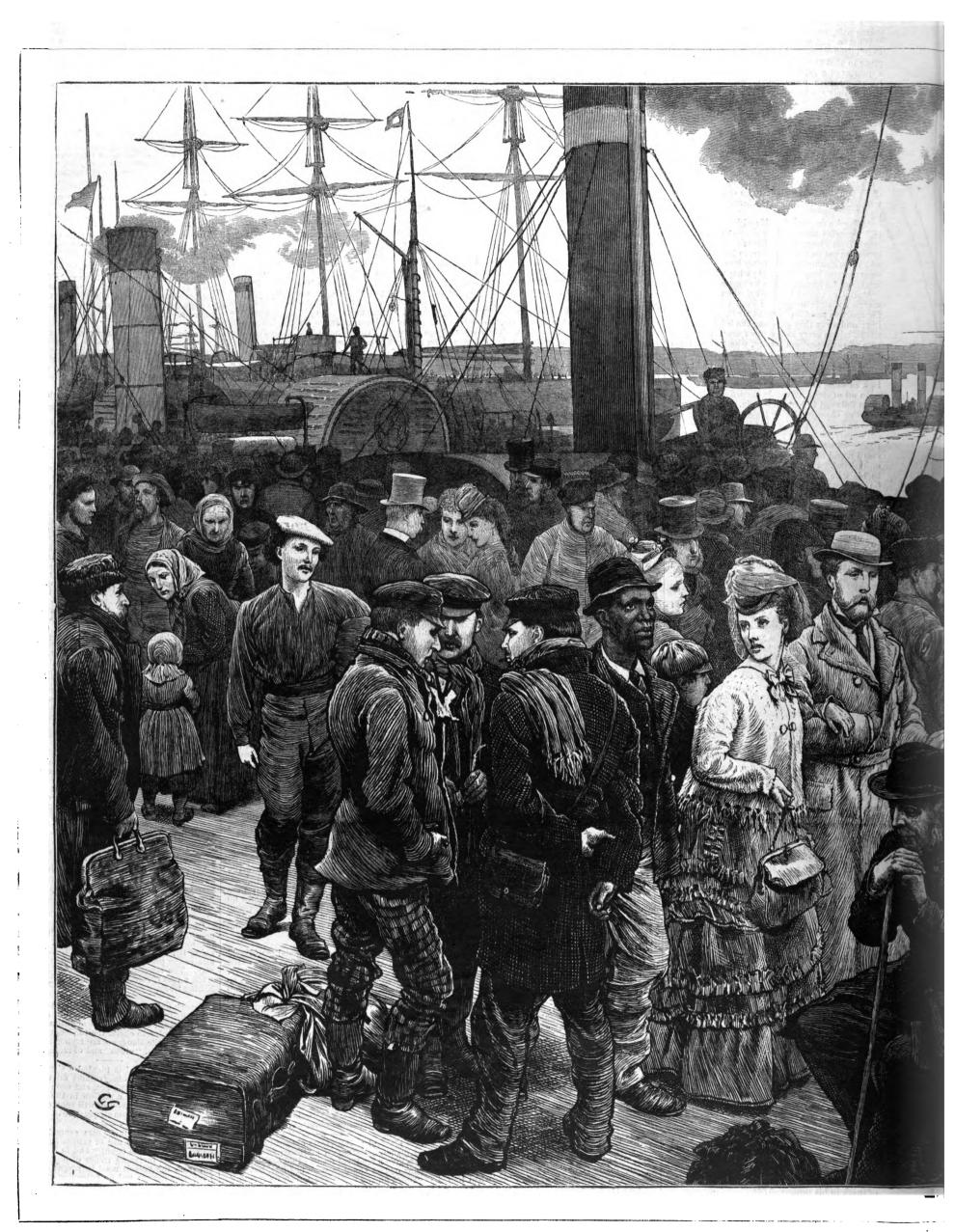
One of the London newspapers has a typesetting machine in its office by which several columns of matter are set every day. The machine is by no means perfect yet, but demonstrates the practicability of setting type in this way. The success of such an invention would work a vast revolution in the printing and publishing trade.

French nobles who have owned handsome villas in Baden-Baden are selling them as rapidly as possible, in view of the abolition of gaming. In order to check the tendency to desert their town, the Badeners are trying to inaugurate a system of "clubs" and of racing.

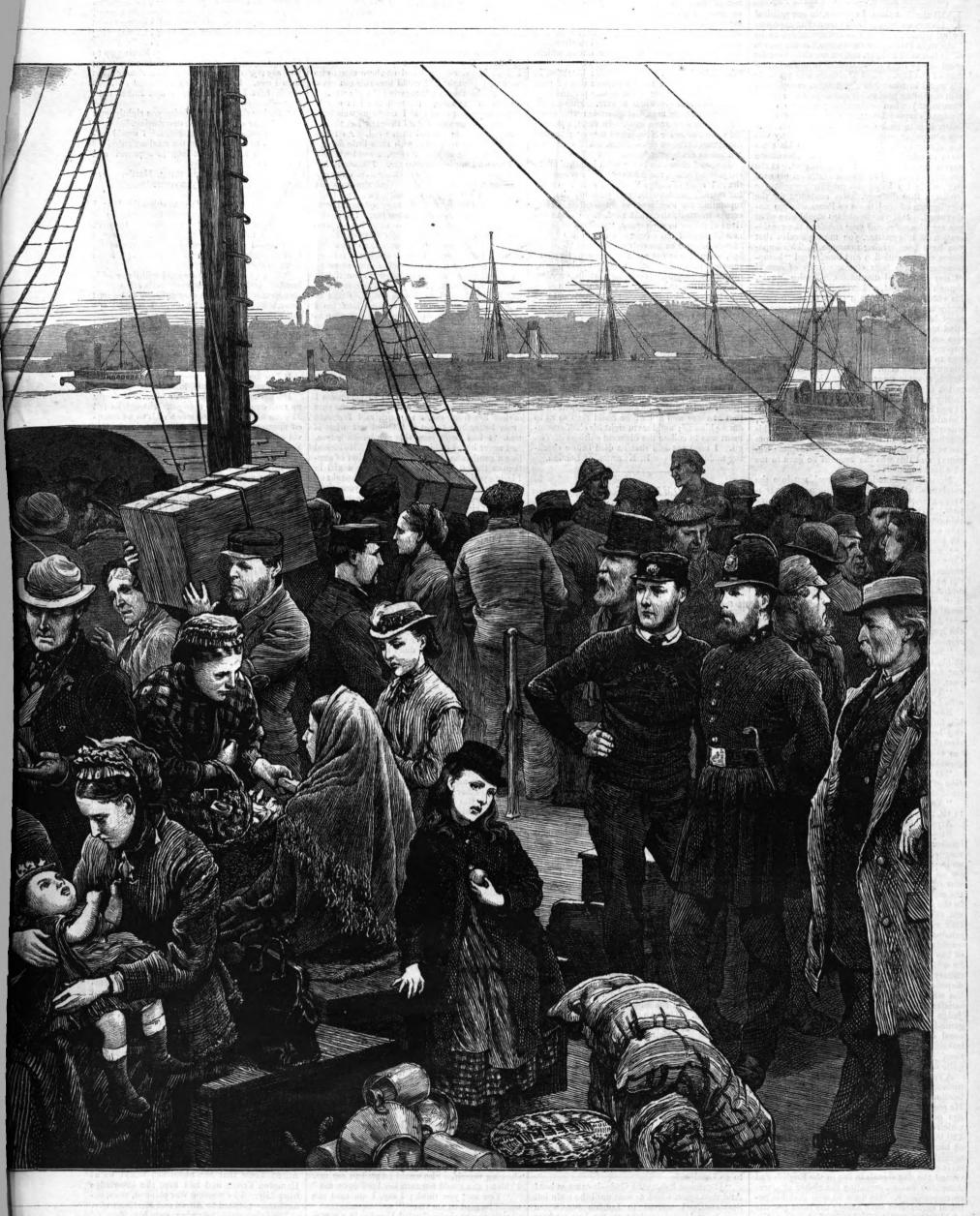
Our government has planted a signal station for meteorological observations on the Island of St. Paul, in Behring Sea, and soon the signal service will occupy a station in the Sandwich Islands. Weather reports will soon come with telegraphic speed from all quarters of the globe.

Within the last few years several cases of poisoning from the use of vanilla ice have occurred both in this country and in Europe. In a few of the instances traces of lead, iron, and tin from the vessels used in preparing the ice have been found; but no poisoning has ever resulted from fruit ices prepared in the same vessels. It has been suggested by a German chemist that the vanilla bean is poisoned by the natives of South America and Mexico, who rub them with acajou oil to make them smooth and soft. This oil is not seldom contaminated with a sharp substance, which acts like cantharides. He thinks it less probable that the injurious effects are due to small crystals of benzoic acid found in the epidermis of the vanilla bean.





GOING TO AMERICA—SCENE AT PRINC



NDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL.—[SEE PAGE 751.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] Our new Chancellor, and Acidities of the Bench. resuscitated Memory.—All Work and no Play.

FOR the first time, I suppose, in our political history we have a Lord Chancellor approved by all parties, and who is acknowledged to be "the right man in the right place," in the person of Sir Roundell Palmer, and we are all looking for good things from this Aristides in the reformation of the law. Lord Westbury was probably his equal in wits; but the dubious compliment that the Queen paid to his successor's wife (Lady Cranworth) when congratulating her on he husband's appointment, "You see how much better it is to be honest than to be clever," was not altogether unjustified. Lord Westbury was too clever by half: though it was to his son's want of principle (in the sale of a subordinate appointment) that he lost his great post, yet the occurrence showed at least a laxity on his own part, while his habitual cynicism brought the woolsack into disfavor. His contempt for the intelligence of the House of Peers was too undisguised. "If your lordships would give what you are pleased to call your minds to the consideration of this matter, you must perceive that you have been talking nonsense." This impa-tience of contradiction and intellectual "bumptiousness" have been characteristics of several of our later legal dignitaries. Justice Maule, though a humorist, and exceedingly agreeable to his chosen friends, was a great terror to com-monplace folks. I had once the pleasure to meet him in his official capacity—not that he tried me for any criminal offense, but when he was on circuit I happened to be staying at the country house of the high sheriff, whose duty it was to wait on him. My host, a good-natured country gentleman, and whom I will call Mr. Smith, stood in great fear of the judge, the reputation of whose bitter tongue (though he was in reality an excellent fellow) had preceded him. It was a comfort to him to think that Mr. Justice Coleridge, who had a good name for urbanity, was the other judge; but still he got into his coach-and-four to fetch the pair of them from the railway station not without considerable tre-mors; and this was the account he gave to me of what happened

Mr. Justice Coleridge, as usual, got into the carriage all smiles.—Two Englishmen were conversing together as they toiled up an Alpine pass. "He is the most specious humbug living," said one to the other. A third man, a stranger, who met them at this juncture on his way down the pass, here greeted them with "Good-morning, gentlemen; you must be talking of Judge Coleridge."—One of the judges, I say, was all smiles; but Maule looked morose. Not a word did he speak till, out of courtesy, poor Mr. Smith addressed him with the conciliating observation that there was now some hope of having better weather, since there was a change of moon.

"And are you such a fool as to believe that the moon has any influence with the weather?' responded Maule, with irritation.

'Indeed," remarked the suasive Coleridge, "I think, Brother Maule, you are very severe upon our friend Mr. High Sheriff; I believe, for my part, that the moon has very consid—"
"Then all I can say is that you are as great

a fool as Smith is," was the impatient rejoinder.

Now the good sheriff, though repartee was not his forte, and he was in wholesome dread of this legal bear, resented this behavior; and he thought he would say something which, under the cloak of sympathy, should be rather disagreeable.
"It must be very hard work, my lord, at your

time of life, sitting in these crowded courts and deciding these intricate cases.

"Yes, but a d-d sight harder, let me tell you, to sit, than for my head.

After which conversation languished.

Now Sir Roundell Palmer, who posse intellect equal to that of any of these sharptongued judges, has never been betrayed into an imprudent speech; he is not an office-seeker for on a former occasion when the Great Seal was offered to him he refused it; and he has the reputation of being the greatest living lawyer in the world. His one drawback is an intellectual subtlety (a weakness of Gladstone's also) that compels him to see weaknesses even in schemes of his own devising, and which consequently hinders their practical execution. One of the chief things that is hoped of him is that he will do away with the Great Unpaid, as our county magistracy are termed—gentlemen who dispense justice, it is true, without fee or reward, but whose decisions by no means give general satisfaction. They are constantly called upon to judge matters of trespass, or infractions of the game-laws, in which they themselves have a perthat may easily be imagined; so much is this the case that "justices' justice" has got to have a signification quite different from the pure and simple article.

A resuscitation is just now taking place of the memory of Captain Marryat, caused by the publication of his life and letters by his daughter. He seems to have been a very wonderful personage quite independent of his works - one of which alone was so popular as to produce him As a naval officer he so distinguished himself as to have received twenty-six testimonials to his valor, not only in action, but in saving fellow-shipmates from drowning. He invented the flag signals in use in the English and American navies, including the cipher of secret correspondence. He drew so well that his political caricatures were among the most popular of his time, while his sketch of the dead Napoleon, engraved both in this country and in France, is acknowledged to be, as an Irishman would say, the most life-like of any—the best likeness of the great emperor extant. On shore

he was even more remarkable than afloat. While the walls of his London home were hung with skins of wild beasts that smelled unpleas antly, and were full of abominable insects, the rest of the furniture was most gorgeous. And he gave it all away to a poor friend, whose house was too small to hold the quarter of it. He had a taste (but no talent, for he lost thousands by it) for farming, and inundated his best acres to form a decoy for ducks, which, when it was in thorough working order, he immediately drained. He could not breakfast in comfort unless the table equipage was of pure white china, and sat in a bower painted with mimic sky and birds and flowers. He was the most generous of men, but quarreled with every body whom he came across. In short, although the author of Peter Simple had many "a feather in his cap." in his cap," it must be confessed that he had also "a bee in his bonnet."

Just as I close this letter, with its allusions to our judicial bench, there comes, curiously enough, the sad news of Judge Willes's suicide. Of all his learned brethren he had probably the best reputation for steadiness of intelligence. How comes it, then, that that verdict, so often arrived at falsely in such cases, "while of unsound mind," should have been correct in his case? Simply because he not only overworked his brain, but, when it was not upon the stretch, he never resorted to amusement. Unable to sleep from overmuch thought, his only idea at the very last for recreation and renovation was to learn German! It was a wise saying of Talleyrand's to a man who declined to take a card at an evening party on the ground that he could not play whist, "What a sad old age you are preparing for yourself!" But the remark in the case of those who work hard with their brains holds good of all ages. Some amusement is positively necessary for all thinkers, and woe betide them if they take no pleasure in any!

Talking of brain-work, from the life of that reat scholar, Professor Conington, just published, we learn that he knew his letters at two; that at three and a half he could read so as to amuse himself; and that at eight his chief amusement was to collate the different editions of Virgil. I need not add that he died before reaching middle age. R. Kemble, of London. R. KEMBLE, of London.

COMMONPLACE.

SHE tossed the curls from her blushing face; She softly sighed, with a girlish grace "I'm weary of life—it's so commonple

"Weary of music, forever sweet: Weary of rose leaves beneath my feet; Sick of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses, the music stilled; Change has come, as the maiden willed: Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled—

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away: Where is that wearisome yesterday, Bright with a beauty too fair to stay?

Into the silence that sits apart, Keeping watch o'er the aching heart, Steals a thought like an arrowy dart:

"Through the swift cycles of time and space, One is the fate that befalls the race— Happy lives only are commonplace."

(Continued from No. 44, page 719.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.) FELIX COMFORTS MARTHA DAY.

"BITTER as my life has been, I have borne it patiently, uncomplainingly, as long as I was sure that Lizzie was well and happy. There was my comfort; there is now my suffering. Oh, Felix, what pain there is in love—what pain, what pain!" Felix recalled her to herself by a gentle touch

of his hand. "I know, Felix, I know; I can not help it.

I have such a weary pain here."

He saw that her strength was giving way.

"You have eaten nothing, I suppose, Martha?" "No; I tried to, but I couldn't get a morsel down my throat. It seemed to me almost a sin

to try."
"You must try again, and succeed, if you wish to be of use to Lizzie. If you will promise run and get you something to strengthen you-

you need it. Then you can tell me the conclusion of your story. He had it in his mind to say know how close we are to each other in this; you do not know the kindred sympathy that binds us together," or some words to that effect,

but he refrained. "I will stop here, Felix," said Martha, faint"I don't think I should have strength to walk, if I wished.'

He ran toward the inn, and soon returned with food and brandy. She are a little and drank, and gave him a grateful look.

"You are better already, Martha," he said.

"Yes, I am stronger now. Where was I?"

"You were waiting for the morning to come

to go London."
"It came at last, thank God—it came at last!

And then again I had to wait until the train left Stapleton. I arrived in London before ten o'clock, and went straight to the house where Lizzie lodged. I saw the landlady. She told me that Lizzie had left, and that another lodger of hers had also left at the same time. This other lodger was an old man, she said, and she did

have given warning at the same time. Did she know where Lizzie had gone to? I asked. No, she did not know. I was turning away, when I thought of the old man. Did she know where he was gone to? No, she didn't know the number of the house, nor the street; but a few days ago the old man had let drop a word or two which led her to suppose that he was going to live near a certain place about four miles from London. What took my steps in that direction I don't know, Felix; I had nowhere else to go to, and I thought if I could find this old man, he might be able to tell me where Lizzie was. I arrived in the locality; I rode there in a cab. But it seemed to me that I might as well have been in a wilderness for all the clew I could obtain as to where the old man lived. As I was searching and inquiring, with such little success that I became sick and faint, I suddenly saw a figure a long way before me. I knew it immediately-I should have known it among a thousand. It was Lizzie. But she was not alone. A gentleman was with her, and I did not wish to make my girl angry by speaking to her in the presence of a stranger. I followed them. They seemed to be very happy, and talked and laughed with light hearts, while I with my heavy load hung behind, so that they should not see me. They stopped at a railway station, and the gentleman left Lizzie standing on the platform, and came alone to the ticketwindow to get tickets. My veil was down, and as I did not know him, it was not likely that he would know me, even if he saw my face; so I mustered sufficient courage to approach close to him, and heard him ask for tickets for Hampton Court. I took a ticket also for this place, and came in the same train, but not in the same carriage. I was alone in the carriage, and I had plenty of time to think what it was best for me I was a long time before I made up my to do. mind; but then I decided that it would be best for me not to discover myself to Lizzie unless I was compelled. My girl was keeping some part of her life from me, I thought, and I should know better how to act if I found out what it I had never seen this gentleman before, had never heard of him from Lizzie. He looked like a gentleman, but still like that kind of gentleman that it would not be wise for a girl in Lizzie's position to know too well. I thought of the temptations which surrounded a young girl like Lizzie—she is very, very pretty, dear girl!—in a great city like London. Imagine my agony Imagine my agony After all, girls are girls; they like pleasure and excitement; and Lizzie was living by herself. But I dared not think long upon this; it weighed upon me too much, and was making me unfit for my task. We alighted at Hampton Court, and I followed my dear girl and the gentleman tiously. They stopped at an inn—the inn before which the street-conjurers were playing. The entleman said a few words to Lizzie, and left her. Just then the conjurers came and began to make preparations for performing. Lizzie came out to see them-she is very fond of street sights, dear child !-- and I stood apart from her in the crowd watching her. I don't know how long a time passed before the young man came up to her, but it was like a knife in my heart to see the joy in Lizzie's face when he spoke to her. I never thought it possible I could have felt pain to see my girl look bright and happy. And you may wonder, Felix, why I suffered so; you may wonder why I should not rejoice in my girl's But think for a moment—think of pleasures. the misery it caused me to learn that Lizzie had been hiding things from me. If she kept this from my knowledge, as she has done, may she not have kept other things? If you knew how wretched it makes me to hear myself speaking like this of her—if you knew, Felix, you would pity me. But I wouldn't say it to any one else but you; and I know that I am mistaken, and that my girl is good and true. But I haven't finished my story. They talked together for a little while, and I saw her ask him for some money to give to the performers. It was like her, dear child! she has the tenderest heart. Soon

think it a little strange that they should both

afterward they walked away, and I was about to follow them when you came up. That is all." While she was speaking Felix called to mind that on the day he first saw Lily in his father's house in Stapleton Martha admitted her and her grandfather and brother to his father's study. "Did she remember Alfred's face?" he asked

of himself, mentally.
"You saw the young man who came to Lizzie?" he asked, aloud.

'Yes, Felix.'

"Can you see his face now?"

"No; I am short-sighted. If it were not for my love I should not be able to distinguish Lizzie. "Tell me," said Felix, "do you ever remember seeing his face before?"

Never. Felix: one p and passed her hand over her eyes. "Now you mention it, there seemed to be something familiar in his face as I looked at him. But no I must be mistaken. I have no recollection of ever having seen him. Why do you ask?"

"I wondered if you had; that is all, Martha. And now" (dismissing the subject), "what is it

you intend to do?"

"I don't know; I am bewildered. At one time I think of going away, and bearing my misery until she writes to me again, which she is sure to do soon: then I can speak to her. At another time I think of going up to her and showing myself. She would be glad to see me, I think; she would not turn her back upon me."

"You say, you think; I say, I am sure she would be glad to see you—"
"Bless you, Felix," cried Martha, in a grateful tone, "for that assurance!"

"I hadn't quite finished, Martha. I say I am sure she would be glad to see you—at first. But have you thought how you could account

for your presence here, Martha? Would not gentleman who brought her from London be likely to remember that he saw you at the ticketoffice? If he did see you, and you presented yourself to Lizzie in this manner, he sure to recognize you by your dress and bonnet. if by nothing else. He might tell Lizzie—might say that you had been watching and following Would not Lizzie be hurt at that?'

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Martha, looking up to him for support. "You are right in every thing you say; you can see things in a clearer light than I can. I am confused and tired out. would hurt Lizzie's feelings; and rather than

"Rather than that, if I judge you rightly, you

would suffer much without murmuring."
"You judge me rightly, Felix. I would suffer much to save her from the smallest pain. He gave her a bright look in approval and pressed her hand.

"You are sure of one thing, Martha-sure that Lizzie will write to you soon?'

"Oh yes.

"Well, she has come out to enjoy the day: I don't suppose she has too many holidays. Look at her—you can see that she is happy. It would be a pity to spoil her enjoyment. You agree be a pity to spoil her enjoyment. You agree with me—I see it in your eyes. So presently, if it is necessary, you will go home and leave them to themselves."

"If you advise me to do so, I will," she said, humbly, and then, with more animation, "although it will make me very unhappy to be sent For one reason, Felix. You must not think that in what I am going to say I am prejudiced or prompted by my fears. I don't like

Which of the two do you refer to, Martha?" "The one who brought Lizzie from London."

"Neither do I.

You know him, then-vou have seen him?

"Let me think a little, Martha."

He moved away from her, and walked slowly up and down in deep thought. Should he tell Martha his secret, or so much of it as he deemed necessary? Her instinctive aversion to David Sheldrake's face found sympathy with him. Felix was a shrewd observer, and during his brief sojourn in London had formed a pretty fair estimate of the life of the great city. judgment was not biased by prejudices of any kind, and it did not detract from the correctness of his conclusions that he judged by a high standard. He knew the class of men of which Mr. Sheldrake was a member; knew that they lived only for the pleasures of the day, and that such moral obligations as conscientiousness and right-doing were not to be found in their vocab-ulary of ethics. These things did not enter into their lives; they were dead to them. That Mr. Sheldrake entertained an affection or a passion for Lily he did not doubt; but he knew, from the very character of the man, that his feeling was not an honest one. That Lily entertained an affection for Mr. Sheldrake he could not be-No; not even the bright look she gave to Mr. Sheldrake, and of which he had been an involuntary witness-not even the confidential relations which seemed to subsist between them -could make him believe that. He had too high an opinion of Lily, too just an appreciation of her admiration for the noble qualities of human nature, to believe that she could have seen in Mr. Sheldrake that which would cause her In Mr. Sneidrake that which would cause her to love him. "Although love comes—how?" thought Felix. "Who can analyze the subtile influences which compose it? Who can set down rules for it?" But the strongest argument. he found to strengthen his belief that Lilv did not love Mr. Sheldrake was this: her grandfather knew nothing of it-did not even suspect it. And, on the other hand, from what had passed between himself and old Wheels, the hope had been born within him that the old man suspected and approved of his feelings for Lily. "He would not encourage me by the shadow of a word," thought Felix, "if he thought that Lily loved another. She may not love me, although I have sometimes thought that I might win her love; but I may have been misled by my hopes. He would know some day, perhaps; in the mean time a clear duty was before him, prompted no less by his love for her than by his sense of right, and by his promise to the old man. Again the old man's words recurred to him: "I pray that she may give her heart to a man who will be worthy of her—to one who holds not lightly, as is unhappily too much the fashion now, the sacred duties of life." To such a class of men as the old man feared David Sheldrake belonged-Felix was certain of it. Following the remembrance of these words came from the old man the expression of vague fears that some hidden danger was approaching Lily; and then, when Felix had suggested that the old man should in Alfred, came th all in him, Felix—least of all in him!" This was a proof that there was a want of confidence between Alfred and his grandfather. convinced that the old man knew nothing of the present meeting of Lily and Mr. Sheldrake, and vas convinced that Lilv herself did not know of it beforehand; for she had asked her grand-father to accompany them, and he had refused. Why did he refuse? Lily wished him to come, and that wish was sufficiently strong for compliance. Immediately Felix arrived at this point of his reflections he decided that Alfred must be the cause of the old man's absence, and also that Alfred knew that Mr. Sheldrake would be at Hampton Court, and had kept the knowledge from Lily. The meeting was planned, then, be-forehand—planned by Alfred and Mr. Sheldrake.

Thus logically following out his train of thought, things became clearer to him; but the chain was not complete. What was the link that connected Alfred and Mr. Sheldrake? Felix knew nothing of Alfred's racing specula-



tions; neither did he suspect Alfred of deliberate treachery against his sister. All that was ill in the matter he set down to the credit of Mr. Sheldrake. And this was the more strange because he would admit of no compromise, and because, as a general rule, he was singularly lenient and tender in his estimate of acts and persons, finding and making excuses often which could only be created by one possessing a kind-

Lily was in danger; of that he was satisfied. Her love for Alfred magnified the danger; and the account the old man had given him of the state of her nervous system, as exemplified by the strange slumbers into which she had lately fallen, rendered the danger more imminent. When he arrived at these conclusions he drew a deep breath, and looked steadily at the persons of whom he had been thinking; they were together now, and were making preparations for quitting the spot. Martha Day, whose eyes had never left them, rose, and drew his attention to

'I see," he said. "They are going away." She looked at him appealingly, asking with her eyes what it was best to do.

"You said just now, Martha," he said, answering her look, "that you could trust me with your life."

"I meant it," she replied.

"Trust me, then," he exclaimed, in an inci-sive tone; his words seemed to cut the air, they were so clear and sharp. "Do exactly as I tell you. Your cause is mine. Lizzie is as dear tell you. Your cause is mine. Lizzie is as dear to you as your life is: I know that. Let me relieve your mind upon one point. I am acquainted with the young man who looks like Lizzie's sweetheart—it is strange how things are linked together, is it not? The young lady you see with them is his sister—as pure and good a girl as breathes in this villainous world. No, no; why should I say villainous? There are grots even upon the sun. But the girl whose spots even upon the sun. But the girl whose arm is round Lizzie's waist, the girl whose cheek is so close to Lizzie's now, has a soul as clear as an undefiled mountain stream.

"Felix!" cried Martha, in wonder; for a tremulous tenderness had stolen into his voice as he spoke these last words.

You and I are something alike in one thing, Martha; we don't waste words when there is a purpose before us. What we say has meaning in it. What I say to you now, I know; for I have come in contact with that pure soul and simple nature, and it has done me good. should do you good, too, to know that your girl

is in such companionship."

"It does, Felix; my mind is inexpressibly relieved.

'Stay here, Martha; they are moving off. I intend to see where they are going to.

Martha resumed her seat, without a word of protest, having confidence in him; and he, waiting until the party were ahead of him, followed them slowly. He was not gone more than ten

"It is as I thought," he said to Martha when he returned; "they are at the inn now, and din-

ner is being prepared for them."

He sat down beside her, and she took his

hand, and looked at him affectionately.

"I have been thinking, Felix, of what you said just now concerning that young lady." "And thinking of me, I suppose," he said,

"in connection with her.
"Yes, Felix."

"Well, Martha, you have the key to my secret. Let it be sacred between us, and do not let any reference to it pass your lips unless with

my consent."
"I will not, Felix."

"Suspecting, then, as you do, that I have almost as great a stake as yourself in the meeting that has just taken place, it should be an additional assurance to you that you may trust to me implicitly in this matter."

"I did not need such an assurance."
"I know. The young lady is all that I have said, Martha."

'I am glad that Lizzie has made such a friend.

"This is not the first time you have seen her, Martha.'

"Not the first time? I don't remember."
He smiled, and asked her to recall the time when he and she last met.

when he and she last met.

"I do," she answered. "It was in the porch
of your father's house, on the day you left."

"But I have seen you since then, Martha."

"Not there!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Not at Stapleton!"

"No; in London. I will explain presently. You remember the incident that occurred on that

"Surely. Your father refused to say prayers over the body of a woman who was brought there to be buried. Ah, I remember now. These were the two who came with the old man to your father's study."

Felix nodded in assent. 'And you drove them home afterward in a wagonette. The news was all over the villa and your father knew of it the same evening. The news was all over the village,

And was not pleased." "He said nothing."

"Well, well, let it pass. I am about to give you a surprise, Martha; the day seems full of surprises, indeed. I am going to tell you where

He told her the street and the number of the

use. In amazement, she cried, "Why, that's where Lizzie lived! I was at

the house this morning."
"I never saw Lizzie's face; all I knew was that a young girl and an old man lived at the top of the house. I keep myself very quiet, Martha, and have not been desirous of making acquaintances. The first night I moved into the house I saw you coming out of it. I was so as-

tonished that you were out of sight before I could come up to you. So now you know a good many things that you didn't know before. You know also where to come and see me in London, should you wish; for of course I can not come to Stapleton. Things go on as usual there, I

suppose?"
"Yes; there is no change."

He made no farther reference to his former home, and came back to his theme.

"I shall stay here, Martha. You had best go home; I will write to you to-morrow. When you hear from Lizzie, with her new address, come to me and let me know it.

Have you decided, then, what to do, Felix?" "I can't see my way quite clearly, but things will shape themselves for me. Have you seen

the play of 'Richelieu?'"

"I haven't been to a theatre since I was a

girl," she replied.
"Well, in one part of that play the principal mover finds it necessary for his plans to put on a fox's skin. It may be that I shall take a leaf out of his book. Come, we must be moving.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIZZIE IN HER NEW HOME

THERE is no telling nowadays where London ends and the country commences. It is difficult to realize that quite recently in our history, within the last three hundred years, indeed, the Strand was bush and garden, and that Westminster and Islington were made pleasant by green woods and fields. Then houses were few and far between; now they are so thickly clustered that (animated perhaps by the spirit of their in-habitants) they seem to be poking their elbows into each other's ribs, and to be jealous of one another. So, for rest and quiet, we must away from these busy thoroughfares.

The course of our story, however, does not carry us very far from London's centre; and although the house at which we stop is in a pretty and quiet neighborhood, and is old-fashioned and delightfully irregular in its outlines, the shrick of the iron horse, which represents the chief feature of civilization, is heard within its walls a dozen times an hour. It is a small house in one of the suburbs, with garden all around it, just such a house (or at least she savs it is) as Lizzie saw among the flowers when Muzzy proposed that they should live together. Lizzie is bustling about the house now, singing as she runs up and down stairs, and old Muzzy—henceforth to be dignified by the name of Musgrave—looks up from the table, upon which are a number of letters and circulars, and listens to her blithe voice. He has discovered already that Lizzie is a capital little housewife, that she can cook and market without the slightest fuss, and without taking any particular merit to herself for those accomplishments. Lizzie, indeed, is fond of work; she is busy all day long, and it is evident that her sewing-machine is not to be allowed to rust.

It is the day after the excursion to Hampton Court. It was quite eleven o'clock of the previous night when Mr. Musgrave, sitting in the parlor waiting anxiously for Lizzie's return, heard voices at the garden gate in front of the house. He went to the street door, and stood quietly, with the handle in his hand. "Goodnight!" he heard Lizzie cry; "and don't forget—on Thursday!" A low voice replied in words that Mr. Musgrave did not hear, and then there was pleasant laughter, and "Good-night!" a dozen times repeated. After that, Mr. Musgrave, opening the street-door, saw Lizzie standing by the gate waving her handkerchief. When they were in the house, Lizzie declared that she was too tired to tell him the day's adventures, that she had spent a very happy day, and that she was sleepy, and wanted

to go to bed and think.
"I will tell you all about it to-morrow, daddy, she said, and kissed him and wished him good-

Now, sitting in what may be termed the back parlor, he is waiting to hear Lizzie's account of her adventures the previous day. This room been set apart as his work-room, for Mr. Sheldrake does not intend that the old man should pass an idle life; the window looks out on the garden at the rear of the house. At the end of the garden is a cozy little summer-house, with just sufficient room for four persons to sit embowered "in mossy shade."

Lizzie, coming into the room, tells him what

there is for danner, and that it will soon be ready, and asks him for the twentieth time if all this isn't delightful.

"But," 'she adds, "do you think it will last, "Why shouldn't it, Lizzie?" he asks in return.

"I don't know," she replies, with somewhat a serious look in her face. "It seems strange when you come to think of it. I couldn't help wondering about it last night in bed."
"Wondering in what way, Lizzie?"

"Just tell me if I am wrong in something you once said to me. You said you hadn't known Mr. Sheldrake very long."
"I might have told you so, Lizzie."

"But it is true, isn't it, daddy?

'Yes, it is true.

"Then I remember you once said that nobody in the world does any thing without a motive ' Go on.

"So I put this and that together. Mr. Sheldrake hasn't known you very long. What motive can he have in being so kind to you?"
"What motive, Lizzie? He's my master, you

know. "'That's no motive. So I think to myself, I wonder if it will last! You see, daddy, I am inquisitive, as all girls are, and I want to find out. And I mean to—for reasons."

He laughs at this, and says that she is an in-

quisitive girl indeed. What makes her so curious about Mr. Sheldrake when she has never seen him?
"Oh, then you don't know!" she exclaims.

"Don't know what, Lizzie? You talk in riddles.'

'Don't know that Mr. Sheldrake met me at a little distance from here yesterday, and went down with me to Hampton Court?

"Lizzie!" he exclaims in a tone of alarm, which sets Lizzie's sharp eyes at work studying his face, while the serious look on hers deepens

The thought which prompts his alarm is this: Is Mr. Sheldrake playing him false? He remembers, when Mr. Sheldrake proposed that he should turn over a new leaf, asking his master if he meant any harm to Lizzie. To that question Mr. Sheldrake had returned a scornful reply. But Lizzie's statement revives his suspi-Her harm is as dear to him as a daughter's would have been. But how to warn her? Her high spirit will not permit of plain-speaking; and, besides, the subject is a delicate one, and the mere mention of it by him might be construed into a suspicion of Lizzie. She sees his trouble and perplexity, and divines the cause of it.

"Don't be frightened, daddy," she says; "Mr. Sheldrake did not make love to me. am not his motive. A girl can soon tell, you

know."
"Tell me all about your meeting with him, Lizzie-how it came about.

"He wrote me a note, telling me he wanted to give Some One—Alfred, you know—a pleasant surprise, and proposing that I should meet him and go down to Hampton Court with him. We were to keep the matter to ourselves, and I wasn't even to tell you. Well, I hesitated a lit-tle at first, thinking it wasn't quite right; but then I thought of the noble character you gave him. and I was curious to see him. And you mustn't think, daddy, that I can't take care of myself. So I told you what was the truth when I said I was going to Hampton Court to meet Some One; but I didn't tell you how it was to come about. You mustn't think ill or have any suspicions of Mr. Sheldrake because of what I say, for every thing turned out exactly as he proposed. We went down to Hampton Court, proposed. We went down to Hampton Court, and he left me and went for Alfred; and it turned out to be one of the very happiest days I

have ever spent."
"I am glad of that, Lizzie. But this doesn't bring us any nearer to Mr. Sheldrake's motive."
"Perhaps he does it all out of pure kindness,"

says Lizzie, in a tone half glad and half grave.
"But I haven't told you. Alfred's sister was
there. Such a dear girl, daddy! If it wasn't
Alfred's sister I should be jealous of her, because I am sure that every body must prefer her to me. You will fall in love with her directly you see her. Lily and I are going to be great friends; she is coming to spend the day here on Thursday. Mr. Sheldrake was very attentive to her."

This with a shrewd look at Mr. Musgrave's face. But it seems as if he has not heard the last

What name did you say?" he asks. "Lily. Pretty names are they not, daddy,

for brother and sister—Lily and Alfred?"
"What is she like?" He does not ask the question immediately. He pauses for a little while before he speaks.

"She is about my height, but a little slighter, with such beautiful brown eyes! I can't describe her face, there is such a dreamy look upon it sometimes. You must wait until Thursday and see for yourself. But I tell you what she is; she is good."
"Does Mr. Sheldrake know she's coming?"

"Yes, he proposed it, I think."
Then he asks her to let him see Alfred's portrait which she has in her locket, and he gazes at it long and earnestly. The subject drops, and is not renewed again that day.

Ivy Cottage is the name of the house, and it

has been taken, furnished, at a low rent in consequence of its having been tenantless for some time. It is understood in the neighborhood that an old gentleman and his daughter have come to live there, and Lizzie's bright face has already attracted attention and admiration. That Mr. Sheldrake, through his friend Con Staveley, insheldrage, through his triend con staveley, in-tends to make Ivy Cottage a profitable specula-tion is evident. Operations have been already commenced in the sporting papers, and intend-ing speculators are implored, before investing in the two great races which are soon to take place, the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch, to send twelve stamps to a certain gentleman who, according to the advertisement, might be reasonably supposed to live in a letter-box at a post-office not a mile distant from Ivy Cottage.

Mr. Musgrave, going to that post-office twice a
day, never comes away empty-handed. The letter-box is his Tom Tiddler's ground, where he picks up gold and silver as represented by postage stamps. And it is not the only Tom Tiddler's ground which has been discovered by the persevering explorers. A mile from Ivy Cottage, in another direction, is another post-office, whereto sportsmen are invited to send more postage stamps to the cousin of the most successful jockey of the day, and receive in return the "straight tip" for the above-mentioned races, "the greatest moral ever known." of the most successful jockey of the day is, of course, in all the stable secrets, knows the intentions of the owners of all the most celebrated horses, and offers to forfeit one thousand pounds if the horse he sends fails to win; and as his honor is unimpeachable (he says so himself). there can be no doubt that the money would be forth-coming in case of a failure. And all for a paltry eighteen stamps! A third Tom Tiddler's ground lies in another direction, and a fourth in another; so that Con Staveley may be said to

levy contributions north, south, east, and west: it is certain that the winds that blew from every quarter blew postage stamps into Ivy Cottage.

But a more ambitious scheme than any of these is afoot-a scheme which deals in pounds instead of shillings, in post-office orders and checks instead of penny postage stamps. This scheme comes under the head of "Discretionary Investments," which, notwithstanding that they are as distinct frauds as can be found in the criminal record, are allowed to take root and to flourish without check or hinderance. The large sums of money that are paid for long advertisements in the front pages of certain sporting newspapers by the rogues who undertake these "discretionary investments" testify to the profitable nature of their undertaking. It is amazing that such swindling systems should be allowed to flourish in the very eye of the law, which virtually protects the swindler, and laughs in the face of the dupe.

Lizzie is in a great state of excitement until

Thursday morning arrives.
"I don't exactly know what I feel like," she says on that morning; "having a house to look after is so strange and new. This is just such a house as I should like to have if I was settled. You know what I mean," she adds, with a sharp nod of her head at "daddy," who has looked

up at the word.
"Married," he says.

"Yes; I can't imagine any thing better. Home is very beautiful."
"Is Some One—Alfred—in a position, Liz-

"I don't think so; he's in a lawyer's office.

But he will be very rich one day.

"Rich relations? Rich parents?"
"He has no parents. He and Lily are or-hans. Father and mother both dead. And I've never heard him speak of rich relations. No; not rich that way. But he's sure to have plenty of money one day. He is very clever. Lily says so too; she is very fond of him, and would do any thing for him. She told me so. Come up stairs, daddy; I want to show you something."

He goes up stairs with her, and she takes him into her bedroom. Every thing in it is clean and fresh; there are flowers on the table, and, the window being open, a grateful perfume steals

"Now look here," she says, and she opens the door of a room which leads into hers. But that it is smaller, it is the counterpart of hers.

"Now you see what I have been so busy about, daddy. I shall call this Lily's room; although, when she comes to stop with us for a few days now and then, I shall give her my room, because it is larger.

"Is she coming to stop with us, Lizzie?" "I hope so; some time or other. Mr. Sheldrake said what a pleasant thing it would be for me, and Alfred said so too. You don't mind,

"Any thing pleases me that is for your pleas-

ure and happiness, my dear."
"Mind!" she exclaims, kissing him, "you must like Lily very, very much; and you must like Alfred too.'

"I will try to, my dear."

"She will be here in a couple of hours, and Alfred is coming in the afternoon."

"It is unfortunate that I am not able to stop at home to see her, Lizzie; but I will try to get back in time.

"Why, daddy!" cries Lizzie, in a tone of disappointment, "you are not going away!" I must, my dear. Read this letter. I only

received it this morning."

It is a letter from Con Staveley, desiring him to be at the office in London by a certain time, to talk over a scheme of discretionary invest-

"How provoking!" exclaims Lizzie, after ading the letter. "And I have got such a reading the letter. "And I have got such a nice dinner! Who is Con Staveley, and what are discretionary investments?"

"Con Staveley is connected with Mr. Sheldrake in business; I don't know if they are partners, but I think so. So you see I must go; I am only a servant, Lizzie. And discretionary investments are-something you don't understand."

Lizzie dismisses the discretionary investments part of the subject, her mind being fully occupied with the information that Con Staveley and Mr. Sheldrake are partners, and with the fact that Con Staveley has written to the old man to come to London. She seems to find food for grave reflection in this turn in the day's affairs.

"Con Staveley!" she muses. "I don't like the name. Is he nice?"

"He is a man of business, my dear."

"Ah, well," she says, with a queer look at the old man; "it can't be helped, I suppose. You don't think it strange, do you?"

"I see nothing strange in it, my dear; it is a

matter of business.

Lizzie gives him another queer look, and says again she supposes it can't be helped.
"Be home as soon as you can, daddy," she

calls after him as he goes out of the house. Whatever reflections Lizzie indulges in after his departure are lost for the time in the pleasure she feels in Lily's arrival. Lily is not alone; Pollypod accompanies her.

"Grandfather did not like me to come by myself," she says to Lizzie, "so I thought I would bring little Polly with me. Polly and I are great friends."

Pollypod nods solemnly, and, after her usual fashion with new acquaintances, gazes in silence at Lizzie for a few seconds, and then, having made up her mind, raises her face to be kissed, and says, with the air of an oracle, "I like you!"

This simple statement being received in good faith by Lizzie, they become friends instantly,

and Pollypod, being made free of the house, wanders about it and the garden in a state of great delight, coming to the girls every now and then, "wanting to know" something or other. As for Lizzie and Lily, they desire nothing bet-ter than to be left by themselves; girls when they get together have so many important items of information to impart to each other, and so many confidences to exchange. The first thing to be done is, of course, to show Lily all over the house; and then there is a long chat in the bed-

"I am so sorry daddy is not at home," says Lizzie, "but he was obliged to go to London on particular business.

The mention of daddy necessitates an explana-tion, for Lily has understood from Alfred that Lizzie is an orphan.

So Lizzie tells the simple story of her life to her new friend, and Lily listens, and sympathizes, and admires. When Lizzie comes to the part which introduces Mr. Sheldrake's name into the narrative, Lily listens more attentively, and vet with something of a forced and embarrassed

air, which does not escape Lizzie's observation.
"Must not Mr. Sheldrake be a kind-hearted gentleman?" asks Lizzie, keeping close watch on Lily's face. "He does it out of pure kindness, daddy says. You don't often hear of such

things."

"I have heard much good of him," replies Lily; "he is a great friend of Alfred's. Alfred is never tired of speaking of him."

"Wasn't it kind of him," pursues Lizzie, "to take me down to Hampton Court, to meet Al-fred and you? He wouldn't let Alfred know beforehand, he said, because he wanted to give

him a pleasant surprise."
"Did Mr. Sheldrake know, then, that we were at Hampton Court?

"Yes, dear; he wouldn't have taken me down else."
"How did he find out?" muses Lily, a little disquieted. "Alfred may have mentioned it to him the day before, and yet he seemed surprised

"Riddle-me-riddle-me-ree," interrupted Lizzie, gayly, to dispel the cloud; adding with a wise air, "you don't know men so well as I do, my love."

She draws Lily into the garden, and touches

a key-note to which she knows Lily's nature will respond, to the exclusion of distressful thought. talks of Alfred, and of her love for him and they sit in the summer-house until Pollypod comes to them, and diverts them from their

"Lily," says Pollypod, "don't you wish Felix was here?"

The color mounts to Lily's face, and to hide it Lily bends to Pollypod, and caresses her. "And who is Felix, Polly?" asks Lizzie.

"Felix is a gentleman; mother says there never was any body as good as him. He bought me my doll. I wish I had it with me. And we all love him so-don't we, Lily? I love him, and mother loves him, and Lily loves him, and

Snap loves him."
"Oh!" says Lizzie; and that is all she says. But there is a great deal of meaning in the little word, if any value can be attached to the significant tone in which she utters it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

MONG the Englishwomen who are publicly known as workers for better educational and industrial opportunities for their sex our newly arrived visitor, Miss Emily Faithfull, is specially noted for ability, unselfishness, and persistent energy. Conservative by birth and edu-cation, radical by conviction, she has always held that happy mean which ignores both Quixotism and inaction. She believes that one sex is as much entitled to bread-that is to say, work and wages—as the other, but she has not the slight-est disposition to fight windmills with her pen, or drain oceans into her ink-bottle. It is the natural consequence of such moderation that the people who do rage at windmills and labor with oceans are apt to consider her a person of prom-ise, but too much under the influence of the established order of things. But there are very few who are not glad to acknowledge the success of her practical plans for women, and the tact and

determination with which she executes them.

Miss Faithfull is the daughter of the late Rev Ferdinand Faithfull, a man whose blue blood and distinguished clerical position naturally led to Toryism and a horror of social iconoclasts. It Toryism and a horror of social iconoclasts. It was at Headley Rectory, Surrey, in 1835, that this youngest girl in a family of fourteen children was born. She was a rebel early, was the tiny Emily—firm, indomitable, and self-reliant as in her after-years. Condemned to a corner for some childish fault, and ignominiously shrouded from view by her pinafore cast over her head, it was her ingenious custom to bite holes in this yeil, and thence make great eves at the spectaveil, and thence make great eyes at the specta-tors, and watch for new chances for mischief. Later, when ten years old, and a pupil at a fa-mous Kensington school, she showed herself no less fearless and independent than in her baby-hood. Accused of fibbing by a teacher, the little girl resented the insult by instantly running away from the establishment. She climbed a wall twenty feet high, and proceeding to the nearest cab stand, with infinite dignity ordered a cabman to take her to Clapham, where lived an elder sister. "You naughty little girl!" said the astonished driver, "you've run away from school, and I shall take you back." Nowise dis-



"THEY SIT IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE UNTIL POLLYPOD COMES TO TREM.



MISS EMILY FAITHFULL

couraged at this dreadful threat, the little browneyed maiden appealed to another "cabby," who, more good-natured than the first, straightway carried her to her sister, who had a fine lecture ready in pickle. It was ordered that the small roine should return to school, and return she did, only pleading for one mercy—that she should not be made to endure the humiliation of going back in the same cab in which she had escaped. As a punishment for this running away, her teachers shut her up for three weeks in a damp room, wherein was laid the foundation of asthma a disease which has clung to her ever since. "That asthma was the guiding star of my life," she said one day, with a laughing glance of the brown eyes. It became so in forcing her to live as much as possible away from the trying air of Surrey. When she had reached the ceremonious "coming-out" age she was taken to London, pre sented at court, and introduced to the most brilliant society of the time. Her asthma was comparatively subdued here, while with every return to the rectory it became more and more aggravated. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could breathe there, and it was at last de-cided that she should remain with her friends in London

And now began for the bright young girl a rich and happy experience. At those houses where genius and fashion most did congregate she constantly met the men and women most famous in politics, literature, and art. Lord Ashburton's, Lord Lansdowne's, and Nassau Senior's were the three London drawing-rooms then especially notable for the people of brains as well as of title who were welcomed therein. Lord Lansdowne, the grandfather of the pres-ent man, is remembered as the clever and generous friend of the litterateurs of his time, and also as an aristocratic radical and an entertainer of radicals. At his house Miss Faithfull, a young woman of decided opinions still in her educational leading-strings, was known as the little blue Tory. Her eyes and ears were not less acute than those of another of her hosts, Nassan Senior, whose propensity for drawing out his visitors and journalizing the result gave him the title of "the recording angel of his cirhas quite as entertaining though more merciful a mode of recalling her impressions. Her leisure she filled with the writing of grave political articles and reviews for the newspapers. These were, of course, published anonymously; for at that time it was not the fashion for women of good family and conservative training to be known as writers for the public prints. Casual literary work done for the Englishwoman's Journal led to an acquaintance with its editor, Miss Parkes, and with the group of progressive thinkers who were specially interested in it. These formed a small sub-society of the British Social Science Association, and occupied themselves much with the discussion of woman's needs. Miss Faithfull began to study deeply upon the subject, and her desire to do a practical work for her sex soon became absorbing. Her friends Lord Brougham and Lord Shaftesbury, as memhers of the society, regularly came to its discussions, and encouraged the young lady, who was gradually forgetting that venerable Philistine commandment which says, "Thou shalt not leave thy drawing-room and bother thyself about the lower classes

At one of these meetings Lord Brougham fixed her, not with his glittering eye, but with his curiously sharp nose, which he had a pecul-iar way of pointing at people, and suddenly asked her to say something about the subject which was becoming so dear to her. She had not time to feel the fright of a debutante, and it was thus that she made her small maiden speech. Her proposal that something should be done in the way of the practical training of women for professions was eagerly welcomed, and in 1860 she founded the Victoria Press, a typographical establishment in which only women are employed as compositors. It is perfectly needless to say that this foundation was exceedingly costly, and that Miss Faithfull made it successful only by dint of the most determined struggles. The Queen aided her by an appointment as "Printer and Publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty," and the establishment has now become as permanent as it is useful. In 1863 Miss Faithfull began The Victoria Magazine, which, while it advo-cates chiefly the industrial claims of women, has a decided literary value. She has also published novel, "Change upon Change," which is said by the critics to be clever, bright, and unaffected.

She is president of several societies, is a charm-

ing lecturer, an excellent and indefatigable writer, and, with all this, finds time to consider the appeals of countless needy women. She has in London an office at which hundreds of applications for help in obtaining work of some kind are received every day. The impossibility of satisfying even the half of these sad petitioners leads Miss Faithfull to constantly increasing efforts to find space for women in the professions and handicrafts. She comes to this country partly to make inquiries into the condition of the women and children employed in factories. home government, which has long regarded her as an authority on the subject of woman's work has recognized her mission in a semi-official

Miss Faithfull's excellent social position, and eme moderation her opinions, serve to place her above the ridi-cule which is so lavishly bestowed upon most advocates of "woman's rights." And in truth she does not especially care or struggle for the pos-session of the vote. The great desire of her useful life is that women should have accurate industrial training, sufficient work, and just remuneration. With politics she has little to do. One reason for her eminent success upon the platform is the perfection with which she manages her sweet and powerful voice.

In person Miss Faithfull fulfills the traditional idea of the Englishwoman. She is tall and large of figure, possesses a well-shaped head, and a face which expresses cultivation, energy, and a generous nature. There is nothing masculine about her, unless it may be her hair, which is cut short, and is very straight. She has clear brown eyes. a merry and winning smile, and the gentle and simple manners which belong of right to a woman of good birth, thorough culture, and kind heart.



PILGRIMS AT THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

FIFTEEN years ago the little town of Lourdes, on the Gave, in the department of the Upper Pyrenees, was regarded simply as a pleasant halting-place for invalids and pleasure seekers on their way to the mineral watering-places

for their convenience having been sent from the chief towns in Southern France.

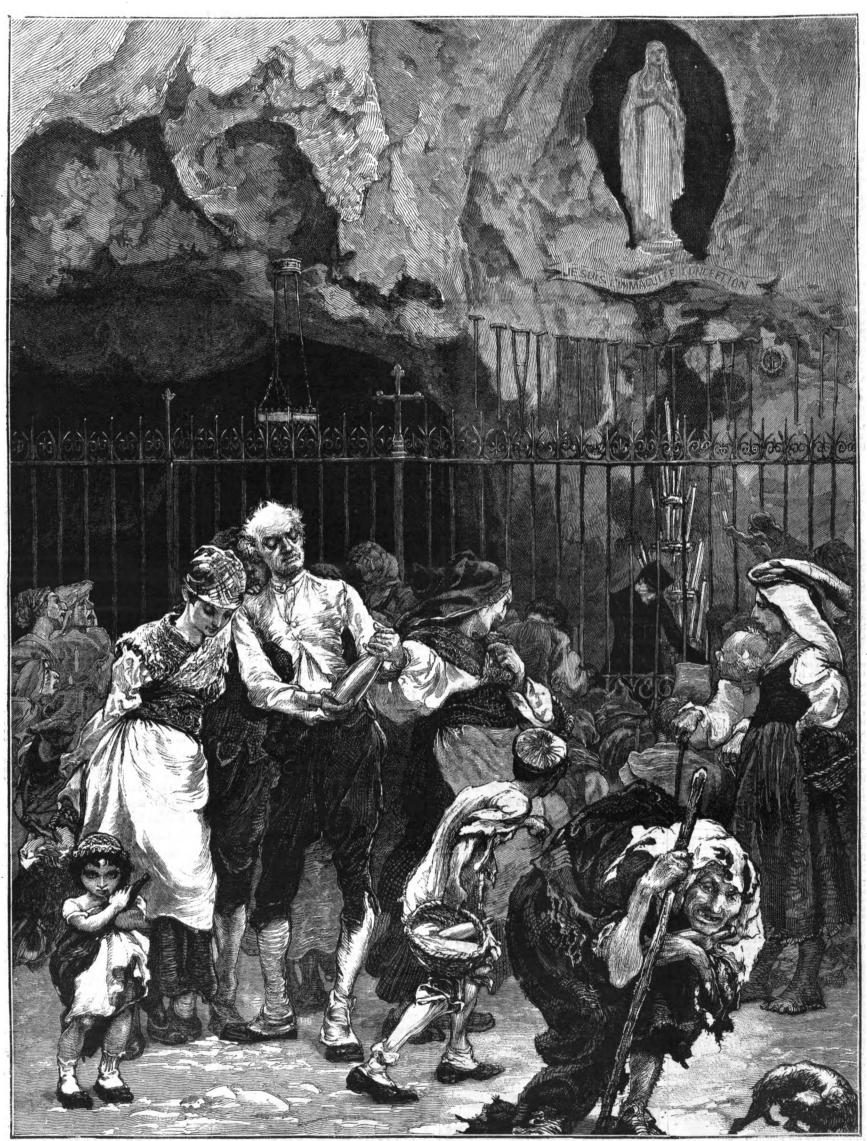
The special sanctity which this grotto has attained is due to a strange vision which is alleged to have appeared to a girl aged fourteen, named Bernadette Soubirons, the daughter of a poor miller. On the 11th of February, 1858, she was engaged in gathering sticks on the banks of the

the matter. The story was diligently circulated among the peasantry of the district, who subsequently, for several days in succession, flocked in daily increasing numbers to the grotto to watch

the child in her ecstatic transports.

The scene of this incident is extremely wild and picturesque. Irregular masses of rock, intersected with natural caves and fissures, lie

by a grating, behind which a priest is stationed, whose duty it is to receive and light the wax tapers offered to the Virgin, to bless the rosaries worn by the pilgrims, and to consecrate to the Virgin the children brought to him for that purpose. The floor of the grotto is strewn with copper and silver coins thrown there by the pilgrims and it is assented that care party of pillrims. grims, and it is asserted that each party of pil-



FRENCH PILGRIMS AT THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

in the south of France. In 1858 it suddenly became the centre of attraction to devout Roman Catholics throughout the country, and has ever since attracted crowds of devotees from all parts of Roman Catholic Christendom. The object of the pilgrimage is to visit a certain grotto in the Massavielle rocks. On a recent feast-day thousands of pilgrims resorted thither, special trains Gave, when she saw at the entrance to the grotto a vision of the Virgin Mary, who held a short conversation with her. During her walk home she spoke of the appearance to two children who accompanied her. The tale was reported to Bernadette's father and mother, who at first treated the matter with ridicule, but the earnestness of the girl caused them to pay more attention to

piled around in grand confusion. The river Gave lies at the foot of the rocks, and on the side facing the river is the grotto where the vision is said to have appeared. This grotto is an extensive cavity, the entrance to which is about twelve feet in height. Since the spot has been visited and pronounced sacred by the Bishop of Tarbes the entrance has been protected grims pays, besides this voluntary contribution, a considerable sum toward the expenses of the

sanctuary.

These pilgrimages or religious excursions are by no means unusual among the French people. Occasionally a round of pilgrimages is made in one single journey or series of journeys, occupying three or four days. For instance, on the



31st of August a special train leaves Cette, passes through Toulouse, Lourdes, Dax, Bordeaux, and Agen, and returns to Cette on the 4th of September. Every minute of the four days and nights is carefully calculated, the duration of each visit being apparently regulated according to the respective degree of sanctity which is supposed to attach to each sacred spot.

The pilgrims are not always allowed to pass without molestation. At Nantes a rather serious fracas recently took place, provoked by the jeers and insults of the towns-people. It was found necessary to turn out the troops in order to quell the disturbance. The *émeute* was fortunately quelled without bloodshed. Except in off in perfect tranquillity, and the devotees returned unmolested to their homes.

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 Yol. V.
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Sangerper.—A music publisher could give you fuller information than we can do. We presume that song writers are paid, like others, according to their talent. There is no fixed market price for this

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Mas. W. L. N.—Re-trim the pale green silk with dark green velvet, and make a velvet belt with long wide looped velvet sash lined with silk; or else make an apron of white damask gauze for the front breadths, and put five plain white gauze flounces on the back. We have no cut paper patterns of aprons, but there are many given in the Supplements. Get a dark blue fian-nel sailor suit for your little blonde girl. Children of her age in the city are dressed in white all winter.

Rosalra.—You can subscribe to the Bazar for six months, or for a shorter time if you choose.

A. M. E.—Your brown sample is Jacquard poplin, and will probably wear well. Make by Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V.

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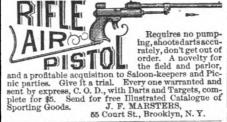
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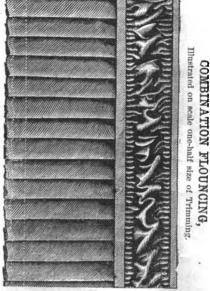
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Vol. V.

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BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Overskirt, and Fnil Trained Skirt.

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A DOOMED MAN!

FRAIL AND DELICATE INDIVIDUAL (with much pathos). "Ah, Miss Brown! I shall never Marry!"
Miss Brown. "Why?"
FRAIL AND DELICATE INDIVIDUAL. "Because I'm Consumptive!—quite convinced of it! Only don't tell my poor Mother!—it would Break her Heart!"

FACETIÆ.

A woman attacked a burglar, threw him down stairs, and broke his neck. She fancied she had gone too far, though, and explained that she thought it was her husband coming home again tipsy.

Heartless Conduct.—An elderly gentleman, while comfortably enjoying the warmth of his own drawing-room fire, turned his toes out. No reason has as yet been assigned for this barbarous crueity.

ANOTHER JOB FOR MR. STANLEY.

The Jewish Messenger wants to send the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone on an expedition in search of the ten loet tribes of Israel. We wish Mr. Stanley joy of his task; but really these ten tribes have been missing so long that it is ten to one if he succeeds, supposing he is in the mind to start.

MOVING STRAINS

MOVING STRAINS.

A happy fellow, by your leave,
Were you, O Falher Adam;
And you were also, Mother Eve,
A very happy madam.
For why? You dwelt 'mid Eden's flowers,
No luckless cause behoving
A change amid its pleasant bowere—
You never dreamed of "Moving."

But your descendants are compelled
From house to house to ramble—
To mansions new, from those they've held
For years—which means a scramble.
It takes you weeks to get your work
Once more in its old grooving:
No wonder human creatures shirk
The curse conveyed in "Moving!"

Alas! 'tis vain to dip a pen In verjuice or in acid;
Necessity, who governs men, Looks down with patience placid.
Our troubles only cause her mirth;
She heeds not our reproving,
And while we're tenants of this earth
Delights to keep us "Moving!"

It is generally believed that About is about to alter the title of his journal from the Soir to I swear. Bismarck, please make a note on't.

CON. FOR THE CRITICAL.—Can those bakers now hanging about "on strike" be called "loafers?"

How to put a Horse "on his Mettle"-Shoe him.

There is a popular author who congratulates himself that nearly half the lies that are told about him are not true.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER ARROAD.—An English journal says that the local authorities of a town some time ago refused to form a school board on the ground that the present means of education were quite sufficient. That was their opinion then: perhaps they may be induced to change it after inspecting the following notice issued by a worthy Christian of the same place: "A pryar Meeting Will be held in this house By the Rv. Mr. Rite, babtist Minister of cross street Chapple, On A sunday afternoon at 3 A clock. Mr. Rite anciously envites the people of this neighborhood to attend every Sunday, if possible."

Morro FOR MURDERERS-While there's life there's

There was a reward offered the other day for the re-covery of a large leather lady's traveling-bag. Wheth-er or not the large leather lady has got it back has not yet been stated.

HARD TIMES.—Our paper-maker says that trade is stationery.

"I say, don't you know who that is?"
"No."
"Why, what a fool you are! it's the celebrated

Jones."'
"What's he celebrated about, then?"
"Well, I'm blessed if I know."

Mex.—A fireman writes to say that if your planoforte should catch fire, the best plan is to play on it. BOOK-KEEPING IN ONE LESSON-Stick to them.

A veteran teacher was asked how many pupils he instructed in the fifty years of his labors. He replied, "I have instructed six thousand pupils. About fifty of these have become ministers of the Gospel; as many more have become lawyers; a greater number have become doctors and teachers; a much larger number still have become farmers and mechanics; four have been transported; two have been hanged; and—a good many more ought to be!"

A Western paper says, "Since the Jubilee Boston has run so entirely music-mad that its men wear brass bands on their hats."

A misanthropic barrister, writing to a paper, announces, "The clock of our court-house, emulating the example of some of our ladies, had a nice coat of paint on his face yesterday."

Country gentlemen are often on the look-out to "pick up an animal to suit them." Would this opportunity be offered when a horse falls down? If not explain how you can pick up what hasn't fallen down.

Has it yet been decided who was the first performer of the tune the old cow died of? If still a doubtful matter, is it not probable that it was Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist?

Young married people who have their house built should have it built round, so that discontent can find no corner in it.

FOR ALL TIME.—Stand up for your rights; never allow even your watch to be run down.

COUNTING THE COST.—Many men plead that they can not afford to marry: their idea of matrimony is—an offer first, an Ophir after.

"I die game," as the partridge said when he was shot.

A gentleman ordered his Irish servant to call him at six; but he awoke him at four, telling him he had two hours longer to sleep.

THE PESSIMIST'S POSTULATE-All's for the worst.

Medical Mem.—What a doctor in large practice chiefly wants—Plenty of physic-al strength.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

If I had been consulted when
I happened to be born,
My place among my fellow-men
Had been refused with scorn;
For now I find I must enjoy
The life, which I began
At first as kind, good-natured boy,
As kind, good-natured man.

But women treated me
As roces treat the bees that buzz
Around them in their glee:
Twas nice to keep me round about,
Their vanity to fan;
And then it wasn't hard to fieut
A kind, good-natured man.

I've not a friend who wouldn't sell
My friendship any day;
And yet all love me passing weil,
And like to "come and stay."
I toll for every coin I touch;
But this unselfish clan
Will his last sixpence share with such
A kind, good-natured man.

Nay, strangers find me out at once,
And comfortably graze
On one who is a hopeless dunce
In worldly wisdom's ways.
They take my victual from my plate,
My liquor from my can;
And I—well, I submit to fate,
A kind, good-natured man.

And yet at times I seem to feel
There's something somehow wrong;
Conviction o'er my mind will steal
And tell it 'its not strong.
Experience teaches in its school
That but a narrow span
Divides from the confounded fool
The kind, good-natured man.



HORSE WORK IS NO CHILD'S PLAY.

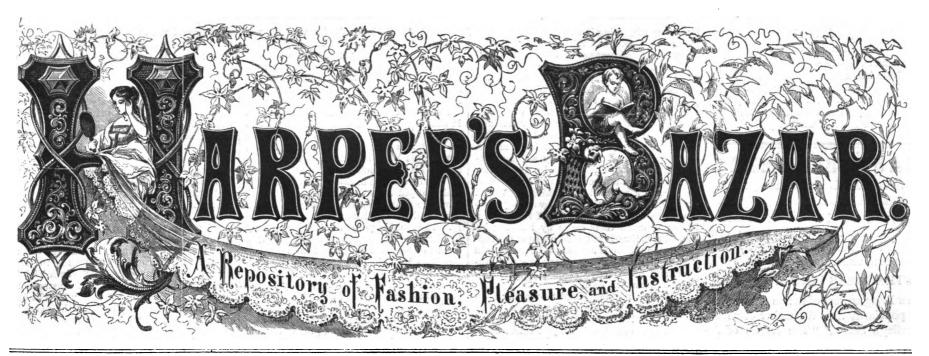
BIGGEST SMALL BOY. "Look here, let's play at horses. You'll be the Piebald." SMALLER SMALL BOY. "No, she'll be the Chestnut."

PROVOKINGLY LITTLE LADY. "No, I sha'n't be a Chestnut. I'll be a—a—



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" AGAIN.

GENT IN KNICKERBOCKERS. "Rummy Speakers them 'Ighlanders, 'Enery. When we wos talking to one of the 'Ands, did you notice 'im saying 'Nozzing' for 'Nothink,' and 'Ske' for ''E?'"



Vol. V.—No. 48.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. \$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Figs. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—Black Gros Grain Suit.

Fig. 2.—Gray Cashmere Suit.

Fig. 8.—Suit for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

Fig. 4.—Suit for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old.

Fig. 5.—Vest-Polonaise Walking Suit (with Cut Paper Pattern).

ENVY.

FROM THE GREEK.

WHEN Diophan was crucified,
Near him a brother thief he spied,
Upon a cross much higher raised
Than that on which himself was placed;
And slighted thus himself to find,
He e'en in death with envy pined.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

IN the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 23 was commenced a new serial story by Miss BRADDON, under the title of

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."

Few living writers of fiction enjoy greater popularity than the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," "To the Bitter End," etc.; and the announcement of a new novel from her pen will be received with interest and expectation.

IN a few days HARPER'S WEEKLY will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

A NEW story by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc., will shortly be begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is called

"BREAD, CHEESE, AND KISSES," and will be profusely and splendidly illustrated.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Vest-polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 791.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of an unusually rich assortment of Ladies' and Children's Winter Walking Suits, Visiting Dresses, Wrappers, Fancy-Work, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

FAMILY COOKING.

THE first and most important rule in boiling any article of food is to take water that has not been boiled before, or that has not been kept in a hot place for any length of time. The second is, to use it at the first boil—that is, as soon as the first bubbles begin to appear. If the water is allowed to boil for some time before using it, its alkali and gases are evaporated, its nature is changed, and it has a different effect on the articles cooked in it, having become distilled water. Some vegetables cooked therein are soft, instead of being crisp and juicy; it is also inferior for making coffee or tea.

The proper way to make coffee is by percolation, and tea by infusion. If coffee is
made by boiling, its aroma and strength—
that is, the best of it—evaporate with the
steam. Boiled coffee is not naturally clear;
it is necessary to have recourse to artificial
means to clear it and make it drinkable.
Custom and habit are the only reasons why
so many people boil their coffee. Let us see
how this custom originated.

When coffee was first introduced into Europe, at the end of the seventeenth century, filters were not known, neither were coffeemills. The berries were then roasted on live coals, or on sheets of iron placed upon the coals, and other similar means. Then they were crushed between two stones, or pounded in a mortar until reduced to a coarse powder. This powder was put in cups, boiling water was poured over it, and the coffee was ready. It is still made in the same way in some parts of Turkey and the East, where its use is supposed to have originated. The Turks introduced it into Europe, and Europeans into America. Of course

the way of making it was introduced at the same time, and was followed until the invention of different pots and different means of roasting and grinding came to the rescue.

After the pots came the filters which we have to-day, and although these are made differently, and the water is caused to pass through the grounds in various ways, still all are provided with one or more filters, and the coffee is clear when poured from them, without having recourse to artificial means.

Filters are most assuredly an improvement on pots; therefore, why not follow progress in making coffee, as well as in traveling and a hundred other things? Would those that boil their coffee be wanting in respect to their grandmothers if they used a filter to make their coffee by leaching instead of boiling it in an ordinary pot? Properly made coffee is a delicious beverage, of a rather dark amber color, clear as springswater, and whose odor alone is sufficient to make the mouth water.

There is nothing simpler or easier than to make good coffee with a filter. Take coffee that has not been roasted for over a week at the most, grind it just before using it, use the water as described above, and as soon as it has passed through the grounds in the filter it is ready, and should be served. Last, but not least, see that your soi-disant cook does not make your coffee at six for the eight-o'clock breakfast.

When grocers grind their coffee too coarse to be used in a filter it must be ground rather fine (not pulverized, however), so that the boiling water in filtering through it carries all the aroma and strength with it. If, through some cause or other, coffee that has been roasted for some time must be used, it is somewhat improved by putting it in a hot oven for a few minutes, just long enough to heat it.

Tea should be drawn and served about five or six minutes after the water has been poured on it. If left longer to infuse, this will have the effect of boiling it—that is, of drawing out all its astringency, which, besides exciting the nervous system, neutralizes the aroma of the tea.

Strong coffee acts directly on the blood, and strong tea on the nervous system.

It is not the fault of a young wife just en-

It is not the fault of a young wife just entering upon housekeeping if she does not know how to select the kitchen utensils she needs to attend properly to her new duties. She has never been instructed on the subject. Many kitchen utensils are improperly made. Some look more like playthings than tools to work with.

This reminds me of what happened to a newly imported French cook and a lady housekeeper of New York.

"Madame," said the cook, "will you please send for a strainer? I do not see any in your kitchen."

The lady, quite astonished at the demand, darted down stairs and looked around for the desired object. To find it and hand it to the cook was the work of a second. But she was not a little surprised to see the poor girl look at the strainer with wonder and astonishment.

astonishment.
"Does madame expect me to strain the broth, sauces, gravies, etc., with that thing?" ventured the astonished cook.

The lady was going to say "Yes, certainly," but seeing so much earnestness in the cook's countenance, she thought it best to inquire into the subject.

The cook honestly thought that what her mistress called a strainer was one of the children's playthings that had been taken into the kitchen through mistake. So it is with

many other kitchen utensils.

A kitchen strainer (called by cooks a Chinese cap) costs about one dollar and a half, and will last a lifetime. It is as easily cleansed as a coffee-cup, and strains as clear and fine as can be desired. The contents of any sized saucepan can be turned into it easily, and made to pass into a very narrow aperture. This strainer is in the shape of a cone, with a handle, somewhat like that of a frying-pan, attached to the upper end, and is made of tin and iron.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. 1 States 1 States 1 States 2 Stat

MY DEAR LIONEL,—Some of my friends like horses, some like yachts, some like cats, and some dogs. I wish them all well. Some of them like sporting, shooting, or fishing; and when I see one of them on a moist day I say,

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim a hunting morning,"

and I wish the very top of it to them. Others, again, like to play billiards and to cut cards. Very well, my friends, every body to his taste. Mine is not equine, nor canine, nor feline. I like very well to loiter along trout brooks with Walton, if he will only not insist upon my fishing. Meanwhile I do not pine for billiards, and cards put me to sleep. Every body to his taste. There are

some of the Bachelor family who do not even love children. Mrs. Margery thinks them monsters and brutes. But what can be done? Must she not respect the fact, and would she not be very foolish to insist upon hiring such gentlemen as nurserymaids?

I stepped into a street car the other day. It was crowded, and I recognized Miss Delia Tray holding her poodle, as usual. The poodle had a blue ribbon around his neck, and a neat little blanket bound with blue around his body; and he was fat and wheezy, and his breath was unsavory, and he snarled and snapped at those who were nearest to him. Presently he bit at a gentleman's hand, and the gentleman cuffed him roundly. The poodle yelped. Miss Delia Tray looked poisoned daggers at the offender. I tried to look unconscious and unconcerned, but Miss Delia had seen me, and she said, "Mr. Bachelor, can't you protect my poor innocent?" And while every body in the car turned and looked at me, I could only smile in a sickly way, and before I could stammer any thing coherent some one asked, "Mr. Bachelor, can't you protect us from the attacks of that poor innocent?" Upon which Miss Delia Tray suddenly pulled the strap, and if I may use such an expression of a lady who moves in the best circles, she bounced out of the car.

As she withdrew, a gentleman quietly said, with a smile, "Love me, love my dog. That is evidently the condition of Miss Tray's friendship. And as the gentleman who made the remark had a kindly face. I seated myself beside him, with an instinctive feeling that he had really no more business to draw him down town than I had, and we fell into pleasant conversation. We agreed that nothing was more common or more comical than the feeling which Miss Tray had evinced. Ladies of leisure expend their affection upon some hapless beast, who not only becomes a universal nuisance, but in the most melancholy manner makes his mistress a nuisance also. "For how," said my companion, who mentioned that his name was Chizzlewhistle-"how can I really respect a woman who is devoted to a dog? Whatever the occasion, however grave, however important, the dog has precedence. A mother ruled by a spoiled child is disagreeable, but a woman who is the slave of a dog is intolerable. The dog is pampered and disgusting, and a woman who can not break her chains of subservience to him shows a fatal weakness of character that repels every generous man." Mr. Chizzlewhistle was very animated. And as he repeated, contemptuously, "Love me, love my dog," he thumped his cane upon the floor of the car in the most positive and satisfac-

tory manner. Our talk slipped from topic to topic, until I mentioned that I had heard an excellent discourse from our rector only two Sundays before. My companion looked at me for a moment, and then said that he was afraid that he was mistaken, and that he had thought better of me. Then I looked at him, and supposing that he had misunderstood me, I repeated my remark. That, however, seemed to incense him, and he said, stiffly, "Yes, so you said, and I am astonished to hear it." His manner had, as it were, suddenly curdled, and I scarcely recognized the kindly commentator upon Miss Tray and her poodle. He proceeded to enlarge upon what he was pleased to call ecclesiastical mummeries and idolatries, and to ask me significantly whether I thought that "a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn," and whether I really supposed that straight coat collars were more religious than rolling coat collars, or that truth was truer when spoken over white bands than over a black cravat. Mr. Chizzlewhistle went on to say that he was tired of humbug and bigotry; and I narrowly escaped a tremendous thump upon my foot by withdrawing it as the energetic gentleman emphasized his remark by bringing down his cane. I replied that I laid no stress upon costume, that I was not versed in the more or less orthodox texture of crape or lawn, and that I thought a rolling collar might r ss the strait gate as readily as a straight collar. "Why, then, in the name of common-sense, do you go to Saint Rainbow's ?" demanded Mr. Chizzlewhistle; "why don't you go to a church which is plain and simple, like the Gospel itself?" I meekly asked what church was of that kind. He promptly answered; and when I further asked where he went to church, I learned that it was to the very one that he had mentioned. But it was clear that the bond of union between us was broken. It was plainly an offense not to be of his way of thinking; and after a few more formal remarks Mr. Chizzlewhistle pulled the strap, and wished me good-morning in a cold tone which implied that he had been much deceived in me; and as he left the car a gentleman opposite, who had heard our conversation, smiled and said, "Love me, love my

We could not help laughing together as we pitied poor Mr. Chizzlewhistle for not seeing that he was just as fond of his poodle as Miss Tray of hers, and that he was equally unreasonable in his defense of it. Indeed, we moralized a great deal upon the subject; and I heartily congratulated myself upon finding a man who saw the great variety of poodles in the world as plainly as my new acquaintance. We rattled pleasantly along, and drifting from subject to subject, my friend presently remarked that we were all going to the dogs. It was a bold and striking generalization, and I ventured to ask him what he meant. "I mean the world, the age," he replied; "the mad extravagance and universal corruption of every body and every thing are hurrying us to destruction. The world has grown old and blase and dissolute, and has no faith in God or man. We are in the days of the opening of the Seventh Vial." "That is very interesting," I answered:
"to what vial do you refer?" "To that in the Bible, Sir," he replied; and he poured out upon me such a torrent of mystical and symbolical erudition that I thought the Seventh Vial must be a vial of talk. "Don't you see the signs of the vial, Sir, universally, unmistakably? Do you mean to deny it, Sir? Do you really mean to say that I, who have mastered the whole subject, un-derstand nothing about it? That is my question, Sir. That is what I wish to know. Do you, upon your honor as a gentleman, mean to deny that we are in the days of the opening of the Seventh Vial ?"

It was such a stormy gentleman that I was disturbed. I tried to smile and to jest about the vial. But he was too quick for me. "You mustn't pretend not to understand. Of course you have an opinion upon the subject. Are we or are we not in the days of the opening of the Seventh Vial?" "Really—"I began, hesitatingly. "Oh, Sir," he interrupted, impatiently, "if you are for 'really,' and for equivocating and delaying, I can only wish you more sense and goodmorning!" And my friend pulled the strap furiously and stepped out. As he did so I could not help remembering what he said when the previous gentleman left—"Love me, love my dog." Love me, love my Seventh Vial.

I was now at my journey's end, and as I stepped from the car I was joined by Gustavus Widgeon, to whom I told the amusing experience of the morning. He listened with great sympathy, but I am sorry to say that after we had joked upon the fact that a great many other people than Miss Delia Tray cherished poodles which they insisted that we should love or forfeit their regard —I am sorry, I say, to state that Gustavus expressed unsound political views. Now, as I told him, in this enlightened age and in this happy land of free schools and frequent churches, nobody can be excused for entertaining wrong views in politics. I remonstrated with him warmly, showing him what the real situation is, and therefore what the only true views necessarily are. Indeed, I stated them at great length, and detained him by the button that he might be sure to hear all that I had to say. I told him how surprised and mortified I was to hear him express such crude and unpardonable sentiments, which, I told him, might be excused in a Hottentot, but not in a free-born and intelligent American. If persons held such opinions they could not, as I reminded him, hope to retain the regard of the politically orthodox and virtuous: and I, for one, could certainly have no pleasure in the companionship of one who persisted in being wrong.

Gustavus Widgeon listened to me, and, I am again sorry to say, with what is vulgarly called a grin upon his generally intelligent face. "Bachelor," said he, "do you know what the Church said to Galileo?" I looked at him silently, with calm forbearance. "It said," continued Widgeon, "'Love me, love my dog.' And because Galileo did not profess a love for poodles, and was not troubled by straight collars, and smiled at the Seventh Vial, the Church smote him.
Of course, Bachelor," said Gustavus, with
much gravity, "the Church could not for give any one who held wrong scientific opinions, and who expressed so unpardonable a sentiment as that the earth revolved around the sun. The rotary sun was the Church's poodle. The Church was Miss Delia Tray: and saying to him, 'Love me, love my dog,' she bounced him out as well as she could, instead of bouncing out herself, as you said Miss Delia did. You don't like Miss Delia's poodle, Bachelor, and you smile at Chizzlewhistle's and the Seventh Vial. Yours is of another breed. But it is with you as with the rest, 'Love me, love my dog.'" There, my dear Lionel, you see what an

extraordinary fellow Gustavus Widgeon is. It is remarkable that a man, even so sensible as he, can so deceive himself! I, as you know, do not love dogs, and have no poodle. And if you should ever have ene, don't forget the melancholy instances of Miss Tray

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and my two companions in the car, who so foolishly insisted upon "Love me, love my dog." Meanwhile I am reflecting upon what Widgeon said. Is it possible, after all, that I cherish a poodle ?

AN OLD BACHELOR. Your friend,

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE VEST-POLONAISE SUIT.

THE vest-polonaise illustrated this week, and A of which a cut paper pattern is published, is a stylish garment for completing suits, or for an independent over dress of cashmere, camel'shair, or velvet, to be worn with various skirts. When made of cashmere or other fine wool fabrics, the vest and revers should be of thick gros grain of the same shade; if the polonaise is part of a silk costume, the vest, etc., should be of velvet; and when the polonaise itself is of velvet, the smaller adjuncts should be of heavy silk. Such over dresses are not now quilted and wadded, as it makes them too thick and They are lined throughout with thin silk, and if tight-fitting, a thicker lining of silk serge is put in the waist. An under-waist of flan-nel, or of chamois-skin, or of thin silk wadded, is then worn for warmth.

LADIES' BUCKSKIN VESTS

Sleeved jackets or basques of buckskin are exceedingly warm and comfortable beneath winter wraps, and are also light and pleasant to They are made to fit cozily, have tiny perforations all over them, are stitched with colored silks, and pinked on the edges. The cost is about \$6.

WEDDING TOILETTES.

A superb wedding-dress just completed is of white faille. The train has several skirts of silk and tulle draped effectively on the back to display wide flounces of point lace, with which it is almost covered. Around the bottom of the skirtwhere it comes in contact with the floor, are some gathered silk flounces; above these the lace is placed, not straight around the skirt, but after a most fanciful arrangement. It forms a double apron in front, while in the back it forms a cascade from the belt. For heading to the lace flounces are upright pleatings of silk gauze and tulle, on which are thick vines of orange flowers, long garlands of buds and blossoms, with occasionally a tiny green orange, and many drooping sprays. The corsage is low and point-ed, with a bertha of lace and clusters of blossoms.

The dress to be worn at the wedding by the bride's mother is a soft cameo tint, trimmed with golden-brown velvet, wide Valenciennes lace, and clusters of crimson roses with brown foliage. This is far more distinguished-looking than the pearl gray or lavender silk usually worn by the mother when accompanying the bride to church. The skirt has alternate kilt pleatings of velvet and silk, three inches wide, extending above the knee; these trim the front breadths, while the back has a wide flounce cut in deep points on the edge to show a velvet frill set underneath the points. The over-skirt and basque are in the Louis Quinze style, with broad velvet revers and a Valenciennes flounce, looped by roses. The basque has a velvet vest draped with lace; antique sleeves with an inner ruffle of Malines and Valenciennes; the same trimming is in the pointed neck. A silk bow, with the pointed ends turned up and a velvet loop, is on the bosom and back of the basque.

A notable dress in this trousseau is a reception dress for the bride. This is of the new shade called Ophelia—a pale creamy tint, very lovely by gas-light. It is trimmed with facings of pansy-colored silk, and is richly embroidered with purple pansies. Another beautiful evening dress is of pale Azof green. The low pointed bertha of white lisse puffs is finished by a fall of point duchesse lace; amidst the puffs is a band of embroidered rose-buds, and coquettish little bows of watered ribbon. The train has two narrow bias ruffles and a deep flounce festooned at intervals to form Watteau or funnel-shaped folds; on the upper part of the front width is a tablier of two half-circular rows of lace, headed by tulle embroidered with roses. The over-skirt has an apron front, cut open to the belt to display the tablier beneath. It is edged with lace and em-broidery, hangs long and plain behind, and has a Watteau drapery on each side.

Among the costumes is one of very dark gar-Among the costumes is one of the same color. A second suit is of myrtle green, with the front of the lower skirt and the back of the upper skirt formed entirely velvet facings, piping, and fringe knotted on the velvet are the trimmings.

The last importations of winter bonnets are perfectly round shapes without tabs on the sides, but with brim turned up all around, and variously indented. The crown may be either the hard, half-high sailor shape, or else it is a soft, high puff of silk or velvet. There is a great deal of drapery at the back, made requisite by the absence of all chignons. Strings to tie under the chin are used or dispensed with at pleasure. Quantities of watered ribbon, of far finer quality than that used early in the season, are now seen on bonnets made at the best Parisian houses. Some of the most tasteful French bonnets are made up of velvet, gros d'Orleans, and ostrich tips, without a shred of lace, yet they are so elaborately fashioned that they are readily sold for \$50 or \$60. Massive jet pendants ornament the brim of black velvet hats. Bronze and olive feathers tipped with pale rose or blue trim velvet bonnets of dusky olive hues. Such bonnets are also brightened by facings of some light shade of faille, and a coronet bow of both blue and rose ribbon is furnished with each bonnet, to be worn with various costumes. Coquettish evening bonnets are made of the new gros d'Orleans in very light colors, with quantities of tulle drapery of the same shade. Autumn leaves, faded roses, and ostrich tips complete the trimming. Large ample bonnets in comfortable shapes for old ladies are made of black velvet, fine jets, and rich laces. They cost \$40 or \$50. For dressy mourning there are soft-crowned bonnets of black gros d'Orleans, with quaint little bows of crape on the brim. There is a caprice just now for most fanciful little bows set about on bonnets; they are made with irregular loops and pointed ends turned upward, or with one turned up and the other down.

HINTS ABOUT DRESSES

Sleeves closely fitted to the arm, like the oldtime tight sleeves, are more stylish than easy-fitting coat sleeves. When sleeves are slightly open at the wrist they should show an inner lining of white silk, instead of being faced with silk like the dress.

White silk serge is used by the best modistes for dress linings. An inner belt of ordinary belt ribbon is placed inside all basques, polo naises, and even round waists. It is simply tacked to the back and side seams, is hooked in front as soon as the dress is put on, and serves

to hold the back in place.

The fichu-collar is a very stylish trimming for dress waists. This is a bias band of velvet (or any material with which the dress is trimmed), lined with stiff foundation, untrimmed, and slightly shaped to fit over the bust. It passes around the back of the corsage just below the collar, laps like a fichu in front, and is fastened just above the belt by hooks and loops. It is a simple and stylish addition to a silk costume, and is made of English crape, and worn with mourning dresses.

Velvet belts are worn with dresses of all styles, even accompanying short basques. In many cases they are in the front of the basque only, beginning at the seam under the arms, and fastened on the left side by a small bow, or else in front by a buckle of jet or oxidized silver.

If a sash is added, it is merely two long loops and two streamers of different lengths with diagonal ends. These are attached under the belt, toward the left side of the back.

Dressy waistcoats for dinner toilettes are of black velvet, with the front formed of alternate cross bands of white guipure insertion and velvet. The velvet back has the seams outlined by a band of guipure, and a ruffle of the same lace

edges the garment.

The best protection for dress skirts that drag on the floor is a box-pleating three inches wide, made of wigging doubled. It is pleated into a binding, and is basted inside the facing of the dress, just at the edge, to keep the dress from touching the ground. This is sold ready-made for 25 cents a yard. Fine muslin pleatings are placed inside skirts of evening dresses.

Most exquisite cravat bows and long jabots with neck-bands are formed of colored China crape and lace, or of the soft repped silk called gros d'Orleans. One of pale rose-color has a neck-band formed of three tiny folds, while the long square jabot is a knot of crape with ends frilled with rare old Mechlin lace: \$10 is the price of this dainty bit. Another is the Pompadour, with a fold of blue and of rose around the neck, with two standing frills of pointed Valenciennes, while in front are scallops of blue, lined with rose-color and edged with lace. Black bows are of watered ribbon loops with black lace. Another stylish tie is of black faille, with the jabot ends edged with white lace. White neck-ties of twilled silk or of China crape are handsomest with costumes of dusky olive, garnet, plum-color, and invisible green. For the dowagers are narrow ties of black camel's-hair; the ends are finished with a narrow India border in gay colors. These are not scarfs to be worn outside of street garments for warmth, but merely neck-ties to be passed around a collar of linen, and worn with black or other dark dresses. Price \$15. Pleated linen frills for the neck and linen under-sleeves laid in pleats are the fashionable French lingerie. The standing English collar of linen is worn so wide that it is seen high above the cravat all around the neck. The fronts meet quite together, and the points are slightly broken over. The plainest linen collars are now completed by a neckerchief or habit shirt of muslin large enough to cover the shoulders and protect them and the corsets from being soiled by contact with the colored lining

KERCHIEFS AND FICHUS.

The dinner toilettes of black and rich dark silks worn by middle-aged and elderly ladies are relieved by snowy kerchiefs of crêpe lisse, edged with point duchesse lace. The kerchief is a square, doubled in three-cornered shawl shape, worn low on the shoulders, and caught in pointed pleats back and front with a knot of colored faille ribbon or China crape: price \$20. For light mourning lisse kerchiefs are simply hemmed on the edges with Quaker-like plainness, or else bordered with smoothly folded pleats. Twilled bordered with smoothly folded pleats. Twilled silk kerchiefs of the stylish dull colors, edged with knotted fringe, are worn close about the neck with street toilettes of black silk. The newest fichus for evening dress are of Valenciennes lace, with short tabs crossed in front, while the back has an elaborate spiral of lace, with faille ribbon ends falling from beneath each row of

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNOLLY; Miss PAGE; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA at Balmoral has good times in a quiet way, much as other well-to-do people have; goes out driving with only one attendant, smiles and nods to those she meets, many of whom she knows, and is never annoyed by gazers, unless they happen to be strangers, eager to behold the face and form of royalty. Accompanied by her ladies, she makes frequent accompanies by ner ladies, she makes frequent picnic excursions in the woods, or on the hill-side, should it be handier. Materials to make a fire and cooking utensils are taken in the carriage, and tea is made on the greensward, and handed round in rustic fashion without any ceremony. At these afternoon "teas" the Queen has no special chair of honor, her seat often because the trunk of a tree with her can in her

has no special chair of honor, her seat often being on the trunk of a tree, with her cup in her hand, or any other casual resting-place that may turn up conveniently. In this way every corrie and glen within reach of Balmoral has been visited by the royal family.

—Prince LEOPOLD, fourth son of Queen VICTORIA, now nineteen years old, has just entered Oxford. He is an admirer of the United States, and having a taste for autographs, has sent to BRYANT, GREELEY, BEECHER, and Modesty prevents us from hinting at the name of another.

—RUBINI, the celebrated music teacher, has discovered a wonderful singer at Boulogne—a

-RUBINI, the celebrated music reacher, has discovered a wonderful singer at Boulogne—a common sailor, with a wife and chicks. He is now studying in Paris, and very great things are expected of him.

-England has another FROUDE (W.), who stands in the front rank of scientific inventors. He has invented an important and very compli-

He has invented an important and very complicated apparatus for measuring the height, shape, and movement of ocean waves.

The Princess Louis of Hesse—Alics of En-

gland—has been chosen first president of an in-ternational association for the protection of the

ternational association for the protection of the rights of women; and the Congress of Darmstadt, which made this election, has chosen several Englishwomen as corresponding members.

—Professor Tyndall, like Sir Humphrey Davy, Faraday, and other great chemists sprung from humble parentage. He displayed no signs of precocity, but has slowly and laboriously worked his way to fame. He is now fifty-three. It is difficult to do justice to his manner, it is so pleasant, so colloquial, so free from arrogance, so full of personal enthusiasm, as if the wonders he displays are as new to him as to his hearers. They don't go to sleep who go to hear him—not even the oldest and most hardened lecture-goers.

—Women should learn to swim. Miss Nelly Power, a well-known English actress, per-

—Women should learn to swim. Miss Nelly Power, a well-known English actress, performed a plucky action recently at Southend. A female bather had got out of her depth, and was in imminent risk of drowning. Miss Power, who was also bathing, swam vigorously toward the sinking lady, dived, and brought her sefely to above. safely to shore.

-Lady Molesworth is just now the great —Lady Molesworth is just now the great dinner-giver of London. Her husband was formerly Secretary for the Colonies. Of humble origin, she was educated at the London Academy of Music for the musical profession, and sang at private parties at Rome. There she married a rich elderly man of good property and family, Mr. Temple West. He died and left her a good income, and she then married Sir W. Molesworth. He was a man of distinguished ability but shy and retiring and it is Sir W. Molesworth. He was a man of distinguished ability, but shy and retiring, and, it is generally thought, would never, but for his stirring, ambitious wife, have become a cabinet minister. At his death he left her a life-interest in the whole of his property, worth forty thousand dollars a year. By sheer force of character she has pushed her way to the highest pinnacle of fashionable life, and people who fifteen years ago would have turned up their noses at her are thankful to be asked to her parties.

—The heroic conduct of Miss MATILDA PHILLIPS, sister of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, in rescuing a young American from drowning, is thus

cuing a young American from drowning, is thus recited in a letter to her sister:

recited in a letter to her sister:

"I didn't tell you, for fear it would frighten you, that while I was at Genoa Walter came very near being drowned, and I, with a little presence of mind, was able to save him. He was out beyond his depth, and got tired. I was quite a little distance away from him, and although I made great haste to reach him, I saw him go under the water twice. I called out to him not to lose his courage, and got to him just as he was sinking the third time. I don't know how I had the strength, or how I got him to the ropes. He seemed almost dead for nearly an hour. I felt more frightened afterward than I did at the time, and had no more courage in the water after that day. Several gentlemen had seen him struggling in the water, and made no, attempts to rescue him, although they were all kind enough after he was on land. We are great friends ever since, and he can scarcely do enough forme. I have had beautiful letters from his mother and sisters, and I feel so happy to have done any thing to bring so much happiness to any one."

—Colonel T. W. Higginson has been telling

-Colonel T. W. Higginson has been telling —Colonel T. W. Higginson has been telling the Boston Radical Club what he thinks about what he saw of men and things in England. He found the radical and literary men so much like those of America that he could not perceive any distinguishing difference, and the majority of the Englishmen and Americans to whom he had talked on the subject agreed with him. The English might be less vivacious and hopeful, but there was a certain simplicity and sturdiness about them greatly to be respected. He spoke of a crowd which he saw at the races at Chester as having, upon the whole, less drunkenness as having, upon the whole, less drunkenness than the average American crowd, and that of a more jolly and less pugnacious character. He found the Englishman, as a traveler, infinitely more agreeable than he had been led to expect, and quite as ready to form acquaintances as the average American traveler. Of the higher walks of English life the essayist declared himself unable to say much, his acquaintance with princes and palaces being very limited; but he was struck with the little importance which the monarchy seemed to have in every-day life, and having, upon the whole, less drunkenness with the little importance which the monarchy seemed to have in every-day life, and thought that if the monarchy had gone and a republic had come, a visitor would not have been much impressed. No public character so eluded his observation as Jeames, Jeames of the yellow plush and white stockings, that august personage whom it was worth while to cross the ocean age whom I to see. Jeames was going the same way as the monarchy, and in five years would be only a dim memory. He declared that he had found no memory. He declared that he had found no higher standard of culture or manners in England than at home, and professed a disbellef in the intellectual superiority of a leisure class. Boston has a few literary men; Philadelphia has a few scientific men: Washington has a few pol-iticians who were called statesmen last year, and will be again, now the election is over; New

York has a few men of society: but in Lendon all these meet together, and each can command special resources in his own direction. The re-sults of these advantages he illustrated by mentioning Sir John LUBBOCE, whom he saw preside over a meeting of the Anthropological Society with marked ability; and inquiring about him, under the impression that he had made such a under the impression that he had made such a work a specialty, found that he was a director of the Bank of England, represented that institution in Parliament, was also a merchant in active business, and the author of several laborious scientific works. No city in America could have produced such a compound of the literary man, the man of business, and the politician.

—The Chevalier Henric Wikoff, famous to a certain extent in two continents, is now bestow-

ary man, the man of business, and the politician.

The Chevalier Henri Wikoff, famous to a certain extent in two continents, is now bestowing himself upon the society of London, and is quite intimate, it is reported, with the ex-imperial family of France. His devotion to Louis Napoleon commenced more than a quarter of a century ago, when he visited him during his imprisonment in the castle of Ham. After the prince became emperor Mr. Wikoff hovered about the court, and had very pleasant personal relations with the potentate. Now he turns not his back upon L. N., but sticketh to him like a brother. Probably he is preparing a book for publication. He is generally preparing a book.

The ex-King of Oude, cheerful old potentate, is engaged in the playful endeavor of collecting a menagerie of twenty thousand serpents. All the provinces of India are being searched for the varmints, and many of high position in serpent circles have been secured.

The French Prince Imperial has passed a successful examination at Woolwich, which qualifies him for admission to the Royal Military Academy of England.

Musoni, the composer of the opera of Cameras which has been brought out at Naples.

—Musoni, the composer of the opera of Ca-moens, which has been brought out at Naples, is said to be no other than Dom FERNANDO,

moers, which has been brought out at Naples, is said to be no other than Dom Fernando, King of Portugal.

—Greenough, the sculptor, has secured the statue of Sam Adams, to be placed in the State House at Boston. John Winthrop is to be the second historical character to be represented.

—Hepworth Dixon has got it—the decoration of the Knight of the Golden Cross, conferred by the Emperor of Germany.

—"What is Mr. A. T. Stewart going to do at Hempstead?" is frequently asked. One hundred cottages worth \$15,000 each are going up, boulevards are laid out, railroads are planned. But he will not sell. To applicants he has one answer: "I have nothing to sell." Some say he will complete the whole city, and set it running some fine morning, before he sells a single shop or shanty. He's a right to: it's his.

—The late King of Sweden and Norway had two merits that are not commonly possessed by kings: he was a graceful writer, and a landscape painter of more than ordinary skill.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne had this one peculiarity alone among all the tribe of authors:

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE had this one peculiarity alone among all the tribe of authors: he never spoke of a literary work of his own until it was finished.

—The Vokes family, whose clever burlesque acting and singing made them so popular here last summer, are under engagement to play at Niblo's in May next, at a salary of \$1500 a week.

—Mr. BOUCICAULT, whose reputation during his first visit to this country rested entirely upon his merit as a dramatist, now adds to it that of an artist. His performance of Kerry is as neat a bit of acting as any thing done by Jefferson. The play itself is simply an almost literal translation of La Joie Fait Peur, written by Madame Emile De Gerardin about six years Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN about six years

Mr. STANLEY has at last got the British lion under his feet. The doubters have been completely vanquished, and he has their scalps. The victory is to be formally consummated by a dinner to be given to him by the Royal Geographical Society.

—Lord Dufferin is said to be ambitious of becoming the proof property of the property of

—Lord Dufferin is said to be ambitious of becoming the most popular Governor-General ever sent out to Canada. Lords Durham and Metcalfe were very popular, but the latter was an invalid, and precluded from active participation in many entertainments. After them the governors-general have been, as a rule, screws, who pinched and starved the office, and resorted to various forms of shabblness. Sir Edmund Head, Lord Monck, and Lord Lisgar went to Canada to save money, caring nothing about the country or the people, and only intent on making their "pile." There is a story of Lord Lisgar's sending for Hogan, of St. Lawrence Hall, to know his charges, and when told the rates for the public table and private apartments, remarking that, "as far as he was concerned, he had no objection to the table d'hôte, but it would be awkward for "as far as he was concerned, he had no objection to the table d'hôte, but it would be awkward for Lady Liscare," adding that "he hoped Hogan would reduce the rates for the aid-de-camp." Latterly Lord Liscare shirked hotel bills, preferring to quarter himself on private citizens when he visited Montreal—the honor of his company being the equivalent for the expense. Earl Dufferring's rds is the reverse: no sooner did he arrive than he purchased a yacht, took a house at Rivière du Loup, and then, when he moved to Quebec, instead of sponging on the Lieutenant-Governor, he fitted up quarters at the citadel, and made the old walls joyous with diner-parties and balls. He maintains a handsome establishment at Ottawa as his permanent headestablishment at Ottawa as his permanent headestablishment at Ottawa as his permanent headquarters. He has just won the hearts of the
lieges of Toronto. He made them practically
to understand that he would live as becomes
the representative of the sovereign. He invited
to his table the distinguished leaders of the different parties, and included in his circle every
citizen of any eminence outside political circles.
He employed his fortune legitimately in making
himself personally acquainted as a host with all
those who exercise any influence over public
opinion. Earl DUFFERIN is nothing of the sybarite. He could rough it at the camp fire with
any frontiersman. He is of an intellectual cast,
merely using his hospitality to bring himself en
rapport with the public. He no doubt set out
with the determination to make himself the
most popular Governor-General Canada has welcomed, and argued that it would be a better investment to secure the love, respect, and affection of the people than swell his bank account.
The countess is, without exception, the handsomest woman in Canada. She does not look
more than twenty, though the mother of five
fine children; dresses in admirable taste, and is
free from affectation or hauteur. Every one is
at ease in their society, and the highest order of at ease in their society, and the highest order of intellects recognizes in Earl DUFFERIN an instructive host.





let us talk about it; the odds are that it will | come to nothing."
"One word only—rich?"

"Poor as I am.
"And a lady?"

"A tender-hearted, pure-souled girl. 'Right about face!'" which, in the old days, was a favorite cry with them when a subject was to be dismissed from their conversation.

I borrowed some money of you once, Felix." "You did, Charley, old boy-and paid it."

"Are you sure?"
Felix laughed, rather boisterously

"That won't do, old boy," he said; "no beating about the bush between us two. The grog's confoundedly strong." It must have been, for

it made his eyes water. "Look here, Charley, I want money—badly; but I must earn it. Now if you could fielp me to any thing in the newspaper way—"
Charley broke in here with, "I can, by Jove!

You can do newspaper correspondence?

Felix nodded excitedly.
"Well," continued Charley, enthusiastically, "down our way we've a newspaper, of course, What's an Englishman without a newspaper? Why, they start them in the Bush! between you and me—it mustn't go further, mind—my dad is part proprietor, under the What a glorious thing it would be if we could get a London correspondent, who moves in the best society"—Charley winked, and Felix responded—"who is hand and glove with all the political nobs and the literary swells; who is behind the scenes every where; who knows all the news, and can serve it up piping hot and spicy! Now, then, what do you say? The Penny Whistle is only a weekly, and we could only spare two columns to our London

'If you are really serious," said Felix, slowly, his color rising, for he saw a great chance in the proposal, "and the Penny Whistle can afford a special London correspondent, I could send a capital two columns every week, and I would take care to be on the look-out for any thing special. Could it afford a pound a week

Charley?"

"A pound a week, old fellow!" cried Charley.

"It's too little!"

"acid Falix, firmly; "I could

ley. "It's too little!"
"It is enough," said Felix, firmly; "I could not accept more under the circumstances. If the proprietors write to me to that effect, I shall only be too happy to accept."

In a fortnight from that time Felix was en-

gaged as London correspondent at the sum fixed by himself. He ran to old Wheels and told the good news. He was really beginning to open his oyster.

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM PODMORE HAS A "DAZE."

In the mean time some of the humble personages in our drama, being fixed in certain grooves, remain there uneventfully, the only changes that occur to them being marked by the hand of time. Mr. Podmore continues in his situation on the railway, works as hard and as long hours as ever, comes home as tired as ever, but more often now with a "daze" upon him, as he expresses it. This "daze"—he has no idea how he got hold of the word—gives him terrible frights at times, and causes him to be oblivious of what passes around him. It never comes upon him but when he is dead-beat, when what is known as a fair day's work is turned into a foul day's work by the abominable system which coins large dividends out of its servants' health, and which taxes their strength so unfairly as to bring old age upon men long before it is naturally due. Jim Podmore is fearful to speak of this "daze" to any one, for if it were known to the officers of the company, short shrift would be his portion. Such a sympathetic affection as humanity holds no place in the schemes and calculations of railway directors. 'Given so much blood and bone and muscle: how much strain can they bear? This ascertained, apply the strain to its utmost. until blood, bone, and muscle can no longer bear it, and fail, naturally, to perform their task. Then throw aside, and obtain fresh. Jim Podmore would not thus have expressed it, but the conclusion at which he had arrived is the same as the conclusion here set down. The only person who knows of his fast-growing infirmity is his wife. He confides to her the various stages of this "daze;" how he goes to work of a morning pretty fresh, and how, when his fair day's work is being turned into a foul day's work by the directors' strain, he begins to tire. "I seem to—fall asleep—gradually," he says, "although I hear—every thing about me. All the wear and tear—of the day—all the noise—all the r-all the slamming and shouting-all the whistling and puffing—seem to get into the middle—of my head—and buzz there—as if they was been -and buzz there - as if they was bees. And so I go off—with this buzzing. Then I jump up—in a fright—just in time, old woman!
—to shift the points—but I'm all of a tremble and feel fit to die. Then I fall off-into a daze and the buzzing goes on—in my head.
Then Snap—good old dog!" (Snap licks the hand that pats its head)—"pulls at my trow sers—sometimes—and wakes me. Suppose I shouldn't-rouse myself in time-some time or other-and something was to occur! What then, old woman? I wake up-in the middle of a night—often—thinking of it—with the perspiration—a-running down me." Mrs. Podmore does her best to comfort him, but she can not suggest a cure for Jim's "daze." "You see-old woman," he says, "it wouldn't do-for meto fall ill even—and be laid up—for a week or two. That might do me good—but it wouldn't do. Where's the money - to come from? We couldn't lay our hands—on a spare half a crown—to save our lives." Which was a fact. Capital, in the majority of instances, pays labor

just such a sum for its blood, bone, and muscle as is barely sufficient to live upon; every farthing flies away for urgent necessities without which labor would starve, with which it barely manages to preserve its health. The result is that labor grows inevitably into a state of pauperism: hence work-houses-which are not known in America or Australia, two of the world's new lands. May they never be known! They are plague-spots, poisonous to the healthful blood of cities. However, until a change for the worse comes, this small family of three, Mr. and Mrs. Podmore and their little Pollypod, live in their one room, and are more often happy there than otherwise. Felix frequently pays them visits, and learns from Jim and Mrs. Podmore many particulars concerning the railway system of over working its servants, which he works up with good effect in his newspaper letters and in other ways. Felix likes to get hold of a good public grievance, and has already learned how to make capital of it. But, indeed, he could not write earnestly on any matter in which his sympathies were not in some way engaged. Pollypod enjoys herself greatly; she and Lizzie are firm friends. and the consequence is that she often accompanies Lily to Lizzie's house in the "country," and spends the day there. Old Wheels likes Lily to take the child with her; and, apart from her fondness for Pollypod, Lily is glad to please her

grandfather in this way.

The Gribbles, senior and junior, go on as usual. Gribble junior maintains his ground, and is even prospering a little in his umbrella hospital, which is generally pretty full of patients. He "keeps moving" with his tongue, and is continually rattling away complacently on this subject and that. He likes Felix, who, indeed, is a favorite with them all, but he has contracted an inveterate dislike to Mr. Sheldrake, and never loses an opportunity of saying an ill word concerning that gentleman. Gribble senior keeps his chandler's shop open, but the trade continues to fall off wofully, and the old shop-keeper is more rampant than ever on the subject of co-operative stores, which he declares

will be the ruin of the country.

Alfred grows more and more infatuated with racing; he meets with reverse after reverse. adopts system after system, discovers continual ly new methods of winning infallibly; is buoyed up and elated one day with the prospect of winning a great sum, and groans with despair the next day when the result is made known. Of course he does not always lose; he wins small sums occasionally, but they are like rain-drops in the sea. Week after week passes, month after month flies by, and he is sinking lower and lower. David Sheldrake stands his friend still; still supplies him with money, and takes his sig-nature for the amount; and what with letters and documents and information of how matters stand with Alfred at the office of his employers, Messrs. Tickle & Flint, holds such a dangerous power over the infatuated young man as can crush him at any moment. Here a defense must be set up for David Sheldrake, otherwise he might be taken for a fool for parting with his money so freely to a young fellow for whom he cared no more for the snuff of a candle. David Sheldrake knew every trick of the game he was playing. Madly infatuated as he was with Lily, he was too com pletely a man of the world to throw away the sums of money he advanced to Alfred from time to time. But the fact of it was, he got it all back; what he gave with one hand he received with the other. He made an express stipulation with Alfred that Con Staveley should be the medium of all the young fellow's racing speculations, so that no sooner did David Sheldrake lend than Con Staveley swallowed. Therefore, although in the aggregate Alfred owed David Sheldrake a large sum of money, the astute David was really very little out of pocket. He was aware that, in other ways, Alfred was more extravagant than his earnings at Messrs. Tickle & Flint's warrant-ed; but where he got the money from to supply these extravagances was no business of David Sheldrake's. Alfred did not get it from him. But in Alfred's moments of remorse, when he was pouring into David Sheldrake's ears accounts of his misfortunes, of how he was trapped by this tipster or deceived by that prophet, or swindled in some other way, many a chance ex-pression of terror escaped from him, of which David Sheldrake made good use in his reflec-tions—putting this and that together until he had arrived at the truth, and knew for a certainty that Alfred was robbing his employers. He held in his hand Alfred's safety; a word from him would be the young fellow's destruction; and the power which this gave him over Lily was so complete that he would not have easy terms. He never failed of impressing upon Alfred that what he did for him he did for Lily's sake, and for Lily's sake

"If it were not for her, my boy," he said, "I think I should close on you; for, after all, business is business.

Alfred listened, white and trembling. "For God's sake," he said to Lily one day, when David Sheldrake had retired, offended at her coldness—the man of the world had been more than usually pressing in his attentions, and Lily had shrunk from them—"for God's sake, don't offend him! You don't know how good he is; you don't know what a friend he is to me. If it was not for him I should—"

Lily's eyes, fixed in alarm upon his face, stopped him, and he broke off with,

"I am the most miserable wretch in the world! There never was any body half so miserable or half so unfortunate as I am! There's only one girl in the world that loves me-and that's Lizzie. My own sister, that I would lay

down my life for, turns against me."

Lily's grief may be imagined. Turn against him!—against the dearest brother sister ever

had! How could she prove the sincerity of her love for him? she asked.

"By being kind to Mr. Sheldrake," Alfred answered, sullenly; his fears blinded him to the unselfishness of her affection, blinded him to re-

Thus it came about that, on the next occasion Lily and Mr. Sheldrake met, Lily acted a part, and Mr. Sheldrake's wound was healed. Lily received her reward; Alfred kissed her and embraced her, and called her the dearest sister She found consolation in his bright manner; and although she shed many tears, she was careful that Alfred should not witness her pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MIDST the special interest which at this sca-A son is clustering around the opera, the lec-ture-room, and the art gallery, amidst the buy-ing and selling which are ever attendant upon the mysterious changes in annual fall fashions, and amidst the exciting whirl of a quadrennial political campaign, the world in general has moved on as usual. There has been no cessation of crime or casualty: murders, suicides, and shocking disasters by sea and land have been as frequent as ever. We have read the reports thereof, neueral and moment in horsers and been as frequent as ever. We have read the reports thereof, paused a moment in horror, and gone on our way, and, perchance, forgotten them. Indeed, except to learn the lessons taught, one may well forget the hideous details of sin and suffering which come crowding thick and fast. The mind and heart when overburdened with such things can not meet the work of life with happy vigor and elasticity.

But we had it in mind to allude to some recent heroic deeds which may have escaped the

cent heroic deeds which may have escaped the notice of some of our readers. In far-off Nevada a train of cars was rushing along at rapid speed, the locomotive being mounted by a trusty engineer. Suddenly the train whirled round a curve, neer. Suddenly the train whirled round a curve, entering a tunnel six hundred and fifty feet in length. No watchman had given warning of danger, but the quick eye of the engineer caught sight of red, roaring flames and dense smoke ahead—the other end of the tunnel was a flery mass. There was but a flash of time for thought; mass. There was but a flash of time for thought; no possibility of stopping; to reverse the engine and whistle down brakes would bring the cars to a stand in the midst of the raging flames: the only hope was to rush on with whirlwind speed. With quick hand the engineer threw open the valve; he held fast to the lever, closed his eyes, and tried to pray. Through smoke and flame and falling timber, one instant, and the terrified passengers beheld the cool daylight beyond—all saved through the daring tact of this man, known familiarly as Johnny Bartholomew. omew.

Another faithful engineer was on one of the trains which recently collided on the Amboy di-vision of the Pennsylvania Railroad in consevision of the Pennsylvania Kaliroad in consequence of a mistake in a telegraphic dispatch. The story is brief. The engineer stood by his engine to the last, and was dangerously injured. The fireman told him to jump off, but he refused. As he afterward said to his friends: "I could not leave my engine; I had to stop her, and I did almost do it. I thank God for one thing: I can die with a clear conscience, for it was not my foult."

It is said that none of the French translations of Charles Dickens's works have had a remuner-tive sale, because the people of France do not like his writings. Well, the people of America like them well enough to compensate for any deficiency in France.

"Salle de Michel Ange" is the name given to a new gallery of sculpture which has been open-ed at the Louvre—so called from an interesting statue by that great master, which has been re-moved from an obscure corner at Chenonceaux to occupy the place of honor in the new gallery.

Oxen have "come to the rescue" in these days when horses have failed. In Boston they days when horses have failed. In Boston they have been seen constantly plodding through the streets, apparently as doclle as in their accustomed fields. In this city they seemed in some cases slightly disturbed at the noise and confusion which perpetually dinned about their ears. Nevertheless they steadily performed the tasks assigned them, unabashed by the hundreds of eyes fixed upon them in staring surprise. Not a few city folks, perhaps, never before saw a voke of oxen. fore saw a yoke of oxen.

Boston—if we may rely upon the assertions of those on the spot—has behaved well during the horse epidemic. Notwithstanding the almost impossibility of getting a carriage or a team, when it could be obtained the price has remained the same as when the horses were well. Extortion has been unknown; expresses and emained at the ordinary prices, when they could be obtained at all.

A young lady of Philadelphia has invented an improvement on sewing-machines which will adapt them to the manufacture of sails and other heavy goods. It is said to be "just the thing" which has been long wanted.

One single mine, situated in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, furnishes all the nickel from which Pennsylvania, furnishes all the nickel from which our smaller coins are made. There are other nickel mines in the country, but this is the only one now being worked. This has reached the depth of two hundred feet, and produces from four hundred to six hundred tons a month. Nickel is rapidly increasing in commercial importance, and growing in favor as a substitute for silver in plating steel, iron, and other metals.

sea-captain in Maine makes a practical suggestion to the Signal Service Department. He recommends that arrangements be made for showing signals from light-houses in case of impending storms, so that vessels at sea may take all possible precautions.

Meade's bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln is now awaiting the order of the Monument Committee in the manufactory of the Ames Com pany at Chicopee. It is pronounced a splendid production, the likeness perfect, and the finish admirable. Exclusive of the base, the figure is ten feet and eight inches high, and weighs 4550 pounds. It will be put in place upon the monu-ment at the time of its dedication, and the four supplementary groups, representing Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and the Navy, models for which are soon expected at the works, will be added as they are made.

Scotland has experienced a real calamity in scottain has experienced a real calamity in the recent wet, unseasonable weather there. In many large agricultural districts the wheat has sprouted so as to be unfit for use. So wide-spread a disaster as this proves is without a precedent within the memory of the oldest farmers of the country.

The following appears in an Indian paper as a bona fide copy of a letter from a Punjaub school-master to an English gentleman who took an interest in him:

terest in him:

"How. Six,—I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to get you soon at R.—— in a state of triumph. The climate of R.—— is very good and proves unhealthy. No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here, I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reversionary respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you.

I am, Sir," etc.

The magnolia-tree is a native of the sunny South; and hence its naturalization in the climate of San Francisco is an interesting fact. We see it stated in a San Francisco paper that in a garden on the top of Pine Street Hill, where in a garden on the top of Pine Street Hill, where one would least expect to see such a phenomenon, there is a large magnolla-tree, which has bloomed every month for the last three years. This tree was raised from the seed at Marysvillc, and transplanted to San Francisco when a small shrub. Its blossoms are very large, quite six inches across when fully expanded, very rich and delicate in texture, and emit an exquisite though powerful odor.

The St. Louis *Democrat* gives its readers the following remarkable incident of "real life:"

following remarkable incident of "real life."

"There is a covered bridge at Peoria five hundred feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive a thousand sheep across it. When about half-way over the bell-wether noticed an open window, and, recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once appreciated his critical situation, and, with a leg stretched toward each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive 'Ma-e!' and descended to his fate. The next sheep and the next followed, initiating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep. The erewhile placid stream was incarnadine with the life-blood of the moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep as it disappeared through the window waved adieu to this wicked world did the movement cease."

The Peorie Tenters having read the above part

The Peoria Review, having read the above pretty little tale, makes the following comments:

"This story is very nearly correct. There were, however, only 680 sheep in the drove instead of 1000. The bell-wetter did not see the open window. It did not jump on the flock did not follow it. There is no window in the bridge. The drover did not drive has sheep across the bridge; he crossed at the ferry aree miles higher up stream. If the bridge was 500 first above high-water mark, the present piers would have to be lengthened 460 feet in order to reach the bridge. There is not a covered bridge within 1700 miles of Peoria. Save these typographical inaccuracies the romance is correct."

The farmers of Western Massachusetts propase to try a new process for preserving apples. The experiment will consist in freezing them solid as soon as it is cold enough, and then packing them in dry sawdust or some other nonco ducting substance until they are needed for use. They are confident the fruit will not be injured.

The name of the bride of the youthful Emperor of China is Tsi-Bo-Ka-Tou-Ka.

Stories of famous horses are in season now. The performances of the trained horse Excelsion have been familiar to many who frequent shows have been familiar to many who frequent shows and circuses. For eighteen years he has calmly received the admiring plaudits of thousands who witnessed his wonderful feats. Recently he made his last public appearance in the city of Cincinnati, but he was weak and trembling. His master, Mr. Rice, told the assembled crowd, in a pathetic little speech, that Excelsior, who had traveled with him for eighteen years, who was almost a child to him, could not live much longer. He spoke of the almost human intelligence of the horse, and the real pain he felt at the thought of parting with him. In conclusion he told the audience that the old horse would be made as comfortable as possible while he lived, and when he died would have an honorable interment. ble interment.

When the stern hand of British law abolished When the stern hand of British law abolished the custom of "widow-burning" in India, the plan of gradual "starving" was adopted. The widow was compelled to live in retirement, to eat sparingly, and to make herself as miserable as possible. The "native reform party" is waging war against this custom. The Bombay Gazette gives an interesting account of the marriage of a Hindoo widow at Ahmedabad. She is only eighteen years of age; and after being tortured and imprisoned, and exposed to numerous involved from her friends she was at length quietly. sults from her friends, she was at length quietly married to a young school-teacher by Brahmin priests in the presence of a large number of the "reform party." Her property—about \$7500—will doubtless be plundered from her, and the priests who performed the ceremony are threatened with excommunication.

A Maine man, who was addicted to the vice of intemperance, so disgusted his wife that she, after repeated but vain efforts to reform him, left him to his fate. The deserted husband, however, did not enjoy his loneliness, and thus

"LEFT MY BED AND BOARD—One of the best of wives. Whoever will give information as to where I may find her shall be suitably rewarded, and all charges paid."

The good wife returned, made another effort, The good wife returned, many anomals with the assistance of the culprit, and he thoroughly reformed, and, as the novels say, "they bearily together for many years." This lived happily together for many years." This incident occurred in 1831, before divorces and separations were every-day occurrences. And certainly in these days, after a lapse of forty years, scores of husbands and wives could do no better than to learn a lesson from this couple, and "try again."

Digitized by Gogle

Ladies' Street and House Costumes.

This picturesque illustration gives a correct idea of the newest Parisian styles, though it seems at first glance like a picture of the time of Louis Seize or the First Empire, and the scene might as well be the gardens of Trianon or Malmaison as those of the modern Versailles under the rule of President Thiers. But the modistes of the nineteenth century, instead of creating new fashions, delight to revive those of past ages, and borrow their ideas from historical portraits. This winter the Louis Quinze, Louis Seize, and Josephine styles are especially in vogue, and are all reproduced in the beautiful group before us.

Fig. 1.—Watteau costume of serpent green silk. Plain skirt. Over-skirt with long apron richly embroidered; the back is short, and has

a bouffant panier puff with a flounce of em-broidery. Side sashes in loops. Round waist with Marie Antoinette collar. Necklace of Etrus-can gold balls.

Fig. 2.—Black velvet redingote, buttoned down the front, hanging plainly behind, with all the drapery on the sides. Bands of lus-treless faille and fringe for trimming. Faille skirt with a flounce headed by elaborate puffs sepa-rated by velvet bands. Five lengthwise bands of velvet, each finished by a tassel, are on the sides. Mont Blanc hat of velvet,

with roses and ostrich tips.
Fig. 3.—Bronze silk costume,
with flounced skirt and plain overskirt caught up by narrow velvet sashes and rosettes. Faille but-tons dot the velvet bands. Basque, with half-flowing sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Marie Antoinette dress of black silk. Skirt has a wide flounce with two puffs for heading. Short open-front over-skirt, with retrousse back. Pointed corsage, with antique sleeves and Marie Antoinette kerchief.

Fig. 5.—Josephine costume of

Fig. 5.—Josephine costume of violet faille and duchesse lace.

The skirt has a silk pleating and a wide lace flounce. Polonaise with closed front, puffed back, and Josephine puffed sleeves. Empress collar and cuffs of lace. Pearls and an ostrich tip form the coiffure.

Fig. 6.—Black velvet costume. Basque trimmed with band, but-Basque trimmed with band, buttons, and square cuffs of faille. Over-skirt with long open front and very short back, simply edged with faille. Velvet skirt, with two faille flounces and passementerie trimmings. Jet necklace.

Fig. 7.—Cashmere and faille costume of sea blue. Faille skirt, trimmed with a flounce and bias

trimmed with a flounce and bias folds of the same. Cashmere over dress, with sleeves and side pieces covered with Oriental embroidery. Sailor bonnet of velvet and faille.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1-5.

See illustration on first page Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SUIT. The skirt of this suit is trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the material; the over-skirt and of the material; the over-skirt and basque are trimmed with folds, guipure lace, guipure insertion, and tassel fringe. Pink gros grain cravat bow.

Fig. 2.—Gray Cashmere Suit. This suit is made of gray cashmere, and consists of a double skirt and begue trimmed with

skirt and basque, trimmed with box-pleated ruffles and folds of the material and satin stitch em-

broidery. Fig. 3.—Suit for GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Blue cashmere kilt-pleated skirt. Square-necked sleeveless polonaise of blue and white striped flannel, trimmed with a fold of the material. Swiss muslin blouse with long sleeves. Blue gros grain sash and hair bow. Fig. 4.—Suit for Boy from

vest, and jacket of dark green cloth, trimmed with gros grain buttons. Linen collar and cuffs.

Black gros grain cravat bow.

Fig. 5.—Vest-Polonaise
Walking Suit (with Cut Paper Pattern). This elegant suit
comprises one of the newest and most stylish vest-polonaises that

has been imported this season. The original season is of black cashmere, trimmed with embroidery, finished at the wrist by a very deep half cuff. yak lace, and flounces of the material.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises two articles-vest-polo

This suit comprises two atteres—rest post-naise and walking skirt.

VEST-POLONAISE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—vest, front, front revers, side back, back, sleeve, and cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The per-forations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross basque seams, to turn back the revers in the middle of the back breadth at the bottom of the skirt part, to set the buttons on and medium-sized buttons. The outside front of the polonaise is neatly fitted to the figure by one dart and a cross basque seam each side while the back is closely fitted by middle and side back seams. Each of the three seams has an extra width cut on at the waist line, and laid in a treble box-pleat on the under side. The skirt part is draped in the back by three tapes, cut ten inches long, tacked at the single holes in the middle of the back breadth and side gores, at the waist line on the pleats. pleats, turning upward, are laid in the front edge of the side gore according to the notches before joining to the front. The extra length on the back edge of the front part at the bottom of the skirt is laid in two pleats, turning upward, and joined to the straight edge, the seam being con-

The vest is joined to the polonaise by the seams on the shoulders and under the arms. The front

revers is sewed on each side of the front from

the lower edge up, and curves around the neck at the back, and is fastened back the whole length

with buttons. The bottom of the vest is corded.

Lace three inches wide trims the lower edge of

this part, the bottom of the garment, the revers

in the middle of the back of the skirt part, over

the pleats on the bottom of the front, up the

side seams, and along the outer edge of the cuff,

and extends around the outer edge of the front

revers. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the

seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches

part of the sleeve. The front of the vest is fit-ted with two darts and a cross basque seam each side, and closes to the waist with button-holes garment may be wadded and used as an independ-

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Lace for trimming, 9 yards.

Buttons, 32. WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with four ruffles five inches deep.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for ruffles, 4½ yards.

accounts given of the ceremonies of the purest religion of ancient times we constantly read of "sweet-smelling savors," "incense and myrrh," and similar grateful offerings to the sense of smell. The Jewish high-priest would no more have appeared without his censer than without his robes; and long after they had returned to their homes the perfumed atmosphere of the Temple unquestionably formed one of the delightful associations that remained in the minds of all pious Jews who had gone up to worship at

erusalem. This difference between the people of the North and the inhabitants of Southern and Eastern climates is not difficult to account for. In the warm atmosphere of the South the essential oils which form the odors of flowers and other parts of the plants are much more volatile, and consequently much more efficient as perfumes, than the same not control, the use

mands great skill, as an ly employed they mot best odors.

That perfumes and

agents is unquesti eral rule, they are In some cases th injury, and theref hints in regard to tant rule to be ob never be employed bad odors that wise removed. In er be used as sr sionally in the sick where we are ob odors proceeding



LADIES' STREET

of concealing or disg

PRACTICAL NOTES ON PERFUMES.

THE expression which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the impetuous Hotspurfumed like a milliner"—conveys very clearly the contempt with which most of the rude Northern nations regard perfumes. For men to use per-fumery was, and to a certain extent is, regarded as effeminate; and even when used by women perfumes have been an object of banter, if not of ridicule. With the Southern and Eastern nations, on the other hand, perfumes seem to have always been a necessity. Not only women but men enjoy the odors of delightful perfumes, which, in those countries, have become a necessary adjunct to the bath, a common luxury for the cuffs, and the size and form of the under at the top and bottom on the front of the vest all ordinary occasions, and even an element of

essences under other-that is to say, colder-con-We all know how heat causes water to evaporate and dry up; the same effect is produced by high temperatures upon all volatile matter, and vile smells and delightful perfumes are both more prevalent in warm than in cold climates. Hence it is easy to see that the Eastern nations have been driven to a more liberal use of perfumes as a means of self-defense, while the cold Northern and Western climates neither demanded nor permitted such an extensive and effi-cient use of them. In warm climates the art of the perfumer is much more simple than in colder regions; flowers give off their odors, and essential oils evaporate and yield their delights, without requiring any great aid from art. But where the temperature is low we have to mix these essential oils with alcohol and volatile ethers for be allowed to call

sible; but we must is a dangerous one thereby conceal the remove it, and may presence. In said to be deed In a cer from the sphere of the bad odors whi they are not di degree, and should defense against mi of contagious di ly efficacious as di true that we m fumes which owe

Digitized by

eir evaporation; and traneous matters dearelessly or ignorantct the delicacy of the

ful as well as pleasant rue, though, as a gen-ed as a mere luxury. be productive of real y be well to give a few The most importhat perfumes should purpose of concealing possibility be other-ords, they should nevfor cleanliness. Occaor in circumstances efend ourselves against source which we can

fumes for the purpose

entific men doubt that all malaria and contagious effluvia owe their power to the presence of mi-nute organisms of a very low type of being. Now it has been shown beyond all question that to all the lower animal and vegetable organisms essential oils are fatal. So far is this the case that certain essential oils have been recommended as efficient preventives of mildew on the grape-vine, and experience has demonstrated their value. The well-known power of Russia leather to resist mildew and decay is due to the presence of the oil of birch, with which it is impregnated during the process of tanning; and the same oil applied to other articles has been found equally efficacious. It is not surprising, therefore, that those perfumes that owe their fragrance to essential oils should be, to a slight extent, real disinfectants. Of course animal substances, like musk, etc., have no such power; and certain substances used in perfumery, such as camphor, ammonia,

may be extracted from these beans by means of alcohol, which, when evaporated, leaves the con-marine in the form of brilliant, needle-shaped crystals. Coumarine, when heated, rises in vapor, and acts powerfully on the brain. Now it has been found that it is to this same substance that the odor of hay is due, since it is found abundantly in sweet-scented vernal grass, and it has been deemed not improbable that the well-known disease called hay fever, to which so many sus-ceptible people both in this country and in Eu-rope are liable, is due to the presence of this perfume in the atmosphere. Fortunately, however, most of the perfumes in use are perfectly harmless; but as it is well known that certain constitutions are peculiarly and injuriously affected by things which are successfully resisted by others, it is well for us to keep a strict watch in this di-

after rubbing the hands together inhale the odor. In the latter case the volatility of the odors is aided by the warmth of the hand. To perfume a handkerchief properly, spread it out in a layer of four or six thicknesses; drop the perfume on it, allowing but one drop to fall in a place, as nothing is more disagreeable than the clammy feeling imparted by the contact of a wet hand-kerchief; allow from half a minute to two minutes, according to temperature, for the alcohol to evaporate — observing, of course, that the higher the temperature the more rapidly will it pass off; fold up the handkerchief, and it will give the fragrant odor of the perfume, instead of the heavy vapor of the alcohol.

From the fact that Cologne and most other perfumes are, in reality, solutions of essential oils in alcohol, it follows that when we add water we have already noted the fact that almost all a milky-looking fluid produced by the diffusion

pleasant from its fragrance. Where Cologne or similar alcoholic solutions of essential oils are employed in fountains for the purpose of perfuming the air, it fortunately happens that the vapor of the alcohol, being much lighter than the vapor of the essential oils, rises up and passes away without producing an injurious ef-fect upon the persons in the room, while the vapor of the essential oils, being heavy, diffuses itself through the lower portion of the at-mosphere, and refreshes us by its fragrance. We therefore see why it is that the little portable perfuming fountains that have been lately introduced produce such a delightful and pure odor, unmixed with the sickening smell of al-

Just as alcohol forms a vapor at a lower tem-perature than water or essential oils, so different essential oils vary as to the temperature at which they form vapors, and consequently in the rapidity with which they pass

off into vapor. Thus if we mix three or four essential oils, we shall first get the mixed odor of them all; then one will pass away, and if there were four originally we get the combined odors of three; after a time but two will be left, and finally there will remain the almost pure odor of one. By taking ad-vantage of these facts perfumers are able to produce perfumes which are not only very durable, but which maintain a constant state of change, and thus give a pleasant feeling of freshness. To accom-plish this in an agreeable manner, however, requires great skill and a thorough knowledge of the æsthetic character of the different perfumes, since the result depends not only upon the chemical char-acters of the different oils, as re-gards their volatility, but upon their combined relations to the sense of smell. The late Pro-fessor James F. Johnson informs in his work on the Chemistry fessor James F. Johnson informs us, in his work on the Chemistry of Common Life, that "odors resemble very much the notes of a musical instrument. Some of them blend easily and naturally with each other, producing a harmonious impression, as it were, in the sense of smell. Heliotrope, vanilla, orange blossoms, and the almond blend together in this way, and produce different degrees of a nearly similar effect. The same is the case with citron, lemon, vernearly similar effect. The same is the case with citron, lemon, vervain, and orange peel, only these produce a stronger impression, or belong, so to speak, to a higher octave of smells. And again, patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitivert form a third class. It requires, of course, a nice or well-trained sense of smell to perceive this harmony of odors, and to detect the presence of a discordant note. But it is by the skillful admixture, in kind and quantity, of odors proin kind and quantity, of odors producing a similar impression that the most delicate and unchangethe most deheate and unchange-able fragrances are manufactured. When perfumes which strike the same key of the olfactory nerve are mixed together for handker-chief use, no idea of a different scent is awakened as the odor dies away; but when they are not mixed upon this principle, per-fumes are often spoken of as hemixed upon this principle, perfumes are often spoken of as becoming sickly or faint after they have been a short time in use. A change of odor of this kind is never perceived in genuine eau-de-Cologne. Oils of lemon, juniper, and rosemary are among those which are mixed and blended together in this perfume. None of them, however, can be separately distinguished by the ordinary sense of smell; but if a few drops of hartshorn be added to an ounce measure of the water, the lemon smell usually becomes very distinct."

Very few persons, however, have so cultivated their sense of smell that they can fully appreciate these distinctive characteristics of odors. And yet how valuable to every one would be a keen sense of smell. There are probably as many odors as there are colors or sounds, and all nostrils are not alike sensitive, just as all ears do not appreciate music to the same extent. Indeed, it is probable that the compass of one nostril, in reference to odors, differs as widely from that

of another as the compass of one eye differs from another in regard to colors, or one ear differs from another in regard to sounds. The wine-merchant, the perfumer, the grower of scented plants, the manufacturer of drugs, the tea-merchant, and many others have by long training educated themselves to distinguish differences of odor which to an uneducated nos-tril would be imperceptible. Such education is to be attained by carefully preserving our sense of smell from the exhaustion which arises from frequent and protracted use of scents, and by teaching it to observe closely the charand by teaching it to observe closely the char-acteristics of the different odors; and it is something that is to be desired by every hua little Cologne poured into water used for washing the person not only gives it a greater power of wetting and cleansing but renders it very asthetically.



HOUSE COSTUMES

orget that the practice uch as, although we as, although we of danger, we do not o forget or neglect its e perfumes may be ney certainly remove. of smell, at least, tently annoy us; but to any very efficient depended upon as a laria, or the effluvia Though not perfectts, it is nevertheless those ordinary perat we may, perhaps, ag power. Few sci-

bad smells is permis- aromatic vinegar, and alcohol, act in a different manner, though, perhaps, one equally as powerful as that of the true essences.

While the refreshing character of most per-fumes is acknowledged by almost every one, it is equally well known that certain perfumes of decidedly pleasant character are any thing but whole-some. We do not now refer to certain idiosyncrasies of particular individuals, who have been known to faint at the smell of roses, and to become sick when the air was charged with the fragrance of the lily, but we allude more particularly to those perfumes which are known to have a deleterious effect upon the systems of people in general. Thus the odor of new-mown hay is known to be due to the fragrant resin known to chemists as coumarine. This substance is found in considerable quantity in the Tonga or Tonka bean, and

essences and perfumes used in this climate are rendered volatile and diffusible by means of alcohol or some similar volatile compound. Cologne-water is merely a solution of essential oils in alcohol: and the same is true in regard to most of the essences and extracts. Now, since the alcohol exists in great excess, and since it evaporates more readily than the essential oil, it is found that when we pour a little Cologne on our handkerchiefs and smell it immediately, we get little else than the odor of alcohol. same is true when we attempt to test the quality of Cologne or other extracts by smelling the bottles in which they are contained. If, therefore, we would test the quality of Cologne-water or of any extracts, the proper mode is either to smell the stopper of the bottle, after waving it in the air, or to pour a few drops in the hand, and

of the finely divided essential oil in the mixture of water and alcohol. Alcohol, unless when very strong, does not dissolve oil. This fact was brought out very clearly at one of our recent fairs, where a well-known perfumer exhibited a small fountain which continually threw up a jet of Cologne-water that perfumed the atmosphere and then fell into a basin. Some persons endeavored to exchange some of the Cologne for water, and thus obtain their perfumes free, but the instant conversion of the clear and limited fluid into a liquid recombine will pid fluid into a liquid resembling milk proved a prompt and complete exposure. It may be well prompt and complete exposure. It may be well to remember, however, that the essential oils when thus separated do not lose their odor, and

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THE DANCE OF THE ELVES. By HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

No longer do the sun's bright rays of gold Shoot from the azure vault; far westward rolled, A crimson glory dies; the stars, A crimson grory dies, the sears,
Shy and serene, appear;
The curling waves all stilly kies the shore;
Only from distant hills comes evermore
A sound that jars on nature's mood:
The shadowy night draws near.

Hark! Is that Necken playing on his reed?
No, for the music wells from yonder mead;
The singers are the nightingales
That haunt the oak's green crown.
Stay! Now the silvery notes ring far and clear;
In light and airy circles swinging near,
From the dim coverts of the wood, A troop of elves trip down.

Far over amber fields of summer grain, And beds of blossoms fed on summer rain And beds of bloseoms red on summer rain,
In a fresh, joyous dance, I mark
Their white feet flash and whirl.
In tutted hedges, throughout all the land,
The merry winds laugh low to see the band
Swing round their king and queen, enthroned
In crowns and robes of pearl.

They fill their shimmering goblets, one and all, From dews that gently in the twilights fall—Rich nectar draughts to pledge their queen.
The dance grows wild and fleet;
In long-drawn, vaperous chains, through grassy vales, It floats—it soars—it files o'er hills and dales.
Fantastic, rapid as the wind,
They tread a measure sweet.

Through latticed leaves the wide-eyed moon shines fair, Anrough latticed leaves the wide-eyed moon shines f
The aleepier stars are nodding in mid-air,
As soft, caressing murmurs fill
Each secret forest home.
Far in the east faint purple streaks of light
Begin to pierce the misty veil of night:
The witching sport has vanished like a dreamNo more the elves dare roam.

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"BUT DEAD THAT OTHER WAY."

MR. WESTON VALLORY, by an undeviating persistence in the habits of industry, had brought himself to such a high state of training that it was impossible for him to be idle. At his box at Norwood—neatest and daintiest of bachelor boxes—Weston rose with the lark and was out and about before the milkman. Woe be to the house-maid and the cook if Mr. Vallory's morning cup of strong tea was not on the little table by his bedside at half past five in the summer and at six in the winter! Woe be to the gardener if his master, in his early constitutional, found a weed perking its shameless head amidst the lobelia or verbena in the ribbon bordering, or if the iron roller were not at work betimes upon the gravel, or if the miniature croquet lawn was not close cropped as the hair of a convict's head! Like clock-work were the arrangements of Weston's modest household. He would give little dinners that were perfection, with his two servants, and a brace of men with trays, who ran down express from Birch's, and gave the finishing touch to their dishes in the tiny Norwood kitch-Weston could get twice as much work out of his servants as any common master, by reason of his own unflinching industry.

"I never ask you for any thing at unreasonable hours," he said; "I never keep you up late at night;" and indeed his latch-key would have rendered this a useless tyranny, as well as an inconvenient one; for few people, besides Mr. Weston Vallory himself, were acquainted with the hour of his return. The servants rarely heard him go up stairs to his room, but at half past six in the morning he was walking in his garden, fresh and blooming as his standard roses.

"I can do with very little sleep," he said, in his moments of confidence. "Indeed, I consider the habit of going to bed every night an absurd conventionality. In the age of iron, depend upon it, there was no such custom. you suppose Julius Casar or William the Conqueror called for his chamber candle every night, and shuffled off to bed like a retired tallow-chandler? There never would have been any stir in the world if the leaders of men had wasted half their time in sleep in our jog-trot fashion."

A medical friend of Mr. Vallory's, who heard

these remarks, ventured to suggest that our lunatic asylums would be more thickly peopled if sleep went out of fashion.

renl careless air; "I dare say there might be a run upon the mad-houses. You see the question depends very much upon the stuff a man is made Take Napoleon the First as an example. He was content with four hours' sleep, and yet he kept himself sane under circumstances which would have sent most men off their heads.

Weston Vallory, perhaps considering that he was made of Napoleonic stuff, rarely indulged himself with more than four hours of that placid slumber which is apt to bless the pillow of a man who is thoroughly satisfied with himself and his own line of life. Thus it was that at Clevedon. after leaving the smoking-room among the last of the night-birds, Mr. Vallory generally made his morning toilette to the earliest music of the thrushes and blackbirds on the lawn under his window. Other guests, who would be early enough a week or two hence, turned their faces to the wall, and pleaded against the stern sense of duty for a little more sleep and a little more slumber. He was in the garden among the rainbeaten roses and passion-flowers when the stable clock struck six on the morning after that day

of hopeless down-pour which had sorely afflicted the butterfly guests at Clevedon—a peerless summer morning, with a cloudless blue sky and the balmiest air that ever fluttered the roses. If he had been a lover of nature in a Wordsworthian sense, he would have yielded himself up to the soft intoxication of the hour—would have drained to the last drop the enchanted cup of a vague delight. If he had been a painter, he might have reveled in a feast of form and color might have composed any number of graceful pictures, with fair figures of his own imagining in the foreground, and those long walks and stiff vew hedges and ancient flower borders for background and frame-work. If he had been a Pre-Raphaelite, there was enough in every single dew-laden rose-bush; in every cluster of tall lilies lifting up their slender stems among tangled masses of carnation or periwinkle; even in the time-worn sun-dial, gray and grim and stony and moss-grown, amidst the flaunting young hollyhocks, flaming crimson and yellow, to hold him spell-bound, idly gazing. But as he happened to be none of these things, his only impression was of a garden carelessly kept, and of Sir Francis Claudon's week-new Action 1997. Sir Francis Clevedon's weakness of mind in allowing his work to be done so badly.

Not long did the garden suffice to employ his active mind. He was not a student of velvet-rose petals begemmed with dew. He smoked Cavajal," took a thoughtful walk under the rose-laden arches, and then departed by a little wicket opening into the park.

"I shall have time to reconnoitre this mysterious Brierwood before breakfast," he said to himself. "I wonder how our friend Harcross likes the notion of my being down here. He ought to know that, if there is any little secret history attached to his experiences in this part of the country, I am just the kind of man to hunt up the details. How ridiculously fond Augusta is of him! Not because he is hand-somer, or better, or cleverer than other men. I

verily believe it is simply because he does not care a straw about her. There was profound truth in that remark of somebody's, 'The only vay of making love nowadays is not to take the

slightest notice of the lady.'"

He walked through that wilder part of the park where the Spanish chestnuts rose like leafy towers toward the summer sky, by the way that Hubert Walgrave and Grace Redmayne had taken in the sunset when they met with the viper. For him that wild forest verdure had no peculiar charm was, indeed, no more lovely than a trim public garden fresh from the hands of some modern apability Brown. Yet he did not walk with his eyes cast down, as one whose outward vision is in abeyance, while sordid speculations fill his soul. He looked about him, and perceived that every thing was very green and blue and sunny, like Kensington Gardens run wild, and shifted

beyond the odor of London smoke.

"A fine old place!" he thought; "a man who keeps it in no better order than this hardly deserves to have it."

The south lodge was better tenanted and more smartly appointed than it had been on that summer day when Grace and her lover entered this sylvan scene by the dilapidated oaken gate. little Gothic dwelling-place had been patched up, scarlet geraniums were trained against the newly painted brick-work. There were no broken windows now, as there had been in those days of poverty and neglect, but shining lattices, with crisp muslin curtains behind them, and in one special window a basket of blue and yellow beadwork, with a canary hanging in a brass cage

"Woman's work, evidently," thought Mr. Vallory; and he was in no wise astonished when the little Gothic door opened with a sudden bounce, and a damsel tripped out with the key of the

She was the daughter of the head gardener, and a somewhat distinguished young person in her particular walk of life. She was, by common consent, allowed to be the prettiest girl in the three villages of Rayton, Hubbleford, and Kingsbury, and the most consummate flirt. At twentythree she had broken more hearts than she cared to count, and was now busily engaged in demolishing a very honest one, in the possession of Joseph Flood, Sir Francis Clevedon's own groom, her recognized and legitimate adorer, a young man who had money in the savings-bank, and a praiseworthy yearning to begin life as a grocer and confectioner, with a dash of ready-made boots and shoes, and perhaps a sprinkling of linen-drapery, in the village of Rayton, a little fringe of houses and tiny shops on the high-road near Clevedon Park, which was familiarly known to the Clevedon retainers as "up street.

As Jane Bond came tripping across the tiny doe garden this mornin of a well-starched and well-fitting cotton gown, Weston Vallory thought that he had never seen a prettier woman. He was not a man of ultrarefined taste in the matter of feminine beauty. This florid, full-flavored style, this shining black hair, these black eyes, rosy cheeks, and ripe red lips realized his highest notions upon the subject. His archetypal woman would have been no lovelier than Jane Bond, whose features were regular although commonplace, and whose bold black eyes were set off by a peerless complexion of the rustic brunette order.

He went toward the gate quite silently, struck dumb for the moment by admiration, but not for long. His agreeable cockney breeding quickly reasserted itself, with that gracious ease of manner which was wont to distinguish him.

"Do many people come to Clevedon this way?" he asked, surveying the girl with a look of some-

what audacious admiration.

"Not very many, Sir," Miss Bond answered, with a careless shrug, not at all disconcerted by that undisguised homage. "It's awful dull." "Then I'm sure they can't know what a pretty girl there is to open the gate," said Weston, "or they'd come by this lodge if it was a mile out of their way. The men, I mean, of course; the women would hardly like to be reminded of their own ugliness by such a contrast.

This was the sort of thing which suited Miss Bond, and to which she was tolerably accustomed. She was able to retort upon Mr. Vallory with an impudent readiness which was apt to pass for wit among her admirers—"to give him as good as he brought," as she said afterward when she described the little scene to the postman's daughter, her friend and confidante.

Her ready answers charmed Mr. Vallory, so although on business intent, he dawdled a little in the early summer morning to indulge in a kind of badinage which he had practiced considerably with young ladies of the ballet-girl and bar-maid class, and which he knew how to adapt to the simpler tastes of this rustic beauty. He wasted a quarter of an hour or so in this conversation, and by the end of that time was on quite a friendly footing with the damsel. She had informed him that her father was a Primitive Methodist, a member of the flock led by a certain Joshua Bogg, an enlightened tailor, whose temple was at Hubbleford, and that he was very strict and stern with her. She had told him what a dull life she had at the south lodge, and how much she had preferred living up street in Rayton, where she and her father had abode until Sir Francis came to Clevedon, though their dwelling there had been less convenient, and they had had no garden.

"There was always some one to speak to at Rayton," she said, "if it was only old women and children. But here there's no one."

"Isn't there, now?" said Weston. "Why, I should have thought people would come any distance to talk to such a girl as you—a girl who is

"Ah, there's plenty of that kind," replied Miss Bond, with a little supercilious toss of her head; "plenty that would come and hang about the place, if I'd let 'em, and get me into disgrace with father, and set people talking. But I don't want that kind of thing; I never have encouraged it, though they do call me a

flirt."
"Oh, they do call you a flirt!" said Weston. "But, my dear girl, you are a great deal too clever not to know that slander is a kind of tribute which the world pays to superior merit. If you were not the prettiest girl within twenty miles, no one would trouble himself—or herself, for it is generally herself who is troubled about such matters - by remarking your flirtations. There are women who would give the world to

lose their reputation in the same way."

Miss Bond did not dispute the wisdom of these remarks. "It don't much matter to me, these remarks. "It don't much matter to me, anyway," she said, "except when it sets father scolding and ding-donging the Scriptures at me, as if I was the daughter of Sion, or as if I ever sat upon seven hills. Howsomedever, I shall be out of it all soon, that's one comfort, and out of this dull hole, and living in Rayton.

This was said with a tone and a simper which were quite enough for Mr. Vallory's enlighten-

"You mean that you are going to be married?" he said.

"Yes, I suppose so, before very long. I've been a long time making up my mind, but I've been bothered into making it up at last. I'm going to settle."

Settle!" cried Weston. "What an odious word, miserably expressive of an odious fact! Such a beauteous butterfly as you should never settle' upon one flower while all the gardens of earth lie before you. Settle! Make an end of all the uncertainties of life, and tie yourself down to a cottage at Rayton. If you only knew your own value, my dear Miss Bond, you would not dream of such a sacrifice. Settle! Why, a woman with your advantages should never dream of marrying on the right side of thirty. How can a woman tell what her chances may be till she has come to the meridian of her beauty? At eighteen she may be engaged to a gardener, and at eight-and-twenty she may find herself a duchess. But perhaps you don't know the his-tory of the slave girl who married the great Russian emperor; and possibly you may never have heard of the famous Polly who became Duchess of Bolton, and who never was your equal in good looks.

"I suppose you know this young woman you call Polly?" said Miss Bond, curiously. She was not at all disinclined to listen to this kind of talk. It opened dazzling vistas of thought, a vague glittering vision of a possible future. had dreamed her ambitious dreams even in the lonely south lodge; but the wildest imaginings ntaneously in her un brain had been small and sordid in comparison with such ideas as were conjured up by the sug-gestions of Weston Vallory.

"No," he said, with his supercilious grin, "I had not the honor of knowing Polly. She was before my time. But I have seen her portrait by Hogarth—a sallow, sharp-featured beauty, in a mob-cap, acting Polly Peacham between two rows of fine gentlemen seated at the side scenes. You are a hundred times handsomer than Polly.

He looked at his watch. This rustic philandering was pleasant enough, but at the best it was a waste of time, and Weston Vallory's industrious habits had made waste of time almost impossible to him. He had business to get through that morning before breakfast.

You know Brierwood Farm, of course, Miss

Bond?" he said. The girl stared at him wonderingly. This sud-

den transition from a florid compliment to a commonplace question took her a little by surprise. "Lor, yes, I know Brierwood well enough-Farmer Redmayne's."

"Redmayne—yes, I think that is the name.

But the Redmayne race have migrated, have they not? They have all gone to Australia, I hear

"Gone and come back," Miss Bond answered, carelessly, twirling her big key with a some-what offended air. She did not quite relish this unceremonious cutting short of the talk about her own beauty and possible offers of marriage

" Come back?"

"Yes; Mr. Redmayne, Richard Redmayneoh, come back this ever so long; before the hay was carted: about the time Sir Francis was married. And they do say he's changed so that those who knew him best five years ago would hardly know him now.

"And what has changed him in such a remarkable manner?" asked Weston, with eager interest.

"Troubles," answered Miss Bond, shaking her head solemnly.

"What kind of troubles—money troubles?" "Oh dear, no. Folks say he found no end of gold in Australia, and that he could buy Clevedon off Sir Francis if he chose. It isn't want of money makes him so gloomy. I met him on Kingsbury Common one evening, just as it was growing dark, close upon a month agothey say he never goes out in the daytime—and I'm sure I was almost frightened at his dark, angry-looking face. I shouldn't have known him, for I remember him such a good-looking free-spoken man; and I wished him good-evening, but he never answered a word, or gave me so much as a civil nod—only stared at me in a wild kind of way as if I'd been a mile off."

"A bad account, Miss Bond. I fear this Mr.

Redmayne must be in a bad way. But what can be the cause of it? If not money troubles, what kind of troubles?"

"You're a stranger here, or you'd know pretty well as much as I do," answered Miss Bond, still twirling her key, but with a gossip's growing interest in the discussion of other people's business; "yet you spoke just now as if you knew all about Brierwood and Mr. Redmayne."

"Yes, yes, I know a good deal about him, but not all his family affairs," said Weston, rather impatiently. "How about this trouble—what was it?"

"His daughter," answered the girl, tersely.

"His daughter?

"Yes, an only daughter, which he doted on the very ground she walked upon; and while he was away in Australia she died."
"Hard lines," said Weston, in his practical

way, "but a fate to which all men's daughters are more or less liable. Is that all?"

"She died," repeated Jane Bond, with wide, solemn eyes—"died awful sudden!"

Made away with herself?" inquired Weston,

"No, I don't suppose it was quite as bad as that, though nobody I know of can say for certain. The Redmaynes have been so uncommon close about it. She went away-

"Oh, she died away from home, then?" "Yes, went away, and no one heard where she went or why she went, and no one heard for ever so long after that she was dead, and no one ever heard where she died, or who she was with when she died. It was nobody's business, of course, but her father's and her friends'; but still people will talk, you know, and when other people are not free-spoken and above-board it makes one

think there's something in the background. Something in the background! repeated Weston: "no doubt there was something in the background. A lover, for instance. Did you

ever hear of any lover?'

"Never. There wasn't a quieter girl than Miss Redmayne. She went to school at the Wells, and was brought up quite the lady. No, I never heard of any one. There was a gentleman lodged there, I believe, the summer before Miss Redmayne died, but I never heard a word about him and her.

"Do you remember the gentleman's name?"
"No. I heard it at the time, I dare say, but if I did I've clean forgotten it."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Never.

"Humph!" muttered Weston, thoughtfully. "And the girl died away from home. But you don't know where?"

"Not for certain. I fancy I've heard say she went to London, but Mrs. James Redmayne—that's Richard Redmayne's brother's wife—was always very snip-snappish about it."

"Did they bring the daughter home to be

"Oh dear, no. She'd been dead ever so long before any body knew any thing about it except

before any body knew any tuning another own people, even if they knew."

"How do you know that she really is dead?"

"She may have run away with some one—gone wrong, as you call it in the country—and her family might prefer to tell this story about her death rather than confess the truth."

This suggestion of a small social mystery was not unpleasing to Jane Bond. She shook her head and sighed with a solemn air that might mean any thing.

"There's no knowing what may be at the bot-n of it," she said, after a pause. "Miss Redtom of it," she said, after a pause. "Miss Red-mayne's mother died young, and died sudden, but still there's no knowing. I've heard say, from those that knew him well, that Richard Redmayne was always a proud man, though he was so free-spoken. And every body knew how he loved his daughter. If any thing went wrong with her, he'd be sure to take it deeply to heart.

"Naturally, and would be likely to invent the story of her death in order to shield her. pend upon it, Miss Redmayne is as much alive as you or I, and living very comfortably somewhere. In some snug little box St. John's Wood way, very likely," he added, to himself rather than to



Miss Bond. "I'd give a year's income to find

her."
He looked at his watch again, and this time wished Miss Bond good-morning. She opened the new iron gate, and he went through on to the dusty road. He had spent a good deal of his morning's leisure, but he had spent it profit-It was hardly likely that any one would be able to tell him much more about the Redmayne household than he had just heard from Jane Bond.

"I knew there was something," he said to himself as he walked along the road in a tri-umphant spirit; "I could have wagered my existence there was something. I saw it in Har-cross's face the evening after the wedding, when Augusta talked of Brierwood. He's an excellent actor, but he couldn't deceive me. And this was at the bottom of his disinclination to come to Clevedon. That confirmed my idea. The girl died away from home—a very easy way of settling for her and making an end of the story. These country clod-hoppers are as proud as Lucifer, and would tell any lie rather than bear the burden of disgrace. I wouldn't mind backing my own opinion that Miss Redmayne is comfortably hidden away in some dainty little retreat within the four-mile radius, and that Walgrave Harcross pays the rent and taxes; and if my idea is a sound one, it shall go hard with me if I don't unearth the lady."

He walked on to Brierwood, surveyed the picturesque old farm-house, peered in at the garden gate, stared at the windows, but could pe no token of life within except the slender thread of smoke curling up from the chimney at the inferior end of the building. After the account he had just heard of Mr. Redmayne he was not at all inclined to beard that wounded lion in his den, so he found a humble road-side inn within about a quarter of a mile, where he asked for a bottle of soda-water with a glass of sherry in it, and while sipping that compound, and recog nizing that peculiar flavor of publican's sherry, which is at once hot and sweet and sour, he contrived to make a rew inquiries about Mr. Red-

mayne and his belongings.

The innkeeper was less communicative than Miss Bond, and was evidently disinclined to talk about Richard Redmayne's troubles or Richard Redmayne's daughter.

"Yes, there was a daughter," he said, in answer to Weston's cross-questioning; "and she died, and poor Redmayne took it to heart, and has never been the same man since. He went to Australia, and made money at the diggings, and bought a farm out there, and seat his brother's family over to work it for him; and he's let off his land here, and does nothing all day but sit in the garden and smoke, I'm told. All I know is that he never comes nigh me, and he used to drop in pretty often in a friendly way, though he was never a drinking man.

That was about as much as Mr. Vallory could obtain for the price of his undrinkable soda and sherry; but so far as it went it served to con firm the story Jane Bond had told him. He turned his face homeward, refreshed in body and mind by his healthy morning walk and the crumbs of information gathered on the road, and his bosom filled with that serene consciousness of having improved the shining hour which may be supposed to have cheered and sustained the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

American Humor in England.—Charles I. and Charles Mathews.—Advertisements extraordinary.—Initial Munificence.

ONE of the many evils of the present state of O the copyright question between you and us is that one never knows whether a story told in New York, for instance, is indigenous there or belongs to London, and vice versa. Hence it is with diffidence that I send you the following firework, said to have been let off by Mr. Hotten in reply to Mark Twain's very justifiable attack upon him, as related in my last communication It is so exceedingly good, and so very far beyond what might be expected from its presumed source, and, above all, so admirable a parody upon M. T.'s own style, that I can hardly hope it originates in Piccadilly; but, at all events, it is said to do so:

"MARK TWAIN'S MARRIAGE.

"MARK TWAIN'S MARRIAGE.

"Mark Twain, who, whenever he has been long enough sober to permit an estimate, has been unformly found to bear a spotless character, has got married. It was not the act of a deeperate man—it was not committed while laboring under temporary insanity: his insanity is not of that type, nor does he ever labor: it was the cool, methodical, cumulative culmination of human nature, working in the breast of an orphan hankering for some one with a fortune to love—some one with a bank account to careas. For years he has felt this matrimony coming on. Ever since he left California there has been an under-tone of despair running through all his letters, like the subdued wall of a pig beneath a wash-tub. He felt that he was going, that no earthly power could save him; but, as a concession to his weeping publishers, he tried a change of climate by putting on a linen coat and writing letters from the West Indies. Then he tried rhubarb, and during his latter months he was almost constantly under the influence of this powerful drug. But rhubarb, while it may give a fitful glitter to the eye and a deceitful ruddiness to the gills, can not long delay the pasngs of approaching marriage. Rhubarb was not what Mark wanted. Well, that genial spirit has passed away; that long, bright smile will no more greet the early bar-keeper, nor the old, familiar 'Chalk it down' delight his san. Poor Mark! he was a good scheme, but he couldn't be made to work."

If this should really have come from further west than the quarter it purports to do, pardon me. You are not of those, I know, who say, "That is old," merely because it is good, and you happen to have nothing better to cap it with.

And you can not say that I attempted to impose upon you. No: my motto has been ever in accordance with the Persian maxim, "Speak the truth and draw the bow," though, to be sure, some people who perform the latter make a point, in so doing, of omitting the former. It is indisputable that of late years American humor, whether it has made a genius of Mr. Hotten of Piccadilly or not, has had a considerable effect on English literature. Not only are its terms getting into common use among us, especially those invented by Artemus Ward, but its very form is becoming acclimatized. Although, for example, this poem of Ben and the Butter is founded on a well-known English story, and written in the "Zomerzetshire" dialect, who can not trace in it the lineaments of its transatlantic

BEN AND THE BUTTER.

You've heard thic tale afor? well, I beant zurprized at of that,

Of the man as stoal tha butter, and put et in hes hat:

But mebby you'll excuse ma ef I tells tha tale agean,

Vor thic varmer wer my flather, and thic very man wer Ben.

Ben had been churmin asl tha daay, Churmin, and churmin, and churmin away. Vor tha weather wer cowld, and hee vengers wer num, And the butter oncommonly loath to come; Zlow and shour, like a miser's cash, The churm went round, and the craim went splash; And tha daay went by, and tay-time past, And tha butter com'd flumplty flump at last.

Now Ben, as I zed, wer a hongry oaf,
And moor than a match vor a quartern looaf,
But whether tha bread wer white or brown,
Ben liked zome butter to towl et down,
Ben awpend the churm, and luk'd about,
And tha cooast wer clear, and tha missus wer of the cook of the butter a beggish pat,
And stuff'd et into hes owld velt hat;
But 'ad akcerely popp'd hes yead into et,
When fiather com'd in, and zeed un do et.

But 'ad skeersly popp'd hes yead into et,
When fiather com'd in, and zeed un do et.
When fiather com'd in, and zeed un do et.
Now tha daay wer past, and work wer done,
And fiather wer up vor a bit of fun.
Zoo a diddent cuss, nor a diddent zwear,
Ver mid trust a cat wi yer pet canairy,
Or a hongry sheep dog in tha daairy,
Or yer goolden watch wi a London thief,
Or a rantin' passon wi a brief;
But yo coden trust Ben, not while yo mid wenk,
Wher ther wer aught vor to ate or to drenk.
'Ben! zet thee down in thic there cheer,
And Betty shall dras thee a mug o' beer:
Thes weather's anough to shram a cat;
We'll miake up a vire—tiake off thy hat."
"Thank ye," zed Ben, "ef I mid be zo bowld,
I'll keep un on, vor I've got a bad cowld."
"Thee hast," zes fiather; "then dras up nighe."
And a shov'd un cloas to the girt wood vire;
And clapp'd on another fagot o' wood,
"A sweatin," zes fiather, "ull do thee good."
Ben drenk'd his beer at once outright.
"Thenk ye, miaster, I wish ye good-night."
"Stop!" zes fiather, "my trusty Ben;
Betty shall vill thy mug agean,
And warm et up wi a drap o' gin,
And put some shugger and nutmag in."
Ben lick'd hes chops at the thought o' that,
But velt reather onaley about hes hat.
The drenk went down, and the vire bleaz'd up,
And Betty a third time vill'd hes cup;
Tha viro bleaz'd up, and the drenk went down,
And a velt reather gracey about the crown;
Down swer hes eyes hes hat a thrust,
And fisther wi laffin wer fit to bust.
But a put on another fagot o' wood—
"A zweatin, Benny, ull do thee good."
Ben got very shiny about tha flace,
And down on hes smockvrock drapp'd the griace,

Ben got very shiny about the face, And down on hee smockvrock drapp'd the griace, Ben's cloas wer such as ye coodent spwile, But hee weakit and breeches wer soosk'd like ile. Zee flather—and Ben wer sal in a flutter—"Thee'st caught thy cowld a-churmin butter; I hoap thee'rt cur'd vor this here bout, Vor I've done my best to zweat un out; But tiske my advice, my honest Ben, Doosnt never thee ketch zuch a cowld agean."

MOBBUL

When yev done wi churmin butter, and hev had a longish bout, Let the missuses' or dasiry-maids' class vengers tiake et out.

Ef you'm vond o' milted butter, wi calves' yead, or wi fish,

Better milt et in a saaspan, and powr et on tha dish.

Or ef ye stales zome butter, or any theng that's fat,

Better swaller et at once, not put et in yer hat;

Or ef ye puts et there (the pliace I doant admire),

Dooant goo drenkin gin and beer, nor get handy to tha vire.

Mr. Wills's play of Charles the First is hav ing quite a success here, partly attributable to its own merits (which are considerable) and partly to that admiration for monarchy which Sir Charles Dilke has kindled by his ill-judged as-The play takes that sentimental view of the royal martyr's character with which we were all so familiar (thanks to female historians the portrait by Vandyck), till Macaulay and Carlyle performed the operation for cataract upon us with reference to that question; and our clapse into blindness has been so marked since its production that some earnest folks are about to bring out Victor Hugo's Cromwell on the English stage by way of antidote. In the mean time persons who don't wish their ideas of historical propriety outraged except in legitimate farce avoid the Lyceum and patronize the Gaiety, where Mr. Charles Mathews, in the Critic, is as young and gay as ever. He is certainly a mar-vel for his age, if not of his age, and is appar-ently supposed to be making a mint of money, since he has found it necessary to issue the fol-lowing "card:"

lowing "card:"

"Mr. Charles Mathews presents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow-creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily receives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologise for not entirely supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object. He has had quite enough to do to fight through his own difficulties, and has been and is still laboring, at a time of life when many men would be glad to be sitting quietly by their firesides, in the hope of acquiring a small independence for his old age, which endeavor would be completely frustrated were he to devote all his hard-earned savings to the necessities of others. He hereby declares, upon his oath, that though he has lately traveled thousands of miles, and met with all the success he could wish, and is at the present moment basking in the sunshine of public favor, he is not a millionaire; and though warmly attached to his species in the plural, he has a last learned to value it in the singular—his specie having become equally dear to him. It is not that he 'loves Cæsar less, but that he loves Rome more.' He admits the force of the old quotation, 'Haud ignara mali, miseris incourrers disco,' but he offers this new translation—'Having so long

suffered distress of his own, he has learned—though rather late—to feel for the necessities of the one who is most in want of assistance—namely, himself."

With the exception of Mr. Boucicault, there is probably no actor that ever made so much money as Charles Mathews—or spent as much: in both of which performances, it is whispered, he has been more than seconded by his wives.

You are celebrated in America for your singular advertisements, I know; but two have b going the round of our London papers of late that I think may match them as "curios." One of them is from a lady who, "dreading the dangers and novelties of railway traveling, is desirous of meeting with another lady to share with her the expenses of posting by the road to Brighton." The other, also from one of the fair Brighton." sex, offers £1000 (\$5000) a year for a comfortable home. Her wants are so peculiar, and I may add so nationally characteristic, that I extract them verbatim:

"A lady, rather past middle age, wishes to find a home for herself and her servant, with a family of position residing in the country. Accommodation such as might reasonably be expected for £1000 a year. References would be found to be perfectly satisfactory. The residence must be in one of the English counties; not in Wales nor the Isle of Wight; and as no residence in a town, suburb, village, watering-place, clergyman's or professional gentleman's establishment would suit, all such proprietors are requested not to apply."

From the frequency of the appearance of this notice I conclude there is no doubt of its bona fides; and only conceive at what a premium "families of position" must be in this country, when \$5000 a year are offered for the honor of a residence with them! It is evident that the advertiser will be satisfied with no less lofty a roof than that of some great land-owner, or, as I see Harper's Weekly terms him, a groundswell. (A happy term, which seems also to explain why we are getting so sick of the class.) But how has it occurred that a person with so well furnished a purse should need to advertise for a home? If I myself were in the desired position, and of a mind to close with this tempting offer, I think I should require the payment of the first quarter in advance, otherwise it would be quite possible for this advertiser and her serv ant to live for three months on the fat of the land in every county in England without much fear of legal proceedings; and, for all I know, that is her little game. Speaking of advertisements, it is stated that

acknowledgments have been made during the current year from various charitable societies of no less than forty-two anonymous donations of £1000 each, and one of £10,000. These are not, however, to be strictly termed anonymous, since most of them are distinguished by initial letters-such as R. K.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS. No. XII.

CONSTANT subscriber wishes to know what will completely remove superfluous hair, adding that she is annoyed with such a growth of it on her face that she is the remark of her friends. These unfortunate cases are the result of morbid constitution, freaks of nature which are to be combated as one would eradicate leprosy or scrofula. The extreme growth of hair where it should not be comes from gross living, or in young persons is inherited from those whose blood was made of too rich materials. Living for two or three generations on overlarded meats, plenty of nice pastry, salt meats, ham, and fish, with good old pickles from brine—in short, what would be called high living among middle class people—is pretty sure to leave its reminders on lip and brow. Sometimes the typhoid fever steps in and arrests the degeneration by a painful and searching process, which burns out, as it were, the vile particles, and if the patient's strength endures, leaves her almost with a new body. The red, scaly skin peels off, and leaves a soft, fresh cuticle, pink as a child's; the dry hair comes out, and a fine, often curling, suit succeeds it, and moles and feminine mustaches are apt to disappear and leave no sign. But this fortunate end is not secured to order, and there are preferable ways of renewing the habit of body.

For immediate removal of the afflicting shadows which mar a feminine face most fatally there are many methods. The Romans used twe regularly as we do nail-brushes, to pull out stray hairs; and Lola Montez speaks of seeing victims of a modern day sitting for hours before the mir-ror painfully pulling out the hairs on their faces. But this often makes the matter worse; for if the hairs are broken off, and not pulled up by the root, they are sure to grow coarser than be-fore. A paste of fine wood-ashes left to dry on the skin is said to eat off hairs, and I think is as safe as any remedy. The authority on feminine matters quoted above recommends very highly a plaster which pulls the hairs out by the roots. Spread equal parts of galbanum and pitch plaster on a piece of thin leather, and apply to the place desired; let it remain three minutes, and pull off suddenly, when it comes bringing the hairs with it, and they are said not to grow again. This will probably bring the tears into the eyes of any one who tries it; but the courage of dam-sels desiring a maiden face is not to be damped by such trifles as an instant's pain. If the plaster were left on more than three minutes it would be apt to bring the skin with it in coming off. I should prefer to use daily a paste of ashes or caustic soda, left on as long as one could bear it, washing off with vinegar to take out the alkali, and rubbing on sweet-oil to soften the skin, which is left very hard by these applications. Applied day after day, it would not fail to kill the hair in a month, when it would dry and rub off. This may be used on the arms, which might be whitened and cleared of hair together by bathing them in a hot solution of chloride of lime twice

as strong as that used for bleaching cotton, say two table-spoonfuls to a quart of water. the arms daily in this, as hot as can be borne, for not over five minutes, washing afterward in vinegar and water, and rubbing with almond or olive This should be done in a warm room before an open window, to avoid breathing the fumes of the chloride, which are both unpleasant and noxious. Strong soft-soap left to dry on the arms would in time eat away any hair. But the trouble is that these strong agents eat away the skin almost as soon as they do the hair, and nice care must be used to prevent dan-gerous results. If the blood should be in bad order, though it might not be suspected by any one, least of all by the person interested, caustic of any sort might eat a hole in the flesh that would fester, and be a long time healing. I saw a frightful sore that a lady made on her neck trying to remove a mole with lunar caustic, and should advise every one to be careful how they run such painful risks. It is better not to endure pain heroically, thinking to have the matter over and done with at once. Better try the applications many times, leaving them to do their work gradually and surely. Of course, to lay the foundation of true beauty,

one wants to purify the system within as well as without. Nothing absolutely is of so much value to a woman in this respect as the vapor-bath. all our large cities public establishments for taking these baths exist, and their virtues are well appreciated by those who once try them. At one of the largest baths in New York ladies attend regularly for the sole object of improving their complexion. Perhaps the most successful form administered is the sulphur vapor-bath, which works such wonders also for neuralgia. This purifies and searches the blood, and I have seen a patient who had lost one of the loveliest complexions in the world, as she thought for-ever, come out of her bath day after day visibly whitened at each trial. For ladies past youth nothing restores such softness and child-like freshness to the cheek or such suppleness to the figure. Of course these baths can only be taken at places for the purpose, where chemical means are not wanting. I only mention them to urge all ladies who have the chance of trying them not to fail of so doing, both for the pleasure and benefit of the thing. The vapor-bath, pure and simple, has stood for some time among our household remedies for various ills, and is given by seating the undressed patient on a straw or flag chair over a saucer in which is a little lighted alcohol, and wrapping chair, patient, and all in large blankets. After a few minutes the per-spiration streams from one as if he were in a caldron of steam, and may be kept up any length of time. Fifteen minutes are enough, and a tepid bath should follow, if one is not chilled by it, and a good sleep, or exercise enough to keep one in a glow. Impurities are discharged in this way which else might occasion fever. The hair, skin, and nails are insensibly renewed and refined by it. There is not the least danger of taking cold if precautions are taken of rubbing dry, dressing quickly and warmly, and keeping the blood at its proper heat by work or fire— in short, by doing just those things which ought to be done if one never goes near a vapor-bath. The Arabian women have a similar method of perfuming their bodies by sitting over coals on which are cast handfuls of myrrh and spices. The heat opens the pores, which receive the fumes, till the skin is impregnated with the odor, and the women come out smelling like a chapel of incense. Twice a week is often enough for the vapor-bath; as for the fumigation, I doubt not some creature will be wild enough to try the experiment, which will be sufficient for a lifetime. If she does, she will be very glad to know that ammonia bathing will destroy most traces of her adventurous caprice.

Too great a profusion of hair, however, is a sign of nature's liberality, and this growth is found in connection with a strength and generosity of constitution that is capable of the best things when duly refined. The South Americans when the strength and strength cans are apt to have these appendages, with their supple bodies overflowing with vitality, and the Spanish and Italians as well. Such people are quick and lasting in the dance, own deep and tuneful contralto voices, move with vigor and -in short, have warm luxuriance of blood and spirits, which are too precious to restrain or lose. Fasting, denial of pleasant food and plenty of it, till one is worn to an anchorite. for the sake of purifying gross flesh, may do for religious penance, but does not reach physical ends so well as moderate and satisfying indulgence. If any poor girl thinks, from reading this paper, that she ought to starve and waste herself by sweating because she has a pair of mustaches and a coat of hair on her arms, she is vastly mistaken. If she wants to know what she may eat, let her study Professor Blot's cookery-book. Whatever is there she may eat, as it is there, assured that all the delightful French seasoning will not do her blood half the injury of a season's course of pies made after good Yankee fashion, the crust half lard and half old butter, with bits as big as a walnut strewn over the filling, which is peppered with allspice or drenched with essence, as the case may be.

COLD MILK FOR INFANTS.

DR. KING, of the United States army, strongly recommends the use of cold milk in rearing infants on artificial food. He believes the tendency to gastric and intestinal disorders is much less when the feeding-bottle is kept in cold or ice water than when the milk is raised to the temperature of mother's milk. He has also found that infants relish cold food, and that its effect is particularly good during the teething

CONCRRI

PARLOR

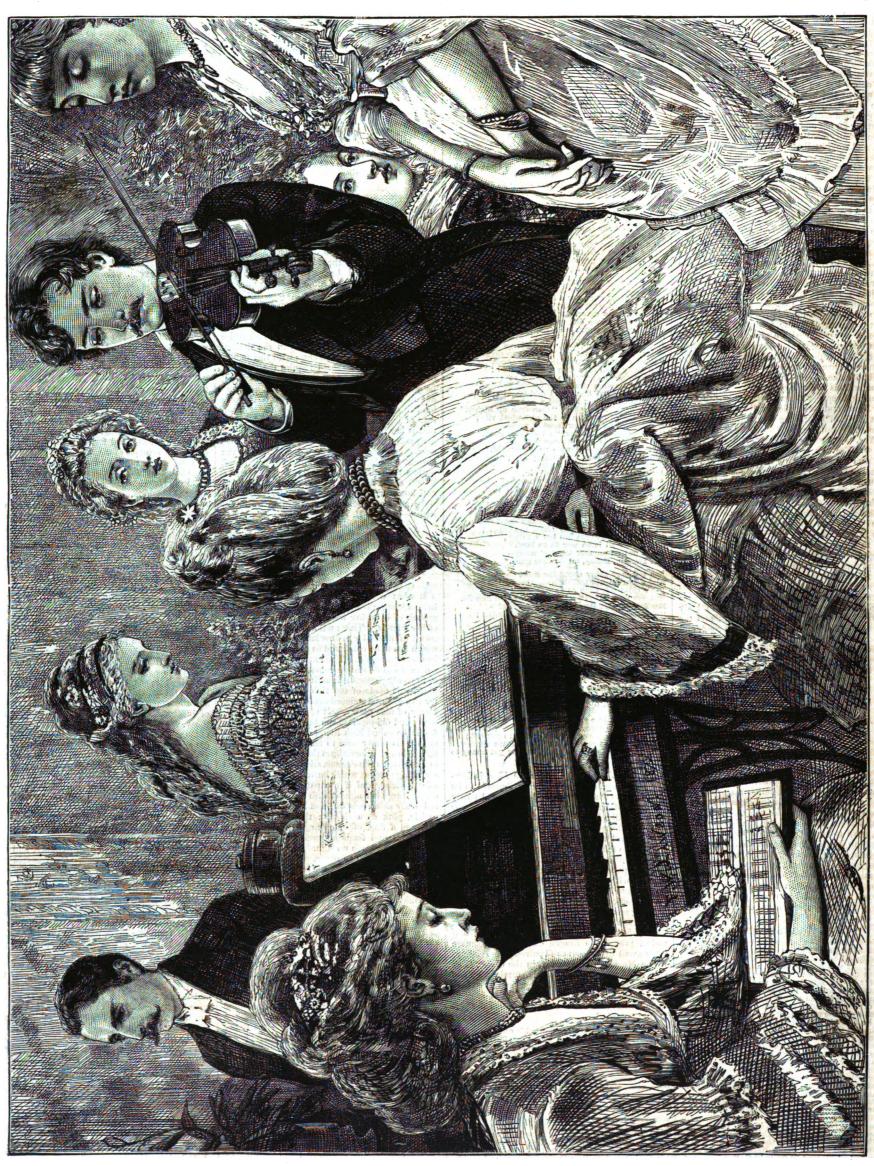
THE PARLOR CONCERT.

THIS pretty picture opens to us the doors of a fashionable drawing-room, devoted for the nonce to an amateur concert for some charitable object. The fair dames and beaux in evening attire whom we see gathered around the piano are but a small fragment of the company that fill the room beyond. The lady pianist and the

sional musicians themselves in closer sympathy with their audience; and when given, as they usually are, for the aid of some charity, they are doubly laudable. We hope that society dames and damsels will take the hint from this charming group, and organize many similar enterprises during the coming winter to win comforts for the poor from the purses of fashionable pleasure, seekers.

on the occasion of his genufication before a certain lady to whom he offered his hand and heart, was unable to rise from his knees, on account of his troublesome obesity. This is certainly an episode which by no stretch of courtesy could be called either romantic or heroic. To avoid such awkwardness some will adopt the method of letters, and will even go so far as to deliver them in person.

fined form, though still preserving its singular character. There is a story, said to be vouched for upon good authority, that a youth who had loved for some time, but had never been able to make the fact known, was one day accidentally thrown next to the lady in the same pew at church. Taking up the Bible, he turned to the first chapter of Ruth, and underlining the words, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return



accompanying violinist are probably executing some sonata or nocturne of Beethoven or Chopin, which, if it falls a little short of Rubinstein or Wieniawski, will nevertheless elicit a round of well-bred applause from the gloved hands of the audience. Amateur performances of this kind are always commendable, as tending to elevate the tone of society, and to bring profes-

MATRIMONIAL PROPOSALS.

THERE is always a great reluctance to speak of that event which is the central point of life. This is probably owing to the fact that nine-tenths of humankind look any thing but heroic when in the attitude of declaring their passion. It is said that Gibbon, the historian,

One such singular epistle thus handed in by a country farmer read as follows:

Now and then the proposal takes a more re-

from following after thee," passed on the sacred volume to his fair neighbor. Having read the words, she took out her pencil, scored the remaining words of the verse, and passed it back to the trembling swain. It is satisfactory to know that the parties were married after this piece of genuine romance. Another story is related of a school-master who had not courage



Head-Dress of Gros Grain Ribbon.

This head-dress is made of black gros grain ribbon two inches and three inches and a quarter wide. To make it form of the narrow ribbon two three-strand braids each twenty-three inches long, and fasten them on a foundation of black ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide and twenty-three inches long. On the under end of each braid set a bow of gros grain ribbon. Sew the braids on a stiff lace foundation, and finish them at the top with a bow of the wide ribbon.

Scotch Plaid Bedouin, Figs. 1 and 2.

This Bedouin is made of blue and green Scotch plaid, and is trimmed with colored worsted fringe and tassels. To make it cut a straight piece one hundred and forty inches long and thirty-six inches wide. If the Bedouin is desired to be of the shape shown by Fig. 1, round off this piece on the under side from the middle toward both upper corners; if otherwise, the material is left straight, as shown by Fig. 2. Hem the edge seven-eighths of an inch wide, and trim the bottom and ends with fringe. Lay the material double, crosswise, join both halves of the upper side from the middle to a length of thirty-two inches, and trim the Bedouin with tassels as shown by the illustration.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

THE moment Madame De Rusenville saw the Hunter family arrive at the boarding-house she marked them out as the likely subject of a good speculation. She was an old hand at this sort of business, and had a keen and experienced eye, that guided her, as if by instinct, to a safe investment in the dot line. This is a matter in which French match-makers are apt very often to make lamentable mistakes. They take too readily for granted that every American girl is an heiress. They see a handsome establishment kept up, horses and carriages, unlimited dress, and every outward luxury in abundance, and they jump hence at the logical conclusion that the dots are in proportion to the rest of the expenditure. The idea of parents living up to their income, and trusting to marrying their daughters to rich men who will take them for their worth or their beauty, content to accept whatever fortune the father finds it convenient to give in addition to these invaluable treasures, is quite beyond the reach of their comprehension. When, occasionally, they do grasp the fact, brought before them in some palpable form, their astonishment is only equaled by their disgust and indignation. There is no precedent in the manners and customs of the French people to explain, still less to justify, so extraordinary a line of conduct, and they can only see in it reckless and cruel selfishness on the part of the parents who thus imperil the future comfort and material well-being of their children, sacrificing an assured future to the gratification of their own personal pride and egotism. The French have the name of being very untruthful, and perhaps there is some foundation for this universal opinion; but

on one subject they are on one subject they are thoroughly trustworthy, and that is in every thing connected with marriage, dots, prospects, and settlements. Macchiavelli used to cay that the worst of say that the worst of liars was that they sometimes told the truth, and consequently deceived people, whereas if they lied consistently they would deceive no one. This point may be the exception to the French rule. It is certain that they are con-sistently truthful, in general and particular, the moment they come to negotiate a marriage. Indeed, they are habitually far more truthful in practice than other nations who profess greater integrity in words. It is rare to see a French family living so as to mislead one as to their income. There is infinitely less of that pride of life among them which leads us Anglo-Saxons and Americans to spend all we have, and more than we have often, on making a fine appearance. This special folly does not be long to the French, and it is seldom that one hears of a project of mar-riage falling through hecause, after the first preliminaries, the dot turned out to be much less than the surroundings and habits of the family led the other side to expect. You may form a pretty good guess how much a French paterfamilias intends to give his children from the amount that he

spends on himself: and



HEAD-DRESS OF GROS GRAIN RIBBON.

there are few traits in his character more surprising to foreigners than the praiseworthy self-denial which he habitually practices in this respect. The empire inaugurated a different state of things, and went far to draw Frenchmen into the showy mode of life that we are addicted to, thus sacrificing the paternal traditions that have always made the provision of the children a primary object, and held it as a salutary check on parental tendencies to extravagance. But these conquests to the new order of things were confined almost exclusively to Paris. In the provinces you still find the spirit of patriarchal economy ruling families, and a large share of the income set methodically aside for the children. Frequently one hears of these quiet, unostentations households giving portions to sons, and more especially daughters, that

would be worthy the daughter of an English earl. Judge, then, of the amazement of a mother brought up in such habits, and with such notions of parental duty, when she discovers that the young lady whom she set her eyes upon as an eligible partner for her son has no dowry but her beauty and an allowance, perhaps, for her dress. I realized the strength of prejudice which exists in their minds against marriages without money on the wife's side on once hearing a French lady exclaim, when informed of the marriage of a portionless young English girl of her acquaintance to a man of rank and large fortune, "I rejoice at it for her sake; but how humiliating it must be for her family!" She could not understand our view of a love-match. And yet they think it quite proper and natural that a man without a penny or a prospect should mar-

ry an heiress, giving her nothing but his name in exchange for her wealth. There is no sense of humiliation in his living on her. He takes her money and spends it, undisturbed by any feeling of mortification. But if the money were on his side it would be quite another affair. Supposing such an unlikely eventuality as his marrying a girl without a dot, she would be looked upon as under a deep and humbling obligation to her husband and her husband's family all the days of her life.

You have probably heard many stories of the disappointments experienced by certain brilliant young American girls who have come to Paris, and been received with flattering cordiality by the court, and made a great deal of by the august personages who presided over its splendid and varied hospitalities; who were followed wherever they went by a train of admirers; who were periodically said to be on the point of marrying a prince or a baron; and who ended by marrying nobody. It all came of their being accredited with a large fortune, whereas they really had not that desirable and indispensable appendage, and their parents, instead of dispelling the illusion, and stating openly what they meant to give them, allowed the adorers to go on paying their court, and running after the will-o-the-wisp in hopes of catching it, while they were far too wily to be caught by it. No Frenchman will commit himself till he knows to the letter what he is in for. American and English parents resent this matter-of-fact way of treating the question, and they are reserved about letting it be known what they intend to give their daughters in marriage: this is supposed to be a secondary consideration, and is kept in the background till more impor-tant things are settled—till, in fact, "the young people have made up their minds that they are made for one another." If Americans coming to Paris are possessed with the lamentable weakness of wishing to marry a Frenchman, let them frank-ly avow what their dot is, if they have a dot, and let it be known in the proper circles, and then such aspirants to conjugal felicity as their figure suits will come forward, and if they have their wits about them they may draw a prize in the lottery, and be so fortunate as to meet with an honorable man who will make them a kind and good husband. It is not often that they will come on such a mare's nest as M. De Ballisac and Madame De Rusenville built for Ophelia. Madame De Rusenville having ascertained, thanks to the honest, straightforward candor thanks to the honest, straightforward candor of Mrs. Hunter, the exact condition of the fiancée's fortune, made her terms accordingly. She was to have two per cent. on the dot and a diamond ring worth four thousand francs. The percentage was of course to be paid after the marriage, but the ring could be bought at once. Madame De Rusenville, therefore, when ordering the invals for the corbaille chose a fine diamond. the jewels for the corbeille, chose a fine diamond hoop for herself, the whole being payable out of the young lady's fortune. When the marriage was broken up the question was, who was to pay? M. De Ballisac had borrowed several sums of money from different persons, among others from his obliging wife, Madame Demalery, and terri-ble was that lady's wrath on finding that her investment was going to prove a sell. She stormed and threatened, and vowed she would have her treacherous husband put in prison. Why was he such a fool as to so mismanage his affair?

She cared not who paid it, but she should get back her money. Ma-dame De Rusenville, on the other hand, refused to part with her dia-mond. She had been swindled out of the percentage by her partner's stupidity, but the ring was well earned, and the ring she would keep. The baron was at his wits' end between these conflicting elaimants.

Bad as he was, he shrank from letting Ophelia, whose trusting affection had touched the one green spot left. the one green spot left in his dilapidated heart, know what a hollow ruffian he was, and what a blessed escape she had from him. Unluckily he allowed this lingering bit of sentiment to be seen through by the two ladies, who were not slow to take advantage of it. Having stormed and fumed till they discovered that it was an altogether useless expenditure of feeling, and that getting blood out of a stone was an operation as possible as getting money from the baron, they put their heads together to see what could be done with Ophelia. The poor fool was sincerely in love with him, and would be capable of some magnanimous folly to save him even now from his deserts. They determined to write to her and expose their grievances, urging that if the money advanced were not refunded and the diamond ring



Fig. 1.—Scotch Plaid Bedouin.—Back.

Fig. 2.—Scotch Plaid Bedouin,—Front.

paid for, the whole affair should come before the tribunal, and the baron most likely would be sent to prison. The result was what they anticipated. Mrs. Hunter's first sentiment was one of satisfaction that the villain should get his due, and be held up to public contempt. But then came the sad certainty that another would share that contempt, and get but a very small meed of pity. Ophelia added her entreaties to the silent pleadings of the mother's pride and love. Mrs. Hunter sent a check for the amount to both Madame Demalery and Madame De Rusenville, packed up her trunks, and left the boarding-house a sadder and a wiser woman than she had entered it. COMET.

A MATIN LAY.

HARK! All the woodland rings Joyous with song; Roses the morning flings Pearl-clouds along. When shuts thy lattice, dear, My sun is set, And until thou appear Day is not yet.

With thee all good things wake; Harm from thee flies, As reptiles haunt the brake Till the day dies.
Thou to my heart alone Bringest delight; O'er it when thou art gone Falleth the night.

Flashing the resper's scythe Glints in the sun; Flocks o'er the meadows blithe Gambol and run; Bright buds to tempt thine eyes Smiling expand; Fruits clad in summer dves Wait but thy hand.

Sweet though the lute may be, Touched not, 'tis mute: Waiting thy minstrelsy, My heart's the lute. Thoughts that, bereft of words, There silent throng,
Do thou but wake the chords, Burst into song.

(Continued from No. 46, page 756.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FELIX FINDS HIS OYSTER DIFFICULT TO OPEN

THE little word uttered by Lizzie in the concluding paragraph of the previous chapter is like the dropping of the curtain for a time upon the histories of the personages, good and bad, who are playing their parts in this drama of everyday life. For if it in any way resembles what it professes to be, the drama here presented should represent the doings of the time in which it is written, in so far, of course, as they enter into the ordinary life of the ordinary characters. who are introduced into it. Records of the more fashionable and (from a "society" point of view) higher phases of human life and character the

writer leaves to other pens.

The autumn and winter have passed, and the beautiful buds herald the yearly miracle of spring. Certain changes have taken place in the circumstances and lives of the movers in our story, and of these changes it is necessary here to make record.

Lily has left the music-hall, and her simple voice and simple songs are no longer heard in the Royal White Rose as an antidote to the coarseness and vulgarity which find prominent place on that stage. She is missed and regretted by many of the frequenters of the Royal White Rose. Her presence there was like a fountain of pure, clear water in the midst of an unhealthy tract of land; it made men and women forget for a time the impurities by which they were surrounded. I am glad to be able to say that her absence was regretted there, for it is a proof that indecency in word and action, and immoral suggestiveness in the nature of the songs sung in the Royal White Rose, are not vital elements in the success of such-like establishments. People laugh at these atrocious songs, and at the atrocious meanings conveyed in many of their catch-lines; they suit the trade of some who are regular frequenters of these halls. But that better sentiments can be awakened in their hearts which is evoked by the simple singing of a sim-ple ditty belonging to a school whose days unfortunately are not of the present. It is but a very few weeks ago that I strolled into one of the very lowest music-halls in the metropolis, in which, upon the occasion of my visit, there were not too many honest men and women, notwithstanding that the hall was quite filled. Among other indecently suggestive songs was one the title of which I refrain from mentioning, but which may be heard to-day and night uttered by boys and girls—chiefly by the latter—not only in courts and alleys, and under dark arches, but, when the reign of the night-birds commences, in the noblest thoroughfare in London, which, with the lesser veins that feed it, I have, in the commencement of this story, properly christened the Mart of Shame. The title of this song is supposed to have brought much money and reputaion to the Eminent Comic who invented it: if he were whipped for his ingenuity it would be a

fitter reward. Whoever trades in indecency deserves some such punishment, and should receive it. After the singing of a number of similar songs, all of which were received with expressions of delight and approval, two young girls came upon the stage and sang, What are the wild waves saying? and an old-fashioned duet called, I think, The Cousins. I was amazed at the enthusiasm with which these songs were received. The applause was honest, earnest, genuine. There was nothing in music-hall ethics to account for the enthusiasm. The girls were not immodestly dressed, and did not smile wink at the audience, and yet they were recalled again and again to sing, and their songs, which could not raise a blush or an impure thought, were undoubtedly the greatest success of the entertainment. This to me was a clear proof that it is not necessary for success in mu-sic-halls to aim at the utter degradation of taste and sentiment, as seems to be their present in-

There were two reasons to account for Lily leaving the Royal White Rose. One reason that her grandfather was alarmed for her health: a secret sorrow seemed to weigh upon her spirits and to depress them. She was not as happy in the society of her grandfather as she used to be, although, as if to counterbalance this and to remove any uneasiness from him, she strove to be even more affectionate to him when they were alone. The other was, that the purpose for which old Wheels consented to her appearing upon a stage was served. The debt of shame was paid, and Felix, feeling very sorrowful the while, was compelled to accept the balance of the hundred pounds which had been saved out of Lily's earnings. The old man made no re-mark concerning Felix's evident reluctance to receive the money. He merely said, "Now we are free, Felix, and Lily can leave the music-hall. The little income I have will be sufficient to keep us, and I shall be able to watch more closely over my darling.'

As the winter approached, Felix, going often to the little house in Soho, more often found the old man alone. Lily had found a companion, he said, and Alfred and she made frequent visits to their new acquaintance.

"My dear girl seems to take pleasure in her new friend," he said, "and it is but natural, for they are nearly the same age. It is but natural, also, that brother and sister should cling together as Alfred and Lily do. I have seen the young lady, and there is much in her that I like."

She has been here, then?" asked Felix. Yes, on two occasions. I have not been to her house, for, strange as it may sound, I have never been asked. Even if I were, I think I should not go. "Why, Sir?"

"Because Alfred does not wish it, and there is antagonism between my grandson and me. It has sprung up gradually, and acquires strength daily. When I first discovered it I strove to remove it; I strove to win Alfred's confidence, but I was unsuccessful. Perhaps I did not make sufficient excuse for youth and inexperience, and the result is that Alfred's mind is now set against And he has so strong an influence over —it is but natural, Felix, as I have said that I am afraid to do any thing with reference to her of which he does not approve; for he would be sure to use it as an argument against me in his confidences with my darling. God knows I do not want any thing to occur to weak-en her love for me! Poor girl! she must be dis-tressed enough as it is. She is between two fires, as it were—her brother on one side and, unhappily, her grandfather on the other. It is I who must forbear. All I can do is to wait and hope."

"Does Lily ever speak of this, Sir?" "Never; but she has it in her mind, as I have it in mine. Do you know, Felix, that I have for some time seen this conflict of feeling approaching; and a little while ago I did hope—"
"You hoped what, Sir?" asked Felix, for old

Wheels had paused, as though he were approach-

"That I should have had such an ally in a friend whom I esteem," said old Wheels, looking earnestly at Felix, "as would have rendered me

easy in my mind respecting my darling's future."
"This friend, Sir," observed Felix, turning
his head from the old man—"had you reason to suppose that he had any influence over Lily, and that his counsel would have had weight with

her?"
"I believe he had influence with my dear
" believe that she would girl: I believe he has. I believe that she would have heeded, and would heed now, any words

of counsel he might speak to her. "But suppose," continued Felix, still standing so that his companion could not see his face, that this friend held precisely your own view of the case. Suppose he feared that any counsel he might be bold enough to offer would hurt Lily's tenderest feelings—inasmuch as it would almost of a certainty clash with her deep affection for her brother. Suppose that, seeing this, knowing this, and believing that he had some slight influence over her, he refrained from saying what was and is in his mind, because of the painful conflict of feeling which it would stir

in your dear granddaughter's breast—"
He turned and held out his hand, which old

Wheels took and warmly pressed.

What, then, remains for this friend to do,' continued Felix, with animation, as they stood thus hand in hand, face to face, "out of regard for this dear girl's tender, sensitive nature, out of regard for her helplessness? To put aside as well as it is in his power to do, his own feelings, to be content to do as you do-to wait and hope. To do more: not only to wait and hope, but to watch over her for her good, without thrusting himself before her in such a way as to cause her pain. The friend of whom you speak is doing this." "Felix!"

"Dear Sir, trust your friend. In so far as in him lies he is doing, and will do, your part to-ward your dear girl when she is out of your He knows the house where your dear girl's lady friend lives; an acquaintanceship be-tween them has been brought about in the stranst manner; and he believes that the young lady—who is good, mind you, although inex-perienced in the world's ways—has a sincere respect for him. Is this some comfort to you?"
"It would be—it is. Felix, my dear lad,

how can I repay you?"
"With your friendship—but I have that, I know. Something else is on my lips, but I must not say it; something else is in my heart-you have guessed before this time what it isbut I must not give it expression. If the time should ever come—and I pray that it may—when I feel that I can speak freely, it may be in your power to repay me a thousandfold. happily, it shall never come, believe that I am re-paid over and over again. Now let us talk of

something else. They spoke of Felix's prospects of getting along in the world. He had found by this time that the world he had come into London to conquer was not so easy to open as the time-honored oyster. He had smiled often to himself since his boast to Martha, and had said, "What arrogance!" But he was mistaken. It was not arrogance. When he said to Martha Day that the world was before him for him to open, and, asking where his oyster-knife was, had tapped his forehead and said it was there, he had spoken not out of arrogance, but out of the overconfidence of youth. He had not been long in London before he discovered his mistake. He became humble in the contemplation of the great ness of his oyster and the littleness of himself, and he set modestly, humbly, to work upon the very lowest rung of the ladder, not daring to hope to rise very high. There came to him this feeling, of which he never lost sight: "I shall be content," he said to himself, "if I can become one of the common workers in the world, and if I can find some channel in which, by the exercise of all my energy, of all the little talent which I may possess, I am able to earn my living." He did not desire much; it was no boast when he said to himself that he would be con-tent with very little; his wants were small, and he had within him the capacity to enjoy. He took his enjoyments modestly; went now and again to the pit of the theatre, and (out of his gratefulness for small blessings) got more than his money's worth. When he could not afford the pit he went to the gallery, and would not have been ashamed to be seen there by any of his former friends. At one time his funds were very low, so low, indeed, that he could not af-ford a dinner; so, apples being in, he lived upon bread and apples and cold water, and made merry over his fare. He told no one, and he was not in the least to be pitied; he was learning life's lessons, and was bearing reverses bravewithout repining and without self-exaltation. He tried the usual resources of helplessness; he could draw and paint indifferently well; and one day (just before his bread-and-apple fare com-menced) he almost ruined himself by laying in a stock of card-board and crayons. In a few days he had two sketches ready, of which he thought so highly that he said, as he surveyed them, "Upon my word, I don't think I'll part with them." But he laughed at his vanity the next moment, and out he went to sell them, and came back with them under his arm. No one would buy them. He tried again the next day, and the next, and the best result he could obtain was that a shop-keeper offered to put them in his window, and to divide the proceeds with him, supposing they were sold. Felix agreed readily enough, put a low price upon them, and went round every day to look at them in the window. He did not dare to enter the shop. "The shop-keeper might ask me for storage expenses," he said, with a laugh. Then came the bread-and-apple time; and one day, longing for a change of food, he thought he would treat himself to a ece of meat; so he painted a chop on cardboard, and with comical earnestness set out his meal—a pennyworth of apples, half a quartern loaf, a jug of water, and his painted chop. As he ate his bread he rubbed out the chop, until he had eaten every bit of it, and nothing but smudges remained. He laughed heartily over his meal, I can tell you, and so enjoyed the whimsical fancy that it did him more good than a dozen chops would have done. He was comically concerned at the thought that he had eat-en bone and all. "I wonder it didn't stick in my throat and choke me," he said; "must be more careful next time." The occasions were not few on which he made light of his reverses thus; he seasoned his bread and apples with many such painted dishes, and amused himself by saving that his cho or his steak was underdone or burned up. He lived rarely during these days: had pine-apples when they were out of season, pears at a guinea a piece, grapes from the hot-house, and every luxury he could think of. Then going to the shop-window in which his sketches had been exhibited, he saw that they were gone. It gave him a shock. He had put what he considered to be a ridiculously low price upon them. "Perhaps he sold them for more," thought Felix, and entered the shop with a jaunty air. The shop-keeper gave him good-day. "It was best to get rid of 'em," he said; "they were blocking up the window,

so I took an offer for them."
"How much?" asked Felix.

"Sketches are a drug," said the shop-keeper,

fencing.
"I ought to have taken them to a chemist, then," observed Felix.

The shop-keeper stared: he had no sense of humor.

"I took seven-and-six for the pair," said the shop-keeper; and then defended himself without being accused, by adding, "and a good price, too, I consider it."

Felix looked at the shop-keeper with twink-

ling eyes.
"Thank you, good Sir," he said; "I owe

you one."
"Don't mention it," replied the shop-keeper, thinking he had got hold of a queer client.
"Here's your share—three-and-ninepence."

Felix received it, and looked at the shop-keeper with an odd smile on his lips. And when he was in his room, paid the man the one he owed him by drawing caricatures of him, and suddenly developed a talent which, but for this small circumstance, might have been hidden under a bushel. With a fine sense of humor which he was not afraid of displaying under the shop-keeper's very nose, seeing that the man did not possess the discriminative perception), Felix the following day took to the shop a caricature of the shop-keeper himself, in crayons, with which his patron was so tickled, not seeing the joke, that he bought it out of hand, and Felix was the richer by a crown. The joke, however, told against Felix in a certain way, for the shopkeeper would have readily given more for it; but then Felix was conscientious, and did not set too high a price upon the man. Felix dashed off a couple of other caricatures, and sold them The scene of one was laid at a narrow luncheon-counter which he had visited. There were three bar-maids serving, but only the backs of their heads could be seen. There is no need to say that this back view was impos-The comicality of the sketch was in the faces of the eaters with which the narrow counter was lined. They were depicted eating their luncheons after the fashion of their various temperaments. Some were solemn, some were farcical; the face of one was buried in a pint-pot: all were grotesque. The scene of the other was a street on a rainy day. A languid swell, six feet high, was languidly holding an umbrella over his head, and a street Arab, two feet and a half high, was running by his side, crying, "Shall I old yer umbrellar up, Sir?" If Felix had been fertile in subjects, he might have done well in this line; but it was not every day that he could get a new idea, and he was above copy-ing old ones. Then came the incident of the fire, and the acceptance of his account of it by the newspaper. He was fortunate in picking up other incidents, and made capital out of them.

him as the little money he was earning. About this time came a rare stroke of good Mention has been made of a friend fortune. with whom he had traveled abroad, and who came home with him. Felix was in the gallery of a theatre one night, when he saw this friend in the stalls. Their eyes met, and they recog-nized each other. Felix made no sign, the chasm between stalls and gallery was so deep and wide. But when the piece was over Felix hurried to the door of the theatre, wondering if his friend would try to find him out. By good chance they met in the crowd; his friend had

He grew hopeful, and began to make acquaint-

No money had ever been so sweet to

been hunting for him.

"Felix, old fellow!"

"Charley, old boy!"

"I thought I wasn't mistaken, Felix; but I

was surprised to see you up there!"

Felix smiled. "Funds low, old boy. Been long in London?"

"A month; can't tear myself away. Isn't it

Come and have some supper. Nothing loath, for they really had been friends, Felix took Charley's arm, and they made a capital supper, laughing and joking and quizzing as they had dene in the old times.

"But I say, old fellow," said Charley, "tell us about it. What's up?"

us about it. What's up?"
"I was," cried Felix, merrily—he was in the gayest of humors, for the circumstance of Charley looking for him after the play to shake hands with him had gladdened his hearteh? And only sixpence! You and I have been in queerer places, haven't we, old boy?"

And they fell to again fishing up pleasant memories from the past. They were supping together in Charley's room at the very hotel which Felix had patronized when he first came

to London.
"The waiter seems to know you, Felix," said

Charley.
"I was a lodger here once, and played the part of Grand Bashaw with twopence-ha'penny in my pocket. When my twopence-ha'penny was spent, I fled."

"An honorable retreat, I'll swear," remarked Charley.

Felix twirled his cigar, and puffed out roy-

ally.
"And now, old fellow, I must know all about

Felix told his friend all: of his quarrel with his father, softening that part of the story, and taking much blame to himself; of his quitting his home for ever and ever, never more to return, with his twopence-ha'penny in his purse; of his coming to London to conquer the world; of his failure; of his funds running out; and of his taking to the arts for a living. Only casually did he mention Lily, but his heart was so full of tenderness for her that the few words he uttered respecting her were rightly interpreted by his friend.

"Felix, you are in love."

Felix puffed away in silence, and looked into the fire.

"Come, old fellow," continued Charley, "we used to have no secrets; we shared and shared, you remember."

"Well, Charley," replied Felix, "I have kept no secret from you. You know this one, at all events, and you know it from me. But don't



either to write or speak his proposal, so he took the housekeeping keys and rattled them in the presence of his fair inamorata as an earnest of his intentions.

Other singular cases are related, where the extreme of awkwardness seems to have been reached. It is credibly reported that, after the most intense sighing and restlessness, a lover on one occasion threw his proposal of love into the form

mingled bliss and anguish, and the ingredients are so evenly mixed that it is impossible to distinguish which predominates.

To those who intend at some time or other to make a proposal in writing, a well-authenticated case may be cited as a warning to them on the subject of penmanship. An English duke made an offer to a merchant of marriage with his daughter, and, to his surprise, received back the

ble side. The meeting of Petrarch and Laura, the proposal of the poet, and acceptance by the lofty maiden; the interference of the aristocratic mother, and enforced acceptance of another suitor—all these rise before us when we think of illustrious examples of proposals which have been broken off before the period of fruition. We could ill afford to have lost these experi-

not be deceived by this flippant behavior on his part, any more than the world of beasts and birds in old Æsop's fable was imposed upon by the proverbial fox when he could not reach the clusters of delicious fruit, and declared that "the grapes were sour." These young ladies are not at all sour, but as sweet as freshly blown roses. Their father is a happy man, and three still happier men, in due course of time, shall be



"THE FOX AND THE GRAPH

of this very simple and unmistakable question, "Will you darn my stockings?" and received a low-uttered "Yes" in response. The general opinion of ladies in regard to this most trying ordeal is, that while it is a period of the most exquisite sweetness, they are always glad when it is over. It is to be looked back upon with complacancy in after-years; but the actual moment is one of

answer, "Declined, with thanks, on account of a previous engagement." His grace's writing was so bad that the merchant had read his letter to contain an offer of a box at the opera, and the mistake was not explained for several years, by which time the duke and the lady had been married to other individuals.

This question has, however, its grand and no-

"THE FOX AND THE GRAPES."

THE young coxcomb who lurks in the background of this scene, with his glass stuck in his right eye for a seemingly indifferent look at the girls seated with their papa under the leafy vine, may affect to hide his disappointment at not finding one or other alone. But we shall

their husbands. The eldest sister, who stands behind papa's chair, with her hand affectionately placed on his shoulder, is certainly not attempting to make signals to that young gentleman with the flower she holds on high. No, it can not be suspected that she would do so; but she alone of the family party has noticed his approach, and she watches his equivocal movements in judi-



cious silence, with a calm, satirical regard, which should warn him to keep aloof, if he would not incur a severe snub for his unauthorized pretensions to flirt with the daughters of the house.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ED. E. G .- A Golden Sorrow is published by Harper & Brothers, and will be mailed to you from this office on receipt of 50 cents.

Meta G.—Your acquaintance probably sent his card to apprise you of his safe arrival, and to give you his address in case you should need it. Had he wished to correspond with you, he should have obtained your permission before leaving your city.

An Enlightened Reader.—Mr. Froude is, we pre-

sume, a member of the Church of England, and most certainly is not, nor has ever been, a Catholic, though

at one time, we believe, he had ritualistic sympathies.

Mabel.—Our New York Fashions article will tell you what colors will be worn this winter.—As to what you shall say when you are introduced to a gentleman, we can only presume that in your case silence will be golden, and advise you as nearly as possible to hold your peace.

LATINA.—Your quotation seems to be only part of a sentence, and therefore untranslatable.

A.—West of England beaver cloth is not too heavy

for a Dolman. You can obtain the flannel at the house mentioned. Three yards will make a breakfast sacque. The Double-breasted Sacque illustrated in Bazar No. 43, Vol. V., is suitable for it.

MRS. C. L. H.—Infants' petticoats should be a yard long from the weight down.

MES. C. L. H.—Infants' petticoats should be a yard long from the waist down; their wrappers are open in front. High-necked yoke slips with long sleeves are most worn. Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 45, Vol. V. Velveteen, or cashmere, or light cloth is the material for your boy's walking coat. We can furnish a pattern. Colored damask table-cloths are used for lunch and for tea, but seldom for breakfast. Aw Old Susscriber.—The New York Fashions of Bazar No. 44, Vol. V., and the illustrations of cloaks in No. 45, Vol. V., will give you an idea about remodeling your velvet wrap. Make your blouse a sailor shirt without a belt, but with rubber in the hem to gather it around the waist. Add a large sailor collar.

shirt without a best, but with rubber in the nem to gather it around the waist. Add a large sailor collar, cuffs, and side sash of pale blue merino or cashmere. The garment is precisely like that worn by small boys and girls during the summer.

ETHLENE.—Velours will be used as a dress trimming, but thickly repend owns crain is preferred. Entire

BTHLENE.—Velours will be used as a dress trimming, but thickly repped gros grain is preferred. Entire suits are made of black cashmere, but the cashmere polonaise over a silk or velvet skirt is most worn. The hair is worn in the high puffed Josephine coffiure.

Madison.—To trim a suit of blue broadcloth for a girl of ten years use bias bands of thick black gross.

White and relar blue cashmers bands are also

grain. White and paler blue cashmere bands are also much used on dark blue suits for children.

MES. M. A. C.—You could have found your ques-tions fully answered by consulting late numbers of the Bazar. Twenty yards of empress cloth are required for your suit, and perhaps more. Two lower founces extend all around the skirt; three other flounces are placed above these on the three back breadths, making five in all, and covering the back from the waist down. five in all, and covering the back from the waist down. These must be of uniform depth, bias, and not very full. An apron front of an over-skirt covers that part of the dress front left untrimmed. Large perpendicular bows fasten the flounces on the sides of the skirt. Any basque will suit with this skirt. There are no dress sleeves worn sufficiently open to require a tight dress sleeves worn sufficiently open to require a tight sleeve of the dress goods underneath. Linen undersleeves with flaring cuffs are worn with morning toi-

sleeves with flaring cuffs are worn with morning tollettes, full under-sleeves of lace and embroidered linen cambric with more dressy costumes.

H.—Flounce your black silk to the waist, and make a Louis Quinze basque, like illustration in Bazar No. 48, Vol. V., by simply arranging the trimming as shown in the picture. Satin piping and point lace are most insuitable trimmings for a Japanese silk. Use blas black velvet bands or facings instead. Your velvet manile is not far out of fashion. Put a lace spiral on the back, and fasten it down closely by a belt put underneath the garment; lap the long front ends in fichu style.

Mrs. U. S. L.—Flannel in cashmere figures or in plain gray will answer for a dressing-gown. An advertisement in the Bazar will tell you how to buy samples.

Mrs. S. H.—We do not sell passementeric cord, but you will find it at the fancy stores advertised in our

H. S.—Read answer above to "A." Miss W. B.—Ten yards of water-proof will make s

ALBERTINE B.—Your polonaise suit of mourning should have kilt pleating on the lower skirt, and merely a bias band of the material on the edge of

the polonaise.

Mrs. R. M. D.—Read answer above to "Albertine

Mss. R. M. D.—Read answer above to "Albertine B.," and add fringe on your polonaise.

Sallie.—Your handsome olive cashmere will be very stylish if made as you suggest. Make a very simple jockey basque, and trim with facings or cord of silk.

Mss. J. V. J.—Flounce your pearl-colored silk to the waist with Swiss muslin, or else silk of a darker shade.

INQUIRING MOTHER.—A kilt-pleated skirt worn over pantaloons would be very clumsy and ugly. Knee pantaloons shaped to the limbs are most stylish for dressy suits. Knickerbockers are worn on ordinary occasions, and are preferred for slender boys.

M. A. D.—A bias band of thick corded gros grain is a suitable trimming for the cashmere Dolman of a lady in mourning.

in mourning.

Mrs. L. R.—Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 45, Vol. V., for boys' overcoats.

Mrs. G. L.—The princesse polonaise will be worn all

winter.

winter.

A STESORIBER.—There is a sort of circular Dolman shape very fashionable for velvet wraps. You can imitate this by belting down the back and front of your mantle and letting it hang loosely on the sides. The brocade flounces can be utilized in the way you suggest, as brocades are more worn than at any time within the last ten years.

Mrs. A. G. M.—We have no pattern of girl's yoke dress.

Domestic. A black camel's-hair Dolman, trimmed with a band of thick gros grain, would be suitable for

mourning.

Mrs. E. A.—As water stains extract the color from silk, we fear there is no help for them.

silk, we fear there is no help for them.

E. M. D.—The Louis Quinze vest-basque costume is one of the most stylish models for your dinner dress of blue silk. Trim it with velvet and fringe, or raffee, or lace. Many dresses are made without over-skirts, but they (over-skirts) are not going out of style this season.

season.

F. F.—Wine-color and blue are worn together.

Make your polonaise a double-breasted redingote like

that illustrated in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V. Wear blue or white twilled slik neck-ties with it.

A. S. W.—The illustration and description of the

Louis Quinze dress in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V., will give

Louis Quinze dress in Bazar No. 44, Vol. V., will give you suggestions for your garnet silk.

A Constant Reader.—By having your reception day engraved on your visiting cards, and informing your friends that you are at home on that day, you will soon impress it on their minds, and save yourself the trouble of miscellaneous calls at all times and seasons.

THE PREMIUM MACHINE.—Visitors at the Northern Ohlo Fair, last autumn, will remember the long, arduous struggle between the eight or ten leading sewingmachines on exhibition there for supremacy in family sewing. The samples exhibited were valued at thousands of dollars, and, taken together, made up a display which was alone worth a trip to the fair to see. After full consideration the committee unanimously awarded the first premium to the Wilson Improved Machine, which was pronounced superior to all others in family work. We refer to this grand triumph to remind the ladies that this same Wilson Machine is the cheapest first-class machine ever offered, costing \$15 less than any other machine of its high rank. It is difficult to understand why the people of this section should purchase or use any other machine. Salesroom at 701 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

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A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the Youth's Companion of Boston has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.—[Com.]



COPYING WHERL.—By, the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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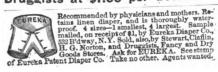
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FACETIÆ.

A yourn with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

A SCHOOL BOARD THAT IS NEVER ELECTED — A black-board.

Never marry a woman tilityou know where her dress ends and her soul begins.

If a man has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she will be his other I.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a

The husband who de-voured his wife with kisses found afterward that she dhagreed with him.

"Mrs. Toomuch, where's your husband?"
"He's dying, marm, and I don't wish any body to dis-turb him." A very considerate woman that.

MOTTO FOR CHESS-PLAY-ERS-"Act on the square."

"I've just laid out five thousand dollars in jeweiry for my dear wife," said a fond young husband.
"Your dear wife indeed!" sneered an acrimonlous old bachelor.

An affectionate watch-maker may call his wife "My little jewel;" but she ought to call him "My little jeweler."

GLASSES.—A man whose eyesight was not good was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest public-house, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

A PARADOX IN NATURAL HISTORY. What an obstinate creature's a mule! How peculiar That woman, the pride of creation, is Mulier!

> FACTS THAT ARE SELF-EVIDENT-IN THE MIND OF MAN.

IN THE MIND OF MAN.

That he is overworked.
That his constitution requires stimulants.
That, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage.
That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, etc.
That he ought to belong to a club.
That he could reform the army, do away with the income tax, manage the railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping a hotel.
That he knows a good glass of wine.
That he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg.
That medicine is all humbug.
That he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad.

That he must win on this year's races.

IN THE MIND OF WOMAN.

That she has nothing fit to put on.
That things ought to be bought because they are cheap.

That there is company in the kitchen.

That she is not allowed sufficient money for house

keeping.
That she never goes out any where.
That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby.
That she requires a change about the month of

That ane requires a change about the month of August.

That her allowance is too small.

That she never looks fit to be seen.

That cook drinks.

That there is always "a giare."

That there is somebody in the house.

That Mrs. Orpington is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking, after all.



THE SAME-WITH A DIFFERENCE. Scene-A Shop.

One of the "Young Ladies" shows a Costume. Brown thinks it Lovely. Mrs. Brown tries one on- Brown is not so Sure about it now.

QUESTIONS FOR NAVAL COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

EXAMINATION.

1. When is a ship taken all aback? After this can it go forward?

2. When does a ship reach? How far can it reach on a stretch?

3. Where are her beam ends? Name which beams are intended, and which ends.

4. What is meant by shaking a ship? If this is often done, are the sallors Shakers?

5. Running a vessel in the wind's eye. Is this a painful operation for the wind? If not, why not?

6. When going in the teeth of the wind, would the vessel knock the teeth out? If not, what?

7. Where are the heel and fore-foot of a ship? Problem.—Given the above, to find when a vessel can be taken in toe.

8. Is the mainyard a covered or open yard? How do you make the farm-yard fore and aft?

9. What are the hawse pipes? Are they used in an engagement? If so, are they rightly called the hawse de combat?

engagement? If so, are they rightly called the hause de combat?

10. You are of course acquainted with the painter on board ship. In what style does he paint?

11. Is a ship ever put into crinoline in addition to being in stays?

12. How do you wear a vessel? When you wear a vessel, is it as it were before it was as you wear it; or, if not, wear is it?

13. Who were Larboard, Cardboard, and Starboard?

14. When does a ship run? Do only Welsh ships, that is, whalers, spring leaks?

15. Can you procure at a nautical instrument maker's any spectacles specially adapted for dead-eyes?

16. Is it the duty of the admiral to see the mainsheets aired every morning? Whose office is it to take care that the warming-pan is used for the foresheet in the depth of winter?

17. By what marine and commercial law are ships' trucks allowed to be used on railways?

18. Why is port always left on a vessel? Are the first officers' glasses also left on board? If not, why?

19. What animals are invariably carried on board ship? Are the monkey and donkey and cat of the number?

30. Can you tell the pitch of a vessel with a tuning-

21. Is a marine store the only place where you can obtain marines?

22. Are you obliged to make use of the Needles in order to tack? order to tack r
Any candidate answering this entire paper correctly
will be at once presented with a cadetably, and will
have his name down on the admiral's private list for
promotion to the mast-head on the very first oppor-

Two members of a base-ball club have joined a choir. One of them officiates as short stop on the organ, and the other sings third base.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where is the railway passenger who, when he leaves the train, is so commonly polite as to shut the door behind him? Where is the tourist who can contrive to change a five-dollar bill upon the Continent and not find him-self a loser thereby? Where is the butler who allows his master's friends to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?

to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?
Where is the reading party which sticks closely to its studies even in the finest weather?
Where is the public orator who can ever keep his promise to "say a few words only?"
Where is the billiard-marker who will win your money from you and refrain from assigning half his victory to flukes?
Where is the railway porter who will hurry to attend to you if you are known upon the line as one obeying

to you if you are known upon the line as one obeying strictly the placarded direction to "give no fees to any servants of the company?"

Where is the builder who never lets his bill exceed

Where is the builder who never lets his bill exceed his given estimate? Where are they born, the people who say cowcumber, hospittable, nayther, and advertizement? Where is the organ-fiend who will move off from your door without your fetching a policeman? Where is the barber who can manage to content himself with cutting your hair simply, without making any cutting observations on its scantiness? And lastly—Where is the young lady who can pack up her own boxes and not leave half her "things" behind her?

THE LABGEST IN THE WORLD.—Instrumental music is said to attain to the highest perfection in the "Organ Mountains."

What coin should last longest? — One's last shilling.

A thrifty housewife thinks that men ought to be useful —they might as well be smoking hams as smoking cigars.

A STAGE STUDY — Gauze and effect.

THE ACROBATS OF EVERY HOUSEHOLD — The pitcher and tumbler.

The Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

Jones wrote to a triend, and closed by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

If a woman tells more than the truth in speaking of a rival's age, she will probably make the thing even by stating her own.

THE BEST THING FOR A FRESH COLD—Get it cured.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A Quaker's waistcoat buttons.

One of the saddest instances of woman's faithlessness with which we have ever met was that of the wife of a man in Syracuse. It seems that the couple had arranged that for six months the husband was to get up in the morning and make the kitchen fire, and that the wife was to perform the task for the succeeding six months. The man's half year expired on the 3d, and on the morning of the 3d the woman suddenly died. He is nearly broken-hearted over his affliction. He says if he could only have foreseen this bereavement he would have shuffled her out of bed at daylight every morning since May.

AQUATIC HINTS.

At the request of several distinguished members of prominent rowing clubs, I have made a few observa-tions for the benefit of amateur and professional scull-

prominent rowing clubs, I have made a new ouncertaints for the benefit of amateur and professional scullers and oarsmen.

The first essential for rowing is a boat. When possessed of that the squatic celebrity, or even tyro, may take his choice of sculls or oars.

If oars are chosen, one at a time will generally be found sufficient. It is an accepted fact—that is, among the cognoscenti, on whose books I have been recently enrolled a member—that pair-oared rowing is generally executed by two persons. Hence the origin of the well-worn remark that two persons may row in one boat, but not with the same sculls.

I must here contradict my remark that a boat is the first essential for rowing. I had forgotten water. I generally do. This is an instance of forgetfulness common to great minds, for I was sware, of course, although it had for the moment slipped my memory, that rowing can not be successfully accomplished on dry land. Therefore water is the first essential. Members of young clubs will please note this.

An outrigger is a vessel on which the rigging is fastened differently from the fashion which obtains with inriggers.

inriggers.

An inrigger is a vessel in which the rigging is fast-ened differently from the fashion which obtains with

ened differently from the fashion which obtains with outriggers.

Note.—The rigging is the rope-work which connects the masts and yards with the deck.

Steam outriggers are, I am informed, becoming very fashionable among swell rowing men. Steam outriggers are so called because, having steam, they have no rigging.

Rigging the market is not an aquatic phrase.
Thimble-rigging is an aquatic pursuit, inasmuch as it occupies considerable attention on the towing-path during boat-races.

Cances have been recently christened cance-sauces.
This is all I know just now.



AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

MRS, FLIRTINGTON (coquettishly). "I'm afraid you are Bored, Mr. Amoret! You would sooner be Walking with some Young MR. FLIRTINGTON (coquentions). I make you had been supported by the control of th



GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

IRATE PARENT. "Oh! yer don't want to go into Business, don't yer! Oh! yer want to be a Clerk in the Post-Horfice, do yer! Post-Horfice, indeed! Why, all you're fit for is to Stand Outside with your Tongue hout, for People to Wet their Stamps against!"



Vol. V.—No. 49.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's House and Street Suits, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—INFANT'S ROBE. This robe is made of white cashmere, and is scalloped on the neck and sleeves. The front is closed with buttons and button-holes. The edge of the garment is button-hole stitched with white silk. Cambric or batiste may be used instead of cashmere.

Fig. 2.—Cabimere and Gros Grain Wrapper. This brown cashmere wrapper is trimmed with revers and buttons of brown gros grain. White batiste petticoat, trimmed with a kiltheat ruffle and a fold of the material. White Swiss muslin collar, chemisette, and undersleeves. The under-sleeves are flowing, and are edged with wide side-pleated ruffles. The revers of the front and sleeves are fastened back with buttons covered with brown gros grain. Hair bow of light brown gros grain ribbon.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Serge Walking Suit. This suit of sage-colored serge consists of a double skirt, waist, and paletot. The under-skirt is trimmed with a wide gathered and narrow boxpleated ruffles of the material, and bias strips of black gros grain. The over-skirt and paletot are trimmed with a passementerie border, black tassel fringe, and bows of black gros grain ribon two inches wide. Black velvet hat, trimmed with gros grain ribbon, a colored feather, a tulle scarf, and a spray of flowers. To make the over-skirt, enlarge Fig. 37, Supplement, to eight times the size given, and transfer the lines, figures, and signs to the enlarged pattern. The pattern should then be twenty-five inches and three-quarters wide and forty-nine inches and three-quarters long in the back. Cut one piece from Fig. 35, Supplement, and two pieces each from Figs. 36 and 37. Having joined the front with the side breadths from 12 to 13, hem the breadths

on the bottom, and trim as shown by the illustration. Sew up the back breadths from 16 to 17, hem the bottom and sides narrow, and trim as shown by the illustration. Gather the back breadths from 18 to 19 and from 20 to 21, pleat them, bringing × on •, and sew the points marked * on Fig. 37 together, so that an outer pleat is formed. Sew the back on the side breadths from 14 to 15, without, however, fastening the edges of the outer pleat. Pleat the top of the over-skirt, bringing × of Fig. 35 on of Fig. 36, and gather the back from the slit to : on each side, then set the over-skirt into a double belt an inch and a quarter wide, which is closed with hooks and eyes. Finally, furnish the over-skirt with the sash, and fasten the ends each to the point marked 22 on Fig. 37. For the paletot cut of serge and lustring lining two pieces each from Figs. 38-41, and the sleeves from Fig. 42, observing the outline of the under part.

Cut the cuffs from Fig. 43. Having sewed up the back from 27 to 28 and from 29 to 30, pleat it, bringing × on •, and join Figs. 38-40 according to the corresponding figures. Along the straight line on the fronts set a pocket corded on the edge. Run the material and lining together on the edge, excepting the neck, in doing which sew in a fly eight inches long, and furnished with eyes on the front edge of the left front from the neck. Sew the corresponding hooks to the wrong side of the right front. Join the neck of the paletot from 33 to 27 with the collar, and trim as shown by the illustration. Having joined the upper and under parts of the sleeves from 34 to 35 and from 36 to 37, set on the trimmed cuffs according to the corresponding figures, and sew the sleeves into the corded armholes, bringing 37 on 37 of the fronts. A how with long sash ends is set at the neck, and another at the bottom of the back.



Fig. 1.—Infant's Robe.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Gros Grain Wrapper.

Fig. 3.—Serge Walking Suit.—Front.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 35-43.

Fig. 4.—SERGE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 35-43.

REPENTANCE.

HE kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong, For he was neither kith nor kin: Need one do penance very long For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right: Why will men have such wicked ways? It wasn't for a minute—quite— But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink When I requested him to go I meant it, too-I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame; He took the kiss. I do think men Are quite without a sense of shame. I wonder when he'll come again!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HAR-PER'S WEEKLY will be published the Ninth Part of

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In a few days Harper's Weekly will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

😭 A new story by B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade - o' - Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc., will shortly be begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is called

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," and will be profusely and splendidly il-

lustrated.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's House and Street Dresses, Gentlemen's Sporting Suits, Lingerie, Coiffures, Fancy-Work, etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

BILLS OF FARE FOR BREAKFASTS. By PIERRE BLOT.

N every new country it is best to partake of food before going out early in the day. Newly tilled ground allows miasma to ooze through, especially during the night, so that the air is more or less impure in the morning. Experience has shown that persons going out early when fasting are much more subject to fevers or other sickness than those that first partake of food. Through necessity at first, Americans have fallen into the habit of breakfasting early; therefore breakfast dishes must be such as are quickly prepared. As a rule, dishes for breakfast are without sauce. Such dishes as croquettes, purées, salads of fish, meat, or vegetables, cold meat or fish, boned birds, meat or fish pies, tongues, etc., are all cooked the day before. They are either cooked especially for breakfast, or are what is left from the preceding day's dinner.

Some persons drink coffee and milk every morning at breakfast; others drink tea; others vary their drink by alternating coffee tea, chocolate, cocoa, and even milk alone. Those who drink cold water, and only one cup of coffee and milk, or chocolate, or milk only, are certainly the wisest. Those who drink nothing but tea are the opposite. Tea is too astringent, and excites the nervous system too much to be taken at breakfast. A person used to drinking tea at breakfast, and who takes water or even coffee instead, will at first find himself restless and seemingly weak immediately after it, because the nervous system has not been excited (by tea) as usual.

This excitement, like every thing artificial. does not last long; it is invariably followed by prostration, more or less severe according to the excitement produced, or, rather, according to the quantity of tea taken. In other words, the greater the excitement the greater the prostration, and the sooner dys-

pepsia comes, closely followed by its offspring, consumption.

We do not think it necessary to mention in every bill of fare such articles as bread, rolls, butter, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, milk, muffins, etc.; like salt, pepper, and mustard, they are a matter of course on the breakfasttable, and will be understood to be included in the following menus:

BILL OF FARE No. 1.

Pickled beets. Olives. Sea-bass, broiled, mattre d'hôtel. Steamed potatoes. Ham and eggs. Cheese. Apple sauce. Peaches.

No. 2.

Pickled cherries. Sardines. Beefsteaks. Fried potatues. Omelet naturel. Cheese. Currant jelly. Plums. No. 8.

Pickled cauliflowers. Tunny in oil. Fried smelts. Baked potatoes. Lamb-chops, broiled. Cheese. Compote of oranges. Grapes.

No. 4.

Pickled Carrots. Anchovies. Beef's tongue, in alices. Potatoes sautées. Eggs, fines herbes. Hominy. Cheese. Compote of apricots. Pears. No. 5.

Pickled corn. Black radishes in salad. Brolled pickerel, mattre d'hôtel. Potato croquettes. Kidney sauté. Cheese. Compote of peaches. Plums. No. 6. Chowchow. Smoked eels. Cold corned beef. Potatoes Lyonnaise. Call's brain, fried. Carrots, fines herbes. Oatmeal. Cheese. Compote of pears. Ap-

Capers. Smoked sturgeon. Steaks with water-cress. Potatoes à l'Anglaise. Sheep's brain, beurrs notr. Onions à la crème. Rice croquettes. Cheese. Compote of pine-apple. Pears.

Our readers will understand that they are not obliged to have all the dishes we mention in one bill, or to be restricted to them: we endeavor to help housekeepers, but we do not dictate to them. It will be easy either to omit one or more dishes, to add some, or to change others, according to taste. All the articles we mention are in season, but there are many others, and of every kind of food, in season also.

We always commence with two dishes of hors-d'œurre, which may be partaken of after each dish until the cheese comes in order. These kors-d'œuvre are appetizing, and are most generally relished at breakfast.

Any kind of cheese may be served, be it soft or hard, strong or mild, new or old, domestic or foreign; it is a mere matter of taste. It is the opinion of the most eminent doctors and physiologists that a dessert is not complete without cheese. A French gastronomist has said that "a dessert without cheese is like a pretty woman with but one eye."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. Of the Indian Summer.

MY DEAR WALTER,—On one of these pleasant autumn days, when I was thinking of the charms of the Indian summer, and supposing that I already felt its serene influence, I read with amazement and sorrow in Mr. Wilson Flagg's Woods and By-Ways of New England-a book which will give you the purest pleasure—that the Indian summer is lost to us forever! No news, I am sure, could be announced in the papers that would shock and grieve so large a number as this of the decease of the Indian summer. I had, then, been conversing with a ghost. The still, warm haze in which I had been loitering and basking in the Park and along the shores of Long Island and Staten Island was not the real presence. It was only a shadowy and spectral suggestion. I had been pleasing myself with the blissful consciousness that those lovely days were indeed the summer of All-Saints, and the beautiful lines of Evangeline were long drawn out in pensive music in my mind. when I find that it is all an illusion, and that the Indian summer is henceforth only a memory and a tradition.

Mr. Flagg does not deny that there are yet days very soft and still and exquisite, which may be considered as estrays from the vanished season: sprays and weeds, as it were, floating far out at sea from a continent that has drifted away. And he states he only scientific theory sible in explanation of the Indian summer. I shall not tell you what it is—for you should read his book, and submit to its influence. which is the spell of natural woods and waters. But I have gone about as a mourner ever since I read it, lamenting the Indian summer, and, I will confess, not without a curious kind of resignation, arising from a profound conviction that there is yet some mistake, and that the lamented deceased is not dead, after all. Reflect upon a few of the days of the last fortnight, even if you have only been rushing up and down town without a single glimpse of the last lingering yellow and red leaves upon the trees stripped for winter, and say whether, if your judgment agrees with Mr. Flagg, your imagination does not a little protest.

But I said to myself yesterday, as I strayed along the Ramble in the Park, and saw Vertumna approaching, that now I was sure, for the beautiful season could not vanish until there was no longer such serene maturity of life as hers. What do I care, although the rich and ripe repose of the completed year is no longer manifest in the warm tranquillity and tender haze which we call Indian summer, so long as it appears in this friend of mine? I knew her when she was young—in what you, my dear Walter, who are a poet, would probably call her Mayday of life. And indeed it was full of May. It was all freshness and blossom and promise. There was a vernal bloom in her whole impression which captivated every body, so that when you had passed an hour or an evening with her your mind was full of the exhilaration which arises from the first hearing the sounds and perceiving the fragrance of spring. This also made her charm among all the belles. There was a lovely pride, a pure simplicity, in her manner, her dress, and her conversation, a blithe elasticity and universal bloom of health that perpetually filled your mind with a vision of Hebe descending. Now, Walter, you will permit me to look into your mind. You are wondering how your susceptible friend, who was young with Vertumna, escaped the enchantment of Hebe. But you must remember that the Bachelors are not a marrying family.

A little later it was June with my friend, the fullness of early summer. I could never see her without recalling Steele's famous praise of Lady Elizabeth Hastings-a lady of whom the excellent Chalmers says that her attachment to the Methodists, who "started up" in her time—for she did not die until the year 1740—"is the only objection on record to the prejudice of her lady-ship's character." She commanded even a man like Congreve, whose description of her as Aspasia shows that he knew what a noble woman was, even if he preferred for applause to make them ignoble in his plays. "This character is so particular," he says at the end of his description, "that it will very easily be fixed on her only by all that know her; but I dare say she will be the last that finds it out." Then Steele takes up the strain, and exclaims, with sincere admiration: "In this accomplished lady love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior. and to love her is a liberal education; for it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners and good conduct of life in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but see her train of fops assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is beheld even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whose passions have

long taken leave of their understandings." Such was my friend in June, whom I now saw approaching in early November. Indeed, as I saw her, and as I reflect upon her, it is only of the summer of All-Saints that I think. The May bloom has passed. The happy restlessness of midsummer has subsided; and when you meet her it is "the warm south" that breathes upon you. She has that nameless benignity which soothes like a perfect atmosphere, like the ideal climate of "lands of summer beyond the sea." No one escapes the influence. The man who drives the coal cart when she speaks to him involuntarily smiles, and his white teeth gleam suddenly through the dusk of his complexion a responsive smile. Little children and old people, the solemn and the gay, are alike affected. We all speak of her in superlatives; and as for Vertumnus, it is enough that she loved him to commend him to our sympathies. Indeed, that is her final triumph, that we do not think even her marriage a mistake. For I have observed with many fine women that their choice of a husband is felt to prove their kindred with oth-

er fallible mortals. The chief charm of this lady, however, is that serenity of repose which is the characteristic of the Indian summer. A soft tenhaze of autumn enfolds the glowing landscape. Generously just, she understands the infinite complexity of human character, and she interprets conduct with instinctive kindness. It is very easy to explain events by contemptible causes, but she has learned by large experience, and she knows by native nobility of soul, that what often seems mean is not really so; and such is her selfpossession and self-respect that all the jeering and shouting in the world would not make her distrust what her perception approved. As in the golden mist of the Indian summer the common fruit and the harvest are decorated with a beauty beyond their own, so in the sweet depth of her repose the ordinary acts of life have a charm which is poetic and perennial. I have known lovely school-girls, for whose smile the most devoted youth were impatiently waiting, cross

the street and linger and linger in the cold morning that they might hear this lady say good-morning. It was like a benediction: and they went on to school like spotless saints who had knelt at the shrine of the Madonna.

I suppose that you call this enthusiasm. But about what should we be enthusiastic. if not about those who satisfy the imagination? When you read Shakespeare, and admire Imogen and Cordelia and Portia and Rosalind, do you say that the poet was extravagant, or do you think that in poetry a man may say what he will and yet not seem extravagant? But here I behold what Shakespeare only imagined. I should not believe in his lofty characters if I did not know Vertumna. I say to Portia, when that wise young judge shows how simple humanity may beat cruel craft with its own weapons, "Certainly;" and to Cordelia I say, "Of course;" and to Imogen and Juliet and Desdemona I say, "I know it all:" and it is true, for I know Vertumna. If she were younger, if it were still June in her sky. I might doubt, and some sudden and ardent word or act might seem to me less than beautiful. But this tranquil season of her life, this mature perfection of her character, has the certainty of the Indian summer, when the bright day will not gather to a black cloud and explode in a flery gust, but will shine on with sure serenity to the end.

So when I read that the idyllic season is passed forever, and that to our children the name of Indian summer will be only a vague tradition, as the origin of the name has been to us, I console myself with reflecting that it will still survive transfigured in human character. And your grandson, Walter, may teach his grandchild that it was a season which was in the year what some long unborn Vertumna is among persons. Indeed, who knows-and as I read Mr. Cox, and Mr. Fiske, and Max Müller the thought becomes strangely plausible—who knows that there was any other Indian summer than the magic of characters like Vertumna? Some shy recluse, lover of woods and waters, evading all others, could not escape her; and having been in her presence, henceforth a soft glamour hung upon the landscape: a still, remote, and visionary splendor, which seemed the beatification of nature. Arethusa was not a person, then, but a fountain. Daphne was no nymph whom enamored Apollo chased, but a dewdrop which the sun exhaled. How much more, then, was the Indian summer, confessedly the most elusive of seasons, not a season, but only the effluence, so to say, of Vertumna! What do I care, then, if you prove the season to be vanished forever? I know better, for I know Vertumna.

And I think that you can easily find the same presence called Indian summer lingering in art as well as in persons. To read certain books is to lie entranced in the same soft, beautiful season, so warm and steady and tempered is their tone. To hang some pictures on your walls is to fix unfading one of the All-Saints hours. But chiefly this season, like all seasons, lives in persons; for there is nothing beautiful in nature which is not more finely reproduced in human character. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MOURNING GOODS.

THE material most desirable for heavy suits of mourning is called imperial serge. This is a heavy, double-twilled, lustreless fabric, softer than ordinary serge, and which falls into grace-ful folds. When trimmed with English crape it is suitable for the first deep mourning; it may also be worn when mourning dresses are laid aside, an advantage not possessed by other fabrics. The price is \$2 50 or \$2 75 a yard. Bombazine is still regarded by many ladies as a necessary dress for the deepest mourning. glish bombazine may be worn during all seasons of the year, and costs from \$2 to \$4 a yard; the more lustrous French bombazine is of a light quality not suitable for winter. The first dresses worn by widows are now made of bombazine literally covered with English crape, the breadtha of the skirt and each piece of the plain basque and tight sleeves are cut alike of bombazine and of crape, and they are sewed together seam by Merchants say the mourning fabric more called for than all others this season is Henrietta cloth. This goods is softer and smoother than bombazine, with a close irregular twill like cashmere, and is entirely without lustre. It costs from \$1 50 to \$3 a yard. Valerian cord cloth is a soft pure wool goods, excellent for wear on account of its lengthwise reps that are so easily brushed clean. It is thirty inches wide, and costs \$1 a yard. The tamise cloth used for street \$1 a yard. suits in the fall and spring is an excellent fabric for house dresses in winter, though not sufficiently heavy for out-of-door costumes. This is merely fine delaine, with thick, even threads of dull black, forming a smooth, perfectly lustreless surface. It measures a yard, and in some cases a yard and a quarter, in width, and costs from \$1 to \$1 75 a yard. The demi-lustre alpacas and mohairs are the best fabrics for serviceable



house dresses to be worn by ladies when attending to domestic duties.

MOURNING DRESSES.

The styles in favor for making colored dresses are repeated in those designed for mourning. The basque and over-skirt, or the basque and apron, with skirt trimmed to the waist, and the polonaise with single skirt, are all made in the materials just described; but they differ from ordinary black dresses in their trimming. glish crape is now associated with almost all black goods; not alone in folds and pipings, as it was formerly used, but in pleated and gathered flounces. Very deep kilt pleating, laid in flat broad pleats two or three inches wide, is the most effective trimming for the skirts of mourning dresses. This may be made entirely of crape or of the dress marpine and bombazine. The pleats may be alternately of crape and bombazine. The pleating should cover seven-eighths or a yard of the skirt; a narrow bias band is the only heading, and this should be concealed by the lower part of the over-skirt or polonaise. Tapes underneath the pleats hold them in position. The lower edge of the kilting is hemmed, and hangs sepa-rately from the dress skirt, instead of being sewed in with the facing as it was formerly done. French dresses of bombazine and serge have gathered bias crape flounces; but the thin flounces look flimsy, and the shells are too fanciful for mourning. Another skirt trimming that is much admired is a deep kilt pleating alternately of crape and bombazine on the front breadths, while the back widths are covered to the waist with five flounces laid in narrower pleats, and piped with crape on the lower edge. A small apron covers the upper part of the front breadth, and a series of crape loops forms a ladder down the sides where the pleats and flounces meet.

The handsomest trimming for the basques of black dresses is a fichu-collar of English crape. This is simply a smooth bias band of crape about three inches wide, lined with stiff foundation. made perfectly plain, slightly shaped to fit the back of the neck, crossed in front like a fichu, and fastened low down on the waist by hooks and loops. Plain vests of crape laid on the basque and square cuffs to match are also used. Instead of edging a basque with a pleating, or frill, or bias band, it is now considered more stylish to have merely a facing of crape an inch wide on the wrong side, but showing the merest piping fold on the right side; this facing is sometimes turned up in the side seams to form revers. The jockey basque as plain as a riding-habit, and the postilion with back pleats pressed flatly, are the favor-ite corsages for mourning dresses. These are made very close and high in the neck, and are fastened by large buttons—wooden moulds cov-ered with two or three thicknesses of crape. Sleeves are tight to the arm, with deep cuffs formed of small folds, or else a square plain cuff to match the fichu-collar. Modistes place a narrow box-pleating of double crape inside the neck and sleeves of dresses for fresh mourning. A very simple apron-front polonaise, like that form ing part of the Louis Quinze costume illustrated in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V., is popular with mourn-

MODELS.

ing dresses.

A simple and elegant suit of imperial serge just completed has a princesse polonaise showing only a thick cord of crape on the edge for trimming. As serge skirts are very heavy, a thin black silk is used for this skirt, and all that part visible below the polonaise is covered with kilt pleatings of crape. Another distinguished costume for shopping, traveling, etc., is a double-breasted redingote of black camel's-hair (like that illustrated in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V.), worn over a kilt-pleated skirt of Henrietta cloth. A piping of thick lustreless gros grain trims the redingote. The belt is of dead-black Russia leather, fasten ed by clasps of oxidized silver, and provided with a leather bag, and a silver chatelaine for an umbrella. To complete this costume is an Alpine hat of black felt with a wide band and binding of thick repped ribbon. A dinner dress for lighter mourning is of heavy silk, trimmed with marquise puffs and two gathered flounces edged with an inch wide hem turned up on the right side and piped with crape. The over-skirt and postilion basque are trimmed with a crimped tape fringe, in which are jet balls. Marie An toinette collar and antique sleeves; pleatings of white crêpe lisse trim the neck and sleeves. With this dress is worn jet ear-rings and a pend-ent cross formed of many highly polished bits of cut jet. The brown hair had short frizzes on the forehead and on the nape of the neck, while a single wide tress of hair encircled the head in the Josephine style. The Alsacian bow of thick gros grain loops is a fashionable coiffure for mourning, and is especially pretty with blonde hair. Coronet bands of jet cut in a Grecian border, or a row of Marguerites, are also worn on the hair by ladies in mourning.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

Bonnets of doubled English crape are worn during the winter for deep mourning. sailor bonnet shape, or else a coronet with soft puffed crown, is most used. Widows wear a closer fitting cottage bonnet, with a very narrow puff of white crape across the forehead. For lighter mourning bonnets the repped gros d'Or-leans is mixed with crape and jet.

The first veils worn are of English crape a yard and a fourth long, with a deep hem on the lower end, while the upper has a drawing-string that ties it around the front of the bonnet. These are afterward arranged to form the scarf veil which falls over the face below the chin, and is fastened in pleats by jet pins on the sides of the bonnet, while a long end droops behind to

WRAPS AND FURS.

The wraps for mourning are either Dolmans

of the dress material, or else double-breasted sacques of thick soft black cloth, trimmed with a bias band, cuffs, revers, and pockets of heavy repped gros grain. Seal-skin boas and sacques are worn in mourning, but are scarcely appropriate, on account of their reddish tinge. The long black furs, such as lynx and black marten, are very handsome with black suits.

GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Black undressed kid gloves with long wrists, fastened by three or four buttons, are preferred for mourning. Standing English collars of doubled English crape, with slightly flowing cuffs of the same, are worn in fresh mourning; these are soon succeeded by pleated frills of crape. It is more customary than formerly to work white about the neek, many ledies decline wear white about the neck; many ladies decline to wear black crape collars except at the funeral. Two side-pleated frills of white crepe lisse, or else double puffs of crimped tarlatan, are worn instead. For the house a pretty neck-tie that dispenses with a collar is made of very fine white nansook or organdy. It is about an eighth wide and a yard long, with tucks in the square ends; this is passed around the neck and tied in a bow in front.

MISCRILLANGOUS.

The fancy for belts and buckles increa Tortoise-shell belts with silver buckles are the latest caprice. Oxidized silver clasps, in Egyptian designs and in filigree patterns, are broad enough to cover the front of the belt; other belts have buckles at the back and hooks on the sides for chatelaines. Black Russia leather belts with bags mounted with white argentine metal are considered stylish. Moiré belts and bags, either black or dull red, very prettily fringed, are among the novelties.

Sets of Bohemian garnets are in favor among low-priced jewelry. They look especially well with black costumes. The long ear-rings of such sets cost \$8; a floriated cross to wear with a velvet necklace may be bought for \$7; a pretty pair of sleeve-buttons are \$3.

re is an effort to bring moiré antique into favor again. It is not presented in whole dresses, but as parts of costumes. Some very stylish black suits of faille have the vest, cuffs, and headings of flounces made of black moire. Watered ribbons are also regarded with more favor than when they were first introduced. Many velvet polonaises have no other trimming

than a wide sash of heavy watered ribbon.

Very tasteful ball dresses of white tarlatan, with puffs, ruffles, bertha, sleeves, and aprons of some odd color, are made to order for \$35 or \$40; if satin folds are used, the price is \$50. White tarlatan with violet trimmings is pretty for a blonde; white with Egyptian red for a

Puffed sashes with bretelles made of rose or blue China crape, and loops of black velvet edged with Valenciennes lace, are used to brighten up dark silk toilettes.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNOLLY; and Miss SWITZER; and Messis. W. Jackson & Co.; Arnold, Constable, & Co.; and James M'Creery & Co.

PERSONAL.

OF the new Lord Chancellor of England (Sir ROUNDELL PALMER) it may be said that if in the roll of his predecessors there may have been men of more brilliant abilities, there has probably roll of his predecessors there may have been men of more brilliant abilities, there has probably never been one more widely known or more universally esteemed for the beauty and purity of his personal character. In the village where he lives he recently made a speech that showed the full character of the man. Alluding to the honor and responsibility which had been laid upon him by the Queen, he said: "Perhaps the minds of some may be attracted as much to the honor as to the responsibility. I hope it may please God to preserve my mind from being directed to that, because, although the honor and dignity are certainly great, earthly dignities and honors are useful only for the sake of the public objects for which they exist. A man who sets his heart upon them is certainly not likely to turn them to good account. They may last a very short time, and when they go it is certain that we can take nothing of them away with us. No; it is the duty and the responsibility which are the real thing. It is certainly a great responsibility to judge causes of justice between man and man, to be the adviser of the Queen and the colleague of her ministers, and to have to fill up vacancies which occur in spiritual benefices. Those are duties the adequate discharge of which will require gifts to which I can not pretend. I only trust that those among you who know and understand these things will sometimes, when they pray to God to guide the minds of those who are set in high places in this kingdom, remember me, and ask God to give me those gifts of which your minister has spoken."

—Mrs. Gordon, in her delightful memoir of her father, "Christopher North," tells us how Dis Quincer while at his house would. after

—Mrs. GORDON, in her delightful memoir of her father, "Christopher North," tells us how DE QUINCEY while at his house would, after taking his opium, stretch himself at full length on the rug in front of the fire, with a couple of books under his head instead of a pillow, and list thus for how in professional ways to the couple of the co

lie thus for hours in profound unconsciousness.

—Emilio Castelar, in one of his recent articles, carried out Lowell's saying that it is a grand thing to have

"Suthin' combinin' moril truth With phrases such as strikes."

So Castelar says: "The state can not destroy and can not create a religion. Mosss and not PHARAOH created the religion of the Father; Christ and not Tiberius that of the Son; Lu-THER and not CHARLES V. that of the Spirit."

—Sir Francis Hinces, weary of colonial honors and political strife, will soon retire from office in Canada to become manager of a leading banking office in Montreal.

banking office in Montreal.

—GRACE DARLING and IDA LEWIS may have been more daring, but not more courageous nor successful in a marine point of view, than was Miss JENNIE FLOYD JONES, of South Oyster Bay, Long Island, who has received the gold

medal of the Life-saving Association for having last spring saved the lives of a younger brother with two of his companions from drowning in Massapequa Lake. The boys were skating; the ice broke, precipitating them into water some eight feet deep. She, hearing their cries for help, ran, and laying herself flat on the unsafe ice, crawled out to them, and with a small stick pulled each one separately out: then bidding

ice, crawled out to them, and with a small stick pulled each one separately out; then bidding them to follow her example, worked her way to shore, thus by her bravery and presence of mind saving three lives.

—President Barnard, of Columbia College, is the recipient of a salary of \$8000 a year, and the professors \$6000 each—the largest salaries paid by any American college. The property of Columbia College is estimated to be worth \$4,000,000, and being in landed property in the most desirable parts of New York city, is steadily appreciating in value. Its present income of nearly \$200,000 is derived mainly from ground-rents.

-Mrs. Imogen Brown may be thankful to Providence for the possession of a fine voice—avery high-priced voice—the highest, indeed, in the church-choir way yet known in Episcopal annals either here or abroad. Mrs. I. B. has

annals either here or abroad. Mrs. I. B. has been engaged to sing A.M. and Mrs. I. B. has been engaged to sing A.M. and Mrs. I. B. has been engaged to sing at Church at \$3000 a year. In the evening she is to sing at Christ Church for another \$1000, thus realizing from her beautiful voice and culture about \$80 a Sunday. Behold how good and pleasant it is to be the possessor of that sort of thing!

—Another benefactor!—Sir David Baxter. The last act of Sir David, just deceased, was to endow a convalescent hospital with \$175,000. Sir David was head of the great firm of Baxter Brothers & Co., jute spinners, Dundee. His thread of life was spun out to seventy-five, and broke just as he had done this good deed. He leaves \$5,000,000, chiefly to his nephew, Mr. W. E. Baxter, M.P., Secretary to the Treasury, while good old Baxter has gone to his "Saints' Rest."

—Mrs. Carl Formes was the first lady graduate of the medical school at Vienna. Her madden name was Later. Religen, and she was

uate of the medical school at Vienna. Her maiden name was LAURA REUSCH, and she was the daughter of a notary at Cologne. Mr. CARL FORMES is now a resident of New York, and almost any day may be seen stalking along Broadway, his hair as long and black as ever, his "corporation" as round as a pumpkin, and his head roofed over by that same sort of old felt hat, slanted over toward his left shoulder, and looking as cheery as a blessed old "Little Neck" at the highest possible water.

—The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar talks of going into the publishing business. He has the uate of the medical school at Vienna

—The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar talks of going into the publishing business. He has the desiderated cash, but as to the other part—the head—accounts are conflicting.

—CHAN LAI SUN, the Chinese Imperial Commissioner of Education, and his wife, wore a few days since admitted to the South Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, by letters from one of the mission churches in China.

—Marshal Lebeur, Napoleon's Minister of War, who said in July, 1870, that the French army was prepared for Germany to the "last button of the last gaiter," is, according to Le Français, just on the border of insanity.

—So personally popular is Mr. Moran, the United States chargé at London, among the nobility and such that he is said to be frequently invited to social entertainments not accorded to the minister.

—Ex-Governor English, of Connecticut, one of the wealthiest men and shrewdest politicians in the State heat in mind to give to the Naw

of the wealthiest men and shrewdest politicians

of the wealthiest men and shrewdest politicians in that State, has it in mind to give to the New Haven bar a \$10,000 law library.

—JOHN BROWN, the personal attendant of Queen VICTORIA whenever she goes a-traveling, or on short excursions near home, is made the subject of a long article in the North British Mail, and a very good sort of fellow they make him out—upright, trusty, hardy, faithful, courageous, and admirably fitted for the position he occuples. He is a man of individuality. His looks betoken that. In his height he is medium size, but his powerful, well-knit frame is splendidly developed, and shows to great advantage in the full Highland dress he wears. There is much character in the broad, massive brow, the keen, shrewd eyes, the firm, resolute, kindly mouth; shrewd eyes, the firm, resolute, kindly mouth; and you instinctively feel in looking at him that had he been educated up to his abilities he would

had he been educated up to his addition he would have been a man of mark.

—FERDINAND I., once Emperor of Austria, who abdicated in 1848 in favor of his nephew, FRANCIS JOSEPH, lies seriously ill in his retreat at the royal castle of Prague.

—The Duke of Bedford is going to do something for John BUNAN—and himself. At the laving of the first stone of a new Corn Exchange

laying of the first stone of a new Corn Exchange at Bedford recently he announced his intention

at Bedford recently he announced his intention of presenting to the town a statue of that estimable tinker; and thus with Bunyan the noble Bedford hopes to trickle down to posterity. Putting a Bunyan on a Corn Exchange does seem to be "piling up the agony."

—MUNZINGER BEY, Governor of Soudan, is a native of Switzerland. Thirty years ago he went to Africa as a traveler. He speaks thirteen languages fluently, and is therefore always prepared, in one way or another, to express his views.

views.

—Darwin was not elected by the French Academy, but insolently snubbed by a large majority. One of the leading Academicians gave as a reason for the manœuvre that "the author of The Origin of Species and The Descent of Man has too far sacrificed science to renown, and reason to imagination, to deserve a place in the first rank of scientists. In his last work he has too much belittled himself not to be made to explmuch belittled himself not to be made to explate it."

—What a loose fish Rossini was, to be sure!

An odd letter of his has just appeared, addressed to a young artist who consulted him as to the best manner of composing an overture. And this is what the old sinner wrote: "First, walt this is what the old sinner wrote: "First, walt till the evening before the first performance. Nothing excites inspiration like necessity, the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair, tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy in my time all the managers were bald at thirty. Second, I composed the overture to Othello in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most furious of managers had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and the threat that I should not leave the place alive till I had written the last note. Third, I wrote the overture to Gazza Ladra on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of the La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager, un-

der the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music I was to be thrown out myself. Fourth, for Rarbiere I dibetter. I composed no overture, but tacked on one intended for a very serious work, called Elisabetta. The public were delighted. Fifth, I composed the overture to Count Ory when angling, with my feet in the water, and when in the company of M. Acuado, who was talking Spanish finance all the time."

—Colonel Greene, of the Boston Post, we are grieved to say, keeps secretly employed in his office a young man whose occupation, for an inconsiderable stipend, is to produce verses like the ensuing on the marriage of Mr. Thomas Hawk to Miss S. J. Dove:

"It isn't often that you see

"It isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love:
Oh! what a savage he must be,
To Tommy Hawk a Dove!"

Oh! what a savage he must be,

To Tommy Hawk a Dove!"

—Authors in France are among the sufferers from the late war. We are told that Madame "George Sand" can now only get \$1200 for a novel for which before the war she would have received \$2000; while of Victor Hugo's works only half the number of copies are now sold, compared with the number annually disposed of before the war.

—Bismarck has purchased one of the only two complete sets of the two thousand caricatures published in France during the war and the Commune. Fancy the grim chuckle of the old diplomate as he looks them over!

—Our minister at Constantinople, George H. Boker, is not only winning golden opinions from all sorts of people who find their way there, but has gained a social position seldom achieved by a foreigner. His private entertainments are notably refined and elegant.

—Joseph Lamb shuffled off this mortal coil in Hawkins County, Tennessee, at the age of one hundred and ten, being fourteen years older than the American Union, and certainly, as Charles Lamb once said of himself, old enough to be a sheep.

—Professor Tyrnall, likes the college boys.

CHARLES LAMB once said of himself, old enough to be a sheep.

—Professor TYNDALL likes the college boys. To a professor at Yale he writes: "Tell the young fellows of Yale that I would rather see them around me than the most brilliant audience that the most brilliant cities of the Union could furnish." You see what he is at—wants to make chemists of them.

—When royalty goes a-junketing it costs. The little bill of expenses incurred by the meeting of the three emperors at Berlin was a trifle of seven hundred thousand dollars.

—Madame NILSSON ROUZEAUD appeared at St.

—Madame Nilsson RouzeauD appeared at St. Petersburg on the 26th of October. At the Russian frontier she was received on board a saloon

sian frontier she was received on board a saloon carriage, sent expressly for her ladyship's comfort. They did it for PATI. They do it for all the prime donne—i.e., the real prime.

—Louis Napoleon is going to do a little water business—trip to Madeira next spring on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

—President White, of Cornell University, means to be comfortably housed while he remains at its head, and that his successors shall enjoy the same delight. Therefore, at a cost of \$40,000, has he built and given to the university a brick and stone building to be used as the mansion of the president. The style of the dwelling is English. The library is over fifty feet in length, from which may be inferred the spaciousness of the other rooms of the mansion.

sion.
—Samuel Sands, editor of the American Farm-

—Samuel Sands, editor of the American Farmer, is the man who originally put in type Key's patriotic song of The Star-spangled Banner. He still lives in full vigor, and does good editorial work on his paper.

—Dean Ramsay, now over fourscore, has lived to see his delightful Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character go through onescore editions, and the public still calling for more.

—The youth of England seek the college. There have been entered this year at Cambridge University six hundred and twenty-two Freshmen, and at Oxford four hundred. But taking our hundreds of colleges, great and small, against our hundreds of colleges, great and small, against their two principal ones, we have probably ten times more youth in such institutions than they

have.

—From a Scotch paper we learn that "the Earl of Kintore preached to a large audience with much acceptance on Sunday, October 20, in Belmoat Congregational Chapel, Aberdeen."

—Miss ELIZA LYMAN has contracted to furnish the lumber for all the water tanks and dépôt buildings of a new railroad to be built in Vermont, and ELIZA is going to superintend the work herself.

buildings of a new railroad to be built in Vermont, and Eliza is going to superintend the work herself.

—The finest residence in Buffalo, if not in the United States, is that of WILLIAM G. FARGO, Esq., president of the American Merchants' Union Express Company. Perhaps less costly, it is nevertheless a larger and much more imposing structure than that of Mr. A. T. STEWART in this city, and has a commanding site, overlooking the Niagara River and Lake Erie. The surrounding grounds present some of the most beautiful effects of landscape gardening.

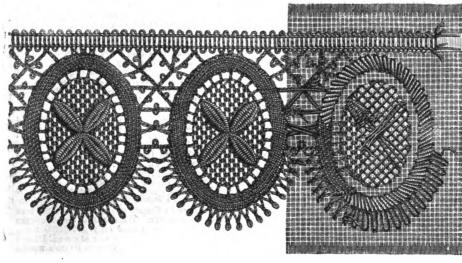
—MACREADY, the eminent tragedian, is rapidly giving way from old age and softening of the brain. He is now eighty. His father was manager of a provincial theatre. While preparing for Oxford, in his sixteenth year, his father's affairs became so embarrassed that the son resolved to come to his aid, and consequently appeared at Birmingham as Romeo, and was immediately successful. From that time, 1810, till February, 1851, when he retired, he was constantly and successfully before the public. For the last twenty years he has occupied himself chiefly with schemes for the education of the poorer classes.

—The style of persons who exercise the funcpoorer classes.

chiefly with schemes for the education of the poorer classes.

—The style of persons who exercise the functions of royalty in Borneo, as they appeared at a recent fête, is thus described by a French gentleman, M. De Beauvoir, who was there to see: "The sultan is a crooked little old man, wrinkled, rheumatic, who chews frantically a paste of mixed lime and betel, closely packed between the teeth and under lip, swelling out the latter and making it hang in a hideous way. But the sultana is a very pretty, very little, very young, bright-eyed creature. Her dress is a loose robe of silk, blue and gold; a white scarf covers her bosom, crossing it obliquely, and kept in its place by twelve interlaced crescents, forming a brooch of fine diamonds—an exquisite ornament; a red turban, with a large knot of diamonds at the side, frames her expressive, merry, smooth, bronze face."

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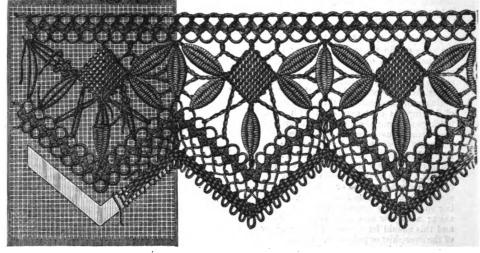


Fig. 1.—Black Woolen Jude for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.—Imitation Guipure.

Fig. 2.—Black Woolen Lace for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.—Imitation Guipure.

Fig. 2.—OBLONG NET FOR

THE HAIR.

Black Woolen Lace for Dresses, Wrappings, etc. Imitation Guipure, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS lace is worked with fine black worsted, similar to that shown by Figs. 1-3, page 741, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 45, Vol. V. The manner of working the lace is also shown in the unfinished parts of the lace in the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2. In working the lace Fig. 1 lay the thread windings on the paper edge of the medallion in a slanting direction, and darn them in point de toile in the opposite direction. In connection with this work the picots bordering the outer edge of

bordering the outer edge of the lace as shown by the illustration. For the founda-tion resembling tulle (tulle stitch) inside of the medallions first stretch the threads, as shown by the illustration, crosswise in a slanting direc tion on the foundation, and then darn them straight. For the raised leaf figures stretch three threads each, which cross each other, and darn them in point de reprise as shown by the illustration. Join the outer edge with the inside of the medallions by means of thread bars stretch-

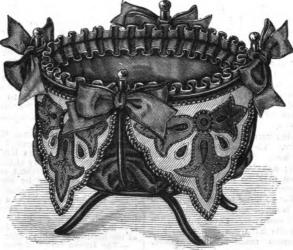


Fig. 1.—ROUND NET FOR

THE HAIR. ed evenly, and which are wound, going back. To work the gui-pure ground of the lace stretch two threads for each bar, as shown by the illustration, and darn them in point de reprise. In doing

this, however, the working thread should not be carried in close windings, but very loosely through the stretched threads, so that a narrow braid is formed (see illustration).

Fig. 2.—To make this lace a piece of crochet gimp is required; the manner of working this gimp is shown by Figs. 1 and 2, page 500, Harper's Bazar, No. 32, Vol. III. The lace is wrought



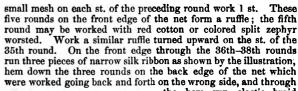
BASKET FOR FANCY-WORK, SPOOLS, THREAD, ETC. For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 28.

as shown by the illustration, and similarly to the lace previously described. Both are good imitations of guipure.

Netted Hair Nets, Figs. 1 and 2.

These nets may be used for day or night wear, and are made of colored saddler's silk or white knitting cotton, according to the purpose for which they are designed. The originals are made of medium-sized knitting cotton in netting, and are trimmed with colored silk ribbon.

Fig. 1.—ROUND HAIR NET. TO make this net work, beginning from the middle, alternately on one mesh one inch and one mesh half an inch in circumference, thirtyeight rounds, al-ways going for-ward, as follows: 1st round.—On the large mesh work on a foundation thread 12 st. (stitches); close these in a ring. 2d and 3d rounds. — On the small mesh work 1 st. on each st. of the preceding round. 4th round. —On the same mesh work 2 st. on each st. of the pre ceding round. 5th round. — On the large mesh work 2 st. on each st. 6th-10th rounds. On the small mesh st. on each st. 11th round, -On the large mesh 2 st. on each st. of the preceding round. 12th-38th rounds. —On the small mesh work 1 st. on each st. of the preceding round. Now divide the number of st. (96 in the original) into three equal parts, and work on the 64 st. forming the front edge and on the 32 st. forming the back edge of the net three rounds each on the small mesh. Then work on the front edge on the st. of the third round two rounds more as follows: 1st round.-On the large mesh always alternately 5 st. on the next , 1 st. on the following st. 2d round. — On the



the hem run elastic braid which has first been covered with colored silk ribbon. In the middle of the front set a

rosette of colored silk ribbon.
Fig. 2. — Oblong Hair
Net. To make this net first work on a mesh half an inch in circumference, in rounds going back and forth (beginning on the upper edge), a netted square 21 st. long and wide. Then work on the edge st. at two sides of the square on the same mesh, going back and forth also, 26 rounds of always 1 st. on 1 st. of the preceding round; at the end of the 3d-26th rounds narrow 1 st. each, working off togeth-

er the last 2 st. of the preceding round with one knot. Now work all around the netted part three rounds on the same mesh, always going forward, then one round on a mesh an inch in circumference, and again two rounds on the smaller mesh; in the first of these two rounds, before working each knot, draw every second following st. in the preceding round through the first st. and work the next knot on the second and the following knot on the first of the 2 st. crossed in this manner. For the ruffles of the net work two rounds more like the last two rounds of the



Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN EVENING DRESS.—BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29-34.



Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN EVENING DRESS.—FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29-34.



Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl from 9 to 11 YEARS OLD.—BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 14-24.

ed on the mignardise. For the inner ring of the circle crochet three rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the middle loop of

the next scallop of the gimp, 2 ch. (chain stitch); repeat 19 times from *. 2d round.—On each second following st. (stitch) of the preceding round 1 sc. (single crochet). 3d round.—On each st. work 1 sc., after each third following sc. 1 p. (slip stitch) on the last sc. At the end of the round on the first sc. Sew the ends of the gimp together. Now work on the other side of the gimp one round of alternately 1 sl., 3 ch.; in doing this fasten another piece of mignardise on one side, always sur-

rounding one loop of the mignardise in working every second and third following ch. scallop as shown by the illustration. After every two fastened loops leave five loops free, so that regular scallops are formed. On the other side of the mignardise work two rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 2 sc. separated by 3 ch. on two

net shown by Fig. 1 on the 54 front st. of the last round and on the corresponding st. of the middle of the first three rounds worked, always going forward; through the front st. of the round worked on the large mesh run a colored silk ribbon, and through the back st. of the same round run elastic braid. A bow in front completes the trimming.

Mignardise and Crochet Rosettes for Toilette Cushions, Tidies, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE rosettes are designed for toilette cushion covers, tidies, etc., and are made of mignardise and twisted crochet cotton. For the circle in the centre of the rosette Fig. 1 use gimp which has small loops on one side and large scallops fur-nished with 3 loops each on the other side. Instead

gimp, ordinar mignardise may ordinary be used, in which case the scallops are button-hole stitch-

KNITTED NIGHT SLIP FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

loops of the next scallop of the mignardise, as shown by the illustration, 6 ch., 1 p. turned downward; for this p. work 4 ch., drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 4 ch., and draw the dropped st. through; then 5 ch., and repeat from *, always going forward. 2d round.—On each st. of the preceding round work 1 sc., but after every 11th st. form 1 p., and between the

picots always fasten to the 11th loop of a third piece of mignardise, so that the latter forms regular scallops. Fill onehalf of each scallop as shown by the illustration, working one

round as follows: * Always 1 sc. on the 6 loops in the hollow of the next scallop at one side of the mignardise, 2 ch., drop the second ch. from the needle, and draw it through ond ch. from the needle, and draw it through the first of the 6 sc., 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sl. on the last of the 6 sc., 3 ch., which are car-ried on on the wrong side of the mignardise, 6 sc. on the 6 loops of the next hol-

low at the other side of the mignardise, 2 ch., draw the last of these through the first of the 6 sc., 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., fasten to the last of the 6 sc., 3 ch., which are carried on on the wrong side of the mignardise, and repeat from *, always going forward. The stitches in every second following hollow should appear left on the right side of the rosette. For the outer edge of the rosette now work one round as follows: * Always sc. separated each by 3 ch. on the three free middle loops of the next scallop, 1 ch., 3 p. separated each by 1 ch., and repeat from *, always going forward. The rosette Fig. 2 is worked similarly to that just described, observing the illustration.

Knitted Night Slip for Child from 1 to 3 Years old.

This slip is worked with coarse white knitting cotton and coarse steel knitting-needles. The upper part of the skirt and the waist are worked in

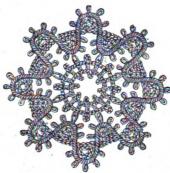
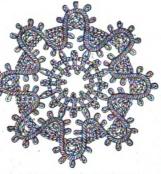


Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, TIDIES, ETC.



patent knitting, and edged, as shown by the illustration, with open-work strips through which red worsted cord is run. The skirt is finished on the bottom with a border of open-work and close strips. The knitting should be done very loose. The original is twenty-five inches and a quarter long and thirty-six inches wide at the bottom. Begin the slip at the under edge with a foundation of 176 stitches, close these in a ring, and knit the 1st and 2d rounds all plain. 3d round.—Alternately twice t. t. o. (thread thrown over), twice k. (knit) 2 together. 4th round.—Always alternately on the t. t. o. 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purled), 2 k. 5th, 6th, and 7th rounds.— All knit plain. Then

repeat twice from the

3d-7th rounds,

and knit seven

rounds more all plain. In a similar manner work one more open-work and one close strip. In connection with the last round of the border thus formed work the foun-

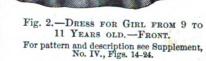
CROCHET GABRIELLE FOR CHILD FROM

1 to 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 25-27.

knitted design, however, should not be interrupted.

dle for the back, then cast off 6 st. at each side for the arm-



work the foundation of the slip in patent knitting, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately t. t. o., sl. (slip, as if going to purl the stitch), 1 k. 2d round.—K. together the st. (stitch) and the t. t. o. of the preceding round, t. t. o., sl. the st. knit plain in the preceding st. knit plain in the preceding round; two such rounds form a pattern figure. In working the first round of the patent knitting narrow 12 st., which should be distributed regularly in the round. Repeat these in the round. Repeat these two rounds until the slip has gained the requisite length, which is 39 pattern figures in the original. For the open-work strip on the bottom of the waist first knit five rounds all plain, then one round of holes

like those of the border, then again five rounds all plain. The waist is also worked in patent knitting without chang-ing the number of stitch-The original counts eight pattern figures to the armholes. work the back and both fronts of the waist each separately in rounds going back and forth: the Count 72 st. in the mid-



-MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR

Toilette Cushions, Tidles, etc.

OVERCOAT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 44-49.

open-work strip like that at the bottom of the waist, then work 40 pattern figures in patent knitting, and in the last eight pattern figures cast off 2 st. at the beginning of each needle. Sew up the sleeves from the under side and set them into the armholes, in doing which the seam of the sleeves should come on the lower middle of the armholes. The edging on the bottom of the skirt is worked crosswise, as follows: Make a foundation of 12 st., and going back and forth, knit the 1st round. -6 k., three times alternately twice t. t. o., k. 2 together. 2d round.—All knit plain; on each t. t. o. 1 k., 1 p. 3d, 4th, and 5th rounds.—All knit plain. 6th round. - Cast off 3 stitches, 11 k. These six rounds are repeated constantly. The finished edging is sewed to the slip. Edge the sleeves with narrow edging, which is worked similarly to the other, but with one row of holes. Sew up the slit from the wrong side to

half its length, and then run colored worsted cord through the open-work strips at the bottom of the waist, on the neck, and on the sleeves, and trim the ends of the cord with tassels. This garment will be found extremely warm and comfortable for winter



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. attern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 57-64.



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 50-56.



THE FLOWER OF SCOTIA'S CLIME.

[These hitherto unpublished verses from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney will be of peculiar interest to the many who remember this gifted pioneer of American poetesses. They were written in December, 1847, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Thorburn, the wife of George C. Thorburn, son of the well-known Grant Thorburn, and are copied by permission from the MS. in possession of the family.]

WHERE Eildon Hills in beauty rise, And Tweed's bright waters spread, And the romantic Leader flows Along its pebbly bed, While birds among the heather sang At the sweet vernal time, A youthful lover fondly wooed The Flower of Scotia's clime.

There in the shaded manse she grew. Beneath paternal care; Yet where old Dryburgh charms the view With oriel-window fair,

A bridal train went wandering on 'Mid summer's festal prime, For he, the ardent youth, had won The Flower of Scotia's clime.

He bore her to the broad green West, Far o'er the billow's sheen, And placed her in his garden fair To be its Eden queen, While tender plants of trusting love Sprang round her matron prime And well their ripening fragrance cheered The Flower of Scotia's clime.

But sorrow steals o'er earthly joy, As winter strips the bower Nor can affection's sleepless watch Repel the spoiler's power; For when autumnal blossoms rare Were in their glorious prime, Low on her death-cold pillow lay The Flower of Scotia's clime.

Yet grace like hers survives the tomb; The immortal essence rose To Him on whose unchanging word The pure in heart repose; And where unfading garlands bloom 'Mid harmony sublime, She finds a home who here was called The Flower of Scotia's clime.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDES," LEY'S SECRET," ETC. "LADY AUD

CHAPTER XXXV.

"THINK YOU I AM NO STRONGER THAN MY SEX ?"

CLEVEDON HALL and Clevedon Chase lost all their pleasantness in the eyes of Mrs. Harcross after that confession of her husband's. not a woman to envy the advantages of another; had never in her life felt so mean an anguish; but it did not the less seem to her that this noble old mansion and all its belongings should by right have been Hubert's, and that it was a bitter thing see him a guest in the house where he ought to have been master. Since that revelation in the picture-gallery she had thought of nothing and it had been very difficult for her to cor tribute her quota to the common fund of liveliness and society talk. Weston's observant eye had detected the change, and he would have been very glad to know the nature of the disturbing influence. Had Augusta's suspicions been aroused by the circumstances that had awakened his? Did she begin to doubt her husband's entire devotion to herself? Was she in a temper in which it would be safe to hint his own doubts upon that subject? He did not forget the conversation at the dinner-table on the first night at Clevedon, and how Augusta had risen in the might of her wifely affection, like the lioness who defends her young. Prudence was ever his guid-ing star, so he held his peace for a time, and looked about him.

"I don't want to be premature," he said to himself. "It would be a mistake to approach the subject till I've got a case. And if I keep quiet and look about me, I'm pretty sure to find out something more; and when I do drop down upon you, Mr. Walgrave Harcross, I mean the

drop to be a crusher."

What was his motive? A mixed one. In the first place, he never had forgiven, and he never meant to forgive, Hubert Harcross for having come between him and his cousin; and in the second place—perhaps he himself could hardly have given a clear statement of his secondary motive. He knew that he wanted, in his own words, to "square accounts" with his rival, and he knew that, beyond that settlement in the imhe had views for the future views which he did not care to put into any definate shape just yet, but which were, nevertheless, interwoven with the whole scheme of his He had sown his wild oats, had made an end of the frivolities of youth, and could afford to concentrate all his thoughts and desires upon

The driving, and riding, and picnicking, and croquet-playing, and afternoon tea-drinking in the old-fashioned garden went on just the same, after that one rainy day, and Mrs. Harcross per-formed her part in all these diversions, despite those corroding thoughts which were now ever present with her. She might have pleaded head-ache or fatigue, or long arrears of correspondence, and shut herself in her own room, there to brood over her misery unseen by human eyes, except the eyes of Tullion. But to do this, she argued with herself, would be to set people won-

this one purpose.

dering; and, with that strange likeness between Sir Francis Clevedon and Hubert Harcross al-ways before them, who could tell whether some erver, more acute than the common herd, might not fathom that shameful secret? No she would face the world, and defy suspicion, if, indeed, the secret were still safe — a question upon which she sometimes suffered excruciating

Had she no pity for her husband, the primary victim, who for no fault of his own stood thus divided from his fellow-men, with a cruel blot upon his name? She did pity him, but in so much less a degree than she pitied herself for having unwittingly linked herself with his dishonor that her compassion had not much weight. She could not forgive him for having married her on false pretenses, for having withheld a se-cret that would have unquestionably prevented

her acceptance of him.
"If I had loved him to distraction," she told herself, "I would have broken my heart rather than I would have married him, knowing what I know now.

She felt angry with her father even for the carelessness which had exposed her to such a calamity.

"To think of papa, a lawyer, with his wide experience, taking no pains to find out my husband's actual pedigree!"

Mrs. Harcross forgot the very resolute to she had taken about this marriage, which had made Mr. Vallory somewhat diffident in the matter of interference or opposition. It seemed a hard thing that she, who was, as it were, the very nursling of the law, should have been thus cheated—that all the parchment and legal sta-tionery in the offices of Harcross and Vallory could not save her from this degradation.

"If I were quite sure that no one knew!" she said to herself. "But then how can I tell? How can I suppose that Lord Dartmoor kept his own counsel?

The windows of her bedroom and dressingroom looked over the noblest part of the park, and the prospect, which had been agreeable enough at first, now filled her with unspeakable bitterness. It was his, perhaps—Hubert's; by right and justice his very own. Who could tell that there had not been a marriage, and a legal one? Oh, foolish, wretched mother, to leave her son's rights unasserted, undefended!

Even Georgina Clevedon suffered a little in Augusta's estimation. She could not feel quite so fond of her as she had been before. She was always asking herself, "Which is the interloper, she or I?"

Between the husband and wife there had been no farther quarrel; only a terrible calm, like a dull dead sunless stillness upon a cold gray sea. Hubert Harcross was deeply wounded. Even in that loveless marriage, loveless at least on one side, there had been some kind of bond. He had been grateful for his wife's preference, had admired her and been proud of her; had even, in his better moods, looked forward to a day when years of peaceful association should have brought them a little closer together, should have developed some mutual sympathies, some common thoughts and aspirations. But that was all over now. She had outraged his pride, stung him as he had never been stung before by man or woman. He shut her out of his heart. To the end of his existence she must remain a stranger to him, or something worse than a stranger—an enemy who had offended him beyond the

possibility of forgiveness. Augusta hardly realized the nature of the reach between them. Absorbed for the time in her own feelings, she had not yet attempted to analyze those of her husband. She could see that he was offended, but she took no trouble to conciliate him. It seemed, indeed, a hard thing that he should take umbrage at her natural in-dignation. He had cheated her, and was offended because she resented the wrong he had She was one of those people who can sustain this kind of silent warfare, and who are never the first to hang out the flag of truce. So long as the proprieties were not outraged, she was content. Before the eyes of the world Mr. Harcross was still polite and attentive to his wife. In the seclusion of their own rooms they scarcely spoke to each other.

While these who had once sworn eternal love and obedience were thus dragging a lengthening chain, Georgie Clevedon was tasting all the sweets of early married life, that balmy spring-time of existence in which the days are all sunshine and soft west wind, and all the trees of the garden in blossom, that glimpse of Eden and man before the fall.

"We have been married more than three months, and have not quarreled yet, Frank," she said to her husband one morning in a little burst of child-like happiness. "Do you think we ever could quarrel?"

"Of course not, darling. Can a man quar with the better part of himself, the brighter half of his own nature?"

"Yet one hears so often of domestic unhappiness," said Georgie, with a sudden thoughtfulness; "and I suppose people always begin by loving each other as well as you and I do. I mean to say that mercenary marriages, or marriages of convenience, must be the exception and not the rule. And yet so few people seem really happy, as you and I are. There are the Harcrosses, for instance: that must have been a love-match, for Augusta had a fortune, and Mr. Harcross hadn't; so on her side at least it must have been a love-match. But they seem such an uncomfortable couple; very polite to each other, and so on, but seeming to live only for the world."

"Why, you wouldn't have them billing and cooing in our style, Georgie!" cried Sir Francis, laughing. "It's a long time since their honeymoon, remember; and then you can hardly expect

opular barrister to go in for that sort of thing. He has too much sentiment in his breach-of-promise cases. Besides, Harcross, though a very good fellow, seems of rather too hard a compo sition for a lover. I couldn't imagine Harcross

"Don't say that, Frank, when people say he's

like you."
"Physically, perhaps. But, you see, we are not obliged to resemble each other morally. He is a man who worships success, Georgie: no woman need expect to stand for much in the life of such a man. His wife must be satisfied if he wins her a title some day."

"I dare say Augusta would think more of that," said Georgie. "I like her very much, you know; but I can't help seeing that she is

rather worldly."

Of course this devoted young couple could not have much time to themselves while their house was full of company. They were obliged to be perpetually planning new diversions, fresh drives and rides and ruins and show-houses, for their friends; to be continually on the watch to prevent the demon of dullness stealing into the circle. They succeeded very well in the per-formance of these duties, and though they often told each other in confidence that Clevedon was much nicer when they had it all to themselves. and that they should be glad when the people vere gone, they contrived nevertheless to enjoy life, and to bring very gay spirits to every fresh amusement. To Georgie all the importance and grandeur of her position as châtelaine seemed very much like playing at keeping house. It was so new to reign over a larger kingdom than that in which Pedro, the monkey, and Tufto, the deer-hound, and Kitmutgar, the bull-terrier, and Sicee, the pug, were her chief subjects; so to have servants who would scarcely lift their eyes to behold her countenance, instead of the fat familiar cook with whom her father had been wont to hold long conversations of a culinary nature through the kitchen window.

"I feel myself such an impostor, Frankie," she said to her husband, "when Mrs. Mixer asks me if I have any alteration to make in the bill of fare, and I can only think of papa's favorite dishes—curried prawns and deviled kidneys and mullagatawny soup."

The great event of the year was to be the fête on Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday. The whole affair had been Georgie's scheme from first to last, and Sir Francis had been not a little reluctant to be made an object of interest in the eyes

of his tenantry.
"It seems so absurd, Georgie," he had remonstrated, more than once, "for a man of nine and-twenty to keep his birthday."

"Nonsense, Frank! Didn't George the Third have a jubilee when he was ever so old? And this is to be your first birthday at Clevedon. is your coming of age, in fact; for you never did come of age, or only in a sneaking way at Bruges, or some other horrid Flemish town, where all the streets smell of garlic. If you don't want to keep your birthday, I shall begin to think you are not at all glad you married me, and that you are afraid to show your tenants the sort of wife you have chosen."

Of course the lady had her own way, and, have ing once secured her husband's consent to the business, did not rest till she had obtained carte blanche as to details. Then did Colonel Davenant arise in his glory. He drove over to Cleve-don every morning to breakfast, and from morn till dewy eve he and his daughter were more or less occupied with mysterious consultations and discussions about the fête. Strange men came down from town to take orders about lamps and marquees, and temporary fountains which were to gush forth in the midst of roses. Other strange men hung about the park with a view to fire-

Sir Francis shivered as he thought how much all this would cost him, and what John Wort rould say to his extravagance. Would not that faithful steward declare, with some appearance of justification, that he was going the way of his

There was to be a dinner for the tenantry in one monster marquee, a dinner for the villagers from twenty miles round in two other tents, including every plowboy who plowed Sir Francis Clevedon's land, every crowboy who scared the rooks from the newly sown corn; and in the afternoon and early evening there was to be dancing upon a broad expanse of level greensward in the park, where the depredations of Sir Lucas among his ancestral oaks had left a fine lawn. Later in the evening there was to be dancing for the "quality" in the great dining-hall, which was to become a very garden of roses and exotics. Colonel Davenant's ideas were of Eastern

splendor.
"We want golden tissue hangings for the doorways, and some dancing girls to perform an in-terlude when the people are tired, Georgie," he said, with a desponding air: "there's so little to be done in England!"

It was at the Colonel's suggestion that Lady Clevedon organized a band of honorary stewards, who were to wear her insignia—a moss-rose bud and a knot of blue satin ribbon-and were to provide for the comfort and amusement of the guests, gentle and simple. This onerous office was assigned to all those gentlemen staying in the house, and Mr. Harcross found himself pledged to preside at one of the tables in the villagers marquee, and to circulate all day with a bunch of blue ribbon at his button-hole. He accepted the charge meekly, and promised to do his duty,

in quite a Nelsonian spirit.

"For England, Home, and Beauty," he said. "I hope the Kentish damsels are pretty, Lady Clevedon."

The careless, empty words were scarce spoken when a little pang shot through his heart: so much that a man says in society is purely me-

chanical. But no sooner was that speech uttered than he bethought himself of one gentle maiden who might have been all the world to him, had

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"A NATIVE SKILL HER SIMPLE ROBES EXPRESSED.

It was the eve of the birthday fête, a sultry afternoon, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, and not a leaf stirring in Clevedon Park. Jane Bond gave a little impatient sigh every now and then, as she sat at work in an arbor sheltered with hop-vines, and com-fortably placed in a corner of the crim little garden belonging to the south lodge—a sigh which was caused partly by the heat of the weather, and partly by a natural anxiety upon the subject of her needle-work.

She was making her dress for to-morrow's festival, and having only decided at the last moment that she would have a new and brilliant pink muslin, instead of a lavender garment of the same fabric, which had been her "Sunday frock" last summer, Miss Bond was working against time. Her decision had been in some manner influenced by the present of a sovereign from Weston Vallory, ostensibly to buy a neck-

ribbon.
"I know you are fond of pretty colors," he said, "and I want you to buy the brightest ribbon in Tunbridge. Men have no taste in these matters, or I should have chosen it for you my-

It was not often that Miss Bond was gratified by the gift of a sovereign, though her father was reputed to have saved money, and to be better off than most of his class. Of course, if he had been in the habit of giving his daughter casual sovereigns, he would have been less able to carry small sums to the savings-bank. Jane was clad comfortably but soberly, as became the daugh-ter of a God-fearing Primitive Methodist, and her father chose her gowns himself for the most part, so that she should not offend the eye of the elect by gaudy colors or eccentric patterns. In neat spots and narrow stripes, in lavenders and duns and grays, Miss Bond was obliged to walk this earth, as contentedly or discontentedly as she pleased. She kept her father's house for him, and every Saturday evening had to render up a strict account of the past week's expenses. There was more money spent upon starch than Joshua Bond approved; but if he complained of this item, he was always informed that his Sunday's white shirt was the chief cause of the ex-

"I think it's your sticking-out gowns, Jane, the gardener would reply, sternly: "two pounds of starch in a week! It's downright sinful."

Sometimes when Miss Bond's accounts had been particularly accurate, no odd fourpence-farthing or twopence-half-penny deficient, and when the expenditure had been unusually light, Joshua would relax his grip upon the balance so far as to present his daughter with a stray shilling.

"Put it in your money-box, Jane," he said;
"you've got a money-box, I suppose?"

"Yes, father," Miss Bond replied, promptly, mindful of a long disused and disabled cardboard institution, with tiny glass windows, lurk-ing somewhere on the inaccessible top shelf of an up-stairs cupboard—"oh, yes, father, I've got

Thus it was that on receiving Mr. Vallory's present—Weston had found occasion to go in and out by the south gate several times since his first encounter with the gardener's daughter—thus it was that Miss Bond, with her admirer's sovereign in her pocket, could venture to prefer a request to her father.

"You wouldn't mind my wearing bright col-"You wouldn't hind my wearing bright colors for once in a way, would you, father?" she inquired, in a pleading tone, when he had lighted his evening pipe after an especially comfortable meat-tea. "I should look such a dowdy among all the other girls in that wishy-washy lavender thing you bought me last summer. It doesn't take the starch well, you know, and—"
"Doesn't take the starch!" cried the aggrieved parent. "I should like to know what material

parent. "I should like to know what material would take as much starch as you use; I some-"I should like to know what material times think you must give it to the fowls.

"Oh, father, what a shame to say that, when I take such pains with your collars and things! How would you like your Sunday shirt to be limp and crumpled?"
"My shirt—two pounds of starch a week for

'Don't be cross, father, or I shall be obliged to go out to service, and work for somebody else. I should get wages then, and could use as much starch as I liked, and you'd have to keep a servant, and pay her for doing what I do," said Miss Bond, in whose breast rebellious fires were always lurking, ready to blaze up at the first prov-

"There's not many girls of my age "Girls of your age! I should call you a wom-

"Girls of your age:
an!" growled her father.
"There's not many young women would put
up with being kept as close as I'm kept," continued as Rond recklessly.
"Howsomedever, I ued Miss Bond, recklessly. "Howsomedever, I don't want to complain. But as I've saved a few shillings, that you've given me now and then, I suppose you'll make no objection to my buying a pink muslin for the 'feat.'"

"Buy what you like," said the father, with a groan, "as long as it isn't out of my money.

If your own sense won't teach you what's proper for a young woman in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you, I can't teach you. Make yourself a merry-andrew if you like.

"A merry fiddlestick!" exclaimed Miss Bond. "I don't see why the wicked people should have all the pretty colors."

So, having wrung this unwilling consent from her father, Jane Bond had walked to Tunbridge Wells in the early morning, and had arrived at



her favorite draper's shop just as the shutters were being taken down. Here she purchased as many yards of bright pink and white muslin as could be bought for a sovereign, for her ideas on the subject of flouncings and pleatings were almost as extensive as a West End milliner's. She sat in her arbor this afternoon with a pile of neatly folded muslin frilling upon the table before her, and plied her needle with almost feverish haste, cheered by thoughts of coming triumphs.

How they would all stare at her pink dress, made in a style which she had copied from a morning dress of Lady Clevedon's—a costume devised by the great Bouffante herself! There was Mary Mason, the laundry-maid-between whom and Jane Bond there was a tacit rivalry —who was going to wear a new brown alpaca, much bedecked with braid and buttons, but a very vulgar and commonplace garment compared

with that enchanting muslin.
"I wonder what he'll think of it," Jane said to herself, as she began to turn down an almost endless hem; and the he who occupied so im-portant a place in her thoughts was not her affi-

portant a place in her thoughts was not her am-anced husband, Joseph Flood, but her new ad-mirer, Weston Vallory.

The latch of the garden gate fell with a little clicking sound, while she sat working in the western sunshine. The muslin flounce dropped from her busy hands, and she looked up eager-ly with a sudden deepening of her rosy cheeks. But the person who had lifted the latch was not the person she had been thinking about: and the person she had been thinking about; and she took up the flounce again with rather an impatient twitch, and went on folding the hem. Her visitor was only Joseph Flood. She had no right to expect any one else, since it was not Mr. Vallory's habit to open the garden gate. A fir-tation with a rustic beauty was pleasant enough; but Weston had too much respect for his own reputation to run the risk of being seen loafing in the lodge garden in sentimental converse with the gardener's daughter. A little dawdling talk by the park gate, which could be cut short at a moment's warning, was the utmost indulgence he permitted himself.

Miss Bond, however, who could not estimate the extent of her admirer's prudence, and who had no small idea of her own attractions, may have nursed some vague hope of his dropping in unexpectedly this summer evening before the eight-o'clock dinner, to while away half an hour in her society. And, lo! instead of the London dandy, in his faultless boots and wonderful waistcoat, here was only honest Joseph Flood, whose highest merit was to love her to distraction, and whose powers of expression were of the poorest. She went on folding and pinching the muslin, with the bold black eyes cast down and a some-what sulky look in the full red lips, while Joe came shambling toward the arbor, using his long legs as if they were an embarrassment to him in the absence of his horse.

Greetings are usually dispensed with in this class of life; so the groom hardly noticed the coldness of his reception, and dropped down upon the bench by his mistress's side without a word, put his stalwart arm round her waist, and administered the privileged kiss of an affianced husband. Jane drew herself away from him with

nusuanu. Januarum an impatient shrug.

"I wish you wouldn't be so tiresome, Joseph," she said, peevishly.

"I'm sure the weather's too hot for kissing, and I don't believe you've shaved

this morning."

"Ah, but I have, though. I suppose one's beard grows faster this weather."

"Your chin does scrub so! I'd as lief have a bit of emery paper rubbed across my face. Don't squeeze so close to me, Joe; there's room enough on the bench without that. I've got all those flounces to hem and put on the skirt before I go to bed to-night."

"Oh, it's a new gown, is it, that there's all this fuss about?" said Joseph, contemplating the pink frills with a contemptuous air; "then all I pink frills with a contemptuous air; "then all I can say is, if you're going to be so ill-tempered every time you get a new gown, I hope you won't have many of 'em when we're married."

have many of 'em when we're married."

"It's just like you to say that, Joseph," replied
Miss Bond, in a lofty tone. "Now if you were a
gentleman, you'd take an interest in my dresses,
and think nothing too good for me."

"But I ain't a gentleman, you see, and if
you're to lose your temper with me for the sake
of a parcel of fallals like that there, I'd rather
see you dressed anyhow than decked out as fine

see you dressed anyhow than decked out as fine

Miss Bond tossed her head and went on with her work assiduously. It was not the first time she had seen Joseph Flood since her acquaintance with Mr. Vallory, and in the course of previous interviews she had favored him with vague hints of being admired and appreciated by people of higher capacity to admire and appreciate than with ampler : with to back their opinions. Joseph was of a jealous nature, and had been quick to resent these remarks.

"It doesn't much matter whether you like my dress or not, that's one comfort," the girl said, presently; "there's more people in the world besides you, and I dare say there'll be some at

the 'feat' to-morrow that will admire me.

"I suppose you mean a pack of fine gentlemen," replied Joseph, sullenly; "no prudent girl wants their admiration.

"Then I'm afraid I'm not a prudent girl, remarked Jane, with a little affected giggle; "for I do like to be admired, and I set more store upon a gentleman's admiration than a

"I'm sorry for you, then, Jane Bond," said the lover, sternly; "for if that's true, you'll never make a good wife to an honest working-man. But I don't believe it is true. You're always up to some blessed game of this kind, trying to take a rise out of me. And yet you know there never

was a young man fonder of a young woman than I am of you. But I'm not the sort of man to stand any nonsense."

This kind of protestation was gratifying to Miss Bond's vanity, and she was somewhat mollified by it, and even allowed the arm of her legitimate lover to steal around her waist and remain there placidly while she stitched her flounces; but throughout that evening the talk between the affianced ones was of a skirmishing character, and Jane Bond indulged in numerous suggestive remarks, all tending to show how much brighter and better her lot in life might have been, had she so pleased, than Mr. Flood, the groom, could possibly make it. She was all good temper and high spirits, however, for the rest of the eveneased with the effect of her dress as it proregions, peased with the effect of new dress as it proceeded toward completion. She insisted on Mr. Flood staying to supper, and cut him the most delicate slices of cold boiled bacon, and graciously compounded a glass of gin-and-water for him at her father's behest; but notwithstanding these civilities Joseph Flood left the south lodger than a grace burnet and both his steps toward and both his steps toward. in a savage humor, and bent his steps toward his bed-chamber over the stables meditating vengeance, convinced that Jane Bond meant to fool him.

"She's just the kind of woman to do it," he thought; "she knows she's the prettiest girl within twenty mile—ay, within fifty mile, I'll warrant—and she takes advantage of it. I'll be bound some of those London dandies have been talking their nonsense to her-the captain, per haps: there's nothing like a soldier for that sort of mischief. But if she does try to make a fool of me, I'll be even with her, and I'll be even with the man that comes between us.

He was a determined young fellow, this Joseph Flood—a muscular Christian, with more muscularity than Christianity—and in this one matter of his attachment to Jane Bond his sentiments were of a somewhat desperate character. She had played her fish a considerable time before she netted him, holding him at arms-length, pre-tending to be quite indifferent to him one day, delighting him by her amiability the next, and appearing absolutely to detest him the day after that. These alternate hot and cold douches, these alternations of despair and delight, had the intended effect. A prize so hard to win seemed to Mr. Flood the one crowning reward of man's endeavors. He wooed the gardener's daughter with a boundless patience. It was only when she did at last consent to pledge herself to him, declaring that she had been bothered into saying yes, that Mr. Flood assumed a more in-dependent tone, treating the lady henceforward as his own peculiar property rather than as a di-vinity to whom he was bound to pay continual

This independent manner of his, this unpleas ant way of taking every thing for granted, was ant way of taking every thing for granted, was particularly provoking to Jane Bond, who had an insatiable appetite for flattery. She did not rest until she had found out her lover's weak point, and that she could torture him into savage fits of jealousy. Having discovered this power, she used it rather frequently, and their walks to and from chapel were apt to be spent in silent sulkiness or open quarreling. Yet the young man clung to her, and went on loving her, and looked forward to the day when she was to be

his wife.

"If you was to play me a trick, Jenny, if you was to jilt me and marry another fellow, I think I should be tempted to murder you," he said to her one day, during the first moments of reconciliation after an unusually angry quar-

"Wouldn't it be wiser to murder the other

fellow?" Miss Bond asked, laughing.
"Perhaps I might do both," answered Joseph
Flood, in a tone that was sufficiently serious to alarm his betrothed.

She clung to his arm quite affectionately, more ratified by this threat than by any compliment he had ever paid her.

I do think you're fond of me, Joseph," she said; "and I don't believe there's any love worth having without jealousy. As for playing you any tricks, there's no fear of that. But I can't help wishing sometimes that we were both better off than we are. I think I'd rather die than look forward to being such a drudge as most of the women I know come to after marriage.

"There's no call for you to be a drudge, Jenny. You can be as smart after marriage as you are now. It's only slovens that come to be drudges." now. It's only slovens that come to be drudges."

"Ah, you don't know. Men never understand how much work a women has to do. You'd want your victuals cooked and your clothes washed, just as father does; and if there was children, there'd be them to do for, and the shop to look

after too, when you was out of the way."
"I thought you'd like the notion of the shop,
Jane," said the lover, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. In his own idea, a shop was a kind of ready-made income without work or effort. would only have to sit behind his counter reading a newspaper, or asleep with his head against the wall, snoring peacefully in the sunshine, while the money dropped into the till.

"Yes, the shop's all very well," answered ne. "I sometimes fancy I should like weighing things, and have a lot of nice little drawers full of starch and mustard and rice and sago. and all that, and a little stock of fancy stationery in the window laid out tempting like, and perhaps even a few pots of bear's-grease, and sixpenny bottles of lavender-water, and neat little boxes of hair-pins. I've heard tell there's a deal of profit on them small things. But when it came to be the same from week's end to week's end, and perhaps bad debts; and after all it's hard work,

like any thing else—"
"Then drop the notion of the shop, Jane. I

don't care; I can keep on in service."
"Oh no, that would never do. I couldn't marry to have my husband in service. People

would say I was very hard driven to get a husband.

"They could never think that of you, Jenny, even if they said it. But I'm blest if I know what you do want, if you don't want me to have the shop at Rayton that we've always talked of."

Perhaps, had Jane been closely questioned, she herself would have found it very difficult to explain her desires. She only felt a vague and general discontent. It would be much better to keep a shop and to be an independent matronnay, even a person of some importance—in Ray-ton village than to be under her father's stern dominion in the south lodge. And yet it seem-ed a sorry ending of all those fine stories which had been told her by stray admirers, and by that perpetual comforter, her looking-glass. wished she had not been so heartily tired of her father's rule and the dullness of her life; that she could have afforded to wait a few years ger for that possible admirer looming in the fu-ture, whose advent so many of her admirers in the present had prophesied—the rich gentleman who would some day woo her for his wife. She had never read novels, and was perplexed by no sentimental foreshadowings. But she did cherish that one fond dream of a rich husband, and she did think it a hard thing that the wealthy wooer had not yet appeared, and that out of sheer weariness of spirit she must needs throw herself away upon a groom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THERE is an almost fearful impressiveness in the thought that we go to our quiet sleep each night with no foreshadowing of the dread calamities that may be revealed when we unfold the morning paper. How many hearts were rent with sudden anxiety and sorrow on reading the telegraphic dispatches of that fatal Sunday morning when Boston was in flames! Those innocent-looking wires send swift, sharp, lightning strokes through the land, and they smite one and another, seemingly without mercy. The details of that desolating conflagration are now known far and wide, from east to west—the features of peculiar painfulness as well as those of merciful compensation. Homeless thousands have not been forced to live in tents, as after the Chicago fire was necessary; the treasures of science, art, and literature were untouched by the devouring element; the old historical monuments, in which Boston gloried as linking the city to its early life and Revolutionary struggles, were spared. Amidst the sorrow arising out of those blackened ruins, and the sympathy which from all quarters is extended toward the sufferers, there are some comforting reflections connected with the disaster: and to a great extent HERE is an almost fearful impressiveness in rers, there are some comforting reflections connected with the disaster; and to a great extent what has been lost will be restored by the energy and courage which have so often been displayed in times of trouble by the people of Boston.

If the proper authorities had seasonably shut off the gas from that section of Boston in which the fire raged, an immense amount of property would have been saved.

The elegant Mansard-roofs which capped many of the finest granite stores and warehouses of Boston have proved fatal ornaments. Combustible in themselves, out of the reach of water from fire-engines, and high enough most effectually to scatter masses of burning fragments, they spread destruction far and wide. This new feature in architecture has proved too expensive altogether. Wooden Mansard-roofs should not be allowed in cities. Will other cities ere long be shrouded in the gloom of a fiery calamity because they are slow in learning plain lessons? The elegant Mansard-roofs which capped many

The horse distemper is now generally believed to be epidemic, and not contagious. Hence there is nothing gained by isolating those that are well. The most useful precautions are good treatment and careful feeding.

Two pomological phenomena are spoken of in an exchange—apples which are sweet on one side and sour on the other, and apples without seeds. At the American Institute last year apples of both descriptions were exhibited. In the one case it has been supposed that the sap tubes, running side by side from the roots of the tree, pour their secretions on the two sides of the fruit, which present a sort of Siamese connection, although they are really two distinct apples—a sweet and a sour one—in juxtaposition. In seedless apples one theory is that the development of the seeds is suspended at an early period of growth from an unknown cause, not unlike the arrest of growth of a child, which constitutes a dwarf.

Two girls employed in a large dry-goods establishment in Boston, and living in Roxbury, on discovering the danger from the fire, gained access to the store, secured laces to the value of \$20,000, and took them safely to their home in Roxbury. The store was wholly burned.

Pennsylvania has some astonishingly coolheaded young ladies. The Titusville Herald tells a story of one who should have the medal. On the Union and Titusville Railroad there is a long, high trestle, which is on one side concealed from the engineer of an approaching train by a sharp curve in the road. A short time ago, as a train wheeled around this curve, the engineer was horrified to discover a lady midway on the trestle. Quick as thought he checked the train, though he knew it was an utter impossibility to bring it to a stand in season to prevent a direcatastrophe. The lady heard the warning whistle, and turning her head, saw the iron monster almost upon her. Escape seemed impossible: to remain was certain death; to jump to the ground beneath, a distance of thirty to forty feet, equally certain death; and to attempt to run ahead and escape was out of the question. She neither screamed nor fainted, but acted. Thirty inches below the ends of the ties, and immediately under the stringer which supports She neither screamed nor fainted, but acted. Thirty inches below the ends of the ties, and immediately under the stringer which supports them, there was a joist five inches wide running from one support of the treatle to another. Quickly she swung herself down to this parrow

thread with the apparent ease of a gymnast, and with her arms clasped around it, stretched herself at full length along it as the train thundered by almost over her. As soon as the engineer saw her action he threw off his brakes, and puting on steam, hurried past as soon as possible, when she nimbly sprang to the track again, and pursued her journey as though nothing had happened.

Just as cold weather is coming upon us some-body volunteers the most comfortable advice, "Never use cold water when warm water will answer as well." This is quite different from the old-fashioned theory that nothing was more wholesome than to get up early in the morning, break the ice on top of the water-pail, and give yourself a good washing in the semi-frozen liquid. The latest theory is that there is scarcely a single remedial effect of cold water which can not be as well and more safely secured by the use of warm water.

While the capital city of New England was wrestling with the flames, by a singular coincidence a conflagration broke out in London, which for several hours threatened complete destruction to the magnificent warehouses on the Thames. Fortunately the fire-brigades of London, after much effort, extinguished the fire.

Little Allie had spent the Sabbath away from Little Allie had spent the Sabbath away from home with her cousin in a neighboring city across the East River. On returning at night her mother asked, "Well, Allie, how did you like the minister?"

"Not very well; he says 'projuice,'" was the quick criticism.

The laugh which were account the facility of the laugh which were account to facility.

quick criticism.

The laugh which ran around the family circle somewhat abashed the child, but she met the next questions: "What was the sermon about? Do you remember the text?"

"I don't know; I believe it was the eighth verse of the first chapter of St. Paul."

A piece of work was recently finished in the Vatican mosaic factory on which four artists have been employed ten years. It is a picture representing the coronation of the Virgin. Each of the artists had two pieces of the picture as his task. These are now to be united, and after having been seen by those whose duty it is to inspect the work, and, as it is said, by the Pope, they will again be separated to undergo the last processes. The picture is to decorate the basilica of St. Paul, but will first be exhibited to the public.

Among the sufferers by the Boston fire is a New York lady, well known through her munificent gifts to the New York Free Medical College, and by other large and varied benefactions. Her property consisted of business blocks, nearly all of which were located in the burned district. Her conduct on learning that she was reduced from opulence to comparative penury is worthy of note. A friend expressing to her his regret that she had given so much as to have allowed nothing to accumulate from her large income, she replied, "I am glad of it; I am glad I gave it while I had it; I only regret the loss because it will deprive me of the power to keep on giving." On learning that the families of some old tenants were overwhelmed by their misfortunes from the fire, this lady, without waiting to learn the full extent of her own losses, sent an order to Boston that the whole of her available funds should be distributed among them, and promised any future assistance in her power. Among the sufferers by the Boston fire is a

The following singular and interesting anecdote, illustrating the sagacity of the horse, appears in the Court Journal: "A German cavalry dote, illustrating the sagacity of the horse, appears in the Court Journal: "A German cavalry soldier and his horse were captured in the fight at Le Bourget, and taken off with other prisoners. Three days after the fight they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting in the evening near the window, thinking how he might escape, while his noisy captors round the fire-place were fuddling themselves with wine. Suddenly he hears in the streets the neighing of a horse. He believes it is his brave steed escaped from a shed where she had been placed, and in search of her master. One of the panes of the window was replaced by paper; boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the opening, calling, cautiously and coaxingly, 'Lizzy, Lizzy.' A joyous neighing is the reply, and Lizzy is close to the window. In a moment the whole frame of the casement is smashed, and before the tipplers know what is the matter the captive soldier is outside and on the bare back of his faithful mare. As if the sagacious animal knew that the life of her master was at stake, she runs off like a whirlwind, and yet she is not urged on by spurs or bridle, for the francatireurs have taken the boots off the rider, and the bridle is hanging with the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets whiz past their ears without stopping the horse. The husser does not know the way, but 'Lizzy' remembers it, and after thirty-two hours both arrive at the outposts of Le Bourget, dead beat, but happy to be again with their comrades."

A curious instrument has been invented by an English physician for seeing under water. It is constructed of two concave lenses which are placed with their concavities together. The outer edges are secured by a metallic rim, made water-tight, the interior being filled with water for refractive purposes.

The position of the Duke of Edinburgh to The position of the Duke of Edinburgh to the duchy of Saxe-Coburg, of which he is heir on his uncle's death, is a subject of interest abroad. The grand duke and his people are supposed to be desirous of being amalgamated with the German empire, and the Duke of Edinburgh is said to have no objection, if it can be a monoral without injuring his proprietary rights. burgh is said to have no objection, in it can be arranged without injuring his proprietary rights. This was a contingency never dreamed of by the late Prince Consort, who had no great love for Prussia, though he gave "Fritz" his daughter, and there is a nice question as to what is due to his memory. The rumor is revived of a marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and the added thursters of the arriver of Harvarr who





Fig. 1.-GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH SICILIENNE MANTELET. For description see Supplement.

latter make a

foundation to suit the width of the skirt at

the top, and on

this crochet 1

Fig. 2.-GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH VELVET POLONAISE.

Fig. 8.—Satine Dress with Cloth Paletot.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—LADIES' CLOTH SUIT.

Fig. 4.—Poplin Dress w VRLVETREN PALETOT. For description see Suppleme Fig

For pattern and de

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1a, 1b-4. For pattern see description in Supplement. Fig. 9.—Serge Dress with Sicilienne Dolman. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—Poplin Dress with Cloth Mantle. For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 13.-Cashmere Walking Suit. For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-16.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WALKING SUITS.—[Figs. 1-7, Figu

morning toilettes coarse woolen fabrics are most in vogue.— Faded tints are still in favor, and are often used in two shades. I will describe, as an example, a dress of tissu-éponge in two shades

of faded blue.
The skirt is
of the darker
shade, and is
trimmed to the

knee with kilt pleats, one pleat being light, and one dark, and so on. The polonaise is of the lighter shade;

it is trimmed with three dark bias folds, and edged with trellised woolen ball fringe of the lighter tint. The same dress is seen in poplin in two shades of gray, olive, and réséda. Fur trimming is the rage; but as it would be

folly to cut up costly fur into narrow strips and tiny pieces, its manufacture has been attempted with marvelous success, and we have bands of imitation fox, royal tiger, and furs of all kinds that can scarcely be distingnished

from real fur. The royal tiger, a silvery gray with black tigerspots, is the most beautiful of these trimmings; it is used for every thing - négligé and full dress, and even for

wrappers. I have seen one

of these, of gray-velveteen, lined

with blue plush,

and trimmed

with bands of

tiger, which was truly

royal



Fig. 5.-GROS GRAIN SUIT WITH LOUIS QUINZE POLONAISE.

or pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-8. VALKING SUIT.

ent, No. III., Figs. 9a, 9b-13.

SS CLOTH WALKING SUIT WITH DOLMAN, For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.-POULT DE SOIE WALKING SUIT.

For description see Supplemen Fig. 11.—Suit for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

For description see Supplement, Fig. 16.—Suit for Boy from 3 to 5 Years old. For description see Supplement.

Figs. 8-12, First Row in Background; Figs. 13-16, Second Row in Background.]

Fig. 7.—Gros Grain and Velvet Walking Scit with Louis Quatorze Vest-Polonaise, For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.-MERINO WALKING SUIT. For description see Supplement.

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superb. These bands are bound on each side, and are consequently firm; they are sewed on the edge of the article to be trimmed, and the seam is covered with figured galloon, which overlaps the garment, and produces the effect of embroidery.

I have seen a pretty suit of indigo blue tissueponge which merits description. The skirt was trimmed with a flounce five inches wide, surmounted by a second flounce, cut in large scallops; above the latter was a band of otter, edged with passementerie galloon. Close-fitting redingote of the same material, trimmed with similar fur and galloon. Besides these bands, which were set flat on the garment itself, bands of fur were set on so as to overlap the edge and form

a fringe.

Fur trimming, therefore (and for more dressy costumes the guipure d'art, which I am about to describe), and coarse woolen fabrics are the elements which are combined for every variety of morning toilettes. As to wrappings, the Dolman in its numerous forms is the most successful. Double capes are still worn, as are also single capes of the material of the dress, lined with flannel and well wadded.

A great many suits will also be worn, of a light fabric called zephyr cloth; these are composed almost invariably of a skirt, trimmed with a deep fiounce of faille of the same shade, surmounted by a rather wide band of cloth, and edged with a very narrow cloth band; and redingote of the same cloth, trimmed with a bias fold of faille.

For all these suits large oxidized silver buttons, such as I described in a former letter, are growing more and more in favor; some of these are exquisitely chased, and are real works of art.

I must not forget to describe the guipure d'art, already mentioned. This is made of black, white, or colored silk, entirely by hand, for the trimming of costly dresses. The origin of this fashion is pathetic. Guipure d'art, embroidered on netting, was formerly one of those idle pas-times affected by wealthy young ladies, who exe-cuted it in white silk, and composed of it superb trimmings for handkerchiefs and a multitude of other articles. When the people of Alsace and Lorraine were driven from their homes and stripped of their possessions their wives and daughters conceived the idea of offering for sale these beautiful trimmings with raised designs, which were enthusiastically adopted by our leaders of fashion under the name of Alsacian guipures. They are very costly, and will consequently be restricted to elegant toilettes.

Chenille embroidery, both black and in colors, is also very much in vogue. The chenille is fastened to the material simply by cross stitches of silk of the same or a contrasting color placed some distance apart, so as to produce the effect

of dots on the embroidery.

The first evening dresses of the season will be

worn, not at Paris, which will not open its salons before the month of January, but in the chateaux, where people are wont to gather until it is time to return to town. Even for these dresses suits prevail, only the skirts are long. In general the trimmings of the front, such as ruches, puffs, laces, embroidery, etc., are set on perpendicularly. The over-skirt is extremely perpendicularly. The over-skirt is extremely short in front, so as to show these trimmings, and very long in the back, and is trimmed on the back breadths, but not on the front, the inverse of the skirt. For these dresses many Pompadour or flowered fabrics are used, and also damask, which is again coming in fashion; but brocaded, flowered, and damask stuffs are teserved for over-skirts and polonaises; the skirt is always of plain faille or satin. To speak truly, Paris fashions are not yet seen in Paris; they are packed up and sent off in all directions. It is agreed, in fact, that in this intermediate season ladies who remain in Paris shall confine themselves to négligé toilettes; they will not consent to appear in full dress within twenty leagues from it at least. And yet the great city is swarming with elegantly dressed ladies. city is swarming with elegantly dressed ladies. All the places of amusement are ablaze with costly toilettes, but a Parisian woman is not deceived thereby; she never thinks of looking at or studying these dresses, but passes them by carelessly, saying, "These are all foreigners." And she is never mistaken.

The fashions are also seen at the races. At the last ones there was a sort of feminine uniform, closely resembling riding-habits, save in the length of skirt; these were cloth suits of all colors, with velvet vests, the corsage and vest having something of a masculine cut. It is at the races, however, that fashions are put on trial; and because a singular garment or an extraordinary bonnet is seen there we must not jump at the conclusion that this garment or bonnet will be worn. It is with fashions as with the elect-many are called, but few are chosen. And I perceive that, with all the attempts to change, we always come back to the suit in its numerous varieties.

Feather trimming, set on the edge of velvet or silk suits, constitutes one of the most elegant garnitures of the season. It is, moreover, too costly to become common; nevertheless, it is so generally admired that means have been devised to imitate it by raveling strips of silk some two or three inches in depth. These raveled trimmings produce almost the same effect as feathers, and are light and pretty. They are used not only on silk, but also on light woolen goods, like zephyr cloth.

It is whispered that, although the ball season is still far distant, marvels of embroidery are in course of preparation, to be displayed in the light of the chandeliers. Among these are tulle and crape with chenille embroidery, set on the fabric by stitches of gold thread, which are very effect-ve. I have seen a dress of this kind of white fulle, embroidered with white chenille and gold hread, and composed of three skirts, which are to be worn not over silk, but over an under-skirt

of tarlatan covered with two thicknesses of coarse tulle. This was a vaporous toilette par excel-There are also dresses for parties where there is no dancing, black tulle and crape, em-broidered with black chenille and steel thread. Of course the head-dress, ear-rings, and necklace must harmonize with this dress, which is designed to be completed by lapis lazuli jewelry set in steel. Lapis lazuli is one of the caprices of the moment. It is set in brooches, ear-rings, hair-pins, and large beads for the necklace, and is worn both in the daytime and the evening. In a word, it is thought to suit all colors, as all dresses. It is well adapted to a setting of the oxidized silver which is so fashionable at this moment, and probably will be all winter. course I do not mean the Persian lapis, which is very costly, or the German, which is coarse and dear, but the French, which imitates the Persian so closely that they can scarcely be distinguished from each other.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THANKSGIVING AT THE BIG ROCK.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Simon Lauder well knew, was a phrase that on the Oriental lip implied the fullest rest and refreshment conceivable. But whenever he came to that line in the great Bible he always shook his head and stopped a moment before he went on. He was not a man of powerful intellect. and it perhaps cost him an effort to separate the metaphorical from the literal meaning; he lived on peaceable terms with every body and every thing but his luck, did generally as he would be done by, and read the Bible assiduously: but he had never absolutely found that rest in the shadow of the Great Rock which enabled him to accept the spiritual significance of the text as a thing of intimate experience; and meanwhile he had personally a very different idea of his own attached to the phrase. For the fact was that Simon Lauder's house stood against the face of a granite cliff, and the shade thrown from that cliff had occasioned him half the ills

The old Lauder family had come with their wealth, a hundred and fifty years ago, to the Cape—a bold headland whose granite bases ran far out into the Atlantic. They had begun by coming for the summer season at first, and they had ended by liking it so well as to stay the year round. And there they had bought an estate, and made it a place of luxury, clearing off the rocks from the lawn, planting trees, and shielding them from storms till they were stout enough to maintain themselves; setting picturesque shrub-beries here and there, with openings on the sea, and openings on the hills; building a splendid mansion at one end of the estate, and a farm-house at the other, with a dairy-house beneath the beetling brow of the Big Rock there, whose concave shield kept the sun away from dawn till dark—a dairy-house not, perhaps, rivaling the Queen's, on the demesne of Windsor Castle, but quite large and well-ordered enough to hold the butter and cream and cheese yielded by the imported stock, the Jerseys and Ayrshires and Alderneys, that were the pride and marvel of the

That generation of Lauders, then, as may be imagined, laid out the income of their property quite as freely as it came in, so that when the head of the house died, and the estate was divided, no one felt able to take the mansion-house for his share, and support its original style. The mansion-house was finally sold, and became eventually a seminary for young ladies.

The inheritance of each member of the next generation, accordingly, being but a tithe of the old possessions, while their acquired habits called for quite as lavish expenditure as when the property was undivided, there came speculation and rash investments and losses; and then idleness and wastefulness and death and scattering came to help along the downfall; and at last, when Simon Lauder, of the third generation, married, he was alone of his name on the Cape, and he lived in the farm-house that his grandfather had hardly thought good enough for his laborers.

Perhaps that would have done very well, and would have been as good head-quarters to grum-ble from as any others, if he had been able to keep even that. But as he chose to sit down and complain, rather than stand up and resist the blows of fortune, he one day found that that shelter also was gone, and he and his wife and children had nothing left but the old dairy-house, a dozen acres or so of ground about it, and a cranberry swamp.

Into the old dairy-house, then, he moved; and a little kindled to bestir himself. Simon spent half his nights, after farm-work was done, in hammering and planing and chiseling and making it habitable; and with the help of his -who, not being so grandly born as he, could paper and paint a room without bemoaning herself at every step, or wondering what her grandfathers would say to see her reduced to that—it finally became a commonly comfortable abode. At least it would have been comfortable if one ray of sunshine ever entered it; but it stood so in the hollow face of the rock that long after was morning in the rest of the world it was dark in the dairy-house, and long before the sun left the top of the Big Rock shadows had fallen in the little house beneath it. Sometimes Simon thought he would build on another story to the cottage that should rear its head high enough to catch an occasional sunbeam; but he had not a dollar to spare from daily needs-indeed, if it not been for the rock-cod and cunners and lobsters round the shores he would soon have ceased

to have any daily needs at all—and he contented

himself with thinking if he only had the money he would do it.

He had been accustomed in his childhood to such traditions of past splendor that it seemed to him many things belonged to the Lauders of right, and he luxuriated in a vague belief that the king should have his own again. Perhaps he fancied that the outer world would at some time return to its senses and bring him tributemoney of what originally belonged to his race and name, or that the people on the Cape, out of consideration for his past, would eventually come and build the second story for him; but, whether or no, the habit of feeling that he had a right to land and money in virtue of his ancestry prevented his ever putting forth a hand to gain land and money by his own endeavor, and the second story was never built. After all, Simon did not know that it mattered much. The absence of sunshine made the house gloomy, he saw, but it never occurred to him for years that it made it unhealthy too; nor did the doctor who visited the house imagine for a long while that no sunshine fell there at some part of the day when he was not there, or that a house could ever have been built that in the open air had so many qualities of the dungeon. All that Simon ever thought about healthiness or the contrary, as it concerned the dairy-house, was the advisability of an improvement in the cellar, and all he ever found the energy to do after he had rendered the house habitable was to make that improvement; for a spring that was supposed to rise in the heart of the Big Rock had run down through the cellar of the dairy-house to feed a well there; and after one or two of the children had been nearly drowned in the well, Simon and a couple of men -to hire whom nearly ruined him-bricked and cemented the cellar and covered in the well. But, for all that, it diffused a very sensible dampness through the house, that nothing but roaring fires could overcome, and Simon had not the means to afford roaring fires.

Night after night, then, from the November till

the April days, had Simon been roused from his sleep by the loud, rattling breath of one of the many children that came so much faster than any one wanted them, and had waded out in snow or slush to find the doctor or the drugs, for inefficiency could not do without the one, and improvidence never kept itself supplied with the other; and neither squills nor antimony had been of any avail, because Simon had gone a little too late, or the dampness had struck a little too deep; and one after another, as one winter went after another, the fortunate little things had left their traditions of Lauder grandeur and their experience of Lauder squalor, never to be troubled by either any more. Then the eldest child of all, a girl of more promise than any Lauder of half a century, who had taken all the prizes in her class at the seminary, went into a decline, and was laid away; and now of the nine children there were left only Emily and little Sim and George, while the mother, who originally had some vigor of her own, seemed to be nearly broken down and ready to follow her children; and the doctor had at last told Simon that unless they moved out of the shadow of the Big Rock she would not be long about it.

During the twenty years of his married life Simon had grumbled at the folly of his spend-thrift ancestors, at the inertness of their sons, at the ill luck of himself, at the injustice of Heaven that had exiled him from the house of his fathers, at the unkind fate that had turned him out of the farm-house, at the quality of the weather, at the quality of the crops, at the state of the market, at the state of the general health, at the children's clothes, at their food, at the ignorance of the doctor, at fate and fortune generally; and now he began to grumble at the Big Rock, to rail at the shadow of it, to curse the length and breadth of it. The first sunshine of the morning was kept from him, he complained, by the shield of the Big Rock: except on a hot June day the noon sunshine itself did not touch the roof of the dairy-house; he had to climb its jagged sides to see the sun set. Sometimes he remembered the bashaw who, when the fire was too hot, had the masons come and set back the chimney; but it was of no use for Simon to try and stir the rock; any blasting that he could do, in his ignorance of the business, would be a mere scratch on its surface; he could not afford to send for quarry-men to come and do the work for him; and though his house might have been dragged out of the fatal circle of its shadow, he could no more afford to do that thing than the other, and he was not a man so popular with the few neighbors on the Cape that any of them were willing to leave their own work and come and give him their services for nothing. Once, indeed, Simon had tried boring and blasting into the cliff, but he had only succeeded in making a slight crack and some loose pebbles—a crack which was however of infinite use as it kent little Sim and George out of the house and in the sunlight on the other side of the rock, working to deepen the fissure, which every summer renewed its enjoyment for them, little Sim being for a long time in search of the gnomes that Emily had told him lived in the hollows of the rocks, but George being interested by more tangible possibilities.

When, however, Simon was weary of grumbling at the Big Rock whose shadow darkened his life, and the water from whose heart dampened his house, he began to look about him for some means of counteracting its evils, if any means there might be; for he divined at last that though it was virtuous in him to grumble at the trouble, it would be more virtuous to destroy it, that grumbling would not save his wife's life for him, and that, unless he wished to be left alone in the world, he must take some active steps to prevent it. Retrench Simon could not, to work harder he was unable, to scheme and plan he had not the fit qualities. but

save money for the moving of the house out into the sunshine he must. He had an old watch that he had kept through all his reverses, and that he valued almost as he did his good name, for it had been his father's before him; but he sold it, and he put the proceeds into the savings-bank to accumulate. And so much having given him a sort of impetus to move, he undertook the immense task of turning a certain sunny field of his domain into a strawberry bed, and sending the produce to market; and just as he had harvested the gains of the first season, and had added them to the fund in the savings-bank, Emily was taken with a pneumonia, that was followed by a typhoid, and before she was about the house again every cent of the fund had been expended, and the doctor was still unpaid, and the dairy-house was as far as ever from being moved into the sunshine, and the Big Rock from being blasted; and, to crown the rest, the frost had killed the strawberries.

After the frost came an Indian summer season; soft blue vapors filled the horizon, and turned, sun-smitten in the afternoons, to clouds of dusty gold, the grass grew velvety again, warm land breezes blew across the sea, and kept it soft and still as in the days of June; the witch-hazel blossomed, and the alders in the swamp put out their green tendril-like growth, and all the air was balm. Every body said that never was there such an Indian summer known, and every body was in a rapture with it as so much robbed from the winter. Every body but Simon. He knew that this delicious dampness was death for him and his, and better was any dry cold in the deepest depths below zero, and he sat down in despair—despair meaning the back kitchen, which was the darkest and dampest place in the house, and into which he never went except when in want of surroundings entirely congenial to his mood of mind.

Simon sat down in despair, and he remained in despair, of more or less degree—so far as the thing is subject to degree—till the doctor came down stairs the afternoon before Thanksgiving, and told him authoritatively that Emily must leave home; that there was no hope whatever that he should be able to hinder her from following her sister if she remained in that sunless

"Where, in God's name, is she to go?" cried

Where, in God's hance, as she to go. Cross Simon, feeling the doctor much more to blame for this state of things than himself.

"Go?" said the doctor, who had by this time no patience with the man. "Go any where! She will go to the grave, I assure you, if she doesn's go away from here!" doesn't go away from here!

"She will have to, then," said Simon, glumly. "There is nowhere else she can go. She hasn't a relation within five hundred miles, and none of whom I can ask favors any where. They—in fact, they have all refused me favors. We might as well board up the windows of the house, and all lie down and die in it. It's a tomb now

"Little Sim and George would object to that," said the doctor, "even if the health authorities didn't. Can't you emigrate? The Western air would probably make your wife and Emily whole again. Physic won't, while they live in the shadow of this rock."

"Emigrate!" cried Simon. "I'm a pretty man to talk of emigrating, with a wife who can hardly crawl about, with a daughter who is going into a galloping consumption, with two boys not a dozen years old, and with a cough that tears my own frame to pieces every morning. Emi-I've got one foot in the grave as it is, and if I ever had the energy to drag one foot after another, I'd be under-ground myself!"

"It is a bad case," said the doctor, tapping the table as he sat, and keeping time to little Sim's and George's rat-tat-tat that resounded at intervals from outside. "I don't know what to do for you. I've been thinking a good deal about it. My own wife isn't well, or I'd take Emily home with me. But, if I did, there'd be your wife left. Lauder, I'm tired of burying people from your house," said the doctor, think-ing harshness the best mercy. "Can't you make up your mind to my stating the case to your neighbors, and calling them together to move the house? I've no doubt they'd listen and do it, for my sake, if not for yours. They could do it in three weeks with jack-screws, and have every thing in order again."

"No," said Lauder, after a few moments' pause—"no, I'll be blessed if I do! There isn't

a man on this Cape whose forbear was not a de-pendent of my grandfather's, that my grandfa-ther didn't set up in life, that doesn't owe all he's worth to my grandfather, and that repays all by having taken every advantage of my necessities, by having made me the subject of reproach and ridicule and slander! And now I—no, rather than accept a farthing's worth of help from any of them—" He waited for words. "On the whole," said Simon, when he resumed—"on the whole, I will die first, and my wife and children with me!" And the doctor, looking at him, thought there was some hope for him, since he had never seen him show so much energy in his

"Well, well," said the doctor, "we must think about it. If there would only come a good glacier, and slide that confounded rock off into the sea! The geologists get over all their difficulties with the glacier; I don't know why we shouldn't— What is that rat_tat_tat? Do you keep a pet raven because you're not gloomy enough? It sounds more like a woodpecker.'

"Oh, that is our stone-cutting," said Simon, sardonically. "You know we have been turning over one leaf after another, to turn a penny too, and little Sim and George have been pegging away at the Big Rock these two years in their play, with half the boys on the Cape to help them; they have decided that there is stone enough there—by cubic measurement, for all I know-to make over all the public buildings in



the country, if they can get it out, and to make | over our own fortunes with it.

"Get it out!"

"Oh yes. They found some spikes and drills somewhere—over at that Capeton quarry, I be-lieve, the one that they left full of water—and they have been at work along that old crack of mine; and if they live to be as old as I am, I shouldn't wonder if they really made a hole in the thing.

"Humph!" said the doctor. "It 'll do 'em no harm to try.

"To bail out the sea with a dipper."

"It's better than sitting still, Simon. Well, good-afternoon. I'll look in to-morrow, and perhaps we can think of something for Emily between us. All Emily needs is sunshine. And all your wife needs is sunshine and a mind at ease. They've a mild season in their favor, if they were any where else but here." And he closed the door behind him and went down the yard. Pausing and turning round after a few steps, he looked up at the Big Rock and at the urchins perched there in relief against the sunset sky, and far too busy with the importance of their play to notice him.

"There's two good holes in her now, long as an ox-goad, and almost as big," he heard George shouting. "And if father would only give us the money for a pound of powder, we'd have a slice off the old hulk that would cover the meet-

ing-house yard!"
"But father hasn't got the money, George," little Sim replied.

"Who ever heard of a person's father not having any money?" was the impatient answer. Well, at any rate, we might sell something.

I'd be willing to sell my shoes!"
"And then if the powder didn't go off, father'd have to buy you a new pair, and it would come hard on him, you know," said the little practical one. "And I don't believe it would go off, George, either. For, you know, down at the old quarry there, when a slice had been tak-en away, there wasn't any left on that side—"

"What if there wasn't?"

"But you've made your holes in the middle—"
"Well, father did his when he went to blow it up. He said he was going straight to the core. And I guess father knows!" said the theorist.

"The same old story," murmured the doctor to himself as he went on. "A theorizing Lauder, wild with whims, like an engine without a driver, and an economist afraid of his shadow, a drag on the wheels—every generation has had But these are the first Lauder children that ever diagnosed their case correctly; they know what ails them; perhaps they'll apply rem-I wonder if the little rascals have a Thanksgiving turkey," said the doctor to him-self as he walked home along the shore and watched a shower coming up across the sea that wrinkled before it. "Miserable weather for the turkeys. I'd send one, but I suppose it would never do."

Come in, boys!" Mr. Lauder might have been heard calling from the door to his stone-cutters, a little later. "It's going to rain, and you'll be wet through."

"There!" exclaimed little Sim, triumphantly. "You see, if we had the powder now, it wouldn't be any good; it would all be spoiled by the rain in the holes!"

George lingered, as a few great drops came pattering down, and put out his hands to catch them. Then he tossed up his hat in the air, and them. Then he tossed up his hat in the air, and went clambering down the rock to get it where it fell, and went in to his supper shouting and singing as if he were possessed.

Emily had come down to tea that night, the first time for many weeks, and their mother had made some wonderful pop-evers in honor of the occasion. Emily sat at the table in an arm-chair, with some pillows behind her, looking so pretty, with the delicate color in her transparent cheek and the bright light in her eye, that both of the boys ran round the table and kissed her, and Simon stood looking at the three, rubbing his hands forgetfully in the moment's pleasure, and smiling to see his girl looking so well, and thinking they would cheat the doctor, after all.

"He says all I need is sunshine," Emily was

saying.
"Oh, father!" cried little Sim, suddenly reminded of his play by that, and feeling no time could be more propitious than the present, "if you only could spare us the money for a pound

'Powder!" cried Simon, whom the word instantly plunged back in the old gloom, and turning on little Sim so that he shrank aghast, "who says powder? Who says any thing about powder? A pound of powder! It would take a ton! Haven't we had enough of that? George, is it you putting that nonsense into your brother's

"No. Sir." said George, making sure of a popover as he spoke; "I've got my powder." then the mother began to pour out their milk, and Simon Lauder began to say grace—and to say it with a very bad grace too, for he didn't care for pop-overs; and as he heard the rain lash the pane, and realized what the rain meant for Emily and for his wife, there seemed to be nothing in particular or in general for him to be thankful about, albeit to-morrow was Thanks-

giving-day. "I suppose you won't kill the gobbler for tomorrow, father?" George advanced, tentatively.
"Kill the gobbler!" said Mr. Lauder, in tones

that spoke volumes.

"I wish you could, father," said Emily. "It's too bad for the boys not to have Thanksgiving." "We can give thanks without turkey, dear," said her mother.
"I know it; but I should like them to have

this Thanksgiving to remember.

"I couldn't, Emily; I couldn't," groaned Sion. "I'm saving the gobbler for Christmas-

time, and he's good for your shoes and your mother's this winter. Have you taken your drops? It seems to me there's an infernal draught in this room. Emily, you'd better go up stairs, I guess. I must get you out of this place, somehow.

"Father," said George, proudly, "there's no need of your getting her out of this place. I'm destroying the Big Rock."

"Hang the Big Rock!" cried his father, with sudden anger. "Don't say Big Rock to me! Isn't it enough that the thing lies like a load with its whole weight on my breast, that you must get up and dance on it? Go to bed, you, Sir! And be thankful to-morrow if you're alive."

But as nobody in the dairy-house ever had minded Simon's rages, nobody minded them now; and George and little Sim sat by the fire roasting their chestnuts and chattering in an undertone together, while Emily dozed in her chair, and Simon stood and gazed at her, entranced. He would have given his life for his daughter's, but he did not know how to do any thing less for her.

Long after he had taken her up stairs to bed and had returned, and the boys had followed, he sat there by the falling fire thinking of the pic-ture she made with the fire-light dancing on her bright face and her pretty curls, and thinking it was soon to be lost to him. As for his wife, he did not altogether realize that she was in danger, in spite of what the doctor said : she always had been ailing; and then, too, she was a part of himself, and he could just as soon have under-stood how his own soul could leave him, and so he gave that matter few thoughts. She sat there now patiently knitting in a corner of the chim-ney-place, while he fingered the almanac and marshaled his dreary thoughts, although the fire was low and the cold was beginning to creep in-a cold that was twice as noticeable for the long soft season they had had, with the Indian summer stretching over the whole six weeks its bland mists and breezes.

"We had better go to bed," said she. "I think the weather has changed. Hark, there is

Simon went to the window and looked out. "No more rain," said he. to-night without having had a single frost since the one that killed the strawberries. The wind is beginning to blow a gale, and the moon is out in a sky full of flying clouds: a bright, dreary, desolate night—a night to make a man go mad that has as much trouble as I have," said he, shivering.

"No, no, Simon dear," his wife said; "don't talk so. God is as much about us now as ever. We must be thankful that Emily came down to-

"Well, if we can," said Simon, coming back, and hanging up the almanac. "Come, we'll go to bed, and wake up to-morrow and see the children." dren hungry for the turkey that every laborer's child on the Cape will dine from."

"Oh, never mind the turkey, dear," the wife cried, catching her ball away from the cat as she but aside her knitting. "If we only had the put aside her knitting. "If we only had the sunshine, so that we could live, we could go without the turkeys forever and a day!"

The cold white moonlight, that never fell inside the house, was to be seen through the window, where the frost was gathering in great tropical leaf shapes, as if winter would mock at summer there; and the wind was whistling round the eaves, and blowing against the face of the Big Rock; and all the cold world seemed indifferent to her trouble as she drew the blankets over her head and cried softly to herself to think what would become of Simon and the boys if she and

Emily should go.

It was just as the world was gilded with the first hour's sunshine that Simon Lauder, who allowed himself a later nap on the holiday than usual, sprang out of bed with a sense that the world was coming to an end. He had dreamed that he heard a report as if two stars had crashed together, and had seen the sun burst into three fragments; and he had waked to find the bed and the house rocking under him, and to hear one of the children come tumbling down the stairs to find him.

"It must have been an earthquake," said he

to his wife; and without waiting to look through the panes, where the frost was already melting, he began to draw on his clothes with some alac-

rity.
"Oh, father, father! is it the Judgment-day?" exclaimed little Sim, shivering and shaking at

the door.
"Hold your noise!" cried a voice above George's voice—it's owner evidently occupied in skipping into his trowsers. "Hold your noise, and look out the window! It's Thanksgivingday! And that's my powder. Father. don't day! And that's my powder. Father, don you see any thing in your room? There's some thing here is bright as fire."

For a noment Simon Lauder thought that little Sim was right, and that the Judgment-day had really come. His room was full of a yel low blaze of light, as if the atmosphere were all aflame around him, and then he leaped to the window and threw it open, to be greeted by a gush of warm wind over him-warm as if last night's frost had been a nightmare—while there poured into the little room a broad, full sheet of sunshine. Had the earth come to an end? No, but the Big Rock had. There was not a fragment of it to be seen bigger than a boulder that knew what belonged to a boulder. And Simon was down on his knees thanking God, half clothed and in the draught—but in the sunshine

And before Simon's wife had slipped from the bed and dropped the window, a little figure was to be seen jumping frantically about down among the ruins of the rock, and wondering if the water, freezing in the holes he had drilled, had been

sufficient force to make such wreck, or if these holes had happened to touch upon hidden cracks and flaws of the stone, and so had let the rain down the secret channels to freeze with the last night's cold and then expand, perhaps with the change in the weather and the warmth of the sun that had lain on the rock an hour; to wonder what good Providence set the cleavage at such angles that not a pebble of the great explosion should fall upon the little dairy-house; to wonder about this new brook that out of the heart of the wide débris was winding its way across a pasture that never knew brook before; to wonder, but never to know, till the wonder should develop into enterprise that one day would be quarrying all the granite of the Cape; and to stand still at last and revel in an admiration of the sunshine falling where it had never fallen, and illumining all the dark green richness of the moss that grew upon the back of the house as grass grows in the fields; to climb about and over and under, till the mother, with some faint color, born of hope and pleasure, already on her cheek, called him in for Emily (down stairs and dressed and smiling) to button on his collar, and while she beat up some pop-overs again for breakfast, sent him, along with his father and little Sim, to make the old gobbler ready for their Thanksgiving dinner.

CHRISTINE. A RONDEAU.

BETWEEN thy heart and mine, Christine, Sweet, sweet the love that once has been; And nothing sad or dark was there, No shadow on the picture fair, No storm-cloud 'mid the sunshine seen, Between thy heart and mine, Christine.

11.

Between the then and now. Christine. There frowns a loveless barrier-screen: One year's long lonely road is spread, With cruel false words carpeted; No hand stretched out to hand is seen Between the then and now, Christine.

ш.

Between thy heart and mine, Christine A sea is wide, and winds are keen And naught but ghosts of long dead times, And naught but echoes of old rhymes; For love is dead that once has been Between thy heart and mine, Christine.

LARRY'S APPRENTICESHIP. An Krish gairy Legend.

L

A H, sure an' did I ever tell ye how the M'Canns came to be carpenters?"

This query was put by Margaret M'Cann (an old, valuable, faithful, and warm-hearted Irish servant of my mother's) to myself and youngest brother, who were seated-myself on the kitchen fender, and he on a low stool-listening to her true stories of banshees and leprechauns, in both of which she was a stout believer.

She had just told us of the wailing banshee she had herself seen and heard on the river-bank, and of a leprechann in his red cap and miniature suit of green; and she had borne with perfect good humor our ridicule and banter over her credulity, when she put the sudden question, "Did ye know, then, how the M'Canns came to be carpenters?'

"I never knew they were carpenters," said I,

with a light laugh.
"Why, Margaret, I thought all your family
were farmers?" cried Fred, with an assumption

of prior information.

Them's the Quins, Masther Fred. They are all farmers to this blessed day; an' the M'Canns were farmers too, an' had a fine holding among the Wicklow mountains, just a thrifle beyant Enniskerry, till Larry M'Cann (my grandfather that was) met with an adventure among the

Here Margaret, being a devout Catholic, crossed herself.

"Good People! Oh, I suppose you mean

fairies?" was my amendment.
"Sure, miss, an' I do; but we never speak of them but as the Good People. It's onlucky."
"Oh, that's only in Ireland," suggested Fred,
with a droll wink at me. "In England you

may call them any thing you like, and they won't mind it one bit."

"Are ye sure, now, Masther Fred?"
"Certain. But, Margaret, what had the fairies to do with Larry M'Cann's carpenter-

ing?"
"Well, I'll tell ye, of coorse, as it wur towld
to me, when I was a slip of a colleen no bigger And Margaret settled herself on her chair

with all the importance of an old story-teller. "Ye must know that Larry was as fine an' strappin' a lad as ever stepped over the daisies. It was he that could handle a flail or a plow, or dig the praties, or stack the hay in the haggard. And when he went to chapel on a Sunday in his best frieze coat, with the ends of his bright handkercher flying loose, an' his caubeen cocked rakishly on one side, sure an' weren't all the girls in Enniskerry in love with his blue eyes an'

have him for a bachelor?" I presume we listeners looked mystified with the word "bachelor" so applied, for Margaret explained, "That's what you call a sweetheart,

yellow hair, and weren't half of them dying to

"But Larry, though not concaited, laughed with one girl, an' joked with another; an' whenever he went to Dublin, or Phœnix Park, or the strawberry beds, could take the floor with the best, and have the purtiest girl for a partner— an' troth it's he that could dance a jig—but he never thought of takin' a partner for life, or of offerin' himself as a bachelor, till he met with Kitty Quin, an' her black eyes made a hole in his heart at wanst. He was nigh six-an'-twenty when he met her. It was at a pattern at the Seven Churches of Glendalough, an' sorra a bit could he mind his prayers for looking at her as she towld her beads so piously, without seemin' to think of the bachelors or her own pretty face

Well, I heard grandfather say that, though he was as bowld and impident in his way with the lasses as any lad in Enniskerry, his knees fairly knocked together, an' his heart went all in a flutter before he could bless himself, when Michael Quin tuk her by the hand, an' comin' toward him, said, 'Larry, here's our Kitty come back from Aunt Riley's;' an' when Larry wur too dazed to speak, went on, 'Have yez got a dhrop in yer eye, man, that yez can not see the colleen, or has Dublin made her so strange ye don't know her agin?'
"What Larry said he never remembered, but

he felt as if he hadn't a bit of heart left, an' his words tumbled over each other like stones rolled down hill. He knew he had blundered out

somethin', for Kitty's cheeks went red as the roses on her gown. She put out her soft little hand with a smile that showed too rows of teeth as white an' fresh as hail-stones, an' she said, modestly as a nun, 'I'm glad to see any of my owld friends again, Misther M'Cann.'

"He had sense enough left to take howld of the hand she offered, an' sure he must have given it a hearty grip, for the roses grew on her fore-head to match her cheeks, an' she drew it back hastily.

"Larry, however, kept close to the brother an' sister; an' when the prayers were over an' the people began to enjoy themselves, an' the dudeens an' the whisky went round to warm the hearts an' the toes, then Larry plucked up his courage an' asked Kitty to take the floor with Now Kitty was either shy, or her Dublin manners made her too proud to dance at a pattern; so she made excuses. Michael, who had kissed the whisky-jar very lovingly, would not have his friend said 'no' to; and so, to keep Mike in a good humor, she consinted to dance a

jig with Larry.

"Sure, an' it was then he must have won her heart; for they all went back to Enniskerry together, an' she let Larry put his arm round waist, jist to howld her on the car, bekase of the bad roads, an' stale a kiss when he lifted her down at Farmer Quin's garden gate. An' from that out Larry followed Kitty like her shadder.

"But Pether Quin farmed more than two hunderd acres, an' Larry's father only held a hunderd an' twenty, an' that's a good differ, Masther Fred. Then Mike an' Kitty wur all the childer Peter had, while Larry's brothers—God be praised!—were as thick on the floor as rabbits in a run: wheriver ye turned yez might tumble over a pig or a gossoon.

"Troth, an' it wasn't long afore the neighbors began to look on Larry as Kitty's bachelor; an one decaitful owld fellow, who had himself an eye to Kitty's bit of money, gave Pether a hint that Larry was coortin' the lass for the love of her fortin', though sorra a bit had Larry M'Cann so dirty a thought as that same.

"Pether had a temper that was always on the simmer, an' it biled over at wanst. By some ill luck Larry showed his face at the Quins' door before it had time to cool, so Pether trated him to a trifle of his tongue, the mane blackguard.
"'Div ye think Kitty, the illigant darlint, is

for such a poor spalpeen as yez?' he shouted.
'She that's been eddicated in Dublin an' hez book-larnin', let alone manners, an' a fortin' to the fore! But it's the fortin', I'm thinkin', yez lookin' for wid one eye, an' the girl wid the other, Misther Lawrence M'Cann,' he said, with a sneer an' a turn up of his ugly nose.

"'I's well for yez, Mr. Pether Quin, that yez Kitty's father, or, by jabers, an' it's showin' ye the taste of this blackthorn I'd be,' said Larry, on the instant, kaping his passion down with an effort. 'Ye may kape your dirty money, bad cess to them as put the black thought of me into yer heart, if ye'll only put Kitty's sweet little hand into mine wid a blessin'.'

"You may be sure, miss, as they did not whisper; an' hearin' a row, Mike ran from the barn into the slip of garden forenent the house to join in the fun. He was jist in time to hear his father repate his insult, an' accuse Larry of wanting Kitty's hunderd pounds, and then Mike fired up, an' took his friend's part like a Trojan."
"And what's a Trojan, Margaret?" asked

Fred, demurely, with another sly blink at me. "Whisht, Masther Fred, an' don't be afther interruptin', or we'll never get to the Good Peo-ple at all," said Margaret, ignoring the question. Thus admonished, Master Fred allowed the

story to proceed. But Mike could not bring his father to rea-

son, even though he offered him a dhraw of his More by token, he himself was unwilling to let his sister marry a man who had neither house nor furniture of his own.

"'It's not for the likes of her to lay her head undher a father-in-law's roof, an' have her childer runnin' over a floor that is not her own,' said 'I'd say nothin' agin the match, Larry, if ye had but a farm or a house of yer own, or even the bits of things to make a house dacent for the lass.'

Larry went away with a very sore heart, miss, you may be sure, for he'd set his very sowl

upon Kitty Quin.
"An' sure an' that was the black morning for

Larry! Turnin' a corner of a quickset hedge on his way home, who should he come across but Kitty, with a basket of ripe strawberries on her arm, an' she lookin' more temptin' than the

"Kitty had a tender drop in her heart, and seeing that he was sad, she set herself to discover what it was about; and didn't she regret her curiosity in another minute?—for he poured out all his love an' his sorrow like a great gushin stream, an' held her hand as if he was drownin', an' only that could keep him from sinking quite.

"Taken by surprise, Kitty dropped her bas-ket, an' would have fainted outright, had not Larry put out his arm and caught her, and that brought her to her siven senses.

Poor Larry mistook her faintness for a sign of her affection, an' in his joy kissed her sweet lips over an' over again. But Kitty soon told

"She said she had only fainted from the heat. She was sorry he had mistaken her friendship for a warmer feeling; but though she was ashamed her father should have suspected him of a mer-cenary motive, she could not encourage his hopes. She should never marry without her father's consint; an' besides, her bringing-up had made her unfit for a farmer's wife, an' so she had de-termined—yes, determined was the word—never to marry any man who had not a good thrade in his hands that would be a livin' either in coun-

try or town.
"Every word that Kitty said fell like ice on Larry's hot heart, an' he reeled home as if he had had lashins of whisky, an' when he got there he took the whisky to drown his sorrow till he wur drunk in earnest.

"There was nobody to tell him of the battle in Kitty's breast between love and pride, nor how she had crept into the house by the back way, an shut herself up all alone in her room to shed tears like a Feb-

runry cloud over the very mischief she had done, and the pain in her own breast.

"Sure all the fun an' the frolic in Larry's nature were murthered that black mornin'. He went about the farm without a smile on his lip or a sunbeam in his eye, an' his mother would have it the boy was bewitched.
"Even Father

Maguire noticed his altered looks an' his careless dress when he went to mass on the Sundays, and the good priest did his best to set matters straight, but all to

no use, miss.
"Pether Quin was sorry when his temper was off, but -small blame to him! - he still thought she might do better than go to the M'Canns' to be undher a mother-in-law, an' work like a slave for all Larry's younger brothers.

"As for Kitty, before the feel of Larry's kiss had gone from her lips the colleen was angry

that he had taken her at her word; but she fed her courage with pride, and put a calm face on, though her heart was all in a tempest of throuble. An sure, miss, there's many and many a girl does that, although you are too young to know it, and I hope never will."

Here Margaret looked at me soberly, as if

giving a leaf out of the book of her own expe-

rience.

"One fine June morning, when the roses were in full dhress, an' the air had the smell of flowers."

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"One fine June morning, when the roses were in full dhress, an' the air had the smell of flowers." an' new-mown hay, Larry went to St. Patrick's Market to sell a cow that had gone dhry.

"Three weeks before, an' that same Larry would have sung or whistled every foot of the road, barrin' he met a traveler and stopped to give him the time o' day, or exchange a joke. But now he kept his hands in his pockets, his chin hung on his chest, an' his mouth was as miser's nurse. He had a sun of whice ky before he left home, to keep his heart up, but for all that he looked as melancholy as the cow he wur drivin'.

He had barely got a couple of miles beyant Pether Quin's farm, which lay on his way to Dub-lin, when he heard a thin weak voice callin' to him, like the wind through a key-hole

"'The top o' the mornin' to you, Larry!"
"The same to you, misther,' answered Larry, slowly lifting his eyes, an' then rubbin' them to clear the cobwebs away: for straight across the road was a gate where never a gate had been before, an' sittin' cross-legged on the topmost bar was the queerest little old man Larry had ever

seen.
"He was no bigger than a two-year child, but his face was as wizen an' wrinkled as if he was four hunderd. He was dressed in an old-fashioned coat an' breeches as green as the grass, had shining buckles in his shoes, and on his head a bright red cap. By all them tokens Larry

knew that the little old man was a leprechaun, an' his mouth began to wather for some of the goold he knew the old gintleman must have hid in the ground somewhere about, an' his heart began to thump. But Larry was not the boy to be afraid, so he put a bowld face on when the leprechaun, with his head cocked on one side and a knowing twinkle in his eye, said to him,

""That's a fine baste yez drivin', Larry!"
"Troth, yer honor, an' ye may say that same, replied Larry, doffin' his caubeen an' scrapin' his foot, for he thought it best to be

" 'An' your dhrivin' the cow to market bekase she's lost her milk; an' ye mane to ax siven pound tin for her!' said the leprechaun, with a comical

'Bedad, an' I am!' exclaimed Larry, opening his eyes and slapping his thigh in amaze-ment; 'an' sure, it's the knowin' old gintleman yer honor is!'

""'Thrue for you,' said the leprechaun; 'an' maybe I know, besides, that Larry M'Cann's goin' to the bad for love of the purtiest girl in Wicklow! But pluck up a sperrit, Larry; don't be cast down. It's I that owe Pether Quin a grudge this many a long day for his maneness in chatin' the fairies of their due. Niver a fairies' dhrop' (milk left as a propitiatory offering to the Good People) 'is to be found in Pether's cowhouse or dairy, an' niver a turf or a pratie or a cast-off coat has he for a poor shiverin' beggar or omadhaun' (idiot), 'bad cess to him! An' so, Larry, I mane to befriend yez, for it's yez that have the warm heart and the open hand, an' we'll back thim against the cowld heart and the tight fist any day!' An' the leprechaun plucked off his red cap and swung it over his head, as if in high glee.

"Larry, with another scrape of his foot, thanked the green-coated old gentleman, an

"'Thim's Dublin manners, I suppose,' thought arry, as he went on with his heart aching worse than ever; while Kitty, watchin' him from be-hind the window-blind as far as she could see, felt the tears rowl over her burnin' cheeks, an then wiped them off angrily, as if ashamed of her natural feelin's, an' blamed herself for being

silly.
"Larry hardly knew how he got to the market, but, sure enough, there he met the same identical man the leprechaun had towld him of; an' more, by token, he made Larry a bid for the cow. He bid eight pound ten, but Larry, heart-ened beforehand, stuck out for nine guineas; and sure he took Larry into a public-house that stood convanient, an' took out of his breeches pocket an owld rag tied round with a string to sarve as a purse, an' there an' thin counted down the nine goolden guineas. Then he asked Larry to have a 'dhrop an' a dhraw' to seal the bargain.

"Larry's customer called for the whisky, an' offered Larry his own pipe. So the boy had both the dhrop an' the dhraw, an' then they had another dhrop an' a dhraw; an' Larry remem-bered no more till he found himself lyin' on the grass, wid the stars shining out in honor of Mid-summer-eve, an' a rushin' in his ears as of a

great sea. "Then he heard a rustle as of leaves, an' a mighty whisperin', an' lifted himself on his elbow to look about him, an' there he saw hunderds of little people no more than a span high, dressed in all sorts of queer outlandish fashions. But all the little men had coats of green velvet, an leaves of green shamrock in their hats; while the ladies had scarfs of green gauze as fine as cobwebs, an' shamrock was wreathed round their

hair, which shone like goold in the moonlight.
"They were all in commotion, running hither an' thither, howlding long discoorses, an' appeared to be in some sort of throuble or difficulty.

an' silver an' precious jewels were as plentiful as praties. There were gardens with trees an' flowers, the likes of which were never in all Ireland, an' the birds were all crimson an' green an' laylock, an' sang sweeter than thrush or nightingale. He seemed to see all this at once. an many a curious thing besides, which I disremember, and among it all the Good People were as busy as bees in a hive.

"Almost the first thing he saw was the dead fairy lying on a bed of Indian moss, under a delicate silken quilt, with a tiny wreath of lilies of the valley on his head, and forget-me-nots all about him. There was a fine bird-of-paradise singing over him so soft an' sweet, it charmed the very sowl of Larry. There were fairies watchin' the corpse, but sorra wan of them was sobbin' or cryin', an' sure that same bothered

"It was not long he was left to stare about him. One of the Good People put an inch rule into his hand, and set him to measure the corpse, an' sure that same came as natural to him as hoeing the cabbages. Then he was taken to a fine fairy workshop, where every thing was as nate an' orderly as if it had just been claned. There was piles of wood of all sorts, an' one owld brownie towld Larry their names; and there was lots of bright tools, an' another wee owld fellow towld him their names; an' then two or three showed him how to use them. Then they gave him the wood an' the tools, an' he made an illigant little coffin as aisily as if he

had been at the thrade all his life.
"The dead corpse was lifted in by the moorners as never moorned, an' Larry fastened down the lid as cliverly as any undhertaker in Lein-

"As the funeral percession, wid the coffin in the midst, moved away to the fairies' cimetry, the owld brownie who first took notice of Larry

said, 'Very nately put thegither, Lar-ry M'Cann; sure an' ye're a credit to your tachers. Take your wages, man, an'go.' Larry put out his hand an' stooped for the glitterin' purse that wur held out to him, an'whisht! "He was lyin' on

his back, with his curly head on a hard stone, undher a big tree, wid the morning sun shin-in' full in his face, Powerscourt Falls tumbling in from down the great high rocks that frowned above him, leapin' over big bowlders, an' rushin' away wid a roar undher a little wooden bridge just beyant. "Larry rubbed his eyes, sat up, an' rubbed them again, an' sure the more he looked about him the more

he was bothered.
""Be gorra, an" this is a quare thrick to be sarvin' a man, save he, as he scrambled to his feet, wid his bones as stiff an' sore as if he had been beaten with a shil-laly. 'Is it meself

I am, or somebody else? an' where have I been? an' by the powers, how did I come here at all, at all? Is it dhrunk, or dhraming, or aslape I am this blessed minute? Be jabers, the Good

People—'
"Larry stopped, an' crossed himself, an' bethought him of his wages, an' all that was in his

"Hut he gave a great jump, an' cried out, 'Plane laves, bedad; an' it wur fairy goold, an' that iver turns to laves! An' it's a plane-tree I'm lyin' undher! Musha, but that's a rare joke!

"In another minute his heart sank, an' he thrimbled with fear lest he had been paid for the cow in fairy goold too, an' should find only yellow laves in his pocket. But, faith, the nine bright goolden guineas—not dirty one-pound notes—were solid an' safe.
"The sun was dancin' brightly on the waters

as Larry hastened along the narrow foot-path by the stream, an' turnin' sharp off before he reached the foaming waters of the Dargle, mounted the crooked an' dangerous way up the steep banks to the high-road, wondering why the Good People couldn't have laid him down under a road-side hedge, or in a green field, instead of carrying him out of his way intirely to Powers-court Falls. It was all a mystery an' a dhrame to him, an' as he went along he kept repeating, 'A fortin' in my hands, the owld leprechaun said he'd be afther showin' me. Sure an' mightn't it be somethin' more than the plane leaves he means? Ah, Kitty, me darlint, if I'm siven days owlder since ye saw me last, I've sarved an apprenticeship that's made me more than siven years wiser.'

"From the day he saw Kitty at the pattern, Larry M'Cann had taken to savin' his money. It was kept in a crock hid under the thatch of the barn, an' there he went quietly before he put



WHAT LARRY SAW AFTER HAVING "A DHROP AN' A DHRAW."

asked him if he meant to show him where to

find a pot of goold.
"'Ay, an' that I do; but, Larry'he looked slyer than ever—'the fortin's in your own right hand, man, an' it's I that mane to tache ye to find it there.'

"Larry opened his great brown hand, an' turned it over, an' looked in the broad palm.
"'Divil a bit I see of a fortin' there,' says he.
"'Whisht!' says the leprechaun. 'Go on wid yer baste, an' when ye meet a man wid his breeches knees untied, an' his coat tails down to his heels, an' a wisp of straw in his shoes to kape his toes warm where they peep out of his stockin's, an' a caubeen widout a brim, thin ye'll know the man that 'll bid for yer cow, an' give

ye nine goolden guineas for her—not dirty notes.'
"'Nine guineas! Bedad, an' that's more than—' Larry stopped short.

gone, an' the poor cow walked on as if she had never been stayed."

Perhaps she never had," suggested Fred. "Now, Masther Fred," said Margaret, "if ye interrupt me agin wid yer roguish doubts, I shall stop, an' ye'll never hear how it all ended."

Go on, Margaret," urged I; and Margaret obeved. II.

"Larry's surprise an' the leprechaun's promises drove the thoughts of Kitty out of his head, an' he stepped toward Dublin with something of his owld lightsomeness, when just as he cross ed the canal bridge he saw Kitty Quin standing on her aunt Riley's door-step in Clanbrassil Street, dressed as illigantly as a lady, and lookin' as grand an' as proud as a queen.

"Well, Kitty's face went crimson, an' Larry's heart gave a great leap; but she just made him a stiff kind of courtesy, an' the door bein' opened, went in without a word.

"Presently he saw in their midst the loveliest little creature the light of his eyes ever flashed on. She was sitting in a silver-lily of a car, an' drawn by seven-and-twenty grasshoppers, three abreast. She had a wand in her hand, on which a crystal dewdrop twinkled like a star, an' Larry knew at wanst they were all fairies, an' she was their queen.

"Then, miss, as they dhrew nigher to him, Larry heard that one of the owld fairies lay dead, an' that they wanted a coffin for the buryin'. But sorra a coffin could they get, for fairy coffins must be made by mortals, or the dead fairies never lie at rest. An' that was what the council an' the confusion wur about.

"Soon Larry heard the fairy queen say, in a voice for all the world like the chirp of a cricket, But who shall make the elf's coffin?

"All of a sudden at least fifty of the Good People laid howld of him, an cried out like so many bees humming, 'Here's Larry M'Cann! here's Larry M'Cann! it's he will make the coffin.

""But he never handled a saw or a plane in his life; he can not make a pig-trough; an' how will he finish a coffin fit for an elf?' said one of the Good People.

'Sure, thin, an' it's we that must tache him. answered another.

"With that the fairy queen touched him on the forehead, as lightly as if a leaf had dhropped there, with her shining wand, an' it flashed before his eyes till they seemed to strike fire; an' before he could cry out, or ask a saint to purtect him, he felt himself goin' down, down, down, down into the very earth itself; an' it's lost he thought he was for evermore.

"Troth, an' Dublin Castle's but a mud cabin in comparishun with the palace Larry was in when he came to his senses. The walls were brighter than sunshine or rainbows, an' goold



a foot on the kitchen floor. Takin' siven onepound notes an' ten shillin's out, he put the nine guineas in, an' took to his father the price he had fixed on the cow.

"" Where have ye been, ye vagabone, all this blessed night?' cried old M'Cann, as the broth of a boy put his bright curly head in at the door.
"'All night, father—all night, did as a reall night.

"'All night, father—all night, did ye say?' cried Larry, bewildered; for ye see, Masther Fred, he thought he had been a week with the Good People.

"'Yes, all night; for isn't the sun shinin', an' this the blessed Midsummer-day, ye spalpeen? Is it dhrunk ye are before the dew is off the daisies? Ah, Larry, Larry, me lad, it's the wrong way yez goin' ever since Kitty Quin showed ye the cowld shouldher; bad cess to the whole lot of them! But where's the price of the baste? If ye were dhrunk, sure ye'd sense left to take care of

that. "Ay, an' sure when he found he had not been more than a night with the fairies, he had sense enough left to keep his own sacret. mother said mighty change had come over Larry, but sorra a guess had she where it came from.

"He put the potheen aside when it came his way, an' took to the farm so kindly he went about his work whistling, an' did as much in one day as he had ever done in two. Then he went an arrand to Dublin with the car, an' brought back a lot of carpenter's tools an' some dale boards. He put them in an old shed that was tumblin' down, unknownst to any one but his brother Pat. Then he put a door on the pig-sty, to kape the pigs out of the house, an' persuaded his father to have the holes in the mud floor of the kitchen filled up, an' conthrived somehow to make the farm dacent and comfortable with odd bits of improvement here an' there

"Among it all he an' Pat got the crook-ed walls of the shed to stand upright, an' mended the thatch, an' put the door again on its two hinges, an' put a lock on the door widout a word to father or mother. An' then, sure, he conthrived to put up some sort of a carpenter's bench, after the patthern in the fairies' workshop. More wood was got, an' troth, one mornin', to her surprise, Mrs. M'Cann found a new dale table an' a dresser an' an aisy-chair, the like of which wasn't in all En-

niskerry.
"'Sure an' it's illigant—it's fairy-work!' said all the neighbors.

"'Thrue for you, it is the fairies' work," said Larry, with a sly wink at Pat; an' Pat, knowin' what he had seen, an' nothing of the fairies, burst into a loud laugh, an' let out that Larry was the work-

man.
"No neighbor was more astonished than Larry's own father an' They knew mother. nothing of Larry's friend, the leprechaun, nor his fairy teachers. They said the blessed St. Joseph must have put the knowledge in his head, an' called the

boy a rale born genius.

"Other farmers' wives envied Mrs. M'Cann her fine dresser, on which a set of new wooden platters an' bickers were ranged, with here and there a bright-colored crock for show, an' they came beggin' of Larry to make the copy of it for them. So, sure an' it came about that soon Larry had so much of his new work he was forced to tache two of his brothers the trade, an' build a proper workshop; and Farmer M'Cann had to set the gossoons to work on the farm in-stead of lounging about an propping up door-

posts all the day.

"But never a bit did Larry go near Kitty all this time, though many a longin' look did he cast that way when he passed Pether Quin's gate. If they met at mass, he just gave her the time o' day, as any other friend might do; but though his very heart was bursting with love, he kept it, like his other sacrets, to himself.

"As for Kitty, there were plenty of bachelors after her, either for herself or her fortin'; but she never got the feel of Larry's kisses off her lips, an' cared more for a glance of his blue eye than for all the bachelors in Wicklow.

"She knew she had sent him away with her proud words, but she would have given all her goold for a whisper of love from him, now he had taken her at her word, and seemed to forget her intirely. She just went paler an' thinner, an' when the next midsummer roses were red on the bushes, there were only white ones on Kitty's

"Mike and Larry had been fast friends all the time, an' many a job of work Larry did for him on his own account, but sorra a nail would he dhrive for Pether Quin. It was Mike who let Larry into the sacret that owld Corcoran the agent was afther Kitty, an' that she had sent him

dher, Larry never said a word who they were workin' for. But Pat, the sly rogue, let out as a great sacret that it was for Larry's own house, agin his weddin'.
"' 'Where is the house?' says Mike.

"'At Bray,' says Pat.
"'An' who's the sweetheart?' says Mike

again.

"Arrah, now, an' that's jist what meself don't know,' says Pat in reply.

"Mike went with his news straight to Kitty, who, with bare arms an' tucked-up gown, was makin' butter in the dairy, though she did despise a farmer's life.

"Down went butter an' butter-mould, an' Kitty into the bargain; an' Mike had much ado to bring her out of her faint.

"'Kitty,' says Mike, when they were all by themselves, 'sure an' ye didn't care for Larry,

"'Throth, an' she might be better, answered Mike; an' says he, quite abrupt, 'Whin's this weddin' of yours to come off, Larry?'

"'It's not settled,' says he; 'I've not got the

"" Not settled, an' her a lady, an' your house taken, an' your furniture made! Bedad, this passes me intirely!" An' Mike looked hard at Larry, an' Larry looked at Mike, an' whatever they saw, they shook hands, and Mike flung up his shillaly an' caught it again, an' danced every

foot of the way to their own gate.

"'Mebbe ye wouldn't mind comin' in for a bit, as Pether's staid behint for confession,' says Mike, with a grin. An' in they went to-

"Dinner wur bem Kitty was in the parlor.
"As ye're not very well, Kitty, I thought
I'd betther bring a
see yez, "Dinner wur bein' laid in the kitchen, but

docthor to see yez,' says Mike, openin' the

door.
"'A docthor!' says Kitty, starting to her feet, growing crimson an' then white as Larry stepped into the room, an' Mike discraitly shut the door upon them; an' being weak, she might have fainted again, but Larry caught her in his arms-an'

she got better.
"Dinner waited for Pether, and Pether waited for Kitty; but Mike towld him that Kitty was ill, an' the docthor was wid her, an' they couldn't be disturbed. But Pether wanted his dinner, an' grew impatient; and then Mike towld him that as he had been to confession, Kitty was at confession too, an' that Larry M'Cann was her confessor.

"Sure Pether was thunderstruck; but he had sense to see that Larry M'Cann, the thrivin' young carpenter, was another sort of a man from the Larry M'Cann who worked on his father's farm with scarce a thought of payment; an' Mike soon got his father to give his consint with a blessing.

"The praste follow-

ed the docthor in less than a month, but the praste this time was

Father Maguire.
"The day before the wedding Larry took Kitty down to Powerscourt Fall, an' there, sittin' with his arm round her slender waist, on the stone under the plane-tree where his head had lain, he towld her all about the leprechaun, an' his own apprenticeship to the fairies.

"An' that was how

the M'Canns became carpenters."

Fred and I tried to convince Margaret that the leprechaun was the result of her grandfather's morning dram, and that under the influence of farther potations he had strayed in safety from the road down the precipitous path to the Dargle, and so on to the falls; and there, sleeping, had dreamed of the fairy

But Margaret was not convinced; and a few years later the faithful creature dicd, as firm a believer in fairies as when she told us the story of Larry's

apprenticeship, and the fortune he found in his own right hand.

about his business with a sharp word agin his decait in slandering a better man—maning Larry.

"A smart young shop-kaper from Dublin had

made her an offer besides, an' even set Molly Mulroony the Blackfoot to thry an' persuade her." "What's a Blackfoot, Margaret?" we asked

in a breath. "Sure an' a Blackfoot's a match-maker, a woman as goes between shy lovers an' helps the

coortin' "Well, then, as Larry never went to the whisky-shop, nor to Pether Quin's, Mike found his way to the busy carpenter's shop. He used to ask a power of questions about the work in hand; for I must tell ye, Larry had been so well taught by the Good People, he could turn his hand to cabinet-work as well as rough carpen-

"About this time Mike saw Larry an' Pat workin' early an' late over furniture not meant for the farmers or gentry about; an' for a won-

did ye? I thought ye didn't, as ye trated him wid scorn an' contimpt, an' Larry tuk to the dhrink wid the heart-break.'

"'Oh, don't, Mike dear, don't! Throth, an' it was my own pride an' concait that druv Larry away, an' it's I that have had the heart-break

ever since.'
""Be me sowl, an' it must be a new sweetheart, an' a cliver lass, that set him agin drink an' made him turn carpenter! Och, Kitty, I'd sooner ye'd had Larry M'Cann than the biggest lord in the land;' an' Mike took out his pipe— his unfailing consoler—for a dhraw an' a think; an' Kitty having no such consolation, he left her sobbin'.

"The next day was Sunday, but Kitty was not at mass. Mike, however, was there, an' Pether, an' Larry, as fine as a Dublin tailor could

make him.
"'How's Miss Quin?' asked Larry, purlitely, of Mike as they walked home together.

VISITING TOILETTE.

HIS handsome visiting toilette is of réséda faille, with velvet of a darker shade and lace. The demi-trained skirt has a flounce vak lace. on the back breadths, while the three front breadths have a square tablier formed of velvet bands and lnce. The upper skirt is on the back widths only, and is edged with a flounce to match that of the lower skirt. The corsage has a postilion sash behind and a belt in front. Flowing sleeves. A Pompadour square is on the corsage. Sailor bonnet, made of the velvet and faille of the dress, trimmed with an ostrich plume of garnet shades. The ear-rings are blocks of garnet set in Etruscan gold. Linen collar, with a neck-tie made of the velvet of the dress edged with lace. Pale buff gloves.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Mrs. E. G.-We can not give addresses in this column.

"THE LANDS OF THE DAKOTAS."-For a girl of twelve years you should friz the front hair and braid the back in a long Chinese queue. Many girls wear the front hair cut short above the forehead, hanging straight half-way down to the eyebrows. Make her black and paca dress with a kilt-pleated skirt, apron front, and basque, by cut paper pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 21, Vol. V. The skirt should be three or four inches above the ankle.

A BAZAR ADMIRER.—Do not alter your cape with sacque. Those of last year will be worn again. Velveteen will not be much used, as it is scarcely found among the new importations. Get cashmere, or else Sicilienne, for a polonaise over your silk.

Nerrie.—The Bazar can not tell you of a situation

as governess for small children.

as governess for small children.

Mrs. M. L. H.—Make up your pretty plum-colored
Biarritz cloth with a polonaise and skirt, trimmed with
pleatings of the same, faced with either gros grain or
velvet. Read "Woolen Suits" in Bazzar No. 48, Vol. V. You should have a separate wrap, a Dolman of black cashmere, that would do to wear with any suit.

E. B. F.—Read the articles to "Ugly Girls" in back

E. B. F.—Read the articles to "Ugly Girls" in back numbers of the Bazar. Over-skirts will be as much worn as ever. Undressed kid gloves are occasionally seen at receptions, but not generally.

CONSTANT READER.—The bride usually selects the clergyman, and the bridegroom engages him. Sometimes the wedding cards are furnished by the bride's parents, sometimes by the groom. We can not decide for you whether it would be more pleasant for your daughter to be married at your boarding-house or at her grandfather's home. her grandfather's home.

ner grandiamers nome.

Keturah.—Black alpaca is the best dress for service, cashmere for style and for semi-dress. It requires a good deal of care to keep any twilled fabric free from dust. Empress cloth is not suitable for an independent paletot or mantle. Get cashmere or ladies' loth.

M. E. Dat the conded with feelings of the conded to the conded

M. E. B.—Put thick-corded silk facings, collar, and

M. E. B.—Put thick-corded silk facings, collar, and pockets on your plush cloak.

AN OLD-FASHONED GIBL.—It is not customary to shake hands with the rest of the bridal party after congratulating the bride and groom. It is not improper for a discreet girl to have a friendly correspondence with a gentleman to whom she is not engoded. gaged.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The Bazar has repeatedly fur-

nished directions for crocheting ladies' capes.

Mollie.—Read about woolen suits in Bazar No. 42, Vol. V., and get one of sea blue cashmere. Make your gray poplin with a basque and over-skirt; trim with darker gray velvet. Get a black velvet sailor hat with blue-green feathers. Arrange your hair in the new Josephine co

Mrs. C. R. T .- We have not the pattern of the entire suit described in Bazar No. 40, Vol. V., but send one that has its principal feature, Worth's new overskirt, which is illustrated in Bazar No. 48, Vol. V.

MES. E. J.—Twenty-five yards of single-width woolen goods are sold for suits with wraps of the same. We have a pattern of the sacque with a cape, and of the talma cape with a hood, but none of all three comined.—We do not reply by mail.

Mrs. M. E. A.—A pattern of a smoking-cap is sold

with a dressing-gown pattern for twenty-five cents. We have not tassels, velvet, or any thing else for sale, except periodicals, books, and cut paper patterns, nor do we answer such inquiries by mail.

Mrs. C. H. C.—From seventeen to twenty yards of

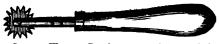
Miss M. R.—Read answer above to "Mrs. M. K. A."
S.—Make your gray silk by description of bronze
and blue suit in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 40,

Mrs. A. F. W.-The Dolman will look well with over-skirts of all shapes. The apron over-skirt is not so appropriate for cashmere as one that has many folds of drapery behind.

E. H.—The pattern sent you is appropriate for boys who have just begun wearing trowsers, and also for larger boys. Dark Scotch mixed cloths and plain gray and sailor blue cloths are fashionable for boys'

As Broad as Civilization.—The agent of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company will, in a few days, sall from San Francisco for China and Japan, where he will establish large wholesale agencies for supplying the natives of the Orient with that consummate triumph of inventive skill, the Wilson Sewing-Machine. By this step the Wilson Company will complete the circuit of the globe. They have already immense agencies in England, France, and South America. Supreme in its superiority over all other rewing-machines, the Wilson goes on widening its field year after year, carrying the blessings of a cheap, capable, and perfect sewing-machine to the remotest haunts of civilization. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES. -Mrs. W. WEBER, New York, has operated on a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine twelve years, earning from \$2 50 to \$3 00 per day, in private fami lies; can stitch a dozen linen shirt bosoms and five dozen pairs of cuffs in an hour. See the ovements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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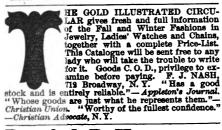
REMOVAL.

Mrs. C. G. PARKER begs to notify her patrons that her address is now 48 Sixth Avenue, New York City, and that she continues to make purchases of every description at her usual rates. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cts. Circular with reference (free).

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Cachemire, &c.

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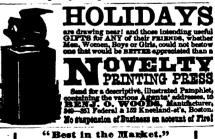
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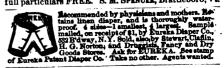
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FACETIÆ.

When a popular poem was once dramatized some people were in doubt whether he who executed the music or he who murdered the words was the most culpable.

FAVORITE AIR FOR CRICK-TERS-"Batti, Batti."

A little girl being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mud with the juice squeezed out."

Are pick-me-up draughts ade from catch (up) catch-

FUNNY.—If you add another syllable to short, you will make it shorter.

Would a lady vocalist have false set O if she wore articial teeth?

Supposing there were another deluge, would there be any chance for Cork?

A blind man, traveling without his guide, fell into a limekiln and was badly burned. If he had had his son to guide him he would have been boy-led.

Most men like to see them-selves in print. Ladies like to see themselves in silks and velvets.

The chasm that swallows up enjoyment, and some-times ingulfs friendship, is

Wrong IN THE Hrad.—
Mrs. Malaprop, whose acquaintance with surgical terms is evidently somewhat imperfect,
persists in saying that she once knew a man who was successfully

' A traveler in Alabama, finding his supper to consist of fried beef, fried batter cakes, and hot coffee, thinks an appropriate epitaph inpon the grave of every other man who dies in that country would be, "Killed by a frying-pan."

P. T. Barnum's band in its palmy days was celebrated for doing the worst playing heard. Some one asked Barnum why he did not get a better. He said the idea was to have them play so badly that every body would pay a quarter to get inside where they could not hear the music (?). It was also profitable, as the following anecdote coast to show:

Mr. P. Green To P. T. Barnum, Dr. week \$25 00. To playing trombone on his balcony one week Aug. 11, 1852. Rec'd paym't.

Aug. 11, 1852. Rec'd paym't.

Mr. Green read the bill and smiled, and then looked at Barnum.

"Well." said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it ?"

"Why," said Green, "the amount is right, but you have made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor instead of you."

"I see no mistake. You see, the case is this. There are a good many gentlemen in this city who are fond of practicing on brass instruments, but they can not do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernal poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week; but hereafter I can make no reduction."

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life?—The letter m.

A Deep Subject.—Careful naturalists who have devoted much time and attention to ichthyological studies tell us that, after long and patient investigation, they have arrived at the conclusion that if fishes have a language it is most probably Finnish.



A SOLEMN ADMONITION. "Now, Tea-Kettle, don't you Sing on a Sunday!"

SOLAMEN IN MALIS.

Cheer up, my friend, nor ever chafe, Though dangers should increase; For Heaven, who keeps the sparrows safe, Will not forget the geese.

Do busybodies feed on medlars?

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school-teaching.
"How long did you teach?" asked a by-stander.
"Wa'al, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach."

"Wa'al, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"
"Wa'al, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."
"Wa'al, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."
"Wa'al, I give it up for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a deestrictand inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles named my objic, interducing myself, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I raally considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his galt. 'Let me see you walk off a little ways, 'says he, 'and I can tell jis 's well's I heard you examined, 'says he. He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'rable frustrat d, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough; then I s'pected suthing was to pay, and I looked round. Wa'al, the door was shet, and Snickles was gone!"

TO A MAN WITH A SQUINT. Gifted with a hundred eyes, Argus wakens vast surprise; He is great, but greater you, Who see a hundred ways with two.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

At this present junction Mrs. Malaprop is greatly in-terested in a marriage which is about to take place between two of her most intimate friends. The only drawback to her satisfaction is that she is afraid there is too great a disparagement of age.

> TO A SATIRICAL LADY. A rich man wooes thee, pretty scoffer; Hearken to his golden chat! I have only love to offer, And not overmuch of that.

A ruffianly hostler has been torturing a horse. He put it to the rack. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to see to this.

THE MOST POPULAR WOM-AN'S PAPER—A paper of pins.

Can a man be said to pay as he goes if he sleeps on tick?

When they make an oyster-bed do they use a sea-weed mattress?

A VERY NABROW APERTURE

The crack of a whip.

THE TRADE THAT NEVER TURNS TO THE LEFT — The wheelwright's.

Some men would like to marry almanacs, and have a fresh one every year.

A logician divides man-kind into three classes: 1. Those who eat to live; 2. Those who live to eat; 8. Fasting girls.

Leavenworth claims to be so healthy that when it lately became necessary to "inaugurate" the new grave-yard "they had to shoot a man on purpose." On the other hand, a Nebraska man, when asked whether all the Kansas people were fairly honest, said, "Don't know about honest; but they do say as how the folk around take in their stone fences every night."

uth of the Danube!"

FROM OUE SENSITIVE CONTRIBUTOR.—There are certain most agreeable amusements in the world which can hardly be indulged in by men of certain callings without conveying to the mind a disagreeable idea. For instance, who, without a shudder, can entertain the notion of a dentist playing cricket, and detected in the horrid act of drawing a stump!

A gentleman gave a letter of introduction to a student of music about to visit Leipsic, who wished to put himself under the instruction of Professor —, a famous teacher of music in that city. Upon the student's return home the gentleman asked, "How did you like Professor ——?"

"Oh, wonderfully! He gave me fine lessons; but he is a very singular man. He kept praying all the time he was teaching me."

"Praying! Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, while I was playing, he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and kept saying, 'Good Lord, what sin have I committed to deserve this punishment?"

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light-draught one, as there were only two feet depth of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you."

A REGULAR LOAFER-A baker.

The reign of the servant-gals has commenced. A gentleman of the city sent on Saturday to an office to obtain a "young lady" to look on while his wife did the work. The fair creature who was offiered for the place, after asking some fifty questions, whether the "kitching were down stairs," etc., asked how many evenings she could have "out" in a week.
"Well," said the gentleman, "I don't see how we can let you have more than seven."
"How many children have you?" said the would-be maid.
"Only one boy, eight years old; but we will drown him if you think he'd be in the way."

A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a charming young lady a few days ago. "Oh, pray pull it out!" she exclaimed. "If I pull it out ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who made the unwelcome discovery.

"Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel. "It's of no consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they all come in black."

A Host in Himself—An innkeeper.

A man fell between two trains of cars last week while attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight coatusion, he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employes stooped to pick him up he waved them off, saying, "I can pick up

A Western paper says: "Since the Jubilee Boston has run so entirely music-mad that its men wear brass bands on their hats."



Congregation gone, and the Sexton obliged to wake up this Old Gentleman, who implores him to tell him where the Text was, as his Wife will be sure to ask!



Gentlemen should not place their Hats in the Aisle, as Ladies with Long Trains who come Late are apt to cause a Change of Base in them.





Vol. V.—No. 51.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

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Ladies' Winter Wrappings, Figs. 1-5.

Figs. 1 and 3.—DOLMAN-MANTLE WALKING SUIT, FRONT AND BACK (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This stylish Dolman mantle is larger than the Dolman of No. 41, and therefore better fitted for a winter wrapping. It is in the form of a half-fitting sacque, and is furnished with coat sleeves, for greater warmth, inside of the flowing Dolman sleeves. The garment is trimmed with fringe and velvet set on as shown by the illustrations. The prettily draped apron-front over-skirt given with the pattern is seen on Fig. 1. The long walking skirt is trimmed with a flounce, surmounted by The suit may be made of any material, and trimmed to suit the taste.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises three articles—Dolman mantle, apron-front over-skirt, and long walking skirt.

DOLMAN MANTLE.—This pattern is in five

pieces-front, side back, centre back, coat sleeve, and long Dolman sleeve. Only half of the pattern is given. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The per-forations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts, the size and form of the under part of the coat sleeves, and where to sew on the Dolman sleeve. The front is cut high in the neck, and fitted by one dart on each side. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. The centre back and side backs adjust the back loosely to the figure. Baste up, and try on wrong side out, and if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The sleeve is coat-shaped; over it is sewed the Dolman sleeve. The lower front edge is rounded up to the part sewed on the garment. Place the corner above this to the first hole near the under arm seam in front, follow the line of perforations, over the shoulder, down the back to the waist line, then

over the side back seam of the skirt part to the bottom of the garment. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 41/4 yards.

Fringe for trimming, 5½ yards. Velvet, 1 inch wide, 24 yards. Apron-front Over-Skirt.—This pattern is in three pieces-front, side back gore, and back breadth. Only half of the pattern is given. The garment has a wide front gore, plain at the top, a straight breadth for the back, and a gore at each side, which are joined to a belt with side pleats and gathers. The skirt is gracefully draped at each side and in the centre of the back by three tapes. Cut two tapes nine inches long, and tack one end of each on the belt. The other end is tacked on the single holes nearest the bottom edge of the skirt, placing the two single holes evenly together. The middle tape is cut twelve inches long, and tacked at the single holes, the lower one on the end of the tape, and the upper four inches above.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 41/4 yards.

Fringe, 4 inches deep, 3½ yards.

Long Walking Skirt.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, one full breadth, and half breadth for the back. Only half of the pattern is given. Cut the front gore and half breadth with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the full breadth and side gores.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 6 yards. Extra for ruffle, 9 inches wide, cut on the bias, and two rows of puffing, each 6 inches

wide, 4 yards.
Figs. 2 and 5.—Poplin Dress, with Cash-MERE MANTLE. Mantle of dark green cash-mere, trimmed with bias folds of velvet of the same shade, piped on each side with gros grain. The mantle is also braided with fine black cord.

Dark green poplin dress.
Fig. 4.—Black Velvet Mantelet, wadded, and lined with silk, and trimmed with wide black lace and passementerie. Black gros



-LADIES' WINTER WRAPPINGS. Figs. 1-5.-

Fig. 3.—Dolman-mantle Walking Suit. Back (with Cut Paper Pattern). Fig. 5,-Poplin Dress, with Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET MANTELET. Fig. 2.—Poplin Dress, with Fig. 1.—DOLMAN-MANTLE WALKING SUIT. CASHMERE MANTLE. -BACK. FRONT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). CASHMERE MANTLE. - FRONT. [Cut Paper Patterns of Figs. 1 and 8, Dolman-mantle Walking Suit (Front and Back Views), in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 80 to 48 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

WITH the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 14 is given the commencement of

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," a new Christmas Story by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc. It is a story of intense interest, and is profusely and splendidly illustrated.

WIII begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Dolman-mantle Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 839.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's House and Street Dresses, Gentlemen's Shooting Suits, Lingerie, Coiffures, Fancy-Work, etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR.

THERE are those who, in their extreme want of faith in doctors, have not hesitated to express their belief that the world's health would be no worse, if not better, were there none to feel its pulse and drench its vitals. The skepticism of such infidels, however, as that of the more serious kind, is very apt to be frightened away at the least threat of personal danger. Who has not recognized the audacious scorner, in the lustiness of health, of all the recognized means of salvation for body or soul in the puling patient of the physician and suppliant penitent of the priest on the bed of sickness? When the ship is sinking all are ready to seize hold of any plank, however frail, with the hope of its floating them into safety.

Doctors—we refer to medical doctorsare unquestionably, if skillful and judicious practitioners, more conservative than destructive. Nothing is gained, however, by exaggerating the power of their art. The most able and experienced of their own order are the least confident of the efficacy of medicine as ordinarily practiced. They are ready to confess that the less they do the more good they effect, and that success in the treatment of disease depends chiefly upon guarding against any interference with the spontaneous efforts of nature to remove it, So that, in fact, they recognize as the chief duty of a judicious practitioner not to at-tempt to do something beneficial, which is ordinarily beyond his power, but to try to prevent the doing of any thing harmful, which is generally within the compass of his capacity.

Most people are so far from forming the same modest estimate of the powers of the scientific physician as he himself that they suppose that with his drugs and his mortar he can compound a pill or a draught of cer-tain cure for each of the ills that flesh is heir to. The obvious effect of this exaggerated opinion of the efficacy of the medical art is a prevailing indifference to the means of preventing disease. Health is recklessly exposed when it is confidently believed that the fee to a doctor is a premium securing full insurance against any damage it may incur. We would enforce upon all the danger of presuming too much upon the physician, and the necessity of self-protection through a careful avoidance of the risks to health, whether they come from within or without, from ill-regulated appetites and passions, or external sources of disease. The doctor unquestionably might be of service in inculcating the laws of health; and we have often thought that it would be more reasonable to summon him to us at the dinner-table than on the sick-bed. He could certainly give us advice at a third course and a second bottle which would be timely, and, if followed, effective in preventing the apoplexy into which we should otherwise be sure to est and drink ourselves, but which, alas! he and all the medical college can not cure.

An overweening faith in the art of medi-

cine induces a great deal of unnecessary re-currence to the doctor. The slightest indication of pain, however transient, or even the imaginary presence of it, often leads to his being called when there is not the least occasion for him. If he is quick-sighted he will discover at once that he is not needed, and, if honest, say so; but there are many doctors who are not quick-sighted, and, alas! some who are not honest. There are not a few physicians who unhesitatingly accept the patient's own estimate of his health, whether it is based upon mere temporary or imaginary symptoms of derangement. It being taken for granted that there is disease, the doctor proceeds to unmask his pharmaceutical batteries, and pour volley after volley of his pills and boluses into the vital parts of his patient. A very decided effect is the usual consequence of this blind and furious fire. The works are more or less shattered, and as there is no malady to destroy or put to flight, the only result is a weakening of the strongholds of health.

Even the most skillful and not otherwise unscrupulous physicians are very apt, when sent for, to think it incumbent upon them to do something. They say, in justification of themselves, and with considerable truth, that "our patients are not satisfied unless we give them tangible evidence of the activity of our efforts. They want to be 'doctored,' and if we don't 'doctor' them, they will find some other practitioners who will." They accordingly gratify their patients' strange avidity for physic with all the nausea and torment at their command, and goodness knows that, with the draughts and drastics of the pharmacopæia at their service, they are never in want of means of satisfying it to the full.

The habit, moreover, of "sending for the doctor" unnecessarily engenders a morbid tendency to exaggerate the little ills of body to which we are all more or less exposed, and which can be easily removed or prevented by a more strict regard to the simple laws of health. Thus have been established many of those nervous and hypochondriacal disorders which are more tormenting and less remedial than more obvious diseases. The practice of some parents of sending for the doctor for their children on every occasion of trifling ailment has seriously interfered with their healthy development both of mind and body. How many naturally vigorous children have thus been petted, nursed, and doctored into premature invalids, and by being constantly kept under a regimen of illness, deprived of that vigorous exercise and nourishment essential to mental and physical health!

With a juster sense of the limited powers of his art, there will be not only less inclination, but less reason, for sending for the doctor.

FAMILY COOKING.

By PIERRE BLOT.
IV.

To cook flour properly is the most essential point in making sauces of which it is an ingredient. Very few of the professional cooks of this country can make a palatable sauce. In fact, they do not know what utensils are necessary for doing it. The few that know are unwilling to use them, and for this reason: the best kind of saucepan in which to make a sauce is of copper lined with tin. Cooks are opposed to copper, because it gives them more work to keep it clean than tin or iron. Copper, according to their notions, shows dirt too conspicuously, and their dislike for a little extra work is so great that many housekeepers who have copper saucepans are obliged to keep them in the garret, else they could not induce cooks to work for them.

Iron saucepans lined with porcelain are as clean inside as copper ones, but the great drawback is that the lining is very apt to crack, and then they can not be cleaned, as it is impossible to prevent dirt from lodging in the crack and under the lining.

For certain purposes iron as well as tin saucepans can be used, but when a sauce must be made on a rather hot fire, which is very often the case, there is no substitute for copper. The advantage of copper is that, no matter how delicate the object or how hot the fire may be, it will not burn if stirred properly; while, no matter how fast it may be stirred in tin or iron, it is almost impossible to prevent it from burning, or at least from having a burned taste. A copper saucepan is cheaper even than a tin one. In a family kitchen it will last for generations, and needs only to be relined once in every two or three years. The price of relining is a trifle.

If cooks looked closely and in the right way to their own interests, they would use copper instead of iron, as they would thus save themselves many failures in cooking elaborate dishes, in making sauces, etc. Let those who may doubt this try the following once or twice when they have the leisure (it

is always wrong to experiment in a hurry): Put a piece of butter about the size of an egg into a copper saucepan, set it on a good fire, have a wooden spoon ready, and move the butter all over the bottom of the pan, so as to melt it as fast as possible without allowing it to burn or to get black. Then take the saucepan from the fire, put in it about two table-spoonfuls of flour, and with the wooden spoon stir the flour well and fast, so as to mix it thoroughly with the butter. No lumps must be left, however small they may be. If it is found to be hard to mix them together on account of the cooling of the butter, the pan may be put again on the fire for a few seconds to make the butter more liquid. When well mixed put the pan back, continue to stir well and fast until the mixture turns of a yellowish color, when you may be sure that your flour is cooked, and fit for the stomach of man. After two or three experiments, the whole work can be done in less than four minutes. To finish the sauce it is only necessary to pour into the pan the liquor to be used (broth, water, milk, or any other), stir and mix it with the butter and flour over the fire, then season, and it is ready.

As we have said above, cooks would save themselves a great deal of trouble, and prevent a great waste of materials, thus working for the interest of their employers, as is their duty, by using copper saucepans. It would not take them as long to clean a copper pan as to make a sauce over again when burned the first time, besides avoiding loss of materials.

Let housekeepers try to persuade their cooks to use copper pans, and although we know by experience that it is not an easy task, still some good may result from it.

It is not the custom here to serve an apprenticeship to become a cook—we mean a so-called cook. A foreigner who has never seen a kitchen or kitchen utensils, and who is certainly not overloaded with intelligence, lands in New York to-day, advertises herself as a cook to-morrow, and the day after enters a family in this capacity. What kind of cooking can be reasonably expected from such a woman? She does not know beef from mutton, or veal from lamb. She will just as likely boil a canvas-back duck and roast a piece of corned beef as not. If after a while she picks up a little information, it is from one who a few weeks or a few months before was as ignorant as herself about cooking. She will, in turn, after a short time, give information to a new-comer, and so on. It is very necessary, therefore, that ladies should learn enough of cookery themselves to supervise the operations of the kitchen, and, first of all, to insist that proper utensils shall be used.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. St a Papless Fellow-Trabeler

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—As I watch our fellow-travelers I see constantly how true it is that it is not beauty only that

"like a dial hand Steals from its figure, and no pace perceived."

The apostle marks the same fact when he says, "I die daily." And what, asks science, what is life itself but change? I sat for a long time the other morning in this mood after a little incident that befell me. It was a day when I happened to be very busy, and I was sitting in my room quite alone, so engaged that I did not hear the door open. But I was suddenly aware of some one standing by me, and looking up I saw Finster. He was singularly changed, but I was quite sure that I was not mistaken. He held out his hand and I took it. It was cold—a kind of dead hand—and there was a look of forced gayety in his face. At the same moment I saw, without consciously observing, his dress. His collar was soiled and stained, and a rusty black silk cravat concealed the want of a shirt. His thin, single-breasted summer coat, inexpressibly shabby, was buttoned across his breast, for the morning was cold. His trowsers were frayed and torn, and his boots were split and worn. There was something of the old air, but his eye wandered.

My surprise was evident enough, for I certainly did not try to conceal it. I knew Finster but a few years ago, when he was prosperous and gay, living in a fine house, driving fast horses, with a brightly dressed wife and pretty children. Suddenly he disappeared. I did not remark it. I suppose nobody remarked it. It is the incident of every day. These figures come and smile and nod, and are the familiar objects of a year or two. They vanish, and we never think of them again unless they reappear. At most we say, carelessly, "I wonder what has become of that Finster who used to live round the corner and drive that handsome pair," but with no more vitality of interest than we feel in the fellow-passenger who sat near us in the car for an hour, and left the

I had scarcely thought of Finster. deed, I had not heard his name mentioned; and here he was, as utterly changed as if life were a mere pantomime. He looked at me without speaking; and after a little while, as if he knew that I had had time to comprehend the situation, he said, "Well, what can you do for me?" I made no reply, and he asked again, "Can you direct me to any kind of employment?" But I was asking myself how a man who had not been able to prevent himself from falling to such a point could hope to recover himself. Here was a person who knew no trade, who was not strong enough to compéte with day-laborers in shoveling and drudging, and who must have exhausted every chance of catching hold somewhere before he had come to this extremity. There is a pleasant saying that there is always room in the world for an honest, sober, and industrious man who is willing to work. But if such a man has others dependent upon him for food, then what? And if he wants one of the three virtues mentioned, then what? "I am willing to do any thing," said Finster.

After a little while he said that he had failed disastrously, and could enter into no business because of the judgments that lay in wait for him. Could I do any thing whatever for him? he asked. I asked in turn if he had no old business friends, no relations, nobody who knew him more intimately than I, who, in fact, knew nothing of him. "No," I, who, in fact, knew nothing of him. "No," he answered, with the old briskness; "I am utterly ruined." I could only tell him that a loiterer, as I was, with no business connections whatever, with very few acquaintances, and no influence, could be of very little service to him, and that I was very sorry for it. He did not move; but he said that he feared it would prove to be so, that he understood my position fully, and that it was very hard that a man who was willing to do any thing that was not dishonorable must actually starve. I asked him if the case were so hopeless, and he said, "I don't know where to get a dinner."

I looked out of the window, and his eyes followed mine, I suppose, for I saw the handsome horses that he had formerly owned dashing by at the same moment, and as I turned toward him he said, "Yes, you didn't think when I used to drive them that I should come to this, did you?" There was the same hard gayety in his tone and look, and he stood by my table as if he proposed never to go. I told him that I was very sorry that I could not help him to help himself, and that all I could do would be to give him a little money to buy some food. He made no reply, and as I gave him the money his hand closed over it convulsively, and he slid out of the room as noiselessly as he had entered. He was not bloated; indeed, when I first saw him at my side his whole body seemed to have shrunk since I had seen him before. His eye was not blood-shot; his hand did not tremble. I was not sure that I detected any odor of whisky in his breath. But the fierce eagerness with which he seized the money and instantly moved away revealed the truth. Had he been really starving, he would have asked first of all for food. He seemed to me to glide away like a snake, and I recalled his words, "I am utterly

I sat for a very long time thinking of Finster, and when later in the day I met those who had formerly known him, they said, "Why, didn't you know that the poor wretch ruined himself with drink? He was honest and good-humored, but he could not resist; and he is somewhere in the gutter, utterly ruined. Poor fellow," they said, "and good fellow too; but he is utterly ruined." I stopped a car and went up, as usual when I have any especial subject of reflection, to the Central Park. It was a soft autumnal evening, and the walks and drives were thronged. And as I strolled along in a musing mood I observed that the people about me were looking at a brilliant equipage, and I recognized the carriage of Plutus. That gentleman sat very erect, and bowed politely to those who raised their hats. He had the air of a conqueror, or of a monseigneur of the old French régime. "That is the very god of success," said a man in front of me to his companion: "wonderful fellow! perfectly prosperous. Last week he bought heavily in Moonstone. Every body saw it, and thought, of course, there was money in it, and the price ran up fabulously. The next day he sold out and doubled his money. "Wonderful, wonderful!" said his companion; and they bowed profoundly as Plutus passed.

But nobody, that I ever heard of, says that Plutus is honest and good-natured. Every body knows that whoever deals with him plays with fire. His house is very splendid, and his feasts fabulously costly. There are those who remember him a poor boy—ingenuous, clever, full of hope and of promise. I know a lady to whom as a youth he was betrothed, and whose character shows what his must have been. His tastes were simple



and pure. His companionship was among the noblest of his time. He had the millennium in his heart and eye. Gradually he changed. And why not? A gold mine is at last exhausted. The fairest flower withers. The youth that was a perfect dawn ended in the chill and cruel life of Plutus. His career is that of an Asiatic voluptuary. His asso ciates are the parasites of Mammon. And nobody laughs so loud and so long as he at the heavenly innocence of youth, and at all that truly makes life noble and lovely. Poor Finster, they say-indeed, he says so himself-is utterly ruined! Is Plutus any less so? Is a mummy any less a corpse because it is draped in cloth of gold?

And who is this ambling up on an easy pad? Well dressed, you see: comfortable, satisfied, smiling, he too has the air of prosperity which I remember around Finster but a few years ago. And what a contrast be-tween them now! Between another prosperous and successful man and one who is utterly ruined. Do you know this gentleman? If you do not, I will tell you that it is Barabbas, who came to the city forty years ago to make his fortune. And he has made it. He is one of the men of whom it is familiarly said that his eye-teeth were cut early. He too was very poor, and he began at the bottom. And he is there still, it seems to me, although he is one of the merchant princes. He too had the dowry of a fresh heart and a pure soul. But a burned cinder is not drier than the one, and Lucifer is not more faithless than the other. He is selfish, formal, insolent; a despiser of men and a disbeliever in God; and immensely rich. Is poor Finster ruined and Barabbas not? Is he lost who is mastered by an appetite that he can not control, but who has retained honesty, generosity, and faith in men and God, and is he not ruined who has lost all these in the process of becoming rich?

"I am utterly ruined," said poor Finster, trying to smile, and hoping that I should not suspect the truth. Well, his fate is sad enough; it is a fearful warning. But there are ruins of many kinds. I remember in my younger years the society of Rome. All day I lounged and lingered among the old monuments: the Coliseum, the Baths, the Golden House, the Palace of the Cæsars. Every evening in the season I went to receptions and balls. "I suppose," the Marchesa di Vecchi-accia dsed to say, "that my American friend has been meditating all day among the ruins." Fancy a mummy or the Cloaca Maxima speaking to you! "Ruins!" I said to myself-"I have seen no ruin like the Marchesa di Vecchiaccia!" It was plastered with paint, and plated with gold, and crusted with diamonds, but it was utter ruin still. And when I hear of men who are utterly ruined I do not think of Finster, I confess, but of Plutus and Barabbas.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE DOLMAN-MANTLE WALKING SUIT.

THE Dolman-mantle walking suit, of which a L cut paper pattern will be furnished, is illustrated on our first page. The most attractive feature of this costume is its graceful and comfortable wrap, which is one of the latest modificutions of the Dolman introduced early in the fall. It is a more ample garment than the sacque Dolman illustrated in Bazar No. 41, Vol. V., and will be found appropriate for the warm cloaks of midwinter. It may be made of the dress mategial, but this fashion is not as prevalent as formerly; a more economical plan is to make a black, dark gray, or brown Dolman that may Cashmere, camel's be-used with all dresses. hair, and very soft, pliable cloths are the fabrics most used for these wraps; Sicilienne cloth and Lyons velvet are chosen for very dressy gar The back of this Dolman fits smoothly over the tournure, and we may add that in order to have it fit gracefully the tournure must be worn very high, making the bouffaut appearance begin directly below the belt. Close sleeves are attached to this cloak for greater warmth, and are concealed by the graceful cape in front. A hood or collar may be added if preferred, but is not necessary, as a fur boa gives sufficient finish about the neck. The construction of the remainder of the suit is explained

THE PRINCESSE DRESS.

Parisian modistes are fast bringing into favor for house and carriage wear the princesse dress, which is a variation of the Gabrielle dress of five years ago. This dress is made with the body and skirt in one, without seams around the waist; a great deal of fullness is added behind, and draped to form panier puffs. An illustra-tion of this dress will be given in the next number, with a pattern in the Supplement. It is es pecially suitable for rich black silks and for heavy woolen materials. When worn out-of-doors this dress may be draped over another skirt to resemble a long polonaise, after the manner of the handsome dress illustrated on page 796 of Bazar No. 49, Vol. V. Looping the tournure by cords to form panier puffs, and the swinging cords and tassels on the side, shown in the engraving just mentioned, are now seen in many French dresses.

MELON PUFFS.

The old-fashioned melon puffs are revived for trimming some of the handsomest dresses lately imported, and offer a slight change from kill pleatings and gathered flounces. These puffs are made of straight widths of the silk, joined at the selvedges, and lined with foundation muslin; they are formed by taking slight seams on the wrong side of the fabric at intervals of two or three inches, leaving the space between to form a puff on the right side. As there are no gathers in these smooth puffs, the stiff muslin lining is necessary to keep them well rounded, and sometimes a thick cording of candle-wick covered with silk is used to separate the puffs. Wide puffs are more stylish than narrower ones. A description of one of Worth's skirts will serve as a guide for arranging this trimming. This is a dinner and carriage dress of rich black faille, made with a basque and demi-trained skirt, but no over-skirt. Around the whole skirt is a bias gathered flounce eight inches deep, very fully gathered, and finished with an inch-wide hem, turned up on the right side with a tiny fold of piping in the upper edge of the hem. A tablier three inches wide covers the melon puffs greater part of the three front widths, beginning very near the top of the skirt, and descending in straight lines down to the upper edge of the flounce; the lower edge of each puff forms a scallop, and is finished with jet fringe. A thick cord is between each puff, and a ruche heads them, though this is concealed by the basque. A wide revers of silk, perfectly straight and merely doubled, without any trimming, covers the remaining gored part of the skirt, beginning at the belt and ending on the gathered flounce; the straight back breadths are then caught up behind to form two large panier puffs, and a sash ribbon passes under these puffs and is tied in a bow behind. A very simple jockey basque completes this distinguished-looking dress.

CARRIAGE WRAPS.

New scarfs for carriage and extra wraps are among the latest importations. The hand-somest are made of dark camel's-hair, lined with India silk or with China crape, and are fancifully trimmed with gilt galloon, braid, fringe, and ornaments of oxidized silver and gilt. They are three yards long, nearly a yard deep, are lengthwise of the material, and have a triangular fold at the lower corner through which the arm is passed. A beautiful scarf of this kind is of gray camel's-hair lined throughout with pale blue China crape. The galloon and fringe are of gilt mixed with brown silk. A large Egyptian clasp of dead gilt and silver fastens the front.

MORNING WRAPPERS.

Very handsome morning wrappers are being made of twilled silk and of the soft repped Japanese silk. One of dark blue repped silk is made with a double Watteau fold behind, and may be worn flowing loosely, but is in best taste when belted by a band passed beneath the Watteau fold. The whole garment has deep three-inch scallops on the edge, falling over a side pleating of silk in the way shown in a dress engraved on page 796 of Bazar No. 49, Vol. V. This is seen even around the neck, on the close, tight sleeves, and around the large, square pockets. The belt is three folds of silk, fastened on the left side with some drooping loops and sash ends. A pleated frill of Swiss muslin edged with Valenciennes passes around the neck and down the entire front, which is buttoned with large moulds covered with silk, one button being set in each scallop. Wrappers for trousseaux are made of white cashmere, with tabliers of blue or rose-colored silk ruffles alternating with frills of white yak lace. These are lined throughout with thin silk of the color used for trimming. Comfortable wrappers for midwinter are made of soft gray twilled flannel, trimmed with a three-inch bias fold of bine cashmere on which a narrower gray fold is stitched. These folds pass all around the skirt four inches above the edge, and are down each front, outside of the row of buttons with which it is fastened. The buttons are large moulds covered with blue cashmere. The pock-ets are squares of blue set on outside. The blue cuffs are rounded at the top, and the sash is blue ribbon tied on the left side. Price \$30.

DRESSES FOR A BRIDAL PARTY.

An "opening" by gas-light was lately given to display dresses appropriate for a bridal party to wear at an evening wedding. The superb dress for the bride was of sheeny white satin, with a tablier and scalloped flounces of satin, tulle pleatings, and orange garlands. The half-low basque had short puffed sleeves, with a rich garniture of point lace and orange flowers. The price was \$500. The bride-maids' dresses were of the white Chambery gauze that is now preferred above tulle very high, and had wide sashes of blue faille so elaborately folded and draped that they were as effective as upper skirts. The half-low basques had Grecian berthas, like that on the full-dress toilette illustrated in Bazar No. 50, Vol. V. These robes cost \$125 each. The dress in which the stately mother of the bride was to accompany her daughter to church was of pearl gray faille, with a flounce and over-skirt of fine Chantilly lace: price \$1000. Grandmanma's lovely dress was of rich black silk, trimmed vith black guipure lace laid over white lace. High, plain basque and coat sleeves, trimmed with lace and passementerie. Among the guests' dresses were many of the lovely opal-tinted failles, trimmed with lace flounces and flower garlands. roses with embrowned foliage seem to be the flowers most used; they are seen on pale blue, green, pink, and the creamy Ophelia silks. Point appliqué and Valenciennes lace flounces are in great favor. A dress in Spanish taste for a brunette was of maize-colored silk, with cherry fa-

cings and black lace on the flounces. Tasteful and inexpensive dresses were of white tarlatan, with puffs, flounces, sash, and Grecian bertha of some stylish color, such as violet, Nile green, or rose pink: price \$35.

INVITATIONS, ETC.

Skeleton script, like the long, angular hand-writing now affected by ladies, is the fashionable engraving for invitations and visiting-cards. There is a revived fancy for the monograms that fell into disfavor last season; these are now made in characters to match the engraving, and are very large and intricate: white monograms are used for wedding invitations. The note sheet for invitations is very large and almost square. Tying the cards of the bride and groom together is also in vogue again. All abbrevia-tions and figures in invitations are considered inelegant. The invitation formulas most approved at present omit "At Home," "Compliments of," etc., and merely say, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith desire the pleasure of Miss Brown's company." Wedding receptions now usually have a German at the close of the evening, and this is announced by the word "German" in a corner of the invitation sheet. Visiting-ca:ds are of unglazed Bristol-board, are quite small, and are placed in an envelope when handed to the servant at the door. Small beaded envelopes are used for this purpose. The fashionable station-ery shows fifteen or twenty varieties of tinted note-paper of the faintest possible hues. Large square envelopes are used, and the note-sheet is merely doubled when placed inside.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; and James M'CREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY MARSH, a printer for nearly fifty-three years in the employment of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, died on Sunday, December 1, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was considered one of the most skillful and capable printers in the country, and was an honest, faithful man.

faithful man.

—Hon. John P. Johns, the new Nevada Senator, went to the Pacific from Cleveland, Ohio, in 1849, in the bark Eureka, which vessel made the voyage from that city via the St. Lawrence, around Cape Horn, to San Francisco. He is now one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest man on the Pacific slope, his fortune being rated at \$10,000,000. In money affairs at Frisco he occupies the position that "the Commodore" does in Wall Street. in Wall Street.

This is what they are going to do for VERDI —This is what they are going to do for VERDI when he goes to Naples to attend the first representation of his new operas, Aida and Don Carlos. As the train moves into the railway station one of his finest choruses is to be sung by a great number of voices, and with the ac-companiment of the magnificent orchestra of the San Carlo. Immediately afterward hun-dreds of carriages, containing his friends and admirers, will follow him through the streets

of the city.

—The sensation marriage of the day abroad is that of a lady who was Princess de la Moskowa by her father and Duchesse de Persigny by her husband. She is now the wife of a simple advocate at Cairo.

—Miss Abby Bourwell, a sister of the Secre-

tary of the Treasury, has considerable talent in sculpture, and goes soon to Rome to perfect herself in the art. She is a Boutwell enough now for ordinary stone-work, but is desirous of becoming first-class.

—The Rev. Dr. Vincent has been to see the Rev. Mr. Springerov and writes from London

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and writes from London that the eminent Daptist declared he "would not come to this country until after the Day of Judgment." That looks as though he didn't

Judgment." That looks as though he didn't mean to come over for some time.

—Prince Louis Murat, who was personal aidde-camp to the late King of Sweden, remains in the same post with the present king.

—It was before the Boston singe that Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "If all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so out of the trade in potash." We shall look for these rich fellows in 1875 in Boston.

—The Duke of Edinburgh, though strongly pressed to become an admiral, firmly declines to take a flag until he has had some experience as

take a flag until he has had some experience as captain in an iron-clad ship, and the Sultan is designated as the vessel he will probably com-

mand.

—Miss OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD will hereafter make her home at Fredonia with her father, Mr. H. A. RISLEY. The old homestend has been handsomely fitted up, where, with the handsome income of the fifty thousand dollars bequeathed to her by Mr. SEWARD, she can live in chegant retirement—if she has the notion to live in that

way.

—The least important of circumstances now and then "ninkes cowards of us all." A few days since, when the new Lord Chancellor (Sel-BORNE) of England was taking the oath of office he was terribly nervous; and curiously enough there was but one Queen's Counsel in court to welcome him, and he too was very nervous at finding himself all alone in any thing but his glory. However, he managed to stammer out the usual formality, "I move that the oath be recorded."

Mr. Tom TAYLOR, author of the original American Cousin and many other popular plays, has retired from his place in the Public Health Department of England, on a pension of \$3250 per annum.

-A pleasant incident occurred to Senator —A pleasant incident occurred to Senator WILSON a few days ago on visiting his native town of Farmington, New Hampshire. After a serenade he addressed those present, standing upon the identical door-stone of the house on which he stood about fifty years ago and received that first book which appears to have been the foundation of his fame. Mrs. Anstress WOODBURT, wife of the Hon. Nehemmah Eastman, seeing him, when a youngster about ten years of age, among other boys at play, called his attention, and saked him to come to her house and she would give him a book to read; and from this time she assumed charge and furnished him with reading matter, which quite nished him with reading matter, which quite

likely assisted in making the foundation for his acquiring the extended information which hus led to his national fame.

likely assisted in making the foundation for his acquiring the extended information which has led to his national fame.

—Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud set the big folk of St. Petersburg wild with enthusiasm at her début. She sang in Hamlet, and the Grand Duke Constantine led the applause; the Prime Minister sent for her, and congratulated her, and the people frightened her horses. Imagine our "Mr. H. Fish" (as poor Catacazy pettishly called him) sending for Lucca and telling her she was a superior singer, and clever generally!

—What a worry it is, to be sure, to be a person of high degree! There is poor Lord Walter Campebll, recently employed in a mercantile house in this city, who wished to marry a young lady of good position. Upon his applying to the young lady's father the parent stated that he referred all such questions to his wife. The mother, in turn, said she must refer it to the Duke of Argyle. The duke pleaded that, considering his connection with royalty, he must consult his eldest son. The marquis could do nothing without the queen's consent. Her Majesty felt that the issue must be referred to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as head of the family. The duke rejoined that since the recent changes in Germany he looked upon the Emperor William as his sovereign, and must bow to his advice. The emperor said he could do nothing without Prince Bismarck's opinion, and Prince Bismarck declared he had no opinion at all, one way or the other. And so the question—to marry or not to marry—was brought to a dead-lock.

—Dr. Hall, who ought to be, and perhaps is, the healthlest of Americans—he is perpetually writing something about it—lays down the following concise rules as to what our citizens should do in regard to eating:—"Never eat while in a passion [who does?!; never eat while you are not hungry [good idea]; never eat while in a passion [who does?!; never eat just before severe mental or physical effort; never eat while greatly worried [who would?]" That's what Dr. Hall says. The better rule is the Western one: wh

of the patient temperament of Mr. Seward: "Just after Preston S. Brooks committed his brutal assault on Charles Sumner Mrs. Seward "Just after Preston S. Brooks committed his brutal assault on Charles Summer Mrs. Seward was exceedingly anxious for the safety of her husband, and advised him to protect himself. 'Well, my dear,' was his answer, 'what shall I do? I am a man of peace; I never reply to personal attacks. How am I to defend myself? Shall I go to the Senate with a musket or rifle on my shoulder? If I use pistols, I am sure you will not ask me to shoot any body without notice. You say no. Well, then, it will be my duty if I carry revolvers to lay them on my Senatorial deak, so that all men may see that I am ready to kill any body at a moment's notice. I think this is my best weapon,' he said, as he closed the interview, and picked up the whip he carried as a sort of metaphorical help to the old horse that carried him to the Capitol."

—It is rumored that General Grant, following his example of civil service reform in the appointment of Mr. Fairman as postmaster at Philadelphia, will confer the Secretary RICHARDSON, in case Mr. Boutwell should be elected to succeed Mr. Wilson, which is probable. Judge R. is a man of fine administrative carriety and has at

Treasury on Assistant-Secretary RICHARDSON, in case Mr. BOUTWELL should be elected to succeed Mr. Wilson, which is probable. Judge R. is a man of fine administrative capacity, and has at various times acted as Secretary.

—RHODA BROUGHTON, the author of Good-by, Sweetheart, and other stories, is young, pretty, fascinating, just a little wild, and the daughter of an English clergyman.

—Thirty times was ADELINA PATTI called before the curtain on the occasion of her début in Moscow. The Princess Dolgorouka sent to her a bouquet of camellias that was so large as to require two men to carry it across the stage. Which goes to prove the calmness of us Americans, who only recall Lucca three times on an average. For the four months the charming singer passes in Russia she will receive \$50,000, for two performances a week, and \$1600 for each extra performance. Should she from illness be unable to sing, and procure a medical certificate to that effect, the impressrio will not be entitled to ruske any reduction in her salary until a fort.

unable to sing, and procure a medical certificate to that effect, the impresario will not be entitled to make any reduction in her salary until a fortnight shall elapse.

—Rare thing in Topsfield, Massachusetts, a few days since—the celebration of the sixtleth anniversary of the marriage of ZACCHEUS GOULD and wife. A great-granddaughter was present. The house in which the anniversary was held is two hundred years old, and is the house in which good old Uncle Gould was born.

—It marks an era in the progress of things

good old Uncle GOULD was born.

—It marks an era in the progress of things when the heathen Chinee becomes permanently domesticated among us. Mr. Lai Sun, with Mrs. Sun (or Moon), and some little fixed stars, have acttled in Springfield, Massachusetts. They drape themselves in the costume of their native lead, heat their own servents including cook

drape themselves in the costume of their native land, have their own servants, including cook, hair-dresser, and tailor, and live much as they used to at home. They talk English fluently, and are very sociable.

—A daughter of the South, Miss Dixon, is noted in that region for skill in penmanship. She writes with both hands simultaneously.

—M. CATACAZY flourishes in a mild way in Paris, living as much in the public eye as it is possible to do by being constantly at cafés, clubs, operas, and hotels. His friends say that he is still on the heat terms with the Car and

clubs, operas, and hotels. His friends say that he is still on the best terms with the Czar, and may yet be reinstated in the diplomatic service.

—Mrs. Col.T., of Hartford, placed to her income account last year \$800,000, made from profits on revolvers. As this estimable lady is said to possess \$8,000,000, she may be presumed not to be in what Mrs. Partington calls "indignant circumstances." cumstances

Of the late General MEADE the New York Church Journal truthfully says, "A more stain-less knight never drew sword; a kindlier heart never beat: a simpler and truer Christian has seldom, in these days, lived; none worthier to wear 'the grand old name of gentleman' without a blot."

Fifty years ago M. THIERS was engaged on the Constitutionnel as an art critic at the rate of \$10 an article. His first critique was on the acton an article. This is critique was on the acting of Mrs. Bellamy, then playing at the Porte St. Martin Theatre with an English troupe. M. THIERS was soon promoted to politics, and in the hands of an active opposition became a terrible enemy to the government, which he finally upset when editor of the National, with MIGNET and ABWING CARREL for lieutenants. and ARMAND CARREL for lieutenants.



Tapestry Design for a Rug.

This pretty and elegant Turkish design is worked, according to the size desired for the rug, either on coarse canvas with tapestry worsted or on fine canvas with zephyr worsted. The colors are given in the description of symbols, and may be selected either in brilliant or pale tints; the latter, however, are better suited to the present taste.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

DESPITE the rumors which were current last autumn concerning the disfavor of suits, they still triumph, and so completely that manufacturers are producing fabrics designed especially for their use. One of the most beautiful of these is the bourre de soie, which, though brought out rather late for this season, is destined to a certain success when spring arrives. A suit of this fabric has a skirt of dark gray bourre de soie, with alternate wide and narrow stripes of very dark violet vineux velvet. Polonaise of plain bourre

de soie, of the same color as the skirt, trimmed with bias folds of violet vineux velvet. The same combination is found in all colors. Brocaded bourre de soie, with designs of the same color as the ground, or what is called in Paris the came style, in gray, Havana brown, and suble du Nil. are in preparation for the spring.

sable du Nil, are in preparation for the spring.

Dark woolen dresses are trimmed with bias folds of cashmere, or, still better, fine white cloth. These bias folds are striped at intervals with cord or soutache of the same color as the dress. White folds are thus worn on bottle green, olive brown, violet vineux, and, above all, Havana brown. This style is particularly pretty for misses and young ladies.

A new style of suit, which has just dawned, has the skirt and tunic of gray poplin, with bias folds of the same and gray fringe. High plain waist, with small flat basques, and sleeves almost tight, of black velvet. Cape of gray poplin, cut away in front so as fully to show the black velvet waist. On each upper corner of the cape is a large passementerie agrafe, with similar graduated aiguillettes in four rows down the front of the black velvet waist. Black velvet bonnet, with gray feathers.

Gilt or silvered metal buttons are much worn on woolen dresses. Our dress-makers, finding one row of buttons too little, have bethought themselves of using four, two on each front of the polonaise, from the top to the bottom. Another arrangement is as follows: Polonaise of bottle green cloth, closed with one row of oxidized silver buttons. On the front of the waist are set three rows of the same buttons, arranged like the three rows of a necklace, and extending on each side to the shoulder seam, with the largest buttons in the middle, and graduating in size on each side, precisely like the diamonds in a rivière.

The Dolman, and the large cape forming sleeves when taken up on the arms, are the wrappings generally adopted to be worn over polonaises when the latter are too thin for the season; these are made of black cloth, or, which is more elegant, of a dark shade to match the suit. An elegant trimming for velvet Dolmans is bands of curled feathers.

Marvels are produced in woolen passementeries; despite the inferiority of the material employed, they are quite as costly as those made of silk. There are woolen trellised fringes, ball

fringes, Tom Thumb fringes, woolen guipures with fringed edges, large open-work agrafes—in a word, a new branch of industry, which has suddenly burst woon.

[December 21, 1872.

denly burst upon us.

What shall I say of hats and bonnets? Alas! they are deplorable, viewed from the stand-point of reasonable beings. The sailor hats, set on the back of the head, are positively grotesque, but they must be chronicled, since they are worn. They are even made of cloth to match the suit. I saw a young lady the other day dressed in a dark blue suit, with sailor hat to match, proudly promenading in the Champs Elysées, without suspecting that she looked precisely as if she had just fallen into an indigo vat.

Even the reasonable bonnets have an extravagant air; they are still very high, and their shape more and more resembles the masculine beaver hats which have always been thought so ugly. But it can not be helped. Very few entirely black bonnets are worn; black velvet bonnets are all trimmed with watered ribbons of some of the faded tints that are so much in vogue, vert-de-gris, vert-de-Chine, or réséda, all very dark. Flowers and grasses of the same shade as the ribbons complete the trimmings. Black velvet



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR A RUG.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ■ 8d (lightest). Red; □ Blue; ■ Green; □ Light Fawn; ! Yellow.

bonnets trimmed in this fashion are the most stylish and effective that are worn

One of the prettiest embroidered Dolmans that I have seen was made of black cloth. The em-broidery was composed simply of heavy black cord, set on in diagonal lines, with the space of a cord between, and meeting at the seams, the fronts, etc.

Little girls from eight to fourteen are almost all enveloped in Scotch plaids, which are wound around their waists in the Scottish fashion. Many also wear square shawls, crossed in front and tied behind in the French style.

Head-dresses for the opera and evening parties are divided into two styles—the diadem, for grave and regular features, and the Louis XV. pouf, set on one side, for bright, piquant, and irregular faces. Both are made with a little ribbon, a great quantity of black or white lace, and a few flowers or a feather, according to taste. The hair is combed upward, leaving the nape of the neck entirely free, and massed on the crown and front of the head, where it is arranged in a thousand different ways—rolled in canons, knot-ted in coques, or raised en muraille, but always finished with a few irregular curls floating carelessly. Young girls often tie their hair at the top of the head, then plait it in a single braid, which hangs low in the back, simply tied at the end with ribbon, very much in the fashion of a Young girls often tie their hair at the Chinaman. This style is quite common, unbe-coming as it is.

Ball dresses will be very vaporous. It is pro-posed, and actually begun, to abolish silk under-skirts, and to substitute for them four or five skirts of tulle, or else three or four of tarlatan (if the dress is tarlatan), of the same color as the dress. These dresses will be profusely trimmed with embroidery, as I described in my last letter. Pompadour costumes will be formed by the combination of colors; for instance, a dress will be composed of pink and blue or green tulle, of maize and lilac, gray and pink, and so on. For small dancing parties there are brocaded grenadines, which are superb with their Pompadour wreaths and bouquets. These will be worn as polonaises with square-necked waists over plain skirts. Gray will often be worn over white, and white over gray, and these neutral tints will be brightened with pink or blue bows. Nevertheless, the fashions now are so multi-

fold that no one can boast either of knowing or wearing them. There is no longer the fashion, but one of the fashions of the day; every lady has her own style, and is at liberty to vary it as she likes, so long as she conforms to a few leading features which characterize the general aspect of the fashion. It is impossible to point out with precision what is in fashion, for the reason that every thing is in fashion according to the use that is made of it.

We are returning to the beautiful silk damasks which clad our mothers and grandmothers so richly. These damasks are now the rage, and are worn both as trained dresses and as naises over velvet skirts. One of the richest dresses of the kind that I have seen was as follows: Skirt of plain felt gray velvet of a medium shade. Polonaise of felt gray damask, with large figures of several shades of the same color. This polonaise was open in front, and furnished with a velvet vest, and was trimmed with chenille fringe combining the different shades of the dam-The velvet skirt was without trimming. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"OFF to-night! Mail train, eh? Why, Talbot, old fellow, you will lose the very cream of the hunting. Nice open weather, with the scent breast-high, and the horses in their best We draw Appley Gorse on Wednesday —a sure find and a splendid country. I want you to show these Melton dandies at Lord Whipham's the way over Bullingsley Brook. It is a pity to leave us just now." Thus spoke our veteran M.F.H., a thorough sportsman, and a genial, warm-hearted gentleman of the old school, with whom I had been a favorite ever since he first rated me, at the ripe age of ten, for riding

my shaggy pony too close to the leading hounds.

I, Talbot Carew, whose name figured in the

Landed Gentry as second son of Francis Carew,
Esq., of Harbledown Court, and in the Army List as lieutenant in a light cavalry regiment, looked rueful enough, I dare say, as I assured the good old master of the hounds that there was no help for it, and that with all my desire to stay until the frost should put a stop to our sylvan enjoyments, go I must. The fact was that my regiment was under orders for India, and that before we sailed my father had urged me to accept an invitation to spend the Christmas with an uncle and aunt of mine, a certain Sir Charles and Lady Treherne, who lived a long way off, in the west of England, and whom it so happened that I had not seen since my schoolboy days. I had no particular desire to devote my last days in England to a visit at Bramshaw Hall, where I had never before been a guest, and it was especially unpleasing to me to leave home just then. We lived in one of the most famous of those "grass-shires" which form the paradise of fox-hunters and the emporium of weight-carrying hunters and hounds of high degree; while Bramshaw was situated in Blankshire, which, as every one knows, is a rocky, heathy, and eminently picturesque county, where fox-hunting can only be pursued under difficulties.

My parents were, however, so anxious that I should not refuse my uncle's well-meant invita-tion that I reluctantly made up my mind to accept it; and as there were sundry matters to transact in town, with reference to equipments, outfit, etc., and as we expected to embark for India early in the new year, I was obliged to hurry up to London at once to attend to the needful preparations, and to be in time to reach Bramshaw before the Christmas festivities should fairly begin. When it began to snow heavily on the day of my leaving London I reflected that the fine scenting weather in our own country was over for the present, and that I had not lost many runs by my unwilling absence. With all that, I could not help looking upon

my visit to Bramshaw as an unmitigated an-noyance. I had seen, as I have already remarked, very little of the relatives under whose roof I was to be domiciled, and to all their friends, as well as to the part of the country in which they resided, I was a total stranger. The Trehernes resided, I was a total stranger. The Trehernes were people who had for several years led a quiet life on their own estate, and the district in which they lived was one that had a reputa-tion for tenaciously keeping up ancient usages and customs exploded in parts of England more infused with the metropolitan spirit of change. "I suppose I am in," said I to myself, as I gloom-ily gazed out of the window of the railway car-riage and watched the whiching snow-flakes sween riage and watched the whirling snow-flakes sweep past with blinding rapidity, "for what they call a good old-fashioned Christmas. I know. Round games, snapdragon, blindman's-buff, forfeits, and the rest; and I shall be lucky if I escape huntthe-slipper."
Bramshaw Hall turned out to be a fine old

not possess the slightest local knowledge, I was glad to get what Frenchmen call the carte du pays from those who were better informed than I was. There was a young fellow there whom I did know, one Tollemache—Lionel Tollemache —a full cornet in the Lancer regiment quartered at Slochester, and whose relations had got him an introduction to Sir Charles as to one of the

magnates of the country-side.

"Awfully jolly old place, you know, and all that," said Cornet Tollemache to me, aside, and with an air of mysterious importance. "And with an air of mysterious importance. "And as regards your uncle and aunt, I only wish that there were more of the same sort, for kinder people I never knew. Capital house, good cook, de-cent cover-shooting, and pretty girls staying here; but- You don't believe in ghosts, Carew, of

"Of course not," said I, wondering.
"Nor do I. Awful stuff!" said my friend, and went off to flirt with a Miss Porter, who came from Slochester too.

A lady whose acquaintance I presently made and who liked, apparently, to hear the sound of her own voice, was more explicit than the enig-matical subaltern had been. It was thus that Mrs. Methven explained matters: "Why, you see, Mr. Carew, we are rather celebrated for haunted houses in this part of the country, and

BLANCHE RESCUED A SECOND TIME,

place, built of stone which age had covered with mosses and lichens of dainty green and golden russet tints, and very much superior in an ar-tistic point of view to the red bricks and white copings of our own ancestral mansion in central England. The Hall stood also in a commanding position, perched as it was on a stone teroverlooking all the surrounding country with all its horrent woods, and bare peaks of gray rock, and the purple moorland clothing the neighboring heights as with a royal robe. part of the old house—the western end—looked upon a really lovely glen, something like a bit of Cumberland scenery transplanted to the south; and there was a steep fall here from where the terrace ended down to the rough rocks beneath, and to the stream that battled and frothed among the boulders and deep overhanging banks of its narrow bed.

I was very kindly received by the baronet and by my aunt-it was Lady Treherne, by-the-bye, to whom I was related—and found myself welcomed by a number of guests of different ages, ranging, so far as I could guess, from seven to seventy years, most of whom were Blankshire people, or from the adjacent counties. I was the only late arrival, for all the others had been for several days at Bramshaw; so that, as I did

the wonder was rather that Bramshaw, old as it is, and with all the dreadful things done here that must have been done of course—you men are sad wicked creatures, Mr. Carew, though of course you won't agree with me about thatshould not have had a ghost of its own before. But really, what with the rustlings, and what with the light tread that passes by our bedroom doors at the strangest hours of the night, and what with vague movements, and creaking of the old oak stairs, and things being disturbed or thrown down in a way no servant can account -why, one does not know what to think; and excepting your good aunt and uncle, to whom no one likes to speak on the subject, I assure you we are all exceedingly uneasy and un-comfortable."

And indeed, on farther inquiry, so I found A vague feeling of discomfort, almost of alarm, was abroad among the guests. Dinner, however, so far as I could see, dispelled all these dismal day-dreams as to haunted houses and creaking stairs; and indeed I have not often known people who enjoyed themselves so heartily as these Blankshire gentry around my uncle's hospitable board. They all knew each other, and had at their fingers' ends, so to speak, the names and circumstances of every married

daughter, and of every son at Sandhurst or the university. A few outsiders there were: Tolle-mache, the Porter girls, and Major Porter—an apoplectic old soldier, who rarely spoke except with reference to "the Dook" or "the Penin-sula"—and myself; esoteric persons, who did not know who Mary and Jane had married, and who had never admired Frank's score at cricket, or the matchless horsemanship of Adolphus. But they were all very kind, and did their best to lighten our natural sense of inferiority to those who were better informed. The dinner was an excellent one, and it passed merrily, and the children came in at dessert in gay frocks and sashes and velvet tunics and shining curls, according to sex and complexion, and there was a great silver-gilt caldron full of something hot and strong, which was called the wassail-bowl, and we all sipped and laughed, and became seasonably merry and blithely sportive.

Then in the drawing-room there were games

of all sorts—one of forfeits among them—and, to my own amazement, I found myself voted by the children into the high dignity and office of Lord of Misrule, or Grand Mufti, or something of the sort, which post I accepted because they clapped their little hands and seemed so eager and bright-eyed, and because even then, at oneand-twenty, I could not bear to say to children nay. And we had a great deal of romping, nay. And we had a great deal of romping, laughter, and intense nonsense, to the disgust of young Tollemache, who wondered how an officer of my standing could thus demean himself; neer of my standing could thus demean himself; until the tired darlings were taken off to bed, and it was almost time for us grown people to go to bed too. I think the liveliest of the young girls there, the quickest guesser of charade or conundrum, the deftest at "post" or "puss in the corner," the smartest competitor at forfeits, was my young cousin Blanche, the only child of Sir Charles and Lady Treherne, a delicate pale slip of a girl, with fine eves and long fair hair. slip of a girl, with fine eyes and long fair hair, but by no means so pretty as several of the little rich-complexioned west of England pixies who frolicked around her. Blanche's health, as I conjectured when first she put her thin hand into that of "Cousin Talbot Carew," was none of the best; and I could see by Lady Treherne's half-anxious, half-gratified look that she was surprised by the unusual animation which her daughter, usually languid and reserved, displayed on the occasion of these Christmas sports.

Well, we went to bed. My room was at the east end of the house, and was known as the Tapestry Room. Its walls were, indeed, covered with tapestry of great antiquity and ugliness, and the bed was an imposing structure, calculated to interest the structure. ted to impart to the intelligent foreigner, should he ever gain admittance, a proper appreciation of the majesty of sleep. A wood fire, clear, rud-dy, and bright, burned on the ample hearth, where the massive "dogs" or andirons of parcel gilt steel were formed to represent the heraldic cognizance of the Trehernes. I was tired, but not disposed to sleep; so instead of retiring to rest, I sat down before the fire, from time to time tossing a fresh log into the blaze, and meditating on many things, on my life, past, present, and future, as I gazed on the glowing embers, which seemed to have that strange fascination for me that they have had for thousands.

At last the sullen sound of the great clock on the turret above the stables reminded me that it was very late, conventionally as well as actually, and that I had better get some sleep while I could; and then it was that, feeling for my watch, and missing that accustomed pocket companion, I recollected that when we were at play down stairs my watch had been one of the forfeited pledges, late redeemed, and that it had been left lying on the marble mantel-piece in the been left lying on the marble mantel-piece in the great drawing-room, since I had forgotten to take it up when my little playmates left us. "It serves me right," said I, cynically, with the remembrance of Tollemache's face floating before my mental vision, "for making such a fool of myself. Never mind! I'll fetch it." So I took up my candle and sallied forth. The passage which gave access to my room was called the Gothic Gallery, probably because it was narrow and dark, with hideous medieval carvings in niches, and stained-glass casements, through the tinted panes of which the pure white snow outtinted panes of which the pure white snow out-side looked crimson, ochre yellow, or of a dusky green. This passage leads into the wider and loftier one styled the Oaken Gallery, where the family portraits hang against the paneled walls; and from this the broad and elaborately carved staircase of dark and polished wood conducts to the entrance hall below. I made my way to the drawing-room, found my watch without difficulty, the centre of a heap of torn gloves, crushed flowers, and the pink or blue papers that had been wrapped around French bonbons, relics of the juvenile revelry. I had nearly reached my room again when a gust of wind, caused by the sudden opening of a door, extinguished my candle. Immediately afterward I saw the faint glimmer of a light slowly and steadily approach-Nearer and nearer it came; and presently I could distinguish a figure clothed in white, or some light color that looked white in the uncertain light, gliding with a noiseless tread and a smooth evenness of motion which was of itself remarkable. I am, I hope, as brave as my neighbors, and I may say, without boasting, that I have not been found lacking when face to face with danger in a tangible shape; but I confess that a cold shuddering chill ran through my limbs, and that my heart bounded like a startled horse, and then seemed to cease beating, as I caught sight of this mysterious form silently and surely approaching me. 'The Blankshire lady's story of vague alarms among the visitors on ac-count of strange occurrences by night in that old house, the very scene, with its solemn state and antique magnificence, for the manifestation of supernatural phenomena, recurred to me with disagreeable emphasis. Idle words had I thought



them at the time when they were uttered; but now I felt any thing rather than inclined to ridi-cule them. The apparition drew nearer, and by cule them. an involuntary impulse I shrank back into a doorway, as if to allow it to pass. It did pass; and in a moment more I breathed more freely, and began to be heartily ashamed of my superstitious fancies.

Blanche! Yes, it was my young cousin, Blanche Treherne. I recognized her as she passed close by me, carrying her candle in a hand that was as steady as if it had been that of a statue; and, in truth, marble itself could scarcely have been paler than her fair, innocent face as she went by, to all appearance, without erceiving me. She still wore the dress that she had worn during the evening's merry-making down stairs, her pretty white frock relieved by some admixture of light blue. Her long hair, of a pale golden color, hung loose over her shoulders, and I noticed with wonder that her small feet were bare, so that her step caused no more sound than if she had indeed been a phan-On she went, walking slowly but with no sign of hesitation, her eyes fixed on somethingwhat, I knew not—as if a spirit's shadowy hand had beckened her onward. By some instinct I had refrained from addressing her, even in my surprise at the recognition; but now, moved by an impulse for which I could not account, I left my place of espial and followed her at some distance, being careful to tread as lightly as I could. She passed on, along the Oaken Gallery, and I wondered more and more at the strangeness of her conduct. Her own chamber was, I conjectured, on the floor above, as were those of several of the visitors, while others, as well as the master and mistress of the house, slept in that part of the mansion from which every step removed her farther and farther. Why in the name of common-sense had she chosen to range the house thus on this bitter winter's night? and what could be the steady purpose that drew her forward, as steel is drawn to a magnet?

Ah! now she can go no farther, unless her intention be, as doubtless it is, to descend to the reception-rooms below by the grand staircase for she has reached the end of the Oaken Gal lery. Such was my soliloquy as I cudgeled my brains in the effort to devise a reason for these extraordinary proceedings on the part of a girl of my cousin's age. It was just possible that she, like myself, might have left down stairs some object of which she was now in search; but if so, why this ghost-like gliding with bare feet about the mansion of which she was the heiress, indulged and loved by all? These thoughts came into my head as for an instant she stood still, near the angle of the broad landing-place, while in front of her was the great French win dow, filling up nearly two-thirds of the width of the wide passage, by which the Oaken Gallery was lighted. This window was an innovation, no doubt, but an improvement on the smallpaned casement of stained glass, through which the sun had scarcely had power to illumine the old pictures that lined the walls, which it had

superseded.
"By Heaven she is lost!" was my hasty exclamation, as, to my infinite horror, I saw Blanche turn from the staircase, and deliberately yet quickly throw open the tall French window. That very day, just after sunset, Sir Charles had insisted on my admiring the view from that west window, which commanded a bold sweep of country, swelling moorland and black pinewoods, rocky fort and the distant sea. The window was at a great height above the ground, since from it one could look down, sheer over the edge of the stone terrace on which the mansion stood, to a rocky dell, where far below a brawling stream made music among the boul ders that fretted its waters into foam. All this I remembered at the same instant that the dreadful truth flashed upon me. Blanche was a sleep-walker-her actions were prompted by the strange mechanical semi-consciousness of the somnambulist-and from this terrible slumber that was not rest her awakening would be in another world. Nearer and nearer yet she drew to the giddy verge, her eyes steadily fixed on vacancy. She stood poised on the very sill of the open window, through which the bleak night air rushed in, causing the candle in her unconscious hand to flare and flicker. I dared not call, dared not raise my voice, lest I should startle her, and precipitate the catastrophe that seemed imminent. There was a chance, though a poor one, that she would close the window and return to her room, as I had heard that sieepwalkers sometimes do, ignorant of the mortal peril so nearly encountered.

Now she seems to bend slightly forward, her slender figure actually overhanging the abyss. A fall from such a height must be fatal. Bitterly blaming myself for my own lack of prudence in allowing things to proceed to this nitch before I interfered, I mustered all my strength for one desperate bound, sprang to her side, and caught the girl's falling weight in my arms, at the very moment when she stepped from the window-ledge. A second or two would have made my hasty movement too late: and as it was it was well that Blanche was a light burden, and that I was active and strong, or both might have fallen from that dizzy perch. Blanche, abruptly awakened, broke the silence of the house by an agonized scream as of mingled pain and terror, and for an instant she struggled, while the candlestick dropped from her hand. The candle was extinguished in its fall; but I looked down and saw the tiny luminous spark of the burning wick falling, falling through the midnight dark-ness, and then heard the dull clang as the silver candlestick reached the rocks below.

Blanche's shricks had effectually aroused the household, and before I could soothe her natural alarm she was clasped in her mother's arms while a Babel of voices rose clamorously around

us, and conjectures, exclamations of horror or of thankfulness, were uttered on all hands, as visitors and servants came successively hurrying to the spot whence the cries had been heard. That the young heiress of the Trehernes was a somnambulist was what no one, not even her own parents knew, nor had the poor frightened child herself the least suspicion that this was the case; but at any rate the incipient ghost stories with reference to Bramshaw Hall were now nipped in the bud, and the most superstitiously disposed could not doubt the connection between the mysterious occurrences of which they had whispered and Blanche's unlucky peculiarity. The candlestick, dinted and battered, was found next morning among the rocks below the terrace

I prefer to pass lightly over the deep and fervent expressions of gratitude and strong feeling with which Sir Charles and Lady Treherne ac knowledged the preservation of their only child; but I remember to have reddened and winced excessively under the weight of praises undeserved, since any one else in my place would surely have done as much, and it rather annoyed me than otherwise that the company persisted in treating me as a sort of hero during the rest of my stay, and in humoring and deferring to me as if I had been some great public benefactor. The only exception to this general conspiracy to make much of an unworthy individual was Blanche herself. My young cousin seemed to avoid me since that eventful night; and of all the farewells that were said when I returned home the coldest "good-by" was Blanche's own.

We sailed for India; and for four years I

went through the usual round of Indian duties and amusements, with no opportunities of active service, but a fair average of sport with gun, rifle, and boar-spear, with plenty of drill as well as dancing, and an occasional change of station as the chief military event of the year. During this time I sometimes received, though rarely, a letter from my aunt; but from home I often had tidings of the Trehernes, who no longer resided constantly at Bramshaw, but were often in London, on the Continent, or at English sea-side wa tering-places. At the end of four years my elder brother, poor Tom, died, and my parents pressed me to leave the army and come home the necessity for a profession in my case no longer existing. With some regret I bade adieu to m former life and its associations: but, after all there is no great hardship in being the future proprietor of an entailed estate like ours, and with tolerable resignation I sent in my papers and renounced the career of arms.

I had not been long in England before an invitation to repeat my former Christmas visit to Bramshaw Hall reached me, couched in such affectionate terms, and so urgent, that I could not find it in my heart to decline. "Mind," said fectionate terms, and so urgent, that I could not find it in my heart to decline. "Mind," said my father, jestingly, "that you don't leave your heart behind you there, unless indeed you have left it in India. Miss Blanche, I am told by those who are judges of such matters, has turned out amazingly good-looking." I laughed and answered with a tone of perfect

conviction that there was little prospect of any love passages between my cousin, now sixteen years of ge, and myself. I found that my father's account of Blanche's appearance hardly did justice to the reality. She had developed into a very pretty girl, who at moments, as when she sang, which she did in a sweet sad voice, and with much mu-sical taste and skill, looked absolutely lovely. I took an opportunity to ask Lady Treherne, half jocularly, whether the "ghost" was effectually exorcised, and sleep-walking a thing of the past. With perfect confidence my aunt replied in the affirmative. Care and change of air and of scene amusement and study, had, she said, done wonders for Blanche's health; and whereas the extreme delicacy of her constitution had formerly caused much anxiety to her parents, they now considered her to be quite well and quite strong. "It was on her account, dear girl," said Lady Treherne, "that we quiet old folks have run about the world as we have done, traveling and pleasure-hunting; for you must know, Talbot, his is the first Christmas we have spent at the

Hall since—since you were with us."

A curious coincidence. It was wild snowy weather again, and with few exceptions the same company that I had formerly met had reassem bled under Sir Charles's hospitable roof. As before, I had arrived on Christmas-eve; and as the dinner in its old style, and the dance and the songs and music, and the games for the children, succeeded precisely in the same fashion. I could have imagined that the four last years were the baseless vision of a dream, and that this was my first and only Christmas at Bramshaw Hall. One change there certainly was. Blanche, no longer a child, was taken in to dinner by me, and she did not avoid me in the pointed, almost petulant manner in which she had turned from me when she was but twelve years old \cdot but I could make no way with her in conversation, nor did she meet my eyes frankly, but allowed hers to rest any where but on my face when I addressed her, answered my best things with monosyllables, blushed when I spoke carelessly of our former meeting, and altogether disconcerted me, who was perhaps a little vain of my powers of I soon gave her up as hopeless, and directed my attentions elsewhere.

Never in my life had I felt myself less disposed for sleep than when, late on the night of Christmas-eve, I sat before the crackling wood fire in my bedroom—they had given me the Tapestry Room, as before-and meditated on all that had occurred, for good or ill, since last I was the tenant of that ancient chamber. Four years ago poor Tom, my elder brother, was hale and strong. and I a younger son, with no prospects but such as my profession might, in these-from a military point of view-hard times, open out before me. Yes, four years ago: how strange was the adventure of that other Christmas-eve, to which

my thoughts flew back, no matter on what sub-

my thoughts new conditions !

ject I might be pondering!

Somehow, do what I I could not go to bed. Somehow, do what I would, I remained wakeful and watchful, with an undefinable impression upon me that I was wanted, that I had a duty to perform, and that I must not sleep. I listened intently for the slightest sound, and even the moan of the wind without seemed to me like a human voice complaining. Again and again did I throw wood upon the fire, until my supply of fuel waned to such an extent that it was plain that I must soon retire to rest, or sit up fireless. "This will never do," said I; "fancy is making a fool of me. I'll just slip out and take a glance at the scene of my former adventure, and then come back and go to sleep for the rest of the dark hours.

So saying, I took my candle and emerged into the Gothic Gallery. Instinctively I turned to the point where, four years since, I had espied the gleam of the light in Blanche's hand. All was darkness now. Here, too. was the doorway into which I had retired to allow the apparition, as I had deemed in to pass. Smiling at the recollection o my own prational alarm. I went on, walking softly, to the corner of the Oaken Gallery. "So vivid is the imagination," Oaken Gallery. "Sc vivid is the imagination," said I, "that I almost expect to see the glimmer of the light, and the childish figure gliding on before me, as when-

The words died away on my lips, for what I beheld was a sight that curdled my very life-

blood with horror.

At the other end of the Oaken Gallery, reced ing from me, and within a few feet of the great west window, was a female figure draped in white, distinctly visible, and carrying a lighted candle with the same impassive mechanical steadiness that I had noticed form years since; advancing slowly, too, and noiselessly, with the same air of being beckoned forward by a viewless hand that had shocked me in a child so narrowly rescued from a cruei death. It was no dream—no creation of a distempered brain. No, it was Blanche herself, her bright hair floating like pale gold over her shoulders, and wearing a loose peignoir of white cashmere. While I stood speechless she advanced, and with a slow but certain movement of the hand which was free, she began to unclasp the fastenings of the great French win-

For a moment I stood, as if rooted to the ground by horror. I tried to rush forward, but my feet seemed nailed to the floor, and my voice. when I essayed to call aloud, refused to obey my volition. The low creaking sound as the window slowly opened, and the inward rush of the shricking night wind, dissolved the spell of my helplessness, and I darted along the gallery, shouting, or attempting to shout, though my voice reached my own ear but as a harsh and hollow murmur. The white figure, bending forward, seemed about to vanish in the blackness beyond. Suddenly the candle was extinguished by a stronger gust of wind, and I uttered a cry of horror, for I thought that Blanche had actually fallen; but by Heaven's mercy I was in time, but just in time. My arm was round her waist, my hand was on her arm, as she was tottering on the very verge of the dread preci-pice; and by a quick and powerful exertion I drew her back. She awoke, with a low moan ing cry, such as may often be heard on the lips of a child suddenly aroused from sleep. "What is this?" she said, wildly—"where am I?—Cousin—what—where?" Then, as she looked around, and saw the reality of the position, she shudder ed, and sank fainting and unconscious into my arms. Bearing her as swiftly and tenderly as I could along the Oaken Gallery, I laid her on a sofa that stood in the adjacent corridor, and hurrying to Lady Treherne's door, aroused my aunt from her sleep, and related in few words what had befallen her daughter, and how a second time she had been providentially snatched from the laws of death.

It was the association of ideas that did the mischief—not a doubt of it," said the old family physician, who had known Blanche from her infancy: "the cure seemed complete, and in effect was so; but no doubt the Christmas spent for the first time at the old house and in the old way, the similarity of the weather and of the evening's amusements, and, above all, Mr. Carew's presence, with the memory of the former adventure, influenced our young friend's fancy in a manner that might have beenwon't talk of that now.

The Trehernes left Bramshaw at once: and at their earnest wish I accompanied them, and paid the remainder of my visit at their house in London. Here it was that I learned to find Blanche very, very dear to me, and that after some weeks I ventured to ask her to be my wife. "I thought," said I, as I took her little hand, unresisting, in mine, "that you rather disliked me than otherwise formerly; but perhaps now—"

"Do you remember four years ago?" she ask ed, interrupting me, and with a burning cheek and a glance, half arch, half shy, that puzzled

Yes, of course I do," answered I, perplexed. "Because I have loved you ever sincesince you—first—" and she shuddered, and hid

her beautiful blushing face on my shoulder.
Sir Charles and Lady Treherne gave their willing sanction to the engagement between Blanche and myself, which was equally welcome to my own parents; but on account of the youth of the bride elect it was thought better to post-pone the wedding for another year, till Miss Treherne should have passed her seventeenth birth-

When I asked her, as in duty bound, to name the day for that all-important ceremony, the dear girl besitated for a moment, and then, with tears, but not of sorrow, sparkling in her loving eyes, she softly made answer, "Christmas

"APRIL IS IN MY MISTRESS'S FACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE GARDEN." MY dear Harriet, I agree so entirely with all your sentiments; but at the same

"There is no particular use in my having sentiments at all, so far as I can see." Donaldson, shaking her head disconsolately.

"For a girl brought up as we have endeav-

ored to bring up dear Caroline's child—"
"Maria, I flatter myself that this is one of the times in which we shall see the advantage in having thoroughly grounded April in all matters important to her well-being. If it were not for this conviction I do not think I could have consented. At the same time, since Mrs. Winterton is unfortunately April's godmother-

"And had her name engraved upon the fork and spoon very handsomely. If it were only to spend the day-but for three weeks!'

It was a quaint, sober little drawing-room in which Mrs. Selby and her sister were sitting. They had kind, unruffled faces, which seemed to harmonize with the furniture and the ornaments lying at proper intervals. You could hardly fancy any storm coming down upon the room, or disarranging the books placed at due angles round the table; the flower glass on its wool mat; the tidies which covered the sofa: all the things which from year's end to year's end were taken up and dusted and set down again without being moved an inch from their original position. There is sometimes a kind of strange dead life in people's surroundings. You long to gather up the poor, useless, petrified books and worsted-work and little mats, and carry them away to bury them. They oppress you with a sense of unutterable weariness from their dreadful immobility. One fancies that something which might break the monotony of so many a heap of dewy flowers tossed into their midst, half a dozen children left to play and peep into the stiff boxes—might rekindle the old life; but the flowers and the children do not come, or at least they are cut into short lengths and stuffed into a high glass and absorbed into the ugliness of the wool mat, or sit up and are hushed on hard, uncomfortable chairs. That was how April Merivale had sat when she was a child. Her mother had been one of the Misses Donaldson, brought up with the same disregard of the beautiful, and dread of originality. Once only had she insisted on a point which ran a little counter to their traditions, and then, indeed, she was dying, which might account for it. It was spring, and something of the loveliness of the young life about her must have reached her mind, and touched her with its pathetic likeness to another young life which she should never see grow into summer, when she would have her lit-tle baby called April. Was it some sudden awakening to the beautiful which came to her in those last days? It is one of the questions we can not answer, but it was thus that in the midst of the set, formal drabs and browns of Elm Lodge, a girl lived whose name suggested a hundred sweet and fitful lights and shadows.

If the sisters, however, could not interfere at such a time with such a fancy, they did their best that nothing of what the name embodied should ruffle the regular clock-work existence into which the little April was trained. She had fixed hours for study, for walking, for music, for working: a fixed place in which to sit: there seemed no time and no room in her life for one shoot of individual development, nor do I think she had ever felt the want of it, although she was now eighteen. The Donaldson nature must have been strong enough to prevent any cravings after an unknown life or untasted sensations. Whether there was any part in her which might unexpectedly awaken, any inheritance of a certain bright-eyed Lucretia Merivale, at whose picture April sometimes gazed with a vague wonder, who could say? As she was when her aunts talked of her in the drawing-room she was a fair-haired, pretty girl of middle height, so upright that it was impossible not to call her prim, with calm eyes, and a little trick of keeping her mouth open, as unlike as possible to Lucretia Merivale, and sufficiently a Donaldson for her aunts to look at her gratefully, with a serene conviction that nothing more could be expected from herself or from them.

'It is such a mercy we were not disappointed," sighed Mrs. Selby, who seldom finished her sentences. "At one time I did fear her nose was a Merivale nose, but-

Some one has said that with two women living together, one necessarily falls into the husband's position. It seemed quite a matter of course to Mrs. Selby that her sister Harriet should give the required orders and make the necessary plans, and she herself had more than compensation in the shape of certain honors which came to her share as a married woman. She sat at the head of the table; she walked first into the room. It was under her protection that her sister and April ventured to brave society in that little circle in which Elm Lodge revolved. Of books she had but few, and such as she had were carefully chosen to contain as many facts and as little of the imaginative element as possible. I do not believe that any girl could have led a happier or a more contented life; but it was that of a bird in a cage; and if at any time she was compelled to fly forth, how would the bird fare in its untried liberty?

There was a little flight at hand now. Mrs. Winterton, Mr. Merivale's favorite cousin and April's godmother, had openly resented the aunts' persistent refusals to allow the girl to pay her long visits in her child days. After an interval of some years she had written again, in terms which almost claimed as a right the means of making acquaintance with Edmund's daughter, and Miss Donaldson's sense of justice obliged



her to consent. Nevertheless, it would have cost many people less to let their child go to India. You would have smiled, but yet might have found something touching in the way the aunts went softly about, as the da, drew near, taking out little piles of clothes, filling all the corners of the square, old-fashioned box, and looking wistfully at April, into whose eyes a little gleam of astonishment had grown.

You will be sure to fold every thing neatly away in your drawers, my dear," said Miss Don-

aldson.
"And your candle at night.—Harriet, do you think there is any one at Coombhurst who will

see to that? Because it would be so—"
"I think April is to be trusted. I hope he principles are so deeply ingrained that she will not be the worse for being thrown among those who have not been brought up with the same advantages.'

"And I am sure no young girl could have a nicer set of clothes," chimed in Mrs. Selby. "The tucks in your petticoats are most beauti-

fully run."
"April has every thing that is right and prop er," said Miss Donaldson, more severely. believe she will not forget this."

On the whole, I do not think any girl ever went away with a clearer conviction of the fact. Her aunts' maid traveled with her to the Coomb hurst station, and in the train April sat upright and thought of the new experiences that were coming, with a little serene pity for the cousins who had not had her advantages. She was not as yet overpowered with any sense of shyness: strangers were too little known to her for her to fear them as keenly as a less solitary girl of her own age might have done, and, besides, there was her little conviction of superiority to support her. It was not really conceit. April did not think of herself as naturally superior to other girls, only she believed what her aunts had so often told her, that her bringing up had placed her on a little height above them, and the very talk that went on daily in the little dreary drawing-room was such as most to impress upon her the wickedness of the world outside, and the safety of her sheltering ark.

Into such serene meditations the first pang of disquiet was not long in forcing an entrance. As the train ran into Coombhurst station it seemed to April as if the platform were crowded with people and bright colors, into the midst of which she had to descend, to be caught hold of and kissed, she hardly knew by whom.

"This is you, my dear, I am sure!" said an energetic voice.—"Maud, here she is; Maud! Where is Maud? Oh, I see, at the other end. -Dear Mrs. Roberts, must you get in? It has been such a pleasure!—Good-by, Mary, good-by. You will come on Tuesday; don't forget.— You poor child, you look quite tired and frightened: come along, the carriage is outside. shall soon be at home, and have some tea. James will see to your luggage.—Good-by, Mr. Hall; you have no time to lose.—What were you saying, dear child?—oh, the maid.—Maud, will you tell the maid that Miss Merivale does not want her any more?—We must not keep the horses waiting, my dear: Mr. Winterton is quite fussy about his horses.

April felt as if she were swept away by a whirlwind. Mrs. Winterton was so good-naturedly peremptory, there were so many things distracting her, that it did not seem possible to make a stand. At home the coming of a visitor was a kind of thoughtful ceremony; the whole household was interested; there was a regular little routine of the luggage and the fly, and Mrs. Selby standing at the drawing-room door to welcome them. But here it was mixed up with so much besides that all its importance was gone, and she could send no last messages by Croft—Croft, who was the real sovereign at Elm Lodge. She sat upright, and wondered whether Croft would be offended, and how so great a crisis in her life should be so unceremonious an occurrence at Coombhurst.

Coombhurst itself was a pretty old place, altogether modernized with large windows and flower boxes and striped blinds, and yet preserving that air of substantiality which belongs to an earlier date. One or two girls came into the hall, and there was a big man, whom Mrs. Winterton called "my eldest son, Edmund-after your father, you know, my dear," she added; but excepting that he looked at her a little curiously, nobody made much of her appearance among them: there were a hundred other things uppermost.

So you are come back, Maisie," said Mrs. Winterton to a girl in a riding-habit. "and Tom have lost your luncheon, as usual."

"Oh, we rode to Chittlebury with the Grays." "It was awfully slow pounding along the oads," broke in Tom, "so we came home across country; but Maisie funked the big ditch.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried a chorus of voices, followed by a plunge through the window, "there's a wasps' nest in the bank. Come and see!

"Smith thinks it's a hornets'."

"We're going to smoke it out."

"I may sit up, mayn't I?"
"I don't know if little Grif's all right, mother. He tumbled out of the swing, and has been

howling ever since."

April looked and listened in dismay. How different was this room, with its bright invading sunlight, and gay disorder, and books piled to-gether, to the shady drawing-room she had been taught to reverence! How were these strong-limbed, strong-voiced children opposed to the solitary ones who came to Elm Lodge and gazed dutifully at the Saturday Magazine! She was prepared for sinful things, but that no one should think them sinful was an unlooked-for perplexi-ty. There was Mrs. Winterton kissing the wild-

est of the party, and being dragged into the garden by three at a time. April looked after her with wondering eyes, until Ella proposed to show her her room.

A little burst of disapproval followed her departure. Maisie pronounced her dowdy, old-maidish, and conceited. Edmund, when appealed to, answered nothing, but strolled afte mother with a certain lazy way which he adopted at times. Tom alone stood up for her and for her looks, but even he could not resist a mimicry of April's position upon the edge of her chair, which had only the effect of increasing the laughter.

Poor April, folding and putting away up stairs, as she had been taught to do, with the serene consciousness of superiority not yet shaken, what would she have felt if she could have heard that laughter! Ridicule was almost unknown to her, and to ridicule an invited guest would at Elm Lodge have been an absolute impossibility. She had not dreamed as yet of the little shafts that awaited her, and though apt to color and blush, the fear which is the torment of shyness had not seized the poor child. She thought of the unpunctual Maisie and the invading children with a wondering pity. But the serenity could not last long; that very evening put it to flight.

Mrs. Winterton had a headache, and went to lie down; Mr. Winterton intrenched himself behind a wall of newspapers; Ella and Tom, April's least severe judges, departed together on some moth-hunting expedition; and those that were left had matters very much their own way. There is perhaps no failing upon which a certain class of English girls are so hard in this day as conceit, nor were any of these sufficiently penetrating to discover that April's rather stiff manners and little primnesses sprang from training rather than nature. Setting themselves, therefore, to—as they termed it—take her down, succeeded to the extent that she went to

bed miserable, and cried herself to sleep with a sudden conviction of inferiority.

The girl had a sweet, unselfish temper, in which wounds, however sharp, did not rankle, so that when the morning came there was no anger in the tremor with which she prepared to go down and meet her cousins, but the feeling which was astir in her heart, that she was dull, timid, and incapable, could only have the effect of giving her an awkwardness altogether new, so that Mrs. Winterton, who had taken a fancy to her the day before, and traced in her many a likeness to her father which would have horrified the aunts, began to be oppressed with the stiff pretty girl who sat upright beside her at breakrith the sun shining on her fair hair, and to wonder whether the two old ladies whom she looked upon as dragons had succeeded in banishing all ideas which could not be expressed by monosyllables.

Edmund Winterton, who sat opposite to April glanced at her once or twice, perhaps with the same wonder, or perhaps to study the effect of sunlight upon fair hair, but he did not speak. The conversation round, indeed, was carried on so vigorously that the silence of one or two made no impression, and every now and then questions were put to April which stung her with some new sense of deficiency. Did she shoot? did she row? did she drive? did she ride? She was quite thankful to be able to say to the last, "Yes, with Mr. Mills, the riding-master;" but even Edmund smiled at the little speech, and April caught the smile and colored. Good natured Ella carried her off at last to see the chickens and walk in the wood, and as the door shut there was a repetition of last night's outcry. 'Mamma, what are we to do with her?

"My dears," said Mrs. Winterton, deprecangly, "her father was very nice; Edmund was tingly, "her fathe

"Are you going to worry that poor girl to death?" demanded Edmund, suddenly, getting up and looking very big, "because she is too much of a lady to be rude herself, and too honest to pretend to do what she can't? I really think mother, Maud and Maisie at least might know

Poor April, knowing nothing of the champion who was exciting his sisters' wrath, was experiencing something of the hunted feeling which makes people long to escape from their companions. A vague sense of inferiority was troubling her. It was no doubt true that she had had advantages, but without advantages these girls did every thing better than she. It was true also that at Elm Lodge their accomplishments might be called unfeminine, but here it seemed as if they were necessary even for the routine of every-day life. And a strong sense of justice forced her to acknowledge other things. If their dress was very different from hers, they wasted little time in dressing, and Ella was ready in half the time April bestowed upon the operation. If there was too great an impetuosity of life at Coombhurst, yet also it was not all pleasure-seeking. Maud helped her mother; Maisie took the little ones in music; Ella and Laura taught in the schools. There was a brisk readiness in all they did at which the girl looked with a wistful, admiring wonder. So many more objects seemed to lie before them than in that placid existence which hitherto had been held up to her as the model for her own. So many new thoughts and aims began to crowd in upon her. The soft evening light in which up this time she had dwelt was changing into the fresh, keen brightness of a younger day, but it was all bewildering as yet. Not only were her thoughts in confusion, but sudden evil appeared to spring up; she felt herself at times grow hot and angry with wounded pride, and then the poor child's conscience would smite her, and a very wave of humiliation sweep over her. As the days went on a change seemed to grow in her face. If it had lost something of

the serene contentment which every now and then had been just a little irritating from its impassibility, it had gained a certain interest in quick flushes of color and in half-shy, half-imoloring glances from the blue eyes. Nevertheless, the girls, whose groove was in its own way scarcely less narrow than April's, would not give up the prejudices of their first impressions, while their own natures were not sufficiently fine-strung to understand the acute pain caused sometimes by the very indifference of f their looks, sometimes from a little scarcely veiled contempt, which wrought in their cousin a desperate resolve to conceal whatever excited it.

Of one protector she was partly conscious, and vet he seemed too alarming and too far removed to be very much of a comfort. A man so big as Edmund Winterton, and a barrister to boot, was separated, as April felt, by an impassable distance; and if by degrees this impression wore off, it was not so much by what he said or did as from a sort of familiarity arising from his being so continually near at hand, or sometimes from an apparently undesigned and lazy way of drawing upon his shoulders the ridicule which would have been so sharp a scourge for her own. Strangely enough, he thought the downs particularly unsafe and unprotected, the boat leaky, the horses vicious. April felt a silent depth of gratitude for such unlooked-for coincidences.

"We trust, as we feel we may trust, my dear child, to your sense of true decorum as likely to be of much benefit to you at this period of your life, as well as to afford an excellent example to

your companions. April was in her own room reading Miss Donaldson's note with a smile and eyes that were full of tears, foolish child! It was so easy to be an excellent example in Elm Lodge, from whence all invading storms were banished; and a fortnight had gone by, and in another week she would be in the home of which she made the very brightness, while here she was scarcely tolerated. She thought of that haven with longing, and yet with a little shudder which shocked her afterward. Maisie's voice outside the door was what roused her, full of a proposal that she should ride to Bourton with Tom and herself. April grew a little pale. One ride she had already gone through on Jenny, Maud's mare, and it seemed to her as if she could hardly again endure the terror, which had not been lessened by her efforts to conceal it.

Any body in the world could ride Jenny,] should think; but if you're afraid, don't go," said Maisie, impatiently. "Only all the others have driven to Chalk Hill, and mamma wouldn't like us to leave you at home by yourself.

It was of the school-boy Tom's disappointment that the sister was really thinking; but April naturally read it as a little taunt and something like an accusation of selfishness.

"I will go," she said, in a low voice. "I suppose I may have Maud's habit again? Will you send it up?

She started with a trembling heart, the others treating Jenny's capers with an indifference which to poor April seemed cruelty, although it did not really strike them that there was any thing to cause alarm. Tom, indeed, who rather liked April, thought it a good thing to show her something like riding, after the admission of what her former experience had been; Maisie considered it an equally desirable work to "take some of the conceit out of her," and both were too well used to horses from their infancy to look upon riding in the light of a venture.

Bourton was, however, reached in safety, and Tom's business transacted. About twenty min-utes afterward Edmund Winterton, slowly riding out of the little town, was stopped by the family doctor and questioned about some tenant of his father's.

"I'm afraid I've hindered you if you want to overtake your brother and sister," said Mr. Symonds.

"Are they ahead?"

"Yes: I met them going toward the Copse, and a young lady with them, who looked as if she did not much like the fidgety beast she was riding.

"What idiots they are!" exclaimed Edmund, hastily. "I beg your pardon, Symonds, I must push on."

The Copse was a well-known meet in that neigh borhood, and Edmund, as he rode toward it, did not withdraw his first exclamation. "The very sight of the place puts the horses in a fever, and ten to one that young madcap Tom begins showing off across country. I ought to have told April not to ride with them, or my mother or some one. Maisie just does whatever Tom tells her; nobody thinks of that poor child," he said to himself, stirring up the stiff old pony uneasily, and hustling him along over the uneven road until he reached the Copse, a small oak wood. hedged in and intersected by a broken track or two, but no actual road. Edmund, pulling up outside, stood in his stirrups to see if any one was visible, and then putting the pony at a gap in the hedge, scrambled through some thorns and into the inclosure.

"They've been here," he said, looking anxiously at fresh hoof-prints in the turf. can not have been so mad as to-

"Hallo!" cried a boy's voice.
"Hallo!" cried a boy's voice.
"Hallo! This way."

Somebody came running and pushing aside the brush-wood. It was Tom, with his round face looking oddly bewildered.

"Is that you, Edmund? Come, that's a bit of luck. Just jump off the pony and let me get back to Bourton. Maisie says I'd better fetch Symonds. They're just the other side of that hedge."

Stop a minute," said his brother, laying his hand heavily on the boy's shoulder. "Be goo enough to tell me what fooling you've been at."

"She didn't say any thing against it," said Tom, in an injured tone, "only that she never had jumped, and it was only the low fence, and I knew Jenny would take it like a bird. So she did. I can't conceive why April came off; and now the mare has gone home, and Maisie let my pony go after her, and there'll be no end of a

Edmund flung the bridle to the boy, and with a sort of groan strode in the direction to which he had pointed. There was a hole in the hedge, and a hurdle stuck across it, and on the other side Maisie was kneeling, with her arm under April's head. He was by her in a moment, and after her first cry of disappointment that he was not the doctor, she exclaimed:

"She is only stunned, of course, but oh, Edmund, it is horrible! Can't you do something?" He gave her for answer one look of bitter reproach, which was to Maisie at once such a revelation and so full of anguish that it struck her dumb. She dared not speak again; she rose up slowly, and let him kneel where she had knelt, and tenderly hold the little head, with its fair hair falling round it, and its face closed against all appeals of love or fear with that mute closing which is the awful shadow of a more awful hand.

The Copse was full of sweet summer sounds. birds singing, midges dancing in the sunshine that sloped softly through the young oaks to the ferns and grasses below; Maisie's horse, nibbling at the turf, and now and then shaking himself free of the flies that persecuted him-but no sound broke the silence of these three. Edmund picked up the crushed hat, and held it inquiringly toward his sister; she answered him by a gosture of assent—April had been thrown forward on her head. Never afterward could Maisie forget the strange, heavy stillness of that waiting, the flood of remorse that swept over her, the terror that clasped its cold band round her heart. She was not thinking, she had not the presence of mind to think, of her own un-kindness in any detailed form, but she felt it without one sting being lost. And all this time Edmund knelt and gazed into the motionless face—was it for days, or had it all passed in one flash?—when he was put unceremoniously aside, and Mr. Symonds's voice was heard breaking the

"I've a fly outside here," said the doctor, getting up from the grass, "and the best thing

we can do is to get her home."

Nobody asked a question; Maisie was too awed to venture, while Tom's self-reproach took the form of excessive surliness, until, to his own and every one's relief, Mr. Symonds proposed his riding home with the pony and his sister's horse. Still and white April was carried to the fly, and still and white she was lifted out. Fortunately the elders of the party had not yet returned, and thus had escaped the panic caused by the arrival of the riderless horses; but Edmund, pacing up and down the hall, longed impatiently for the sound of his mother's cheery voice. He was sore at heart with his sisters, vexed with himself, thinking of April as more helpless, indeed, than was altogether just, and for-giving Tom more readily than Maisie, because, while the latter was too wretched for speech, Tom had declared that April had shown no end of pluck, and followed where they led without remonstrance.

"She has been shamefully treated," was Edmund's reflection; "and if she had not the sweetest temper in the world—as well as the prettiest eves—she would never speak to one of us again. And then Mr. Symonds's creaking boots were

heard on the stairs.

"Better? Of course she's better," said the doctor, with a twinkle of amusement. "When you're eighteen you may fall on your head as often as you like. Keep her quiet up stairs for a day or two, until the system has recovered from the shock."

That tumble caused other shocks than the one to April's poor head. About a fortnight afterward the aunts were in the drawing-room where we first saw them-Mrs. Selby crying softly, and Miss Donaldson, who had been looking out of the window, speaking with a little unusual asperity.

You must control yourself, Maria."

"My dear Harriet, I know it. But a Winterton! If she could—"

"It is what we must have expected sooner or later, and I must say I have been unexpectedly gratified by the young man. He expressed himself with very great propriety "He has fidgeted the chintz cover off the

chair on which he was sitting. I wonder why men must always do that," said Mrs. Selby, com-

plainingly.

"And he appears fully conscious of the advantages our dear April has enjoyed," went on "Now these Miss Donaldson, without heeding. are points which I consider very much in his favor

"I like the dear child to be appreciated," said Mrs. Selby, melting; "only I can not think why people should not be content to stay as they are. But you were always the one to love a little bit of romance, Harriet.'

Perhaps. There are strange links that bind us together, old and young—experiences that are only unlike in their outer forms. Something may have lain hid behind the set books and the stiffnesses and the life that moved like a machine, which the very thought of April's blossoming happiness was enough to reawaken; and it may be that the sorrows which we wrap up and lay on one side, dreading lest a chance touch should recall the old pangs, are, after all, the means by which, in the days that are coming, God shall send softly down upon us a purer joy, a more unselfish love, and a harvest that has grown up we know not how.



1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round. 3d round.

-Always alternately 1 ch. and 1 sc. on the next sc. in

—Always alternately 1 ch. and 1 sc. on the next sc. in the preceding round (the ch. should always come behind the p.). 4th round.—Like the second round, but in this round widen so that it counts 24 p. 5th round.—Like the third round. 6th round.—Like the second round, but widen in this round so that it counts 36 p. 7th round.—Like the third round. 8th round.—Always alternately 20 ch., with these pass over 8 st. (stitch) of the preceding round and 1 sc. on the following st. 9th round.—Always alternately 26 sc. on the next ch. scallop and 1 sc. on the sc. of the preceding round. Fasten

Ladies' Coiffures, Figs. 1-5.

Figs. 1 and 2.—For this coiffure comb up the front hair, and complete it with several curls and puffs arranged over crêpes. Arrange the back hair in large and small curls and puffs, and above these set a high Spanish comb of bronzed metal, as shown by Fig. 2.

Figs. 3 and 4.—A hair bandeau in the form of a diadem is added to the front hair, which is crimped and combed down on the forehead and up at the temples. The back hair is arranged in puffs and curls as shown by Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.-For this coiffure arrange the front hair

Fig. 4.—Coiffure.—Back.—[See Fig. 3.]

TATTED ROSETTE FOR CRAVAT ENDS, ETC.

2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to 2 p. of the next two figures in the preceding round as shown by the illustration, 2 ds., 2 p. separated by 2 ds., 2 ds., t., on the foundation thread work one scallop of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., forten to the middle p. of the middle p.

fasten to the middle p. of the next ring in the preceding round, one scallop like the preceding, t. 5th round.

On the foundation thread al-

ways work one scallop of 2

ds., 9 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; after each scallop fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop in the pre-

Work the cenround.

tre figure with one

en to the p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t.; fasten every following figure of three rings to the preceding figure as shown by the illustration. 4th round.—* With the foundation thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 2 p. separated by



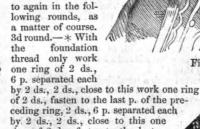
partly in crimps on the forehead and partly in puffs and bows over crêpes. The remainder of the hair is arranged in puffs and in long and short curls. A

comb of tortoise-shell or metal completes the coiffure.



This rosette is suitable for trimming cravat ends, children's caps, etc. It is worked with tatting cotton, No. 100, beginning from the middle, in five rounds, as follows: 1st round.—With one thread (shuttle) work one ring of 1 ds. (double stitch), 9 p.(picot) separated each by 2 ds., 1 ds. Fasten the working thread and cut it off. 2d round, and every following round, with two threads.—* With the foundation thread only work one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the next p. of the preceding round, 4 ds., t. (turn the work so that the last ring is turned downward) on the foundation thread work one scallen of 5 ds. 1 n. 5 ds. turned downward); on the foundation thread work one scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.;

repeat from *, always going for-ward, and fasten the thread. will not be referred



by 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the pre-ceding ring, 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., close to this one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds. t. on the founds. 2 ds., t., on the founda-tion thread work one scallop of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by

the thread and cut it off. 10th round.-* 1 sc. on the fourth sc. of the next scallop in the preceding round, six times alternately 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the ternately 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the third following sc., 3 ch.; with these pass over 8 sc. in the hollow of the scallops, and repeat from *, always going forward. In the hollow of the scallops, however, fasten together the two ch. scallops opposite each other. At the end of the round fasten

Fig. 3.—Coiffure.—Front.—[See Fig. 4.]

(COO)

Fig. 5.—COIFFURE.

the thread and cut it off. 11th round.—* 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, four times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the next sc., then 3 ch., and repeat from *. Finally, fasten the thread and cut it off.

Oriental Embroidery for Sofa-Pillow.

THE foundation in the original is of light gray cloth. For the dark figure in the centre of the design ap-ply black velvet,

and for the light figure on the outer edge and inside of the flowers turned toward the outer edge apply white cloth. The embroidery worked partly in dovetailed and partly in straight satin stitch, in

besques with



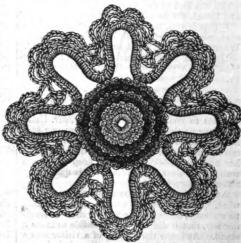


Fig. 2.—Coiffure.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]

CROCHET ROSETTE FOR CRAVAT ENDS, ETC.

maroon, and the lighter arabesques with light blue worsted.

The flowers are worked in bright colors, and the leaves and stems in several shades of green and brown; for the filling in the figure applied in the centre stretch long threads of gray saddler's silk, and fasten them with short cross gray sadder's sink, and rasten them with short cross stitches of finer blue silk as shown by the illustration. Instead of the manner just described the embroidery may be worked on a foundation of velvet, satin, or silk with gold and silver material. In this case the edge of the figures should of course be of fine gold Tulle and Lace Bretelle-Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 833. This fichu of plain black tulle is trimmed with black lace an inch and a quarter and three inches and seven - eighths wide, and with bows

of black

watered rib-

bon two inches

thread in small and large rings as shown by the illus-tration, and fasten it on the middle ring of the rosette with several stitches.

Crochet Rosette for Cravat Ends, etc.

THIS rosette is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60, as follows: Make a foundation of 8 ch. (chain stitch), which is closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). Then crochet the 1st round.—16 sc. (single crochet) on the foundation 2d round.—Always alternately 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch.) and

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA-PILLOW. -QUARTER SECTION.

To make the fichn cut of black tulle two straight pieces each twenty-nine inche and three inches wide, which are sloped off on one side from the middle toward the ends to a width of an inch and For the ends of the fichu cut two pieces

each six inches and a half long and two inches and a half wide, which are sloped off at the sides from the under to the upper edge to a width of an inch and a half, and are joined with the first two pieces. Then cover these parts with black tulle

a half.

which has first been edged with narrow lace on both sides and arranged in upright kilt pleats. Sew through these pleats an eighth of an inch from the inner fold. Trim both parts of the fichu, as shown by the illustra-tions, with the wide lace, join them at the bottom of the waist with several stitches, and trim with bows as shown by the illustration.

Suit for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

This suit of violet poplin consists of a double skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with ruffles, ruches, and bows of the m terial. Collar and cuffs of fine linen. Black beaver round hat, trim-med with black gros grain ribbon and rooster feathers.

Needle-work Edging.

THIS edging is suita-

ble for trimming linen and négligé robes, lingerie, etc. Work the embroidery on a foun-dation of batiste, linen, or Swiss muslin with embroidery cotton in button-hole stitch. Before working the embroidery underlay the design figures with coarse cotton, and work the stretched threads and wheels between the design figures. After finishing the embroidery cut away the material between the design figures as shown by the illustration. The upper edge is formed by a strip of the material ornamented with two rows of stitching.

Ladies' Walking Suits, Figs. 1-3.

-CASHMERE DRESS WITH VELVET MANTLE. dress with double skirt of olive cashmere is trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material. The black velvet mantle is trimmed with box-pleated gros grain ruches and with bows of black gros grain ribbon. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with velvet, ostrich feather, and a spray of flowers.

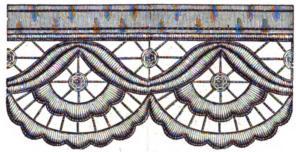
Fig. 2.—SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT. The kilt-pleated skirt is of brown silk. The over-skirt and mantelet are of brown cashmere. The over-skirt is trimmed with a box-pleated ruffle of the material. The trimming for the mantelet consists of a braiding of brown woolen cord. Beaver round hat, trimmed

with a gauze veil and a spray of flowers.

Fig. 3.—VIGOONE WALKING SUIT. Both dress and mantelet are made of gray vigogne. The dress is trimmed with chain stitch embroidery of saddler's silk of the same color and with rolls of



SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.



NEEDLE-WORK EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

gray silk. The trimming for the mantelet consists of a braiding of fine gray silk cord, rolls and points of gray silk, and gray silk fringe and tassels.

CONVERTS.

TT may be laid down as a general principle that every man ought to be converted once in his life, and that no one should be converted more than once. We do not, of course, mean that ev-ery man should change his Church and become a Roman Catholic instead of a Protestant, or vice versa. Changes of that magnitude must naturally be rare; and there are many conversions which do not involve a change of Church, or even of party. The alteration in a man's convictions may produce next to no change in his superficial relations. He may continue to use the old language and to fight beside

his old allies. But every generous nature has to undergo a kind of spiritual fermentation which must habitually end by transforming in many ways the substance, if not the external form, of his opinions. The fact that a man has been thoroughly consistent throughout his life is sufficient to show that somewhere or other there is an important element left out of his constitution. It afthere is an important element left out of his constitution. It affords a strong presumption that he is deficient, not merely in originality, but in fire and force of character. There are, of course, instances to the contrary. A man may by some felicity be brought up from his infancy among people who hold precisely that creed which is congenial to his faculties when at their fullest development. But even in that case—and the chances against its occurrence are enormous—he always loses much. The reason is obvious enough. Every creed that has obtained any serious hold upon the world must correspond to some powerful instincts, or satisfy some profound intellectual need. Therefore the man who has been brought up exclusively in a particular set of ideas, and has felt no desire to stray beyond them, must be deficient in that particular element which is represented by their rivals. We are all kindly required by our presented by their rivals. kindly provided by our pastors and masters with a number of formulas, which have been gradually elaborated by a long series of preceding generations. They are a kind of mental harness which is fitted upon us as it has been fitted on thousands of other contemporaries. If they fit us to a nicety, the reason is, in all



Fig. 1.-Cashmere Dress with Velvet Mantle,

Fig. 2.-SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT. Figs. 1-3.-LADIES' WALKING SUITS.

Fig. 3. - VIGOGNE WALKING SUIT,

probability, that we are either thoroughly commonplace people, or that we have that extreme docility which is produced by a languid imagination and feeble passions.

CUPID AS PEDDLER. By KATE HILLARD.

"Maidens!" Cupid sang one day,
"Come and buy of me, I pray;
Listen, ever fair:
Dreams I have to sell to you,
Dreams I warrant shall come true;
By my bow I swear!

"Maidens tall and maidens small, Here are dreams enough for all; Come and buy, my dears. Each fair maid shall suit herself, Dream of beauty, power, or pelf, Lovers' smiles or tears."

Maidens laughed and maidens frowned;
But they closed the peddler round,
Peered with sparkling eyes
O'er white shoulders pressing close,
While each eager bosom rose
To a storm of sighs.

And Dan Cupid, out of breath, Pressed and hustled half to death— So he laughing swore— Sold his dreams to all who came, Wealth or beauty, power or fame, Till they cried, "No more!"

Last there came a little maid—Downcast eyes, and half afraid;
With a flick ring red
On her cheek, that came and went,
As when breezes almost spent
Over roses fied.

"Little maiden," Cupid said,
"Ask your will, nor be afraid,
And I swear to you
Any dream you buy of me,
Howsoever fair it be,
Surely shall come true."

"Then, if I may ask of thee, Give," she prayed, "a dream to me Of a perfect love: Steadfast truth and fancy fleet, Tenderness as strong as sweet, Trust that naught can move."

Cupid smiled and shook his head.
"Such a dream as yours," he said,
"I can sell to you;
But on earth that dream, my dear,
Of a perfect love, I fear,
Never can come true!"

SAYINGS, AND DOINGS.

ONE after another, during the closing months of 1872, the German gambling tables are suppressed by law. These saloons are expressively termed "hells." The decree has gone forth from the emperor and his parliament that public gambling shall cease throughout Germany with the close of the year. Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Ems, and other German spashave derived their popularity chiefly from the existence of the gaming-table; and thousands and thousands of unwary travelers have been swallowed up in the fascinating but ruinous and pitiless vortex. It is stated that the winnings of all the German gambling "hells" amount—have amounted, we may now say, happily—to about 7,000,000 florins (\$3,000,000) annually—this immense sum being contributed almost entirely by the traveling public, generally wealthy Russians, English, and Americans. No stranger, sadder sight can be imagined than meets the eye in those luxurious gaming saloons—the old and gray-headed, the young and beautiful, even sad-eyed women and pretty young girls, are seen playing with eager hand and suppressed excitement. They seldom or never win large sums; but ruin, insanity, and suicides are common sequels. Ruined players, however, are an abomination to gambling bank directors; and some towns—Homburg, for example—have pald large sums annually to enable persons who have lost every thing to reach their homes. It intures the business to have suicides frequent in the vicinity of the gambling-table, and the proprietors are willing to pay something to get rid of those who no longer have money to lose. But these things for Germany will soon be in the past. One kind of iniquity will end; many a thoughtless young tourist will be saved from ruin; and the untold evils which spring up around such haunts of vice will, it is to be hoped, speedily disappear.

Some things are too big: the colossal drum of Jubilee fame, for example. It cost \$3500, and was sold for \$32 50 the other day. And what in the world the buyer is going to do with it is a puzzle. Where can he put the little toy?

Who that has ever visited the metropolis of New England can truthfully say that he never got lost amidst the crooked streets of that city? However much native-born citizens may love and admire those bewildering paths, to the stranger they are a vexatious puzzle. Hence it is pleasant to know that the streets of the Boston "burned district" are to be somewhat improved by being widened and straightened.

The globe is to be circumnavigated for scientific purposes. The British Admiralty undertake this labor. Challenger is the name of the vessel chartered for the trip, and it is fitted out with a magnificent collection of scientific apparatus. The voyage is expected to take about three and a half years, and science will be the gainer thereby.

"About this time" boys—and girls also—are on the look-out for skates. Polished and glittering, they present an elegant appearance in the shop windows. Skating is growing in favor every year, so it is quite worth while for invent-

ive minds to bring out new patterns—if they are also improvements. Ten large houses in New York make a specialty of the manufacture of skates; and one of these alone ships a thousand pairs weekly. So we can get some idea of the growing popularity of this amusement.

There is considerable truth in the definition of a great man which was once given by an old lady unknown to fame: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperets, ken read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumbling."

Newspapers are recommended as a substitute for blankets when one is lacking a supply of the genuine article, or desires a light warm covering on the bed. There is no doubt of the efficacy of these impromptu blankets. They have one slight objection, however—namely, the cold, rustling sound they give forth whenever the occupant of the bed stirs hand or foot. Nevertheless, it is well to know how to use newspapers in an emergency, such as being in a hotel and finding one's self chilly in the night. The papers should be spread between two of the coverings on the bed, and, if one is not restless, the result will be a warm and comfortable night; but tossings and turnings will send out into the chill night air vague, rustling sounds which will remind the nervous of long-forgotten ghost stories.

Singers, as well as musicians who handle instruments, may take a hint from the following remarks of the *Musical Standard*:

"We are sometimes almost driven to conclude there is a horrible rivalry between the players on different instruments as to which shall indulge in the most unsightly grimaces or the most awkward geetures. The fiddlers lash and saw away until it is daugerous to approach them, and their bow is almost as much to be dreaded as that of Robin Hood. It is this class of instrumentalists, also, who affect long locks and despise the hair-cutter. To see them fling the tangled curls back from their inspired brows, and sweep with hurried hands the strings, is a sight to awe the multi-tude."

Reports of the floods in Italy indicate that the inundations of the Po are such as have never before been known since the memory of man, the river having broken over dikes supposed to be insuperable.

If children come from school with a dull headache, listless and weary, there is something wrong. Probably the air of the school-room is not pure. Ventilation is a matter of the utmost importance; yet in many school-rooms there is only the choice of two evils—sitting in a draught of cold air or in an atmosphere of impurity.

In discussing the pres and cons in regard to the uses to be made of the Old South Church a Boston paper remarks: "The wants of a great commercial city can not be thwarted by a sentimental regard for even a time-honored edifice."

The Derby-Everard collection which has been on exhibition at the National Academy of Design is regarded by connoisseurs as one of the best collections of foreign paintings which has ever been open to the public. The subjects of these paintings are as numerous as the number—between three and four hundred—and they appear to have been chosen with special reference to American taste.

Models of the Tabernacle and the Temple of Solomon will be among the objects of interest at the Grand Exposition at Vienna. In the model Tabernacle every object is executed in its proper tissue—the textile reeds, cedar boards, the silver and brazen sockets, all being faithfully reproduced.

A sad story is told concerning three hundred Italian emigrants—men, women, and children—who recently landed in New York. They had been gathered from various Italian villages by bogus agents under the pretense that they were to be sent to Buenos Ayres, which was represented as a sort of paradise. They sailed from Naples the latter part of October, happy and hopeful. At Marseilles they were transferred to another steamer, bound for New York, being told that it was near Buenos Ayres, whither they would be conveyed free of charge. They were robbed of nearly every cent they possessed, all their baggage was either retained by the bogus agents or sent on to Buenos Ayres, and they, at the beginning of a cold winter, find themselves in a strange country, homeless and penniless.

A very singular ceremony is described in a French paper—a peace-making between twenty-nine families of Anglona, between whom hostilities had existed for ten years. The bishop of the diocese, priests, and country authorities assisted at the ceremony. The offenders, and those offended by the assassinations committed or the wounds inflicted by vendetta, formed themselves into separate rows in the open field; then they embraced each other, two by two, at first with a certain reluctance, but soon with the greatest cordiality. The twenty-nine families who, with their relations, exchanged the kiss of peace numbered in all 1300 persons. And a crowd of 2000 persons witnessed the strange and interesting scene.

Palazzuolo, a flourishing town in Sicily, was recently struck by a terrific hurricane, and one-third of it laid in rains. Thirty-two persons were killed outright, many more were seriously injured, a thousand families were entirely deprived of their homes, and many hundreds found that they had left to them only one little corner of what was once their dwelling-house. The scene was strange and almost incredible. Roofs were torn to splinters; balconies, shutters, timbers, and trees were sent flying through the air; kitchen utensils were blown through roofs; heavy pieces of furniture flew through windows; building materials were crushed into small fragments. The fierce power of the elements is something awful and grand.

So long as Washington and Fulton markets—two great eye-sores of our city—remain in their present condition, so long will New York be behind most of her sister cities in one grand index of good taste and true progress. Nothing can compensate for the inappropriateness—to

use a mild term—of having our eatables dealt out to us from poor, ill-kept stalls and unwhole-some, tumble-down shanties. If there is any thing that we want to look and to be clean, it is the food that we eat. And however much it may be purified after leaving the markets, we are conscious of irrepressible disgust in passing through the places where meats, vegetables, and fruits are sold. The new Manhattan Market, foot of West Thirty-fourth Street, shows that the spirit of improvement has been aroused. The solidity, beauty, and simplicity of the structure afford real satisfaction. Let there be more good, clean markets in New York.

An English visitor in Canada writes to the Queen sundry entertaining items concerning her hotel in Quebec. Of the meals à la carte she

"The bill of fare includes dishes never seen in England; besides the varieties of bread which we have, there is one of Indian corn which figures for breakfast. It is light, sweet, and delicious, and though always eaten hot, it is very digestible. Among other vegetables at dinner green Indian corn takes a prominent place; it is served up in the ears, each about the size of a half-plut bottle, and having a 'cob' about one inch in diameter running lengthwise through the centre. Each guest rubs his hot corn over with butter, peppers and salts it, then taking it by the extremities between the thumbs and fingers of both hands, he bites the corn from the cob. There seems to be no other reasonable way to dispose of the delicacy, but, whatever the skillful and fastidious management of the eater, he seems very much in the undignified position of a dog holding a large bone in his paws and picking it with his teeth; but the peculiar sweet taste of the succulent food is not altogether a bad payment for a little necessary loss of dignity in the manner of eating it. Another delicacy unknown to us at home is the pumpkin-pie. The hard part of the pumpkin is pared and bolled to a thick paste, then properly seasoned and flavored, and prepared for the table as an open jam tart."

It is the opinion of Hon. Ezra Cornell "that students can apply themselves to physical labor three or four hours a day without detriment to their studies." The result of the labor system among the students at Ithaca has demonstrated this: the "working students" are the "prize-takers." The great difficulty is to furnish sultable and profitable employment to all who desire it. The university has paid students for their work about \$10,000 per annum for the last four years, and estimates that they have earned about as much more by employment obtained outside of the institution.

TO THE BITTER END.

Br Miss BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

"OF ALL MEN ELSE I HAVE AVOIDED THEE."

JANE welcomed Mr. Vallory with a blush and

JANE welcomed Mr. Vallory with a blush and a simper. Her rural admirers were very soon made to feel themselves at a disadvantage beside this splendid London dandy, and shambled off with a sense of defeat and discomfiture to console themselves with a "shy" at Aunt Sally.

"How charming you look in that pink gown!" said Weston, surveying the damsel with his bold stare; "it's the prettiest costume I've seen today."

day."

"I'm glad you like it," the girl answered. "I bought it with your present; but, of course, I daredn't tell father so. He'd have turned me out-of-doors, I think, if he'd found out as I'd taken that sovering."

"Then you shall not run the risk of expulsion again, for when I give you another present, it shall be a gown of my own choosing."

"Oh no, nor that wouldn't do neither; leastways father would be sure to find out if I were to get a new gown like that. I had to tell him a fib about this one—that I'd saved up my money to buy it. He does give me a shilling once in a way; but he's dreadful near. I know I didn't ought to have taken that money from you; but I did so want to buy something new for to-day, and it seemed to come so handy."

for to-day, and it seemed to come so handy."
"Sweet simplicity!" said Weston, with his artificial smile. "There are women in London with not half your attractions whose milliners' bills come to five hundred a year; and are sometimes paid, too."

He strolled by Miss Bond's side under the trees, thinking this the pleasantest part of his stewardship. Mr. Harcross met them face to face presently, and marked his friend Weston's rustic flirtation as he went by, in conversation with one of the chief tenants, a stalwart farmer of the genuine Speed-the-Plow type, to whom he had been specially introduced by Sir Francis, and who volunteered to support him as vice-chairman at the dinner-table. The stewards had drawn lots for the tables at which they were to preside, and Mr. Harcross's lot had fallen on one of the tables at the earlier and humbler banquet. "I'll stand by you, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Holby, the farmer; "I think I know every body within ten mile of Kingshury man woman and

within ten mile of Kingsbury, man, woman, and child; and all I wish is that there was enough of 'em to gather my hops without emplying any of these here Irish tramps."

"You belong to Kingsbury, do you, Mr. Holby?" Hubert Harcross asked, with a thoughtful face, when he had done a good deal of duty talk about corn and hops.

"Higgs's farm, Sir, within a mile of Kingsbury church. I've farmed that land of Sir Francis's ever since old Higgs died, which is above seven-and-thirty years ago."
"Higgs's farm; yes, I remember. That's not

"Higgs's farm; yes, I remember. That's not far from a place called Brierwood, is it?"

"Not above two mile. I've walked it many a time between tea and snpper, when Richard Redmayne was a pleasanter kind of fellow than he is now, twelve or fifteen year ago, when his daughter that died was only a little lass not higher than that."

He held his sunburned hand a yard or so from

the ground, looking downward fondly as if he could see the fair head of that little lass as he had seen it years ago.

Who could have thought that it would be so sharp a pain only to hear of these things? Mr. Harcross felt as if a knife had gone through his heart. It was some moments before he could speak. Oh God! to think of her a little innocent child, and that she should have been predestined to love him dearly, and to die broken-hearted for his sin!

He would have let the subject drop at once, as a theme unspeakably painful, had he not been eager to satisfy himself upon one point. There had been something in the farmer's speech which mystified him not a little.

"You spoke of Richard Redmayne as if you had seen him lately," he said; "I understood the whole family had emigrated."
"Ay, ay," answered the farmer, with ponderous slowness; "the family did emigrate—Jim

"Ay, ay," answered the farmer, with ponderous slowness; "the family did emigrate—Jim and his wife, and the two boys, tall, well-grown lads as you could see any wheres. They went out to Australia, where Richard had bought a stiffish bit of land, I've heard say, for about a tenth part the price an acre as you'd give in these parts. They went out, Jim, his wife, and boys, soon after Richard's daughter died. She died away from home, you see, Sir, and there was a good deal of trouble about it; and I don't believe as any body hereabouts knows azactually the rights and wrongs of that story; and it's my idea as there was more wrongs than rights in it."

Whereupon Mr. Harcross had to hear the

Whereupon Mr. Harcross had to hear the story of Grace Redmayne's death, delivered conjecturally, by Mr. Holby of Higgs's farm, after a rambling fashion, with much commentary.

"It were a sad loss for poor Rick, Sir; for she was as sweet a young woman as ever stepped," concluded the farmer.

Mr. Harcross was compelled to repeat his question.

"I asked you if Mr. Redmayne was still in Australia," he said.

"Ay, ay, to be sure, to be sure. No, not Rick Redmayne. Jim and his wife and boys are over yonder, but Richard come home the other day, as changed a man as I ever saw. Him and me used to have many a pleasant hour together of a summer evening, with a pipe of tobacco and a jug of home-brewed. But that's all over now. He hasn't been anigh his friends since he came back; and he lets his friends see pretty plain as he don't want them to go anigh him."

"He is at home, then—at Brierwood?"
"Yes. I saw him standing by the gate the night before last as I drove home from market."

To say that this intelligence awakened any thing like fear in Hubert Harcross's mind would be to do him injustice. He was not the kind of man to fear the face of his fellow-man. But the knowledge that Richard Redmayne was near at hand filled him with a vague horror nevertheless. "Of all men else I have avoided thee." that even if they met face to face, there was little chance of his being recognized by Grace's father. That foolish gift, the locket with his likeness in it, had been lost. Grace had told him that during the brief dream-like railway journey betwixt Tunbridge and London, when she had sat with her hand in his, confessing all the sadness of her life without him. Strange to look back upon it all, and think of himself almost as if he had been some one else outside that sorrowful story; to think of himself and all he had hoped for and looked forward to that day, when he had deemed it possible to serve two masters, to hold his appointed place in the world, and yet make for himself one sweet and secret sanctuary remote from all worldly influences No, that school-boy love-token, the locket,

No, that school-boy love-token, the locket, being happily gone, there was no fear of any recognition on the part of the farmer, even if they were to meet; nor under the name of Harcross could Richard Redmayne suspect the presence of Walgrave. "So, for once in a way, that absurd change of name is an advantage," thought Mr. Harcross.

The first dinner-bell rang while he was holding this review of the situation, a cheery peal, which brightened the faces of all the early diners. Colonel Davenant would fain have fired a cannon as the signal of the feast, but, this idea not being received favorably, was obliged to content himself with the great alarm-bell, which hung in a cupola above the hall, and a fine old Indian gong, which had been brought out upon the lawn, where the Colonel himself officiated, with very much the air of an enterprising showman at a country fair.

"Now, Harcross," he cried, presently, swooping down upon the barrister as he sauntered under the trees beside Mr. Holby of Higgs's farm—"now, Harcross, you know your tent, don't you, old fellow, the one with the blue flags? Your people are pouring in already. You really ought to be in your place, you know. Come

along.'
"Be in time," said Mr. Harcross, laughing;

"just agoing to begin."

He shook off all thoughts of Grace Redmayne's father, for the moment at least, but not without an effort, and made his way to the blue-flag-bedecked marquee, attended by his esquire, Farmer Halby

"You must propose almost all the toasts, Mr. Holby," he said, in his careless way; "for I really haven't a notion of what I am expected to do."

This was hardly fair to Colonel Davenant, who had existed for the last week with a pencil in one hand and a pocket-book in the other, and had drawn up elaborate plans of the tables, with every body's appointed place thereat—so that no rural Capulet should find himself seated next his detested Montague, no village Ghibelline discover a Guelph in his neighbor—and made out lists of all the health-proposing and thanksgiving with as much brown-study and mental hard labor as if he had been endeavoring to discover the "dif-



ferentiate between the finite and the infinite," which the Yaukee lady was lately reported to have hit upon. What pains he had taken to coach Mr. Harcross in his duties! And it had

all come to this!

Clevedon lawn at beat of gong was a pretty There were all the elements of an agree able picture—balmy summer weather, snow-white tents, many-colored flags fluttering gayly in the sunshine, a crowd of happy people, an atmosphere of eating and drinking, and for a background the fine old red brick house, with its stone mullions and cornices, and quaint pinna-cles standing out in sharp relief against a sky that was bluer than the skies that canopy an En glish scene are wont to be. But fair as the scene might be without, perhaps the hungry villagers crowding into the tents thought the scene within much pleasanter. What could be more picturesque than those ponderous sirloins; tho gantuan rounds, with appropriate embellishment of horse-radish and parsley; those dainty fowls -fowls even for the commonalty-those goldencrusted pies, with pigeons' feet turned meekly upward, as in mute protest against their barbarous murder, pies whose very odor from afar off was to distraction savory; that delicate pigling, slain untimely; those fore-quarters of adolescent sheep, which were still by courtesy lamb; those plump young geese, foredoomed to die before their legitimate hour? What contrast of color could be more delightful than that presented by the mellow Indian red and burnt-sienna hues of the meat and poultry against the cool tender greens of the salads, the golden volks of eggs in rings of virgin white, the paler gold of the gigantic French loaves, baked on purpose for the festival, from which a man might cut a quarter of a yard or so without making any serious difference in the bulk of the whole?

At one end of the tent, and conveniently near the chairman's elbew, there was a small colony of beer-barrels, and a stack of wines and spirits, as neatly arranged and as amply provided as in the lazaret of an East Indiaman. Over these it was Mr. Harcross's duty to preside, assisted by

the under-butler.

He found himself seated in his place presently, amidst a tremendous shuffling of feet and scrooping of benches and whispering and subdued tit-tering, as the guests arranged themselves, under the all-directing eye of the Colonel, who had ap-pointed himself commander-in-chief or general-issimo of all the tables.

"Silence, if you please, ladies and gentlemen! silence for grace!" he roared, in stentorian accents, which might have made his fortune as a tonst-master; whereat a very mild-looking gen-tleman, with a white cravat and long straight hair, whom Mr. Harcross had not observed be-fore, rose at the other end of the tent, and invoked a blessing upon the banquet, which was almost as long as his hair. Directly it was over there arose a general gasp, as of relief, and then

a tremendous clattering of knives and forks.

The Colonel walked round the tent, calling

attention to the different viands.

"There's a magnificent viands.
"There's a magnificent sirloin yonder, ma'am, roasted to a turn," he said, confidentially, to a ponderous matron; "I should recommend you a plate of that. And if you, my love, have any taste for roast goose," he went on to a blushing damsel next but one, "there's as fine a bird as ever was hatched just before you. Which gentleman on this side of the table will undertake to cut up a goose?" And so on, and so on, with variations, continued the Colonel, till he had made the round of one tent and shot off to do his duty the round of one tent and shot off to do his duty in the other.

Mr. Harcross, in a much more subdued manner, made himself agreeable to the company. He saw that all glasses were duly filled with sparkling ale, or the more sustaining porter; he administered sherry to the fairer sex, and kept an eye even on distant diners. The rural population proving unequal to the manipulation of carving-knives and forks, he sent for one joint after another, and demolished them with a quiet dexterity which, to these wondering rustics, appeared a species of legerdemain. He did more carving in half an hour than he ever remembered to have accomplished in his life before, since his lot had fallen in the days of vicarious carving, and he contrived to keep up a running flirtation all the time with the young lady seated on his left hand. He had an old woman in a black bonnet on his right, the most ancient female in Kingsbury parish, who was reputed to have used the first mangle ever seen in those parts, and to have been the last person to ride pillion.

This honorable matron being stone-deaf, the attentions of Mr. Harcross were necessarily confined to a careful provision for her creature comforts. He supplied her with tender breasts of chicken and the crumbiest pieces of bread he could obtain, and devoutly hoped that she would mumble her share of the feast without choking herself. Having performed these charitable offices, he was free to devote his conversational powers to his left-hand neighbor, who was young and handsome, and was, moreover, the very young person he had seen engaged in a flirtation with Weston Vallory.

Mr. Harcross was in that mood in which a

man is ready for any immediate amusement, however puerile, that may serve to divert his mind from painful memories-for any excitement, however vulgar, which may help to numb the slow agony of remorse. There was no pleasure to him in talking shallow nonsense with this low-born beauty, but the rattle and the laughter and the wine made up some kind of relief. He took a good deal more wine than he was accustomed to take at that time of day; he talked more than he was in the habit of talking, until he shone out in a gentlemanly way at the eighto'clock dinner; and the talk and the wine to-gether kept him from thinking of Richard Red-mayne. He did not glance round the table with

fearful eyes, dreading to see that fatal unknown figure appear, Banquo-like, amidst the revelers. That most unwelcome discovery which he had made by means of Mr. Holby, the farmer, had left only an undefined sense of discomfort—a feeling that there was trouble near.

Miss Bond, in the mean time, was very well pleased with her position and surroundings. In the first place, it was a grand thing for her to be in the post of honor, next the gentleman-steward to which place she had drifted in the general confusion, while more timid maidens hung back upon the arms of kindred or lovers, waiting to be pushed into their seats; and in the second place, it was a pleasant thing to have disappointed Weston Vallory, who had expressed his desire that she should sit next him in the tent with the red flags; and lastly, it was a still more de-lightful thing to inspire jealousy and gloom in the breast of her faithful Joseph Flood, who had been released from his duties in time for the banquet, and who sat divided from his betrothed by half a dozen banqueters, glaring at her savagely, in silent indignation at her coquetry.

"This is the fine gentleman from London that she talked about." he said to himself; and in his estimation Mr. Harcross suffered for all the sins of Weston Vallory. "I reckon she'll scarcely open her lips to me all the afternoon, as long as

she can get him to talk to.'

Miss Bond was conscious of her lover's baleful ances, and improved the occasion, bringing all her fascinations to bear upon Mr. Harcross. rustic feast would have been a slow business without this amusement. There was a great deal of talk, and still more laughter, inextinguishable laughter, at the feeblest and most threadbare jokes. The conversation was that of people who emed to have no memory of the past, no consideration for the future—a people existing as entirely in the present hour as if they had been bovine creatures without consciousness of yester-day. Their little jokes, their friendly facetiousness, had a mechanical air, and seemed almost as wooden as the clumsy furniture of their cottages, handed down from generation to generation.

Mr. Harcross's previous experience of this class had been entirely confined to the witness-box; but he found that, as in the witness-box, so were they in social life. "And yet I suppose there are fine characters, or the material for fine characters, among them," he thought in one of the pauses of his flirtation, as he contemplated the curious faces—some stolid and expressionless, me solemn and important, some grinning with wooden grin. "I suppose there is the same a wooden grin. "I suppose there is the same proportion of intellect among a given number of these people as among the same number of men bred at Westminster and Oxford, if one could penetrate the outer husk, make due allow-ance for the differences of habit and culture, and get at the kernel within. Or is the whole thing a question of blood, and mankind subject to the same laws which govern the development of a race-horse? I wonder how many dormant Bunyans and Burnses there may be in such an as-sembly as this?"

He had not much time for idle conjectures at this stage of the entertainment, for the toasts

this stage of the entertainment, for the toasts followed one another fast and furiously.

The loyal and ceremonial toasts, "Sir Francis Clevedon, Lady Clevedon, and Miss Clevedon," "Colonel Davenant," "John Wort," the steward, "Mr. Holby," the oldest and most important tenant, who had condescended to take a case of this informatical when his may entitled seat at this inferior table, when his rank entitled him to the best place at the superior board-all these and sundry other toasts were proposed in discreet and appropriate language by Hubert Harcross, with much secret weariness of spirit; and after every toast there was a long lumbering ech from some one in acknowledgment there

Mr. Harcross thought these people would have done eating and drinking, that this health-proposing and thanks-returning would never come to an end. It was only half past three when all was over, and he came out of the tent amidst the crowd with Jane Bond by his side; but it seemed to him as if the business had

lasted a day and a night.

The local band had brayed itself breathless. and had retired to refresh itself in one of the tents; and now the band from London began to scrape its fiddles, and tighten the strings of its violoncello, and juggle mysteriously with little brass screws in its cornets, preparatory to performing the newest dance music for the rest of the afternoon.

You must keep the last waltz for me," said Mr. Harcross, casting himself on the grass at the feet of Miss Bond, who had seated herself on a bench under the trees. "I feel as if I should not be equal to any thing before that. What a relief it is to get into the open air and smell the pine-trees after the atmosphere of that tent! I felt the thermometer rising as it must have done in the Black Hole."

"I don't know how to waltz," replied Miss Bond, casting down her eyes. "Father has always set his face against dancing; but I know the Lancers and the Caledonians. I learned the

figures out of a book."

"Then we'll dance the Lancers," Mr. Har-cross said, with a yawn, "though it is the most idiotic performance ever devised for the abasement of mankind. What would Dog-ribs or Rocky Mountain Indians think of us if they saw us dancing the Lancers? I believe the Dogribs have a dance of their own, by-the-way, dance of amity, which is performed when friends meet after long severance, and which lasts two days at a stretch-a dance which. I take it. must be something of the Lancer or Caledonian species."

He closed his eyes, and slumbered for a few minutes peacefully, as he had often slept in lawcourts and committee-rooms, while the band from London played a good honest country-dance. He had no very precise idea of the duties of his

stewardship, or what more might be required of He might be wanted to dance with the him. oldest woman of the party, or the youngest, or the prettiest, or the ugliest; but he was not in-clined to give himself any farther trouble, and if Colonel Davenant had any new task to impose upon him, he would have to come and find him. here was a soothing sensation in the touch of that soft warm turf, in the odoriferous breathing of the pine-trees, stirred gently by a light sum-mer wind. He thought of that other holiday afternoon at Clevedon, and a vision of Grace Redmayne rose before him in her pale young beauty. Oh God! if he could have opened his eyes to find himself at her feet! He thought of those two mournful lines which Southey quotes in The Doctor :

"Oh, if in after-life we could but gather The very refuse of our youthful hours!"

CHAPTER XXXIX. "THOU ART THE MAN."

At three o'clock the gentry went to luncheon in the great dining-room. They had been arriving from one o'clock upward, and had spent the interval in sauntering about the upper part of the lawn, gazing from a respectful distance at the happy rustics very much as they might have done at animals in cages. It is possible that this amusement, even when eked out by conversation and croquet, and enlivened by the strains of the local band, may have somewhat palled upon the county families, and that the signal for the patrician banquet was a welcome re-lief. However this might be, the spirits of Sir Francis Clevedon's friends rose perceptibly in the banquet-hall. Incipient flirtations, which had only budded feebly on the lawn, burst into full blossom under the influence of sparkling wines, and that delightfully bewildering concert of voices produced by three-and-twenty different

the county was upon them. All the windows were open, and the cheering from the tents on the lawn mingled not unpleasantly with the merry confusion of voices within. It was a nice thing to know that those poor creatures who were not in society were for once en-

tête-à-têtes all going on at once. Georgie was eminently happy as she sat opposite her adored Francis at this their first large party, for she felt that the fête was a success, and the eye of

joying themselves.

"How strange it must seem to them to taste Champagne!" said the pretty Miss Stalman to her latest admirer; "I wonder if they are afraid it will go off and blow them up, like gunpowder?"

"Don't know, I'm shaw," replied the gentleman; "but I should imagine they were hardly up to it. They'll take it for a superior kind of beer. Champagne is a question of education, you see. There are people who believe implicitly in any wine that 'll blow a cork out of a bottle."

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Redmayne presented his card of admission at the south lodge, guarded to-day by an official from the Tunbridge police-office, who gave him a secondary ticket, printed on pink tissue-paper, which was to admit him to the tenants mar-

quee.
"You'd better look sharp, Sir," said this official, in a friendly tone; "the tenants' dinner was

to begin at three o'clock punctual."
"I didn't mean to dine," Richard answered,
dubiously; "I only came to look about a little."

"Not go in to dinner, Mr. Redmayne!" ex-claimed the policeman, who knew the master of Brierwood by sight; "and it's to be as fine a dinner as ever was eaten. Sure to goodness you'd never be so foolish!"

Mr. Redmayne gave him a nod and went on, pledging himself to nothing. He thought he could stroll about on the outskirts of the crowd, and see as much of the festival as he cared to see, without joining in any of the festivities. But when he came to the lawn where the revelwas held he found himself pounced upon by the ubiquitous Colonel, who was marshaling the tenants to their places, and who seized upon his pink-paper ticket and examined it eagerly.
"No. 53," he exclaimed: "the seats are all

If you'll follow those ladies and gentlemen, Sir, into that tent. Keep your ticket; the stewards are inside. Go on, Sir, if you please." And not caring to remonstrate, Richards and the stewards are inside. ard Redmayne went the way Fate drifted him, and found himself presently seated at the board between two strangers, cheered by that inspiring melody, The Roast Beef of Old England.

The dinner in the tenants' marquee did not differ materially from the humbler banquet of the villagers. The viands were of a more epicurean character: there were savory jellies, and raised pies, and lobster-salads, as a relief to the rounds and sirloins, and there were no such vulgarities as goose or sucking pig. There were tartlets and cheese-cakes, and creams and blancmanges, and glowing pyramids of hot-house grapes and wall-fruit for the feminine banqueters, and there were sparkling wines and bottled ales in abundance. There was the same crescendo of multitudinous voices, and the jokes, though somewhat more refined than the humor of the villagers, had the same rustic flavor.

Richard Redmayne had of late found it easier to drink than to eat; so he did scanty justice to sirloin or savory pie, but made up the deficiency by a considerable consumption of Champagne, a wine he had learned to drink in his gold-digging days, when the lucky digger was wont to "shout" -that is to say, pay the shot-for the refreshment of his comrades. He sat in moody silence. amidst all that talk and laughter, and drank and thought of his troubles.

They had been brought sharply home to him by the presence of John Wort, who sat at the bottom of the table, while Colonel Davenant

took the chair at the top. He had not spoken to the steward since that night in his office, and the sight of him set him thinking of his wrongs

with renewed bitterness.

"He knew the man," he said to himself.

"He brought him to my house. But for him

my little girl might be with me to-day."

It was a bitter thought, not to be drowned in the vintage of Perrier or Moet. The man went on drinking, uncheered by the wine, growing gloomier, rather, as he drank.

The toasts had not yet begun. Sir Francis was to bid his guests welcome before that ceremony was entered upon. It was about half past four, when there was a little buzz and movement at the entrance of the marquee, and a great many people stood up, as if a monarch had appeared

among them.

Richard Redmayne looked up listlessly enough, not having the keen personal interest of the ten-ants, to whom this man's favor was to be as the sun itself, diffusing light and heat. He looked up, and saw a tall slim young man coming slow-ly along on the opposite side of the table, stop-ping to speak to one and to shake hands with another, and ready with a pleasant greeting for all; a darkly handsome face, smiling kindly,

while all the assembly stood at gaze.

After that one careless upward glance Richard Redmayne sat staring at the new-comer, motionless, nay, almost breathless, as a man of stone. Had not those very lineaments been bitten into the tablet of his mind with the corroding acid of hate? The face was a face which he had seen in many of his dreams of late—the face of a man with whom he had grappled, hand to hand and foot to foot, in many a visionary strug-gle—a countenance he had hardly hoped to look upon in the flesh. It was the very face which he had pored upon so often in that foolish toy, his dead girl's locket. He had the thing in his breast to-day, fastened to his watch-ribbon.

"What! was he the man?" he said to him-

self at last, drawing a long, slow breath.

Was this the man—Sir Francis Clevedon? In that sudden light of conviction Richard Redmayne began to wonder that he had never guess-ed as much as this: the man who came to Brierwood, recommended and guaranteed by John Wort: the man who had free access to Clevedon, and whom Wort had seemed anxious in every respect to oblige. He remembered that stormy interview in the little office at Kings-bury, and John Wort's endeavor to shield the delinquent. Yes, the murder was out. This hero of the hour, upon whom all the world was smiling, was the destroyer of his child.

The savage thirst for vengeance which took possession of him on this discovery was tempered by no restraining influence. For years past all his thoughts and dreams and desires had tended to one deadly end. Whatever religious sentiments he had cherished in his youth—and very few young men with innocent surroundings are irreligious—had been withered by this soul-blasting grief. Nor had his Australian experi-ence been without an evil effect upon his character. It had made a naturally careless disposition reckless to lawlessness. Of all the consequences which might tread upon the heels of any desperate act of his he took no heed. He reasoned no more than a savage might have reasoned; but having, as he thought, found his enemy, his whole being was governed by but one consideration—as to the mode and manner of that settlement which must come between them.

He sat in his place and meditated this question while Sir Francis Clevedon made his round the table. It was a somewhat protracted journey, for the baronet had something particular to say to a great many of his tenants; he had set his heart upon holding a better place in their estimation than his father had held, on being something more to them than an absorbent of rents. He talked to the matrons and complimented the daughters, and had a good deal to say about harvest and hopping and the coming season of field-sports to the fathers and sons. What a herd of sycophants those people seemed to Richard Redmayne's jaundiced soul as they paid their honest homage to the proprietor of their homesteads, and what a hypocrite the squire who received their worship!

'Does he mean to break the hearts of any of their daughters?" he thought, as he saw the matrons smiling up at him, the maidens downcast and blushing. Sir Francis was close behind him presently, and paused for a moment to glance at that one sullen figure which did not move as he passed—only for a moment, there were so many to speak to. The man's potations had been a

trifle too deep, perhaps.

The man drank deeper before the banquet was over. He went on drinking in his gloomy, silent way during that lengthy ceremonial of toast-pro-posing. Sir Francis had stood at the end of the table by John Wort, and made a cheery little speech to set them going, and then had slipped away, leaving the Colonel, who loved all manner of speechification, in his glory. How he hammered at the toasts, heaping every hyper-bolical virtue upon the head of his subject! that honorable, noble-hearted, worthy English farmer Mr. A—, whom they all knew and esteemed, and whom it was a proud thing to know, and an impossible thing not to esteem, and who, etc., etc.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

What little gushes of sentiment welled from the kindly Colonel's lips; what scraps of poetry more or less appropriate, but always applauded to the echo; what swelling adjectives rolled off his fluent tongue; and how the Champagne corks flew, and the honest brown sherry—a sound sustaining wine -shrank in the decanters!

Richard Redmayne sat it all out, though the



talk and laughter, the cheering and jolly-goodfellowing, made little more than a mere Babel sound in his ears. He sat on, not caring to draw people's attention upon him by an untimely departure; sat on drinking brandy-and-water, and having no more fellowship with the feasters than if he had been the skull at an Egyptian banquet.

At last the revelry, or this stage of the revelry, was over, and the tenants left their tent. Dancing had been in full progress for some time among the humbler guests, and the wide lawn in the evening sunlight presented a pretty picture of village festivity: the music of an old-fashioned country-dance was sounding gayly, a long line of figures threading the needle—the women in bright-colored gowns and ribbons, the men with gaudy neckerchiefs and light waistcoats—all

gaudy neckerchers and light waistcoars—all moving, all full of life and color, the low western sun shining on them, the joy-bells of Kingsbury church ringing a vesper peal.

Sir Francis was standing on the outskirts of the lawn, with his wife on his arm, watching the dancers. They moved slowly away as Richard Balbarya correct the great and his year toward. Redmayne crossed the grass on his way toward them. His quick eye had seen that hated figure, and he went across the lawn intending to speak

and he went across the lawn intending to speak to his enemy, even in that place and at that time. His wrath had kept for years, and had strength-ened with his nursing; but he was not a man to delay the time of reckoning by so much as an hour. He had no clear idea of what he meant to say, nor had his libations in the tent conduced to clearness of brain; but he knew that he meant to denounce Francis Clevedon before the face of all the world. al! the world.

"I'll let them know what a noble gentleman tire, we got for their landlord," he said to him-self. "I'll stop all their humbug and palaver, ark make them sing to a different tune. I should think the fathers that have only daughters will turn their backs upon him, anyhow."

e followed Sir Francis and his wife at a respatful distance, as they strolled slowly toward the louse, biding his time, but meaning to come up with them presently. They did not go in by the hief entrance, but by an iron wicket leading into the garden, which lay at one side of the Hall, and extended for a long way behind it. They had disappeared behind the angle of the house by the time Mr. Redmayne came to this gate. He entered the garden, however, and went round to the back of the house.

The library was on this side of Clevedon Hall. Its five windows opened on the grass-plots and flower beds, and commanded a view of the fishpond, where there were gold and silver fish in abundance now—happy fish, which were fed evcockato—nappy isin, which were the every morning by Georgie's hand. A huge gray cockato—a wedding present from the Colonel to his daughter—was screaming on its perch before an open glass door. This was the only open door Richard Redmayne could see as he cast a quick look along the house. He crossed the grass-plot with a rapid footstep, and looked into the

After the vivid sunshine out-of-doors the Cleve-don library had a dusky look. The walls had been lined by Clevedons of a more studious temper than the baronets of later generations. From floor to ceiling the room was filled with books, and massive caken book-cases, seven feet high, stood out from the walls, dividing the chamber into various nooks and recesses, or pens rather, where a student might pore over some ancient volume in the strictest solitude, although the centre of the room were ever so well occupied. It seemed a darksome apartment to Richard Redmayne as he peered in, with his back to the gar-den and the sunlight. Those walls of brown-backed folios and quartos, enlivened here and there by a row of duodecimos in faded crimson morocco, or a little batch of octavos in veilum, had a sober air that was almost gloomy. There was none of the costliness and luxury of binding which render modern libraries things of beauty. The volumes had been collected in an age when it was the fashion to make the outsides of books as repulsive as possible; when knowledge was for the privileged classes, and the solemn Muses of history and poetry, and the graver geniuses of philosophy and science, disdained to make themselves attractive by meretricious arts in the way of outward adornment.

Richard Redmayne gave a hasty glance round the room, and thought that it was "unked;" and then seeing a white dress near a distant door, which he took to be Lady Clevedon's,

stepped boldly in.

The lady by the door turned at the sound of the farmer's footstep on the uncarpeted oak floor. It was Georgie, who had been in the act of leaving the room as the intruder entered. She looked at him with a little surprise, but without alarm. It was scarcely strange that unknown figures should be wandering about to day.

You are looking for some one, I suppose, she said, with her pretty smile.

"Yes, I am looking for Sir Francis Clevedon." "He was here scarcely a minute ago; but I don't think you can see him just yet. He has gone to the billiard-room with General Cheviot. Is it any thing very particular you have to say

She fancied the strange man must be one of the tenants, who wanted his roof repaired, perhaps, or new pig-sties, and who chose this inappropriate occasion for the preferment of his re-

quest.
"It is something very particular," said Richard in a strange voice. "I never thought to ard, in a strange voice. "I never thought to see Sir Francis Clevedon's face as I have seen it to-day.

The strangmess of the words, as well as of the man's tone and manner, startled her. He was deadly pale too; she could see that, although he stood with his back to the light.

He had been taking too much Champagne, perhaps: that was the most natural explanation of the business. What a horrible situation, to be left alone in this great room with a dreadful tipsy farmer! Poor Georgie gave a little shudder, and moved hastily toward the door.

"I will send some one to tell my husband you

want to see him," she said, in a conciliating tone, "if you'll be good enough to sit down and wait."

"Don't go, Lady Clevedon. Perhaps I'd better tell you my story. Women are supposed to be compassionate; and I have heard so much of your goodness. You don't mind listening to

me for a few minutes, do you?"

Georgie hesitated. No, this was no tipsy farm The man's earnestness at once interested and alarmed her.

"I never meant to come to Clevedon to-day. I almost wish, for your sake, I hadn't come. It was my fate, I suppose, that sent me here, or those devilish joy-bells clanging all the morning that drove me. Anyhow I came; came to find the man I have been looking for, on and off, since

my daughter died."

He stood with his hand resting on a carved oakreading-desk, looking down at Lady Clevedon, who had seated herself a little way off, thinking it wisest to seem calm and self-possessed. What if the man were some maniac who had stolen in among the guests? There was much in his manner to suggest such a fear—no hint of violence, but rather an unnatural calmness, which was still more appalling.

Georgie; "but I am sorry for you with all my

heart."
"Be sorry for yourself, Lady Clevedon; for you are the wife of a villain.

Oh, the man was mad evidently, a wretched creature whom grief had made distraught. Her first thought had been right. She glanced to-ward the door with a little look of terror, and rose from her chair, her first impulse being to Richard Redmayne laid his hand upon her

"Stop," he said; "I want you to answer a question. What do you think of a man who came to my house under a false name; came to a neighborhood where he should have come as master and land-owner; came on the sly, pre-tending to be a stranger; came into an honest man's house and blighted the life of his child; tempted her away from home, under a lying promise of marriage—I have my dead girl's letter to prove that—and never meant to marry her; took her to a house that he had taken under another false name; and when she died in his arms—struck dead by the discovery of his falsehood, as I know she was—within a quarter of an hour of her entrance under that roof, lied again, and swore she was his sister; then buried her in a nameless grave, far away from her home, and left her doting father to find out how best he might what had become of his only child? What

"YOU HAVE YOUR HUSBAND'S PICTURE IN YOUR HAND,"

"Looking for him, on and off," he repeated, "since my daughter died. You have heard of me, perhaps, Lady Clevedon; my name is Richard Redmayne."

"Yes, I have heard of you."

"And you have heard my story, I suppose?"
"I have been told you had a daughter whon

you lost, and whose death affected you severely." "What, was that all? Did you hear no speculations as to the cause of her death? no hints of a seduction? a foolish, trusting girl tempted away from her home?

"No," Georgie answered, gently; "I have heard nothing but the mere fact of your daugh-ter's early death. But if the story is indeed so sad a one as you seem to say, I am sincerely sorry for you.'

She thought that the man had been drinking until the recollection of his wrongs and sorrows had in some measure affected his brain. She was very patient with him, therefore, willing even to listen sympathizingly to any statement of his wrongs, whereby he might relieve an overbur-

"Who said my daughter was disgraced?" he who said my daughter was disgraced. He exclaimed, taking up her words with an indignant air. "Not I. God would not suffer that. She was too pure to be the wictim of a scoundrel. Death came between her and her tempter. But

her death be upon his head!"
"I can't quite understand the story," faltered

do you think of such a man as that, Lady Cleve-

"What can I think," said Georgie, who had grown very pale, "except that he was a villain?"

"A most consummate villain, eh?"
"A most consummate villain."

I am glad von are honest er that," said Richard Redmayne, flinging Grace's locket upon the table, with the false back open, and the portrait exposed, "although the man is

your husband."
"What do you mean, Sir?" cried Georgie.
"You must be mad to say such a thing."

"Look at that," he said, pointing to the miniature; "whose face is that, do you think?"

Alas for the fidelity of portraiture! The photograph of Hubert Walgrave Harcross, improved and beautified by the miniature painter, every mark of care and thought and age eliminated, much more nearly resembled the elegant baronet than the studious lawyer. Georgie's heart

began to beat wildly, and her hand shook so much that she could scarcely lift that fatal trink-She did take it up, however, and looked at it with a long, despairing gaze.

"This is my husband's portrait, certainly,"

she said, in slow, tremulous tones; "but what does that prove? Do you suppose that any thing you can say would make me think ill of him?"

"Oh, I dare say you will stand by him, whatever he may be," cried Mr. Redmayne, with a

sardonic laugh. "Besides, it all happened before he married you, and I suppose with a wom-an that doesn't count. I've heard that some women even like a man better for having been a scoundrel. No, I don't suppose you will think the worse of him for having broken my Grace's

heart."
"How dare you talk to me like that? If I thought—if I could for a moment believe that he had ever done so base a thing, ever been so false and cruel! But I am foolish and wicked to tremble like this. As if he ever could have done any thing base, as if he could have been a coward and a deceiver! How dare you come here to try and frighten me with this senseless accusation?"

"You have your husband's picture in your

hand—the locket he sent my daughter."
"Do you think I will believe that?" cried Georgie, with a desperate courage, ready to defy this man—nay, Fate itself—rather than acknowledge that her idol could err. "How can I tell by what means you came by this locket? You may have found it somewhere, and invented this hateful story.

"It was a love-gift to my daughter; there are plenty who know that. There is a secret spring, you see—the portrait is not meant for common eyes—quite a lover's trick. And this man was false and secret in all he did."

"The picture proves nothing," Georgie said, with recovered firmness, "and your accusation is as ridiculous as it is offensive. My husband only came to England last year; until that time he had lived entirely abroad.

"Were you with him all the time, that you can answer for him so boldly? People come backward and forward sometimes, even without telling all their friends about it. been to Australia and back twice within the last seven years. That man came to Brierwood under a false name, and amused himself looking about his own estate, I suppose, on the sly; and when he got tired of that, amused himself with breaking my daughter's heart. He came recommended by John Wort, the steward; and when I wanted to hunt him down John Wort

stood between him and my vengeance. Fate sent me here to-day, or I might never have known the name of my daughter's murderer."
"I will not believe it," repeated Georgie, but this time in a helpless, hopeless tone, that was very pitiful. O God! the case seemed made out so fully, and that miniature in her hand was so strong a corroboration of the miserable story! What motive could this man have for torturing her with a fabrication? Were the accusation ever so false—and false it must be—the accuser spoke in good faith.

She put her hands before her face, trying to be calm, to quiet the fast-growing confusion of

her brain.
"There is some mistake," she said at last. "I am very sorry for you; but, believe me, you are completely wrong in your suspicion of my husband. If I do not know every detail of his past life—and I think I do, for he has told me so much about himself—I know at least that he is good and honorable, utterly incapable of a base or cowardly action. I should be most unworthy of his love and wast if I could think ill of him. I can not tell how this mistake may have arisen, or how you came by that locket; but I can say—yes, with the utmost confidence—that my husband is guiltless of any wrong against you or your daughter."

She raised her head proudly, looking Francis Clevedon's slanderer full in the face. Even if he were guilty, it was her duty to defend him; but she could not think him guilty. Circumstances might lie, but not Francis Clevedon.

Richard Redmayne surveyed her with a half-"I am very sorry for you; but, believe me, you

Richard Redmayne surveyed her with a halfcontemptuous pity.

"Of course you'll stand by him," he said; "stand me out that he wasn't there, that the portrait you've got in your hand is somebody else's portrait. Women are always ready to do that sort of thing. I'm very sorry for you, Lady Clevedon; but I mean to have some kind of reckoning with this truthful and honorable husband of yours. I mean to let the world here-abouts know what kind of a gentleman Sir Fran-cis Clevedon is. Where can I find him?"

"You are not going to talk about this wretched business before every body—to make a scene?"
cried Georgie, with a woman's natural horror of

open scandal.
"I mean to have it out with Sir Francis whenever and wherever I see him. Give me back

that locket, if you please. He took it from Georgie's hand, and tied it to his watch-ribbon.

"You can not see Sir Francis this evening;

it is quite impossible."
"I'll find that out for myself," he said,

ing her, and going out of the room.
Georgie followed him into the hall, where he

paused, looking about him with a puzzled air. A couple of men-servants were lounging by the open door, and Georgie felt herself safe. If necessary, she would order them to turn this man out of the house. She would do it rather than see her husband assailed in the midst of his friends. Who could tell what mischief such an accusation might do him in the estimation of his little world, however baseless the charge might

Mr. Redmayne went up to one of the servants, and asked whether Sir Francis was still in the

"No, Sir; my master went back to the grounds just now with General Cheviot," answere man, looking at Richard Redmayne's pale face and loosened neckerchief with some astonish-He was not one of the house visitors, and had clearly no business in that place; yet he looked too respectable a person to have any sinister motive for his intrusion—a gentleman who had been overcome by bitter beer or Cham-

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pagne, perhaps, and had wandered this way in

mere purposeless meandering.

"How long is it since he went out?" asked Richard, impatiently. "What do you mean by 'inst now?"

"Ten minutes, if you want to be so uncommon exact about it," replied the retainer, with an offended air. "And, I say, if you're one of the tenants, this ain't the place as you're invited to. There's the tenants' marquee; that's your

Rick Redmayne passed him without deigning to notice this reproof. If Francis Clevedon had gone back to the grounds, it was his business to-

ing the footman as he crossed the lawn, making his way in and out among the company with tol-erable celerity. She watched him till he was out of sight, and then went slowly up the broad oak staircase to the room with the oriel-window, and flung herself on her knees before her pet armchair, and buried her head in the silken pillows, and sobbed as if her heart were broken. Yet she told herself over and over again that, come what might, she would never believe him guilty. But what if, when she told him Richard Redmayne's accusation, as she meant to tell it, word for word
—what if he should admit the justice of the charge, strike her dumb by the confession of his husband of her choice and the shadow that had come between them.

She rose from her knees at last, after vainly endeavoring to pray, and went to the open window, keeping herself hidden behind the silken curtain, and looking out across the idle crowds, with that brazen dance music sounding in her ears—the slender thread of the last street song spun out to attenuation in the last popular waltz.

He would deny, he would explain, she told herself again and again, angry with her own weak spirit for wavering ever so little, yet not able altogether to overcome a sickening sense of fear. If he would only come, and hear her

ed grounds it was so easy to miss any one. as wiser to wait; and she waited, looking at the villagers dancing in the sunset, at the lights beginning to shine out one by one among the es, as the evening shadows deepened, looking at them without seeing them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"YE LYTTEL MAYDE."

THE delicate beauty of this face is set off by the quaint, old-fashioned Holbein dress, while the innocent charm of expression warrants



"YE LYTTEL MAYDE."

follow him. It mattered little where they met,

so long as they met speedily.

Georgie had remained by the library door, almost hidden by the deep embrasure. She came out into the hall when Richard Redmayne was gone.
"Send some one to look for your master immediately," she said to one of the men, "or go yourself, if that will save time, and tell him I

want to speak to him at once in my own room. "Yes, my lady; perhaps I'd better go myself."
"Yes, yes, I think you had. And be sure you tell Sir Francis I wish to speak to him at once." She stood in the porch for a little while, watch-

infamy? He infamous! he a traitor! he who had so often told her that his past life did not hold act or thought that he cared to keep secret from her! He stand before her unabashed, in the character of a cold-blooded seducer! The thing was not possible. And then she remembered the face that had smiled at her in the locketface, and no other. No thought of Hubert Harcross, and that notorious likeness between the two men, ever flashed across her brain. Her mind was too full of that one image. Love narrows the universe to a circle hardly wider than a wedding-ring. She could not look beyond the

strange story, and set every thing right with a few words!
"He has but to look me in the face, and tell me how deeply I have wronged him, and my heart will be at rest," she said to herself, straining her eyes in their search for that one familiar

figure. She could not see him, and he did not come to her. She would have gone in quest of him herself, but that would have been to run the risk of missing him altogether, should he have re-ceived her message and be on his way to her room. In that large House and in those crowd-

the title chosen by the artist for the picture. It the title chosen by the artist for the picture. It suggests a heroine of by-gone centuries, such as the lily maid of Astolat, or Una, or sweet Anne Page, or Amy Robsart; and we are surprised to find that, after all, it is only one of our own nineteenth-century girls photographed in the picturesque dress of the Tudor period. All of which goes to prove that, despite their chignons and paniers, our girls of the period have faces as improperly fair as the belies of the ruff and farinnocently fair as the belles of the ruff and far-thingale days, whose charms it is the fashion to extol with a sigh, as if they belonged to an age now extinct.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. ELBERTA.-The "fair woman" referred to by Tennyson in the stanza,

"The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
Touched; and I knew no more,"

was Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was sacrificed by her father to Diana to appease the wrath of the goddess against the Greeks. In the first edition of Tennyson the stanza reads:

"The tail maste quivered as they lay affoat;
The temples and the people and the shore
One drew a sharp knife through my tender
Slowly, and nothing more,"

whereupon some cruel critic remarked that he should think that was quite enough, and couldn't conceive what more the poet would have. The author felt the force of the criticism, and changed the line.

MRS. W. S.—Get alpaca for the coming season. For a lady of thirty-eix years make a belted polonaise, trimmed with two bias bands of alpaca and two trimmed with two bias bands of alpaca and two rows of buttons down the front. Put deep kilt pleating on the skirt. For a girl of twenty make a jockey basque and over-skirt with the skirt mentioned above. Let the kirt pleating be three-fourths of a yard deep and nearly two inches wide. Hem the lower edge. Then turn down the top, and when pleated stitch it on to the skirt about an inch below the top of the pleating. Put a tape underneath the pleats two finger-lengths above the lower edge, to hold the pleats in place. Few skirts of any sort are now lined through-

out. Your sample did not reach us.

Mns. C. W. O.—Make a basque, over-skirt, and flounced skirt for the black silk suit. Trim with velvet, and add a sleeveless velvet basque (or waist-coat), to be used on dressy occasions. The poplin traveling suit should be made by the Double-breast-ed Redingote Suit pattern shown in Bazar No. 46,

Mrs. J. G. W.—You will require about three yards of cashmere for your Dolman. Of goods only three-quarters wide you will need four and a half yards.

Mrs. B.—You will, of course, need a waist to your

dress under a Dolman. Any ordinary basque will answer. Get a white cony sacque, or else a blue cloth milor sacque, for your little girl. A plaid polonalse over a solid-colored skirt is more stylish than the re-

KATE.—The simplest sacque shape is preferred for fur cloaks. You will find it very expensive to have your garment made over. To reline it will cost about \$20. Read article on furs in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 45, Vol. V.

A SUBSORIUSE.—Your sample is plum-colored merino. Trim it with faille or velvet facings of the same

R. S.—Make the brown poplin dress by pattern of Double-breasted Redingote Suit Illustrated in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V., and the green dress by pattern of Louis Quinze costume illustrated in the same paper.

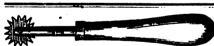
Dora.—Lustreless black slik with jet trimming is more suitable than velvet for light mourning. Make your Swiss evening dress with deep kilted flounces, an

apron front, and low round Josephine waist.

M. A. A.—Employé is a French word. It should be spelled as we have written it, and is pronounced as if the last syllable were yay.

A HINT TO THE WORKING MAN.—A man with a family, however poor he may be, owes it to his wife to save her health and strength in every way possible. He has no right to allow the mother of his children to wear her life out toiling with her needle to clothe her family. His duty is to buy the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine, the best machine for family sewing ever invented, and he can buy one for fifty dollars. More than this, he can buy the Wilson machine upon terms which enable him to pay for it in small monthly installments that he can spare out of his wages without feeling the drain. He will get thereby a machine capable of doing every variety of family work in the most beautiful manner, a machine that even a child can operate, and which will prove a permanent family blessing. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

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Corvino Where.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally neeful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsichalers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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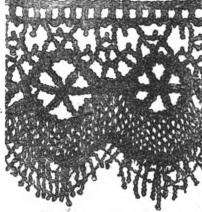


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FACETIÆ.

A LANDLORD in Paris, who was particular about not having children to muse up his rooms, asked a proposing tenant if he had any. With a solemn face he replied, "Yes, six—all in the cemetery." He got the rooms on a lease which said nothing about little folks, and in due time, to the horror of the landlord, the six youngsters appeared. They had been in the cemetery, sure enough, at the time stated, but they had been sent there to play.

An excellent cure for dyspepsia is this, Give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

Kalulu, Stanley's negro boy, has great musical tal-ent, and sings with great gusto the following refrain from the ancient Scriptures of the Ujijians,

"Shufii doanbodamee, Shufii doanbodamee, Ibel ongtocumanejee.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper

of tobacco.

Paper for the roughs—sand-paper.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

Ruled paper—the French press.

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Spiritualists paper—(w)rapping paper.

Drawing paper—the dentist's bill.

A taking paper—the sheriff's warrant.

The paper that most resembles the reader—'tis you (tissue) paper.

An orator, getting warmed with his subject, exclaimed, "There is not a man, woman, or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their minds for centuries."

An exchange reporting a fire says, "B—& Co." store was burned; they succeeded in saving nothing. Such a success could hardly be called a brilliant one.

Partridges in Illinois are tame enough to eat from the hand—when properly cooked.

The following epistle is from a fond, doting mother: "Mr. Teacher,—If my gal gits contrery, don't behaive respecterable, and don't lern fast, and don't git inter gografy, take the hide clean off ov her if she is 16 and kicks up a fuss. I did not rite this. It is rote by very trolly yours, Polly Peterson. I ame to have her gro up like the Yanky folks."

A preacher one slippery, frosty morning, going home with one of his ciderly members, the old gentleman slipped and fell. When the minister saw that he was not hurt, he said, "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places."

"Yes," replied the old man, looking at the preacher, "I see they do; but I can't."

At old Susquehanna Seminary there was a student (quite a verdant young man) who had a better knowledge of hymna than of some of his studies. One morning, when asked to spell and define prome, he creat d a sensation in the class by replying, in a solemn tone, "P-r-o-n-e, to wander."

When a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and hit him with a stave.

The latest for the horse disease is "Febrequobronchitis."

A soldier, teiling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree!" said he; "there wasn't enough trees for the officers."

A Kilkenny sentry challenged an intruder on the Irish encampment during the recent English manœu-

vres.

"Who are you?" said Pat.

"I'm the officer of the day," was the reply.

"Then, by the powers, what are you doing here at night at all at all?" immediately asked Pat.

Can any thing that is baleful be a blessing?—Yes, a baleful of cotton.

A Michigan school-master writes: "I will spell enny man, womun, or child in the hull state for a dickshunary, or kash priez of one hunderd dollars a side, the money to be awarded by a kommittee of clergymen or skool direcktors. There has been a darned site of blowing about my spelling, now I want them to put me up or shet up. I wont be put down by a passel of ignarammuses because I differ with noah webster's stile of spelling." stile of spelling.



A MATRIMONIAL REMINDER.

THE FATHER. "Mr. Johnson, for Two Years you have been 'Keeping Company.' Suppose you begin 'Keeping House?'"

"Well, my child," said a stern father to his little daughter after church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?"
"Nothing," was the timid reply.
"Nothing!" said he, severely. "Now remember, the next time you tell me something he says, or you must stay away from church."

The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement. "I remember something," she said.
"Ah! very glad of it," replied the father; "what did he say?"

he say?"
"He said," she cried, delightedly, "'a collection will now be made."

Max Adeler says they tell a story about a man who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by fre-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How in thunder do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

A movement in real estate-An earthquake.

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the pro-"That's where the boys it for college," said the pro-fessor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house, "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then, if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?"
"Yes," said he, smilling, and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."
"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

New Provers.—Man proposes, but woman very often rejects him.

A young yachtsman writes to ask what is the proper season for pitching his boat. Take it out the next rough day and manage it yourself; the wind will soon pitch it over for you.

A GLASS TOO MUCH.—
The latest verdict recorded was upon a gentleman who expired in a fit of inself and the second of the second a rum shop."
This was savage, and devoid of regard for the gentleman's family. In a similar case in California the verdict was more gracefully and considerately put: "Accidental death while unpacking glass."

PUTTING HEB FOOT IN IT.—A paper says that a Western girl was recently married barefoot, under the impression that it would bring her good luck. Bless her innocent sole! going barefoot would have no influence, but it might bring on influenza.

It was contended in a law court the other day that "a wife was lawfully in any house where her husband was, and had a light to go into any room husband was, and had a right to go into any room after him." The judge was astounded, and dissented. Yet I believe most wives will think, or at least say, that he was wrong, especially those of the class that prefer a husband's room to his company. company.

A sporting friend says that he does not understand why the weather can not hold up, seeing that the wind is driven with such a strong rain.

Warning to Lovers.—Edwin pleads guilty to having kissed Angelina in the corn field; the corn, she says, was "shocked."

Why is a prima donna like a jeweler?—Because she nay be called a dealer in precious (s)tones.

GROGEAPHICAL CON.—If the world is round, how on earth can it come to an end?

If Heaven helps those who help themselves, how well thieves must get along!

Somebody's unexpectedly vulgar conduct the other day was explained to me as admitting of "the simplest solution." I said, good-naturedly, "Not quite the simplest, but the solution was that of several lumps of sugar in several glasses of element and alcohol."

An aristocratic tailor is engaged in evolving a suit of clothes to consist entirely of a cravat that will wind about the body from neck to ankle, and be fastened with a diamond pln.

A Western paper has this delicate personal item: "Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

A Missourian who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and hurried into the brain-fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in a sermon, the local editor took sides with the clergyman and reviewed the case in print, and the potato-bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat.

"My daughter, you must never listen to flatterers."
"But, pa, how can I tell that they are flattering un-

IF.

If the moon were made of cheese, And the stars were macaroone; If the sands were all green pease, And the pebbles all stewed prunes;

If the sea were bitter ale, And the rivers red-heart rum; If the woods were curly kail, And the lakes were sparkling Mumm;

If ever these things should be, I should like you to understand That I'd very much rather be drowned at sea Than buried alive on land.

AUGSPUR'S GUIDE TO ATHLETICS.

AUGSPUR'S GUIDE TO ATHLETICS.

BOXING.

Boxing is of various descriptions, and is supposed by historians, naturalists, and antiquarians to be indigenous to the soil of Great Britain. Boxing with the gloves is a very popular form of this pastime—that is, among those who generally finish first best. To the others there are occasional drawbacks in this phase of the pursuit of knowledge. But it is not of them I have to speak. My task is to instruct.

Commence by striking your opponent with great precision. The precise point of attack is best chosen by yourself, and you must be cautious enough to aim at something you think you can reach. Proceed by parrying your antagonist's return with dexterity, and revisit in the form of a counter the spot upon which you placed your first blow. Should the opposition still continue to show a bold front, you can repeat the dose as above.

still continue to show a bold front, you can repeat the dose as above.

The nose is a good point of attack, because as a rule it projects, and is easy of reach. Professional boxists protect themselves from this disadvantage by the early removal of this projection. This end is achieved, not by the removal of the nose, but by its depression, and the service is generally rendered by one professional to another. Some professionals prefer to have their faces sat upon—others choose to have them trodden upon. This is, however, a matter of individual choice.

Christmas-boxing and boxing the compass are not athletic sports.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Pedestrianism is divided into two heads, running and walking. Where walking ends and running begins no one has yet been able to determine; but I have myself seen as man walk at the rate of eleven miles and a half in an hour without being either cautioned or disqualified. Walking your chalks is a pedestriam performance which does not come within the ken of athleticism. Running a muck means getting in front of an opponent on a muddy day and splashing him as much as possible, a favorite performance of the limit men in amateur handicaps.

In running gather yourself well together, inflate your chest, dash off at the given signal, and win hands down if possible; but at all events win—that is, when winning is most profitable. In all matches up to two hundred yards you must run as hard as possible for three-quarters of the distance, and a little bit harder for the finish.

The expressions "to walk round" any one, and "to

for the finish.

The expressions "to walk round" any one, and "to walk into" any thing, are not peculiar to the pedestrian world. Neither does the assertion that "she walked the waters like a thing of life" have any bearing whatever upon the subject of my essay.

RAILROAD STUDIES.

RAILROAD STUDIES.

Enter a man, his wife, and little girl. The woman, full of energy, and with all the decision necessary when a journey is to be managed, drops into the seat her husband selects, pp again like an India rubber ball, exclaims in high, knowing, and emphatic terms: "We ain't settin' the right way—that's sartin!"

Hussann. "Oh yes!"

Wife. "Wall, neow, I know better." (To a stranger.)
"Which way den yeou say we're agoin'?"
She is assured they are sitting properly.

Wife. "Be? Wa'al" (dropping into her seat), "never mind. I only come cout o' the wrong end o' the depôt, that's all; but I kin ride as fast as the cars kin run, forerds or backerds; an' ef enny o' yeou get there afore I den, you're lucky, that's all!"

"Where are you going?" cried a Scotch gentleman to a thief whom he observed crawling through a hole in the hedge into his garden.
"Back again," replied Sawney, as he hastly retreat-ed from his discovered access to the tempting fruit.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a paper: "Tried to learn, but gave it np. Will sell psano, stool, cover, and hymn-book for \$150. A few dollars cash. Address 'Old Bach,' — office."

THE SEASONS.

Too oft is spring A cheerless thing; For frost-bites show When snowdrops blow. Too oft is summer A tardy comer; And on its wings Rheumatics brings.

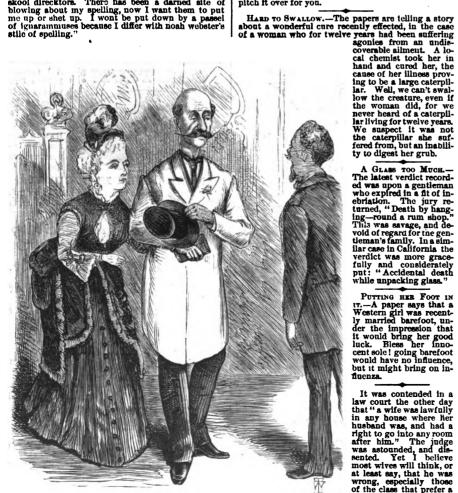
But autumn's here For half the year; What catalogues Of storms and fogs!

Last, winter freezes,
Which no one pleases;
We coughs and wheezes,
And snifts and sneezes,
And cries what horrid seasons these is!

"That Deradful Bell."—The turf is perhaps the best exponent of the fickleness of fortune. In Ireland it makes Pete, while in England it often ruins Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Humrh!—Great men do not always hide their light under a bushel. Sir Humphrey Davy, for instance, sheltered his under wire gauze.

A SAFE WEATHER GUIDE. When the sun's shining plain, Fine weather you'll get; But if it should rain, You are like to have wet.



GENTLEMAN TO SEXTON. "Does Signor Bellowsi sing here?"



THE PREACHER WHO TRIED TO PLEASE EVERY BODY IN HIS CONGREGATION.

A thinks he would look better with not quite so much Mustache. (He shaves off half.)
B thinks he could get more Good from his Sermons if he had not so much Beard. (Shaves off half.)
C thinks that Ridiculous. (Shaves clean off.)
D thinks he would look better with a Higher Forehead. (Shaves the top of his head.)
X, Y, Z, etc., etc., think he could be more Useful without any Hair. (He shaves it all off.)
They all think he looked better at first. (He is in a hopeless state.)



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FULL-DRESS TOILETTE.

LOW-NECKED BASQUE WITH GRECIAN BER-THA, TRAINED OVER-SKIRT, AND ROUND 8KIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

THIS elegant Parisian toilette is designed for

full-dress occasions, such as parties, balls, receptions, the opera, etc. It is made of tea-rose faille, with point applique flounces and a garniture of pink roses. The basque is of simple shape, with a bertha of Grecian folds, caught in front and on each shoulder by roses. The sleeves are short and puffed. The front gore and, both side gores are trimmed with a kilt pleating twenty inches wide, relieved by lace flounces eight inches wide, with a garland of roses between. The gracefully trained over-skirt is very bouffant, and prettily festooned on each side. Pink rose in the hair. White kid gloves. Etruscan necklace.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This suit comprises three articles—lownecked basque with Grecian bertha, trained over-skirt, and round skirt.

Low - NECKED BASQUE WITH GRE-CIAN BERTHA. — This pattern is in six pleces—front, side back, back, sleeve, and front and back of bertha. The parts are notched prevent mistakes putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and basque seams, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeves. The front is cut away on each side, and fitted with two darts, which extend to the bottom. The back is adjusted by middle and side back seams. An extra width is cut on at the waist line of the side back seams, and laid in a double box-pleat on the out-side. The front is closed about two inches below the waist with hooks and eyes. The neck is cut low, and finished with a Grecian bertha, which is laid in five side pleats, turning upward, at the front and in the middle of the back. The shoulder part is gathered, and tacked on over the shoulder seam of the basque. The short puffed sleeve is gath-ered at the top and bottom. The lower edge is sewed in a narrow band concealed by the trimming. An outlet of an inch is allowed

for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 21/2 yards.

Lace, two inches wide, for trimming, 4½ yards.

Lace, three inches wide, for trimming bertha,

1½ yards.
TRAINED OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in two pieces—side gore for the front, and breadth

for the back. Only half the pattern is given. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of each piece. The side is slightly rounded, and laid in clusters of pleats, two in each cluster, according to the notches, and turning upward. Make two

ng upward. Make two pleats on the bottom according to the perforations, placing them evenly together for each pleat. The back edge of the gore is laid in three side pleats turning upward, near the bottom, before joining to the back breadth. Place the three single perforations evenly together, forming the deep pleat on the front edge of the back breadth. The drapery in the back of the skirt is formed by three tapes—the one for the middle is cut twelve inches, the two for the sides nine inches in length, tacked at the single perforation in the skirt and on the belt. Pleat the entire top of the skirt, and join to the belt.

join to the belt.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide,
434 yards.

43/4 yards.

Lace, four inches wide, for trimming, 6 yards.

ROUND SKIRT.—
This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back breadth with the longest straight edge of the pattern laid lengthwise on the fold of the goods to avoid making seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the saper.

of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for pleating,

5 yards.

Lace for trimming,
4½ yards.

CLEANING KID GLOVES.

THE best method of cleaning gloves is to immerse them in benzine in a well-stoppered bottle, leaving them there for a short time. They are then to be taken out, and after squeezing them to remove the excess of the liquid, they must be hung over a cord in a strong draught to dry. The smell of the benzine can be got rid of by laying the gloves upon a plate placed over a pot filled with boiling water, over which a second pot is to be inverted to secure a sufficiently high temperature. The heat of the boiling water will drive out the residue of the benzine and carry



FULL-DRESS TOILETTE—LOW-NECKED BASQUE WITH GRECIAN BERTHA, TRAIN DOVER-SKIRT, AND ROUND SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Full-Dress Toilette, consisting of Low-necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-Skirt, and Round Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Propaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

off all its odor. The gloves are then to be brought to their original shape by means of an ordinary stretcher.

It should of course be borne in mind that this operation must be performed at a distance from any fire or flame, where there can be no danger of the benzine igniting.

A LOVER'S ANSWER.

Am early rose, a late rose-What does it matter, sweet, Since all the lovely petals Are scattered at your feet? An early rose is of the dawn, dewy, fleeting, bright; A late rose is of the noon, a lingering delight.

First love, last love-What does it matter, dear, Since for your maiden grace it pleads In tender faith and fear? First love is of the dawn, dreamy, fleeting, bright; Last love is of the noon, life's lingering delight.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

WITH the Number of HARPER'S Weekly for December 14 will be sent out gratuitously a splendid Eight-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a magnificent

FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA

of the Burned District of Boston, giving a complete and picturesque view of the Ruins.

In a few days Harper's Weekly will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

A new story by B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade - o' - Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc., will be commenced in the Number of HARPER'S Weekly for December 14. It is called

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES,"

and will be profusely and splendidly illustrated.

Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Fulldress Toilette, consisting of Low-necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-Skirt, and Round Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 823.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's House and Street Dresses, Gentlemen's Sporting Suits, Lingerie, Coiffures, Fancy-Work, etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.

FAMILY COOKING. By PIERRE BLOT.

ш

THERE are now in the markets a great L variety and abundance of game. This is usually served roasted. We shall speak of the other ways of cooking it in another number.

Some kinds of game require more cooking than others; still taste must be the best guide. Canvas-back ducks, for instance, are preferred rare by the majority of people. In that case, the birds must be put in a very hot oven or before a hot fire, so that the pores may be closed quickly by the heat, thus retaining the flavor inside. Then, if the oven is found too hot, it may be left open for a few seconds while basting and turning

If roasted, the birds are placed as near the fire as possible at first, and then put back by degrees to prevent burning. They must be basted often with the juice in the pan. We have explained before how to tell when they are done to suit the taste.

Birds that require more cooking than others, be it according to kind or size, must be treated in the same way, and also joints of meat. The latter form a kind of crust on the outside which prevents the flavor from the imide from evaporating. Like

birds, joints must be basted often, or they will be found dry and somewhat tasteless; otherwise they are juicy and most palatable.

Cranberry sauce and current jelly are usually relished with venison, geese, turkeys, etc. Water-cress will be found quite an improvement when served with quails and partridges, and forms a pretty ornament to the dish when tastefully placed around the birds after they have been dished and the gravy poured over them.

Roasting is the branch of cookery that requires the most foresight. A soup or a dish with sauce can be kept warm, and will not lose its flavor by being kept for some time after it is ready to be served, but this is not the case with a roast. A roast must be served as soon as done, or it will get dry, and will lose part of its flavor. The more delicate it is, the more it will lose. A bobolink, a quail, a pheasant, and similar delicate morsels, lose half their flavor when not served up at proper time—that is, as soon as they are cooked.

The epicure's motto is, Let us wait for the roast, because it can not wait for us.

An experienced host does not find any difficulty in making his guests wait for the roast without speaking of it, and without letting them know that they are waiting. When the time to help the roast has come, if it has not made its appearance he passes round a hors-d'œuvre, which plate is always relished, and while being dispatched the roast appears. If wine be served, a glass of wine is offered with the hors-d'œuvre, and, altogether, ample time is given to the cook

to send up the roast.

A necessary if not indispensable thing is for the host to tell the cook as nearly as possible how soon they will be ready for the roast, and at what time the dinner will be-Thus informed, she or he will know when to put it in the oven or on the spit.

A cook is not more immaculate than any one else, and has the most difficult task in any, no matter what, profession or trade. A chemist may begin and finish his work at any time; it is the same with a carpenter. A metal-worker must strike while his metal is hot and ready to be worked, but he does it—that is, heats it—at any time he chooses.

A cook can not select his or her time to work; the work has to be done at a precise time, and must be finished, in spite of any mishap, at a precise hour.

If the work is accelerated, it may take away part of the quality and the flavor of the dish prepared. The same result will fol-low if the work be done too slowly.

Many excellent dishes are spoiled by not being served at the proper time. Every body knows the difference between a steak served directly from the gridiron, and one that has been kept in the oven for some

As gravy is indispensable to roast meat, we will tell our readers how to make it. The best meat is generally fat, especially a joint, a turkey, or a chicken, etc.; therefore when the meat is roasted there is scarcely any liquid but fat left in the pan. As fat must not be served, the joint or bird is dished and put in the oven, the door of which is left open; all the fat is turned off the pan, broth is put in it instead, and the pan is placed over the fire. Take a wooden spoon, stir gently all over the bottom of the pan, give one boil, turn the contents over the joint through a strainer, and serve. You then have a gravy that deserves that name, and not a greasy, muddy substance, as un-inviting to the eye as to the palate.

On meeting Dr. Dixon one day he accosted me smilingly, saying, "BLOT, my wife engaged a new cook yesterday, a very queer cook; she took me for a chicken, and put flour in my gravy."

The digestive apparatus of man is not made to digest raw flour. When flour is used in the composition of a sauce it must first be properly cooked.

Broth is easily and cheaply made. careful cook will find almost enough to make as much broth as is necessary for the soup, sauces, and gravies in the trimmings of roasting pieces, the bones of roasted joints of beef and yeal that are generally left on the dish, and the bones of turkeys and chickens. When there is not enough of the above, a pound or two of beef, according to the size of the family, may be bought to make the broth. The pieces for soup are either from the shin, leg, or chuck-piece, and must be fresh.

The broth kettle, or digester, is placed on the fire with the water and meat in it, and the scum skimmed off carefully as soon as it collects on the surface. After being skimmed the vegetables are put in, and then it is simmered (not boiled) for five or six hours. Every green-grocer knows the vegetables necessary to season broth. When done, it is strained, the fat that floats on the top is removed by means of a ladle or a large spoon, and it is ready for use.

In England they call broth stock. In the kitchens of English lords and other rich

families there is a large pot or kettle on the corner of the fire, in which the broth is made; it is there all the time, from morning till evening, and used for all cooking purnes-hence the word stock given to it.

We shall explain how to cook flour in another number.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. of the Bachelor gamily.

TY DEAR JACK,—One of my letters to M a friend was recently printed—I presume through inadvertence, for I can not believe that any friend would be deliberately guilty of such an act—and I have been exceedingly amused by some comments upon it which I have seer. I am, as you know, an unmarried member of the great Bachelor family, a family which I had flattered myself was not entirely unknown; and I wrote that if I were rich and had a son-a purely fanciful supposition-I should hope that he would be prouder of hearing it said that he was the worthy son of a worthy father than that he was the son of that rich old Bachelor. This was taken as an insinuation that bachelors with a small b were sometimes parents, and I was gravely reprimanded accordingly.

It all came of confounding the family name with the unmarried condition. I hope, however, that my critics do not suppose that all the Bachelors are unmarried. They might as well imagine that all the Smiths shoe horses. And if they chose to spell the name with a small s, they would give an apparent reason for their fancy. Thus, if they read that a certain Amanda confessed her dissatisfaction with being the daughter of that smith, they might reasonably infer that it was a Miss Jones or Brown who was ashamed of her father's occupation. But if the capital 8 were substituted, they would see that it was a Miss Smith, of the great family, and that there was no allusion whatever to blacksmithing. So, if they had seen a capital B instead of the smaller letter, my critics would have seen that there was no allusion to an unmarried condition, but to a great family name.

Still I do not think that there was any occasion for surprise. I presume that we have all heard bachelors' children and old maids' children mentioned as ideally well behaved. Indeed, one of my Bachelor cousins—and I hope this time there will be no misunderstanding—my cousin Noah Bachelor, I say, who has been happily married three times, and who is the father of a very large family, says that his maiden sister, Penthesilea Bachelor, remonstrates with him so constantly upon his management of his sons that he has endless occasion to remind her that old maids' children are always perfect. And as for his brother Solomon, who is also unmarried, he reproves Noah so sharply that my cousin tells me the difference between a Bachelor's and a bachelor's children is in-

I hope, also, that without offense I may say that the nurseries of some bachelors, who do not belong to the family of that name. and whom the word properly describes as unmarried, are among the most delightful places in the world. I should not hesitate to carry Una herself to them: nay, I should expect to find her there. I try to tempt the loveliest girls I know to visit them. Do you think that I would do so if there were any impropriety in the visit? I am sure that if I were rich and had a son, I hope that he would be prouder of a fondness for such places than of being a descendant of that rich Bachelor. Do you understand what nurseries I mean? I know a great many of them in the city. They are quiet, retired rooms; generally spacious but dim. The walls are hung with sketches. There are pieces of bright drapery; often a piano; casts; plaster arms and torsos and masks easels, and beautiful pictures. The bache lors of whom I speak are artists, Jack, and their nurseries are their studios, and their

children are their pictures. What devotion, what passionate fondness what pride, have I not seen in these nurseries! And when the painters are finishing a picture for the exhibition it is like the parent who is fitting his son for college. He is bent upon the young gentleman's making the finest possible figure. He thinks of him all day. He dreams of him all night. And do you think the parent looks for his offspring among the other younglings more eagerly than the artist scans his work upon the wall upon the opening day? How often have I not caught him stealing a glance at his darling across the long hall over the heads of the spectators, or loitering with apparent indifference in the neighborhood to hear the criticisms of the crowd! I was once walking through a gallery with a friend of a humorous turn, and we were arrested by the most grotesque little picture of a domestic scene in a farm-house. We stood before it and laughed immoderately, and my com-

panion pointed out every comical point with infinite drollery. In the midst of our enjoyment I turned suddenly and saw a young man, who was evidently near enough to hear every word we said, looking at us with a face of anguish. I drew my friend on, and begged him to speak lower. But he shot some Parthian witticisms as we went, so that the little group of spectators burst into laughter, and the young man seemed to be transfixed with pain.

It was the hapless painter, of course. It was the parent who had heard us ridiculing his child. Was it deformed and sickly ? So much the dearer was it to him. I thought of the long days and months that he had devoted to the painting; the patient labor to make his child presentable; the hopes and dreams that had charmed and cheered him in his nursery, where he beheld his off-spring with the eyes of love only; his gradual belief that it was shapely and fair—and then the sudden and terrible disillusion of the gallery. I winced to think what pain we had caused the parental heart. But beyond that melancholy estray from a nursery in which he should have been carefully secluded hung Giulio's great work. I can hardly fancy Burke prouder of his son than Giulio of his picture. He could not take his eyes from it; and when we complimented him his face was tenderly suffused, as I have seen Mrs. Margery's when I praised her daughter Mildred. After some conversation with him we were passing on, and I said that I would run up into the nursery soon and see the other children. Giulio looked at me inquiringly. I begged his pardon. "I meant studio and pictures; but, you rogue, you know that it is the same thing."

There are other bachelors, with a small b, whose children may be mentioned with perfect propriety. Do you remember who it was that praised old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapham - Alice, with eyes of watchet hue? He was never married, and he was the most blameless and one of the most heroic of men. As I write I raise my eyes and see his silent children. They are the magical companions of many a listless hour. Their placed murmur is a music beyond the orchestra. Their tender and humorous converse charms the time that you devote to them. I am speaking of the essays of Elia, of Charles Lamb. They are his children. His love and hope and fancy, his wit and sympathy and insight—himself, in a word—are bodied forth in them. And when I hear the proverb that no children are so perfect as bachelors' children, I think of those sweet strains of quaint wisdom and humor, and I find myself heartily assenting.

Have they lost their spell, I wonder, with the new generation? Must the taste be trained to them as to tomatoes and olives? Is there something too local in them? But Captain Jackson is in no other sense local than Don Quixote, and Blakesmoor is a universal monody over the deserted country home. Indeed, I find Elia's grandchildren on all sides. Tucked away in a cozy corner of a magazine, or stretched out upon the side of a newspaper, I see the little vagabonds, and upon looking attentively, out comes the family likeness. "Good-morrow," cry; "you came from Elia's nursery." They seem to resent it sometimes. They seem to look at me, and to say, "Who is Elia!" Yet why try to evade! "Tis no Elia ?" shame to have come of that gentle stock. But it is folly to deny it. I meet poems, also, and verses of every kind that attempt in the same way to deny their descent, and actually hope to persuade us that they are the founders of their families. I have known the most Tennysonian verses to deny gravely their paternity; and a whole troop of Browning's descendants of the same kind once turned their backs upon me indignantly because I chanced to say that I knew their father.

Charles Lamb was a bachelor, and his offspring are what he would have called dreamchildren only. And do we not all recall with delight those other children of another bachelor, which he called Reveries? How beloved they were!-and why? Because they were full of the tender grace of youthful romance. Like Elia's, they were strictly dream-children. I hope that you do not think I do wrong in alluding to them, and that no caustic critic will remark that there is a prejudice against bachelors' children. No, no, Mr. Critic, not against those that I have mentioned. They are not those whom the proverb intends, but the children of the brain, and most legitimate. And how they outlast the others! Had Goldsmith married the Jessamy Bride, he might have looked upon a happy family of girls and boys. But although he died poor and single, and Horace Walpole insulted him, what children he has left! and children with no bar sinister upon their scutcheons, although there be no marriage - certificate. They have become members of our own families. They are endeared to all of us. They are our friends and companions and counselors. Dr. Prim-



rose calls Goldsmith father, and that other preacher

"to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

You know their brothers, "the broken sol-

dier" and "the village master." There is many a man who grieves that he must die, "no son of mine succeeding;" and in the old fairy stories the king is constantly praying for an heir. But had Goldsmith founded a great family and planted it upon a great estate, could he have survived more nobly, even had his descendants been ennobled, than in those children of the brain by which we know him? I read in the paper the other day that the last descendant of Sir Walter Scott is already dead. Sir Walter was fond of "great families," and hoped that his family name would survive. There is no fear that it will perish. It was not buried in the grave of Mrs. Hope Scott. It lives in his other children—in Ivanhoe, and Flora MacIvor, and Old Mortality, and Waverley, and Di Vernon, and Meg Merrilies, and the Antiquary, and how many and many more! These are not a bachelor's children, but they are of the same blood with Goldamith's—the blood of genius. Is there, pernaps, some hidden significance of this kind in the proverb that all bachelors' children are more perfect than any that human parents can claim? Do we mean to describe by those words the children of the imagination? I hope that you, at least, my dear Jack, will never confound a bachelor's children with those of any one of the Bache-

able as the parents of such bachelors' children as I have mentioned. AN OLD BACHELOR. Your friend,

lor family. And I hope as sincerely that all

the young Bachelors may be as irreproach-

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FULL-DRESS TOILETTE.

THE full-dress toilette illustrated on the first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published, embodies some of the novel features of the season. The skirt, of walking dress length, shows the stylish way of combining kilt pleating and lace flounces, also the arrangement of flowers. The trained over-skirt festooned on the sides is an improvement on the court train with straight plain sides worn last winter. The low-necked basque has the favorite Grecian bertha that gives ample roundness to the bust.

The dress is a pale tea-rose faille, trimmed with pink roses and the point appliqué lace that is so much worn at present. A similar dress would be handsome in the Pompadour colors, blue silk with pink roses, or else Nile green with tea-roses, with gauze over-skirt.

BLACK SILKS.

Black silk costumes have again proved to be the most popular of the season. At various times ladies have declared themselves weary of black dresses, and have adopted the new tints; but they have invariably returned to black, since nothing else is at once so distinguished and so convenient. Two-thirds of the latest importations consist of black suits, and it is said that Worth's costumes for Parisiennes are almost wholly confined to black and dark green bronze silks. Importers say that as long as ladies want the finest fabric their money can buy, and find that article to be black silk, just so long will black remain in fashion; and modistes assert that the most venerable ladies and the youngest débutantes among their customers spend money more lavishly for black costumes than for any other. Hence this elegant dress still remains the fashionable uniform for church, visiting, the theatre, the promenade, and is the semi-dress suit for afternoon weddings and receptions. The choicest trimming for such dresses is fine embroidery on the flounces: elaborate jet passementerie with crimped tape fringes, and a quantity of velvet in the way of facings, vest, weistcoat, and sashes, are next in favor. Lace is less used at this season than in the spring. Very irregular flounces, with a tablier different from the trimming on the back breadths, are most admired. Narrow and wide flounces, some gathered and others pleated, some plainly edged and others scalloped, appear on the same dress. Two gathered bias ruffles each a finger-length deep, over-lapped by a side-pleated flounce of twice their width, headed by a bias band and a narrow erect pleating, form a favorite combination of trimming for a silk dress skirt. Another stylish arrangement consists of a box-pleating a finger-length deep all around the skirt, with a succession of similar pleats extending above the knee on the three front breadths, while the back widths have a side pleating half a yard deep, with the lower edge falling on the lower ruffle. Bows made of lengthwise loops and bias ends are then placed up the second side seams to hide the joining of the flounces. Some modistes put the tablier trimming on the front breadth only, but this gives a contracted appearance far le graceful than wide tabliers that cover the three front breadths. Two wide, overlapping flounces, with the lower edge scalloped and the upper headed by an upright pleating, is a simple, stylish garniture. Overlapping folds placed straight across the front breadth are now seen as tabliers, but are not as popular as the lengthwise kilt pleats. Gathered flounces are made much fuller than formerly, and kilt pleats are wider. Sewing-machine stitching is not permitted to appear on handsome flounces; they are finished instead with a rather wide hem, turned up on the right

side, and sewed with blind stitches; velvet facings also edge flounces at top and bottom. The basque with over-skirt is preferred for black silk costumes; these are more stylish when finished with straight edges, such as simple hems, folds, or facings, instead of ruffles. The Louis Quinze style is a favorite design for costumes that are partly faille, partly velvet. Black cashmere and alpaca suits are uniformly made with a polonaise and single skirt. Cashmere costumes may be elaborately trimmed with jet and with faille sashes, but thick pleatings and flounces make these dresses uncomfortably heavy. Velvet and cashmere are incongruous, as they are different shades of black. Alpaca dresses are for service, and it is grossly bad taste to cover them with frills and flounces. A tasteful and simple trim-ming for alpaca is a deep side pleating on the skirt, while the polonaise has two bias bands piped on each edge with a tiny fold of the same.

THE CHATELAINE BODICE.

The last caprice of Parisian dress-makers is the revival of an antique corsage called the chat-elaine bodice. This is the close-fitting waist prolonged over the hips after a fashion often seen in old pictures. It is now fashionably worn in thick materials of solid color, and should be confined to fine, full figures. Our readers will find an illustration of this bodice in the fourth figure on page 784 of Bazar No. 48, Vol. V.

Belts are worn with all kinds of waists, not excepting basques. Chatelaines pendent from the waisthand are universal; when made of finely chased silver they are considered appropriate with opera costumes; the vinaigrette, a tiny opera-glass, and the fan are attached to the fanciful chains.

The tight sleeves now worn will, it is said, revive the white lace or linen cuffs that were formerly worn outside the sleeves. At present frills of lace or muslin falling on the hand edge the wrists of close sleeves. A quantity of lace is worn about the throat, extending in a jabot down the entire front of the corsage in the elab-orate Louis XIV. fashion. Large bows of white muslin, with the ends edged with Valenciennes lace, insertion, and appliqué embroidery, are worn with dark dresses both in the house and on the street. With these a standing lace frill, or else a tiny linen collar, is worn around the neck. A fine barbe of Valenciennes lace tied over colored China crape makes a dainty garniture for the neck. Two colors in contrast, or else two shades of a color, appear in the bows worn at the neck and throat.

COIFFURES AND COMBS.

The fashion of wearing the hair very high is now fully established both for full dress and for ordinary occasions. Huge chignons are abolished, and the hair is dressed closely to the head, showing its natural contour, and allowing it to be as small as possible. There is scarcely any such thing as "back hair," as it is all combany such thing as "back hair," as it is all comb-ed straight upward from the nape of the neck and massed on top. Irregular and fanciful ar-rangements prevail for full dress; for instance, there is a cluster of finger puffs, very soft and light, placed directly on top, or else on one side, while a smooth thick tress and a bunch of tiny frizzes complete the coiffure. The Récamier bow of hair set on top of the head, with finger puffs placed all around it, is a new and dre fashion. These puffs are brought very far forward usually, and conceal the parting of the hair above the forehead, or else the front hair is slightly frizzed. If the forehead is low and broad, and the hair thickly and handsomely set, it is simply parted smoothly above the brow. A certain quaintness is now added to coiffures by the oldtime high-backed Spanish combs that are once more in fashion. If among grandmamma's ures a fancifully carved comb of tortoiseshell can be found, it is at this moment a highly prized heir-loom, for the newest designs are now copied from the oldest models. This comb is not used to tuck up the hair, but for ornament solely, though it is stuck high up on the back of the head, as if it were doing great service. Shell combs with balls on the top are in favor, and cost from \$18 upward; those carved in intricate lacelike designs are even more expensive. Silver and gilt combs are also worn, and diamond-studded combs are occasionally seen in the opera-boxes Shell bands are laid upon the Josephine tress of hair that passes around the head; jet bands are used in mourning. Flowers for dressing the hair are reduced to a small cluster set directly on top of the head, or else on the left side just back of the ear; ostrich tips and jeweled aigrettes are placed in the same way. The curls most used are two thick, luxuriant, natural-looking curls of great length, beginning just back of the comb, and falling below the waist.

Braids of three plaited tresses are confined to confiures to wound about the top of the head, and a slightly frizzed piece falls from beneath the front over the forehead. It is necessary that the hair be carried up very smoothly from the nape of the neck, and this is done by means of the old-time side combs. The Josephine tress, very wide, thick, and smooth, is also laid around the top of the head, forming a close chignon, shaped like an inverted bowl; a cluster of puffs fills the centre, and small frizzed curls fall on the forehead.

CLOTH BOOTS, ETC.

Among the fashionable novelties this ceason are cloth walking boots for ladies. These are not made of the old-time prunella or glossy "lasting," but of doeskin, thick, soft, warm, and jet black, without lustre. The boot is of the half-high Polish shape, buttoned on the sides, with very thick soles and broad substantial heels. Some ornamentation, such as a velvet bow and jet buckle, is usually placed just below

the instep. This warm and shapely boot is exceedingly comfortable, and looks very handsome when on the foot. Price \$10. Cloth slippers are also worn in the house. They are trimmed with colored velvet facings and bows, with buckles of cut steel or jet.

FANS.

Very large fans are again in use. The anti-quated-looking Spanish fans, with long sticks of lacquered wood, mounted with silk, painted, or wrought with Oriental embroidery, are much sought after.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses, to Miss Switzer; and Madame Bern-HEIM; for dress materials, to Messrs. A. T. Stew-ART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; for hair, to Messrs. W. JAY BARKER; and DIB-BLEE; and for boots, to Messrs. JEFFERS & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. BOTTA, of this city, has for two years past pleasantly occupied herself in collecting a number of original sketches by distinguished artists, and in gathering together what is probably now the best obtainable collection of autoably now the best obtainable collection of autographs and photographs of celebrated people in this country or perhaps abroad. Mrs. Botta entered upon this labor of love in 1870. It was intended as a contribution to the fair organized by the French ladies of New York to raise funds in aid of those who were suffering from the war in their native country. It was, however, impossible to collect this great amount of material in time. Meanwhile, the leading minds of France have become profoundly impressed with the belief that the country can only be regenerated through the education of the people—that "what you would have appear in the life of a nation you must first put into its schools." Professor Hipperal, of the Bureau of Public Instruction of France, who visited the United States under the auspices of the late government, is an enthusiastic admirer of our system of education; and under the auspices of himself and others who share his views proposes to establish one of auspices of the late government, is an enthusiastic admirer of our system of education; and under the auspices of himself and others who share his views proposes to establish one of these female seminaries on the banks of the Seine. The first contribution to this good work will be from the sale of this collection, and to the purchaser will be accorded the honor of being considered the founder of the institution, and of giving it his name. The price is only \$6000; and there are hundreds of our opulent merchants, bankers, and brokers who should be eager to obtain this unique collection—this little museum of beautiful things—which will prove a perpetual source of interest and delight to whoever may secure it, as it will be to those who may have the good fortune to examine it.

—Miss Spubagon, a sister of the eminent preacher, is preaching in Willingham with such success that the police authorities there have expressed their thanks to her for effecting a decrease in the number of criminal cases.

—The Sultan of Turkey proposes to change the order of succession to the throne, to secure the succession of his son when he, ABDUL AZIZ, shall have become ABDUL as isn't. The young man, however, doesn't seem to take much stock in the scheme, fearing, perhaps, that the lovers of the old rule and the relatives of his papa might combine to make him shorter by a head than he just now is.

—That good old pioneer of pioneers, DANIEL BOONE, has a sister, HANNAH, living in Caldwell County, North Carolina, aged eighty-five.

—Miss TEMPERANCE ANDERSON, of Baden, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, has hair six feet and a half long, blonde color, quite thick and fine.

—Mile. Albani, our Albany prima donna, has made a successful début in Italian opera in Paris. Félicien David and Ambroise Thomas were among the most hearty of her applauders; the critics write nicely about her; and she is on the top wave of popularity.

—Well.—he of the plano—is about to strike out in a new key. He is preparing a lecture on the piano-forte and piano music; an

—Mr. HEFWORTH DIAGN IS ON HUNTING UP IN-terials for another book, this time to Spain. It is to be a historical, not a topographical work, and will deal with Queen Catherine of Aragon

and her rival and successor, Anne Boleyn.

—The Mr. Astor of Melbourne is known by the euphonious appellation of "Big CLARKE."

By grazing and butchering and usuring he has accumulated property which yields him a yearly income of a million of dollars. Like many fide and usurers before him he is economical to the

income of a million of dollars. Like many fine old usurers before him, he is economical to a degree, lunching daily off the cheapest dishes at the cheapest restaurants.

—Mr. Brasser, M.P., and owner of a yacht, has returned to his native England to resume his seat in the high Parliament of the nation. He leaves his yacht here laid up for the winter, so we shall still have a souvenir of him during the gayeties of the season. The yacht is said to be one of the finest in her appointments now affoat. afloat.

—President THIERS has done the correct thing for Boston—sent \$200 for the relief of the sufferers by the fire. This will not materially alleviate things, still it will help some.

—The Sultan of Thyrker has received as a process.

Turkey has received as a pres-

—The Sultan of Turkey has received as a present from Prince Hassan, envoy from Panthay, a manuscript copy of the Koran, transcribed by the hand of his (Prince Hassan's) father.

—"Gall Hamilton" goes to Washington this winter as usual, and will abide with the family of Speaker Blains, to whom she is related.

—Dr. Dohen, a young German naturalist, is making at Naples a great aquarium, at an expense of \$30,000 or \$40,000, most of which comes from the funds of the young naturalists of Germany.

—General Schence's daughters, now with him on the Continent, are greatly admired for their grace of manner, sprightly wit, and cultivated minds. The old general himself, if not the ablest minister, is undoubtedly the best raconteur this free and happy country has ever sent to England.

—Madame Goethe, the widow of Goethe's only son, and a writer of ability, died recently

only son, and a writer of ability, died recently at Weimar at an advanced age. During the lifetime of her father-in-law she did the honors of the house. Goethe loved her as a daughter, and admired her writings, and used to speak of her as one of the ablest critics of the age. She retained the vigor of her mental powers until her death, and was uniformly amiable and ani-

her death, and was uniformly amiable and animated. Her husband is buried at Rome, near the grave of Kears, and immediately next to the urn which contains the heart of Shelley. She leaves two unmarried sons.

—Happy Countess of Derby! who is so fortunate as to have in her coronet the "Star of South Africa," the first and only fine diamond of any size that has been sent home from the South African mines.

—A daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been going up and down one land and will has been going up and down one land and will

South African mines.

—A daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been going ap and down our land, and will edify the people of two hemispheres with her notions of what she saw, heard, and did.

—Miss Polk, of Tennessee, is not only a conceded belle in Italy, but the special favorite of the Princess Royal Marguerits, and a frequent and cherished guest at the royal palace of Monza.

—Miss Sarah Sawyer has just died at Newbury, Massachusetts, aged ninety-five. She was a very "top-sawyer" of industry and thrift, and left a good estate. Behold what appeared on the inventory of her personal property!—100 sheets, 100 chemises, and 100 gloves; so she was certainly not short of those popular articles. Then she had scores of pillow-cases, towels, napkins, etc., some of which she had had for seventy years, and all of which she had spun and wove herself. What on earth an old maiden could want with such an everlasting lot of things is "one of those things which," as Dundreary says, "no fellow can find out."

—Major JOSEPH SPRAGUE, of Wooster, Ohio, assembled his little boys and girls together a few days since to see how they were getting on. The major is ninety-nine, his wife ninety-four, and the united ages of their six children, including an adopted daughter, four hundred and sixty-five years.

—The Austrian Empress has given five thousand thalers to establish in the Vienna Exhibi-

and the united ages of their six children, including an adopted daughter, four hundred and sixty-five years.

—The Austrian Empress has given five thousand thalers to establish in the Vienna Exhibition a department for the display of appliances for military surgery adopted by the Germans during the late war.

—Prince NAPOLEON is going to sue the Prefect and Commissary of Police for \$40,000, which is the precise figure of damage he has undergone in being illegally urged out of France.

—Good thing done by one Jean Dollfus, a great foreign manufacturer: celebrated his golden wedding by the distribution of \$40,000 among his work-people. Some who have been many years in his service will get as much as \$200 each.
—One of those young men at Cornell University who have "a lofty forehead and a curling head of hair" says that Mr. Frouds, in the first twenty-five minutes of his lecture there, put his hand in his pockets twenty-one times, and lifted his coat-tail thirty-five times, by actual count.
—Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain keeps it up bravely in Paris. The other day—her birthday—she gave a grand reception at her handsome residence, on which occasion about one hundred grandees, of different grades of grandeur and of different nationalities, gathered about that stout lady, who is so remarkably ugly, and uses her fan with such remarkable elegance.

—BISMARCK now and then does a good thing very graciously. Recently a Russian lady callect on him for his autograph. After he had given it she said, "Prince, may I use your autograph for a noble purpose?" "Certainly; what is it?" "My brother has been exiled to Siberia; let me write an application for his pardon over your name, and the Czar will grant it." BISMARCK consented. The pardon has been granted.

—GARIBALDI, emulous of the fame of Mr. BERGH, has accepted the presidency of a Society for the Protection of Animals, recently formed in Turin.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, has sailed for Havti. in pursuance of the action

-Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, has —Bishop COXE, of Western New York, has sailed for Hayti, in pursance of the action taken by the House of Bishops recently in this city. The object of the bishop's mission is to organize the eight Episcopal congregations there into a diocese, and to admit to the ministry of the Church a number who are awaiting anthority to preach the Gospel.

—One of the Borghese princes, Don Giulio, was recently married to a daughter of Prince Torlonia, the eminent banker, and one of the largest land-holders in Europe. She is the sole heiress of the immense fortune of her father, and by the terms of the contract Don Giulio takes

by the terms of the contract Don Giulio takes

the name of the bride.

—Miss Abby Barnard, sister of the late Rev. —Miss ABBY BARNARD, sister of the late Rev. John Barnard, had a remarkable social gathering in Lima, New York, a few days since. It was held in the house built by the Rev. John Barnard, now the residence of his only surviving son, John F. Barnard. On the same lot the old house is still standing where, fifty-four years ago, the young pastor was welcomed to his first and only settlement. The venerable mother of the late Henry J. Raymond, whose wedding was the first at which Dr. Barnard ever officiated, was among the guests.

—A gentleman who saw them at Berlin says of the three emperors, that "old William looks like a good-natured Newfoundland dog, Alexander like the most blass of Parislans, and Francis Joseph like a man who has no good conscience."

—A Brooklyn lady. Mrs. Augusta M. Rod-

conscience."

—A Brooklyn lady, Mrs. Augusta M. Roders, has within four years received letters patent for four different inventions: a mosquito canopy, a folding chair, a plan for heating cars without fire, and an improvement in spark-arresters (to be applied to locomotives—not to young man who with pleasant intent calleth upon young damsel).

—Judy says that Miss RATEMAN is the received.

dy says that Miss BATEMAN is the reof a flower blooming in July's garden—she is night Leah, and that is a dah-lia. —Мізь Rотнасніld, eldest daughter of Baron

MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, is about to be married

MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, eleest daugnter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, is about to be married to the Hon. Mr. Yorke, son of the Earl of Hardwicke. It was "Mr. Yorke, you're wanted," as the old song runs, and he's agreeable.

—Sundry journalists, such as Parke Godwin, John Bierlow, Charles A. Dana, John Swinton, Major Bundy, Mr. Church (Galaxy), Robert Carter (Appleton's Journal), Oliver Dyer, and a few others, have organized the "Swedenborg Club," and are temporarily located on Madison Avenue. The club does not, however, take any part with the so-called Swedenborg Church, some of the members holding that Swedenborg church, some of the members holding that Iswedenborg himself was opposed to the establishment of a sect, and desired to have his celestial doctrine accepted by men without regard to their religious creeds. The new association does not propose to confine its membership to that quite select and very entertaining class who are impressed with the idea that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

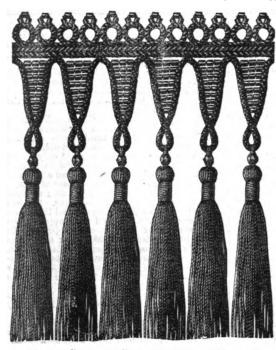


Fig. 1.—CORD AND BEAD FRINGE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

Black Silk Cord and Bead Fringes and Border, Figs. 1-3.

BOTH these fringes and border are suitable for trimming dresses, wrappings, etc. The upper part of the fringe Fig. 1 consists of black silk round cord and small cut beads. The upper part of the fringe Fig. 2 is formed by a row of black silk gimp and fine black silk cord; the latter is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with cut beads strung on, and is tied in knots at regular intervals. The border, Fig. 3, may be worked either with silk soutache or fine silk round cord.

Embroidered Calendar Frame, Figs. 1 and 2. This calendar frame consists of carved wood stained

The upper part of the frame is ornamented with an embroidered medallion; Fig. 2 shows the embroidery in full size. It is worked on a foundation of gray or light brown silk with saddler's silk in various colors in satin and half-polka stitch, using purple silk in three shades for the flowers and buds, and green and brown silk in two shades for the leaves, stems, and vines. Stretch the completed medallion on card-board, line it, and piu it in the frame.

Tapestry Design for Border.-Louis XIII. Style.

This border may be used for trimming chairs, sofas, rugs, curtains, and covers. It is worked either on fine or coarse canvas with tapestry or zephyr worsted and filling silk, in the colors and shades given in the description of symbols. Of course this combination of colors may be changed to suit the taste.

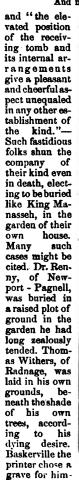
BURIAL VAGARIES.

THE making of one's will hardly ranks among the pleasant duties of life; much more unpleasant must it be to consider the details of the last ceremony in which we can take part, knowing that that part must necessarily be an unconscious one. The few who care to take thought about their own burial generally exhibit more or less eccentricity in the matter; nor is this surprising, since they would be themselves beautiful themselves are true to the surprising of t not trouble themselves about the subject at all unless anxious that their remains should be treated in some way out of the common.

For some, the silent society congregated in church-yards and

cemeteries is too mixed, even though

The tombstones are placed
In the very best taste,
At the feet and the head
Of the elegant dead,
s received who's not buried in lead; And no one's



self close to his

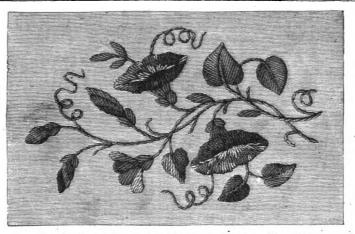
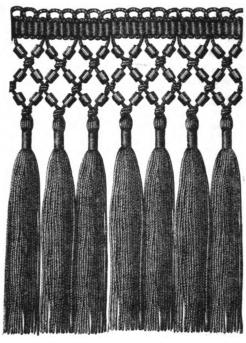


Fig. 2.—Embroidery for Calendar Frame.—Full Size.



Fig. 3.—Border for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.





2.—Cord and Bead Fringe for Dresses, Wrappings, etc. Fig.

garden. The Rev. Langton Freeman, rector of Bilton, Northamptonshire, was eccentric in so many ways that none who knew the man were surprised at his leaving peculiar directions for his burial. He ordained that his corpse should be left undisturbed until it grew offensive; when that came about, it was to be carried, bed and all, decently and privately, to the summer-house in his garden at Whilton, laid therein upon the bed, wrapped in a strong double winding-sheet, and in all respects the de-scription given in the Holy Scriptures of our Saviour's burial to be followed as nearly as might be. The doors and windows of the summer-house were then to be secured, and the building planted round with evergreens, and fenced with dark blue palings of oak or iron. These instructions were carried out to the letter, and there the

reverend eccentric lies still, although fence and trees have disappeared, and the summer-house itself is in ruins. A few years back an entrance was effected through a hole in the roof, and the curious intruders beheld a dried up figure, a veritable mummy without any wrappers, lying with one arm across the chest and the other hang-

who, years ago, prepared becoming garments ready for her last journey. David Garrick's widow religiously preserved her weddingsheets that they might serve her for a shroud. In 1763 a young married lady was, at her express desire, buried in all her wedding finery, consisting of a white neglige and petticoats quilted into a mattress, pillow, and lining for her coffin; her wedding shift was ther winding-sheet, and she wore a fine point lace tucker, handker-chief, ruffles, and apron, and a lappet-head of the same costly ma-terials. Diamond ear-rings were placed in her ears, gemmed rings on her fingers, and a valuable necklace round her neck; white silk stockings and silver-spangled shoes with stone buckles completed her costume. A Norfolk gentleman preserved such a happy recollection of matrimonal life that when, at the age of ninety-one, be lay on his death-bed, he gave instructions that he should be buried in his wedding-shirt, which he had carefully kept for the purpose; that garment being supplemented with his best suit of clothes, his best wig, his silver-buckled shoes, black wrist ribbons, and his favorite walking-cane. Margaret Coosins, who was buried in Cuxton church-yard, Kent, in 1783, ordered her body to be tired in scarlet satin, put in a mahogany coffin having a loose lid, and placed upon trestles in a vault under a pyramidal monument, the glass doors of the vault being covered with green silk curtains. Another example of vanity strong in death was afforded us a few years ago, when a wealthy court milliner left strict injunctions be-

hind her that her body should be enfolded in point lace. A Major Hook, by the will of a relation, was euti-tled to an annuity while his wife was above ground. To fulfill the terms of this import-ant document, after her death he caused her to be placed in a chamber, her body to be preserved, and a glass case to be put over it.
In this situation it remained for upward He never perany mitted person to enter the room but himself.

On the 26th of September, 1769, the body of Mrs. Pratt, a widow lady, late of George Street, Han-over Square, was, in accordance with her last instructions, burned to ashes ʻin the new burying-ground ad-



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR BORDER.-LOUIS XIII. STYLE. Description of Symbols: Reddish-Brown; Black; Dist (darkest), 2d (lightest), Fawn; Bist (darkest), 2d, Bluish-Green; Rist (darkest), 2d, Red; Dist (darkest), 2d, Blue; Dist (

joining Tyburn turnpike." This modern instance of incremation in England is, so far as our knowledge goes, unique; and with it we bring our notes upon burial vagaries to an end.

THE MYSTERY OF VISCOUNT BOWLDOUT.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

HIS lordship was furious, and all the attempts to pacify him were the dismalest of failures. "Never," he said, solemnly, to her ladyship—"never"—and as he spoke he added weight to his injunction by bringing down his finely formed but somewhat gouty hand on a buhl ta-ble covered with gimcracks from Dresden, and causing those tiny magots to shiver in their porcelain shoes-"never let me hear the name of that abandoned, that hardened prodigal again! I absolutely forbid its being pronounced in this house. He is a disgrace to his family, to his order, and to the profession to which he belonged." And having delivered himself of this terrible denunciation, his lordship buttoned his coat across his noble breast, leaned one hand on his hip, and extended the other in a monitory manner toward his lady, looking in this attitude remarkably like Scipio Africanus, or the late Lord Grey in the act of moving the second reading of the Reform Bill. I think, by-the-way, it was Lord John who moved it; but that matters little. Her ladyship wept. How could she refrain

from tears, seeing that the hardened prodigal whom she had just heard denounced, repudiated, and banished from the paternal roof—represent-ed for the nonce by a back drawing-room in a private hotel in Jermyn Street-was her own son? Du reste, her ladyship was continually weeping. In her interesting youth her nurse-maids were wont to address her reproachfully as "Cry-baby," and to speak of her contumeliously, when she was out of hearing, as that "whining little puss." In the brigade of Guards (to which her son had, alas! belonged) they used to call her Lady Waterworks.

Her ladyship's spouse was the Right Honorable the Earl of Impycue. His lordship owned estates of immense extent in several counties, several coal mines in the North, and a slate quarry in Wales; and Impycue Terrace and Bowldout Street, in the cathedral city of Fusty-ford, belonged to him; but all his broad acres were mortgaged several times over, and he had no money. His wife had no money; that is to say, her lord and her trustees between them had muddled it away somehow. Carlos de Veu Dunnop, by courtesy Viscount Bowldout, his lordship's only son, and heir to the earldom, had no money. In the entire family there was not any

Bowldout, the abandoned and hardened prodigal, had expectations, but they all came to nothing. His uncle, Major-General Dunnop, formerly of the H.E.I.C.'s army, ought to have left him several lacs, or crores, of rupees—at all events, a prodigious quantity of money. He did not do any thing of the kind, bequeathing his large fortune, his indigo plantations, and his opium farms to a lady of dark complexion and of the Mohammada. of the Mohammedan persuasion, with a numer-ous young family, all as fat as butter and of the color of Eppe's cocoa. Then old Sir Thomas Roper, one of the judges of the Court of Com-mon Pleas, and his mother's brother, had been confidently expected to make young Viscount Bowldout his heir. He was a bachelor, and had saved many thousands at the bar before he was made a judge. Sir Thomas died from the effects of indigestion after dining with the Worshipful Company of Rateatchers at their hall in Cateaton Street, and he left all his money to the Asylum for Idiots. The Honorable Miss Dunnop, indeed, that wealthy spinster of Grosvenor Square, his aunt, left him a thumping legacy—enough to have rehabilitated the fortunes of the entire family; but the old lady having been, unfortunately, in her latter years somewhat eccentric—keeping squirrels in her bedroom, always dining in a cocked hat, with nine wax-candles on the table, frequently calling in Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, Ethiopian serenaders, and the like, to discourse sweet music to her, and regaling them with potted meats and sherry wine distant relatives, to whom she didn't leave any thing in her will, started the hypothesis that the Hon. Miss Dunnop was mad. So the estate was thrown into Chancery, and must have hurt itself in the fall, since it lay in Lincoln's Inn for many years without moving, and apparently unconscious. At all events, nobody got any mon-ey, the lawyers excepted, the costs always being costs in the cause.

'nae luck at a' " about the there was noble house of Dunnop. Chronic poverty did not, however, prevent the Earl of Impycue from living on the fat of the land, from sitting at quarter sessions and sending poachers to jail for having pheasants' eggs in the crowns of their hats, and imprisoning little children for pluck ing turnips or sprigs of lavender. Poverty did not hinder him from giving balls and dinnerparties; it did not prevent her ladyship from appearing at court, covered with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and with a satin train several feet in length behind her. There are some people who must have a carriage and two horses to it. Lady Impycue always had. If you ask me who paid for it, or for the clothes she wore, or the food she ate, I must reply that I really don't know. In Vanity Fair we get occasional glimpses of how the Rawdon Crawleys contrived to get on—not precisely so as to make both ends meet, but at all events to lace the corset of genteel existence with sufficient closeness to hide the beggar's smock beneath; but their "nothing a year" was, after all, more a façon de parler than an absolute reality. Rawdon won money at cards somehow, and Becky borrowed

freely from the Marquis of Steyne. Earl of Impycue had never been accused of a tendency to play; it was his grandfather, the first earl, who had originally "dipped" the estate by gambling; and it was very certain that nobody would lend the Countess of Impycue any money. Yet they rubbed along somehow, had the best of every thing, and a box at the opera, and always dined at eight. I think they must have lived on air—or on the wind of their nobility, so to speak.
Carlos de Veu Dunnop, Lord Viscount Bowld-

out, was deeply in debt when he went to Eton. at the mature age of ten years; at least the cake-woman, and the lady who sold sweet-stuff, and the hunch-backed old man who dealt in tops, marbles, balls, and hockey-sticks, in the neighborhood of the residence of the Reverend Lancelot Graves, Montpelier Road, Twickenham, who had the honor to prepare his lordship for who had the bolor to prepare his foruship for the great public seminary just named, all de-clared that the heir to the earldom of Impycue owed them "no end of money." It may be said likewise that he was remotely in debt to the Rev. Lancelot himself; for that respectable private tutor's bill for board and education remained in an unsettled condition when the youthful viscount was transferred to the "distant spires and antique towers" which are visible from ity. They s They spoke of their absent debtor as a

It is needless to follow the brilliant career of my noble hero at the University of Oxford. He left without taking a degree; but though he made no figure in the schools, he was always immersed in books. There was scarcely a ledger in a tradesman's shop in the High Street without whole pages being devoted to records of the academical indebtedness of Viscount Bowldout.

After this he went into the Guards. I have heard that he had nine tailors; that he "tubbed" every morning with three bottles of eau-de-Cologne to his bath; that he had fourteen horses in his stable-or somebody else's stable, which amounted to the same thing; and that he thought nothing of giving—or rather owing, the terms are convertible—half a guinea for a lily of the valley to wear in the button-hole of his coat. He betted heavily, and stood to win thirty thousand, they say, on Dicky Sam, the Derby favorite, that went dead lame on the morning of the race; and he was associated in some mysterious manner with the Royal De-pravity Theatre at the period when that favorite place of entertainment was under the management of Miss Maggie Beaumanois (née Scruff), formerly of the corps de ballet. Maggie lived

THE BEGINNING OF LORD BOWLDOUT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

the Eton Playing Fields. Who paid the two | hundred guineas per annum, more or less, requisite for keeping a boy at Eton must be ac counted one of the mysteries of the noble family I am celebrating, since very little credit, I understand, is given by the tutors and dames at the college where "grateful service still adores her Henry's holy shade." Stay, the Hon. Miss Dunnop was still alive, and had not yet become so eccentric as to partake of her meals in a cocked hat, when young Carlos went to Eton.

Perhaps she paid her nephew's school bills. His little bills she assuredly did not pay for him; and from the bar-maid at the "Christowho had trusted his lordship for beer cold gin-and-water, Abernethy biscuits, porkpies, and cigars-probably consumed on Sundays, and in church-time-to his purveyor of cricket-bats and rackets, his supplier of tarts and ginger-beer, and the ingenious mechanic who mended the watch—who paid for it? whose works he was always breaking, the memory of Carlos de Veu Dunnop, Viscount Bowld-out, lingered for many sad years in the fond hearts of the trades-people of Eton, Slough, and Windsor. They would never forget him, they said, pathetically. Some of these simple folk went even farther in their affectionate familiarat the Boltons, S.W., in very grand style. You remember her piebald ponies, her Dutch pug, and her diminutive tiger in buckskins and top-boots — those articles were all gifts from her attached friend, Viscount Bowldout, of the Grenadier Guards.

I think it was for fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds fifteen shillings and fourpence three-farthings that the young gentleman was bankrupt, in the spring of 18—. Half the Commercial Directory, in the shape of tailors, shirt-makers, boot-makers, hosiers, jewelers, livery-stable and hotel keepers, wine-merchants, and fancy stationers, seemed to be present in Basinghall Street to present their proof of debts. Strangely enough, there were no bill-discounters in the list of creditors, and on this circumstance the learned commissioner warmly complimented the noble bankrupt when he allowed him to pass his examina-tion; the truth being that no discounter in London would have "done" any of his lordship's 'paper," even at six times sixty per cent. in-erest. "He never had a rap, and he never will have a rap, unless he gets that Chancery soot, and he won't get it," quoth Mr. Lee Vigh Sharp, of Knaves' Inn, to Mr. Solomon Flatcatcher, of Little Sabretasche Street, when the

prospects of the youthful bankrupt were dis-

This, then, was the "hardened and abandoned prodigal," whom his noble papa felt compelled to repudiate and renounce—I will not say to disinherit, since his lordship had nothing to leave his heir save his title and his debts. But why, it may be asked, was the Earl of Impycue in such a terrible rage with his son? Was running into debt unknown to the family? Was not, indeed, the young man rather to be congratulated than censured on having positively got into debt to the tune of nearly fifteen thousand pounds without a shilling wherewith to discharge his liabilities? I am somewhat of opinion that Viscount Bowldout's bankruptcy had very little to do with the Earl of Impycue's indignation against him, and that the real reason for the paternal wrath was this—that the improvident and ungrateful young man had had the inconceivable folly to fall over head and cars in love with Fanny Clearthorn, a pretty but penniless governess in the family of Sir John Cramshovel (Cramshovel, Scalesby, & Wayte, Lombard Street), the famous baron-et and banker, when he might have had in marriage, and for the asking, Clementina Angelina Argentina Cramshovel, the baronet-banker's only child and heiress. It is true that she was much marked with the small-pox, and had only one eye, but then how very rich she was to be! Now you understand why my lord was furious, why my lady wept? and now can you compre-hend how Fanny Clearthorn was expelled from Sir John's big house in Eaton Square, how Lady Cramshovel denounced the banished governess as a designing minx, while Clementina Angelina Argentina said meekly that she forgave the crawling serpent from the bottom of her heart—when a woman says that she forgives you from the bot-tom of her heart, you had better make your will; it is all over with you—and how Lord Viscount Bowldout arrived at the conclusion that he had rather made a mess of matters generally, and that he was in a "deuced fix?" It was the opinion of his lordship's former comrades in the Guards, and from which gallant corps he had long since sold out, that Bowley had "gone a mucker," and "come a cropper." They were "horsey" young men, and spoke habitually in the stable argot, so dear to the British youth.

One afternoon, of the height of the London season, Viscount Bowldout was walking somewhat gloomity through Curzon Street, Mayfair, into which thoroughfare he had entered by the narrow passage which leads from Hay Hill by the garden wall of Lansdowne House, on his way to Hyde Park. It accorded with his lordship's purpose to avoid the more populous thoroughfare of Piccadilly, in which numbers of his lordship's tradesmen—those he had patronized since his benkruptcy, and who were wont upon occasion to be indecorously importunate (this is a sadly democratic age)—had their places of business. Being utterly ruined, Lord Bowldout had naturally residential chamber in Pall Mall and a stall at the opera, and carefully kept his name on the books of all his clubs. The Com-mittee of the Junior Lavender Kid Glove behaved most handsomely during the trying period of his lordship's bankruptcy. His lordship's want of gayety on the afternoon in question was not due, I should cry, to the general embarrassment of his affair. He had been born in a muddle, and he had been born in a muddle, and he very probably thought himself predestined to die in one. He was melancholy because he wanted a flower for his button-hole, and he happened to have overrun his credit—or, rather, the credit of his credit; the ghost of his tick, as he pathetically called it-with every one of his florists, and to be without half a crown in his pocket wherewith to purchase the wonted floral decora-

"Hafternoon, my lud; 'ope your ludship's well," the viscount heard a voice very familiar to him exclaim close by him. He raised his eyes—he had been gazing at the pavement, as though in hopes of seeing lilies of the valley sprout from the interstices of the flags—and saw standing at the door of a green-grocer's, florist's, and fruiterer's shop a face and form very familiar to him. They belonged to John Rooter, formerly butler to his noble father. "There's tick for a flower, then, at all events," thought Viscount Bowldout as he condescendingly returned the ex-butler's salute, and at his respectful invitation entered his small but cleverly stocked establishment.

That little matter of the flower for the buttonhole was soon settled. "I don't think I need book it, my lud," quoth Mr. Rooter, with jocular deference. "It ain't the first bokay your ludship's family's had from me. Lord! how her ladyship used to stick it up for flowering plants at her at 'omes."

"I've nothing to do with my family's debts," terposed his lordship, testily. "They've all interposed his lordship, testily. "They've all cut me—cut me dead, Rooty, because I've gone to smash." He was a simple-minded young nobleman, and was not averse to using the naïve

patois popular as his boards of omnibuses. "Know hall about it, my lud. No hoffense," "Your ludship

went on the retired centarer. — Four musting must be getting hawful 'ard hup."

"Hard up isn't the word," said Viscount Bowldout, wearily. "I'm cornered. I can't go to my clubs, because I owe the waiters money. It's a real smash. I shall have to sweep a crossing, or go on the stage and play the hind-legs of the hippy-pippy-what-d'ye-call-'m in the panto-

"'Ope not, my lud. When things come to the worst they must mend, so my old woman says. Maybe, my lud, I could give you a lift that would be of some service to you. "You, Rooty?"

"Well, look here, my lud. I'm a hold suvvent of the family, It's true that your pa

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never paid me my wages, and borrowed money besides, and that your ma went tick with me for flowerin' plants till flesh and blood couldn't stand it no longer; but the 'ouse of Dunnop's brought me into sussiety, and sussiety is what I want.
My lud, I ham a hambitious man."

'Indeed, Rooty!"

"Hi always were, from a knife-boy uppards. This shop is hall very well, and my old woman turns in a good bit o' money. Hi've done pretty comfortable too by attendin' dinner-parties; and the pastry-cook's shop hopposite, which we send hout dinners, is mine.

"By Jove! you're a regular financier, Rooty.
You'll be a Rothschild some of these days,"
broke in Lord Bowldout, quite interested.

"Hi wouldn't bemean myself to be hany thing so low," resumed the vino-floral pastry-cook. "The wine-merchant's cellarage hunder 'Odge's, the tailor's, in Jermyn Street, is mine. But my views is 'igher—'igher, my lud. They haspires to hupholstery."
"To what?"

"To hupholstery," solemnly went on the ambitious Rooty. "Likewise with a view to hauctioneering, which, bein' neglected in my hown heddication, I am 'avin' my son James given classical tooition in one of the best commercial hacademies at 'Oxton. Han hupholsterer, a fash'nable hupholsterer and hauctic

in St. James's Street, I 'ave made up my mind to be."

"And why not an undertaker too, eh, Rooty?"

"Why not, hindeed! You may chaff, my lud; but let me tell you than undertaking comes natteral hafter hupholstery and hauctioneering; and let me tell you that when you get into the line of berryin' dooks and herls, there s a deal of meat on the transaction.

"I don't think you'll get much out of my gov ernor's funeral," the candid viscount remarked. "Besides, we've had tick at Banting's for the

"He stoes, we've had tack at banking's for the last three-quarters of a century."

"Hit hain't o' berryin' you hi'm thinkin', my lud," replied the green-grocer, amicably. "Hi want to put you in the way of makin' a livin'.

Do you want to make one?"

"Yes, if I'm not obliged to work for it," he answered with perfect simplicity.

answered, with perfect simplicity.

"I'll go bail that you sha'n't 'ave to work 'arder than ever you did in your life. You don't call goin' hout to dinner 'ard work?"

"No, not very."

"Good! Now will your ludship go hout to dinner at height o'clock to-morrow evening at the 'ouse of"—here he consulted a large account-book—"Singleton Fytch, Fytch, Esquire, Boa-

nerges Gate, 'Yde Park?"

"But I'm not asked, and I don't know the

man from Adam.

"Never mind that. You'll be asked by the first post to-morrow mornin'. Will you go? You know a hold suvvent wouldn't deceive you. Hand look 'ere, my lud. Hif you want a cool 'underd, jest to set you straight a little, jest put your 'and to a Hi Howe Hew, and the money's ours as soon as I can get it out of the cash-box in the back-parlor."

Mr. Rooter, of Curzon Street, Mayfair, green-grocer, fruiterer, and florist, interested in the pastry-cook's shop over the way, and in the wine-merchant's premises under Mr. Hodge's, the tailor, in Jermyn Street, was not exactly the mocking fiend Mephistopheles; nor had Viscount Bowldout much of the stuff of Dr. Heinrich Faust in his composition. Still there was a compact entered into between the viscount and the ambitious green-grocer that summer afternoon. next morning Lord Bowldout received at his chambers a card of large dimensions and highly glased, in which Mr. and Mrs. Singleton Fytch Fytch, of Boanerges Gate, Hyde Park, solicited the honor of Viscount Bowldout's company at dinner that evening at eight o'clock, R.S.V.P. And Viscount Bowldout went to the dinner, and enjoyed himself tolerably well at a sumptuous banquet with a host and hostess and a number of guests, none of whom he had ever met before in his life.

The viscount almost entirely absented himself from his accustomed haunts during the remainder of the season. The gallant dandies, his exchums, opined that "Bowley" was "up a tree," and "keeping dark." Some said that he had gone to Australia; others that he was at Hom-burg, backing zero. Sir Benjamin Backbite declared that Bowldout had married a wealthy old female at Cheltenham, and was doomed to constant attention on her cats; and Joseph Surface, Esq., was truly sorry to think so, but feared—he strongly and sadly feared—that the misguided young man had cut his throat, and that the awful tragedy had been hushed up. It was at Calais, Joseph Surface, Esq., had been told. But though Lord Bowldout was seen no more in the club smoking-room, or at the bow-windows thereof, he had by no means bid adieu to London life. He dined out most assiduously. Lepoul, his valet (from whom, indeed, I obtained the materials for this veracious history), showed me a whole pile of dinner invitations, all of which had been duly accepted and honored between the months of May and August, 18—. For example, there were Mr. and Mrs. Jarvey Caddington, Peckhambury Square; Mr. and Mrs. Treblepippin, Spontella Lodge, Lombard Gardens West; the Misses Hyde, Leatherum Crescent, Tanner's Park; Mr. and Mrs. Figg, Sandilands Cottage, Cheshunt; Mr. and Mrs. Warmgoose, the Snippery, Acton; and many more. Besides the dinners, the viscount found time to attend during the season no less than a hundred and seventeen "at homes," "assemand "thes dansantes." I have heard. too, that he was on more than one occasion seen at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, and at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough, in the company of ladies and gentlemen gorgeously attired, but per-

sonally unknown to the aristocratic acquaintances who, by chance, came across him. ward the close of the season Lord Tom Tupper (the Marquis of Parnassus's fourth son), being by chance in the City, happened to meet Bowldout alighting from a hansom in Lombard Street. The viscount seemed anxious to avoid Tom, and hurried up one of the courts of the auriferous thoroughfare. "Now what the deuce was Bowl-ey doing in Lombard Street?" Lord Tom Tupper continually asked during the next fortnight of all the friends who would listen to him. "It ain't possible, you know, that he's got a banking account there, except on the wrong side of the slate." Tom Tupper, there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in your

philosophy.

About this time, if you scanned the evening papers, and especially the Observer, carefully, you might light on Viscount Bowldout's name yery frequently as a director of the Jemima Jane Opal Mining Company (Limited), the Universal Discount Association of the New Atlantic, the Credit Foncier of Utopia, the Handon-your-Throat Insurance Corporation, and kindred joint stock enterprises. Lord Viscount Bowldout was president of the Cosmopolitan Washing, Ironing, Clear-starching, and Shirt-button Guarantee Society, and deputy-chairman of the Intersolar Grand Trunk Railway Meanwhile his lordship, although he began to look somewhat pale and care-worn, was, in a worldly sense, flourishing exceedingly. He drove a mail phaeton with two splendidly matched bays, and he could have driven four-in-hand had he liked, and have paid for his team too. He had an account at a banking house in Lombard Street (Oh, shallow Tom Tupper!), and that account was on the right side of the slate, and a very round one.

Fortune favors the fortunate, and there is nothing that succeeds like success. These may be platitudes, but they are true. Just as Lord Bowldout was beginning to think that he had money enough to marry little Fanny Clearthorn (to whom he had never, to his honor, been false), the Lord High Chancellor woke up one morning in a perfectly weasel-like state of wakefulness, and delivered a decree which somehow had the effect of moving the Court of Probate and the Court of Common Pleas, and all manner of sub-sidiary tribunals, and of arousing the very wilditement in Lincoln's Inn and in the Inner and Middle Temple. No less than three leading articles were written in popular daily papers on the Chancellor's judgment, the effect of which was that the embargo so long laid upon the es-tate of the Honorable Lucretia Honoria Dunnop, spinster, deceased, was all at once removed. and that a large property—mulcted, however, in a trifle like ten thousand pounds for costs—came into the sole and undivided possession of the Hon. Carlos de Veu Dunnop, commonly called Viscount Bowldout. He was reconciled to his noble parents that very evening (how her ladyship wept!); and three weeks afterward Fanny Clearthorn—the rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, aiding and abetting—became Lady Bowldout. Miss Clementina Angelina Argentina Cramshovel remains unmarried. She is the Lady Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Verges, Old Brompton. The good Sisters devote them-selves to educational work; and the Lady Superior, it is said, does not disapprove of corporal

chastisement in the training of the young.

But the "Mystery of Viscount Bowldout?" Well, there is no longer a Lord Bowldout, or, rather, the courtesy-title is now held by a shubby little boy with large blue eyes and curly flaxen hair, whom you may see sometimes trotting on his Shetland pony in Rotten Row, his bridle held by the stout coachman, mounted on a cob as stout, at his side. The Earl of Impycue has gone to the land where debtors are at rest, and Carlos, his son—not a "hardened prodigal"—reigns in his stead. I think I can best explain the "Mystery" as related to me in his lordship's own words, overheard one morning at breakfast by Lepoul, his man, who, besides, had known all about his master's occult proceedings for a very

long time. You see, my pet," said his lordship, trifling with a partridge's wing on his plate, "when I left the Guards, and the poor old governor turned up, and that bankruptcy business-I've paid all the fellows since then, with five per cent. interest—was bothering me, I was awfully hard up, and didn't know literally which way to turn. I was thinking of enlisting in the Carabineers, or something desperate of that sort. Well, you know Rooty, the rich auctioneer, upholsterer, and undertaker, in St. James's Street? furnished this house, you remember. He's dis-gustingly rich. They say he's going into Parlia-ment. Well, when I was at the lowest flowwater, he kept a little green-grocer's shop in May-fair. He had been butler in our family, you Well, he was a good-natured fellow and lent me some money, and then— Well, when a fellow's hard up he's obliged to do very shady things. I used to go out to dinner for

"Go out to dinner for him! What on earth do you mean, Charles?" asked Lady Impycue, kissing her husband's forehead.

"Just what I say," returned his lordship, swiftly avenging by the lex talionis the aggravated assault just recorded. "You see, Rooty was a pushing fellow, and had gone into the pastry-cook line, and used to send out dinners. He had no end of customers who had made heaps of money, but had been trades-people, or something of that sort, and didn't know any body in what is called 'Society' that they could ask to dine with them, or to come to their parties afterward. They had lots of girls, but no men. Well, by Jove! if that Rooty didn't serve his customers with guests as well as with dinners. I know he served them with me, and

I suppose he put me in the bill. You see, I hadn't a penny, but then I was a lord, and that was something. By degrees, by going to and fro among them, I met a lot of rich City fellows, and then I got made director of a lot of compa nies; and they used to give me two guineas every time I went down to lunch in the boardroom; and, besides, I got a lot of paid-up shares, and they used to tell me how to sell them at the right time; and altogether I did very well, till the Chancery suit turned up trumps; and that's all about it, my darling." Même jeu in the aggravated assault department, as before.

Such was the Mystery of Viscount Bowldout. Tom Tupper, you have not much money. Abitu, et fac similiter.

ON AN UGLY FELLOW.

FROM THE GREEK.

WITH such a nose beware to look On fountain clean or running brook, Lest, like Narcissus, you should see Your face reflected; and as he, Self-loved, was doomed to die by fate, You too should die—but with self-hate.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON,

AUTHOL OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LEY'S SECRET," STO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THEN FELL UPON THE HOUSE A SUDDEN GLOOM.

LADY CLEVEDON'S invitations had been sent far and wide, to neighbors who were not tenants as well as to neighbors who were, and among other outsiders Richard Redmayne received one of the gilt-edged illuminated cards, prepared by a London lithographer from a design of Georgie's own. Colonel Davenant had insisted that even the invitation cards should be what he called "a

Rick Redmayne, who had seemed to himself for a long time to exist outside the common joys and sorrows of mankind, put the gay-looking ticket into his breast pocket with a brief laugh

of scorn.
"As if such a thing was in my line!" he said to himself; "but it was kind of Lady Clevedon to send it—and of course she didn't know. If Grace had been alive now-

He could imagine himself going to the rustic festival with his daughter on his arm; could see her face as it would have looked amidst the summer holiday-making; could see the soft blue eyes brighten as they would have brightened at sight of the invitation card; could fancy how her childish soul would have been fuscinated by the gold and color, and how she would have treasured the card in her work-box as a relic when the fête was done. With her he could have drunk the cup of simple pleasure to the dregs; without her, what could such a holiday seem to him but weariness

and vexation?

He put the invitation in his pocket, and would have thought no more of the matter had he been permitted to think his own thoughts. This liberty, however, was not allowed him: it was impossible to exist during the week before Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday and not hear of the Clevedon fête. Even he, who so rarely passed the boundaries of his own narrowed home, could not escape the popular agitation. Clevedon fête was the sauce which Mrs. Bush served with every meal she set before him. It was in vain that he professed his indifference. A mind overcharged as hers was would find some vent, and as her "goodman" was for the most part an absentee, Mr. Redmayne had the benefit of her intelligence. She could not set her foot beyond the garden, or take in a joint from the butcher, without hearing something about the Cleveland festivities. In the morning she heard for the first time of the fire-works, and of the men who had come down from London to fix them; in the afternoon a neighbor brought her tidings of the lamps, from information received from that important functionary, the village postman, who spoke with the voice of authority—lamps which were to be of divers colors, like the "inumilations" Mrs. Bush had seen in London at her Majesty's coronation, when she was in service as nurse-maid at Peckham Rye—lamps which, according to a privileged communication from the above-named postman, were to number up-ward of a "milliond."

Richard Redmayne heard so much about the festival that at last, like the little old woman in Southey's story of the *Three Bears*, he said a bad word about it.

You shouldn't lose your temper over it, Mr. Redmayne," Mrs. Bush exclaimed, with friendly reproof. "What you ought to do is to go to Clevedon and enjoy yourself like other people, for once in a way. I'm sure you've moped long enough here; and if it was ten thousand daughers you'd lost-not as I'm saying a word again Miss Gracey, which she was as sweet a young woman as ever stepped—you couldn't have took the loss more to heart than you have took it. But there's a time for all things, which I believe it was King Solomon hisself made the remark; leastways, I know I've heard it in Kingsbury Church, before Bush overpersuaded me into joining the Primitive Methodists; and if it wasn't Solomon, it must have been David, or Nebuchadnezzar. There's a time for all things, Mr. Redmayne; and it isn't the time to mope when every body within twenty miles is going to be happy even me and Bush asked, through Bush's brother being a tenant on the Clevedon estate. Mr. Wort brought me the card yesterday; not all gold and colors like yours, but a neat lay-lock, gilt-edged."

Mr. Redmayne bore this remonstrance with tolerable patience, but had not the remotest idea of being influenced by it. Yet, when the muchexpected morning dawned, serene and cloudless —for weather is sometimes propitions even in England; when the day grew older, and Kingsbury joy-bells rang gayly over woods and mead-ows, hop fields where the tender vines were climbing, corn fields where the golden wheat had ripened for the sickle, and where "the free and happy barley was smiling on the scythe, Redmayne could not help feeling that this day was not quite as other days, and that it was a dismal thing to stand alone and willfully aloof from all his fellow-men on such a day as this.

If the day had been wet, if a chill gray sky had lowered on Sir Francis Clevedon and all his preparations for a festival, if a drizzling, incessant rain had foreboded the extinction of lamps and fire-works, Mr. Redmayne might have smoked his pipe by his desolate hearth in the old farm-house kitchen and laughed scornfully at the folly of his race, conjuring up a vision of sodden gar-ments and disappointed faces, rain oozing slowly from the canvas roofs, the gay flag-bedecked tents transformed into gigantic shower-baths. But a misanthrope must have been of a very sour temper who could escape some touch of regret for his own lonely condition, some faint yearning for sympathy with his species, some feeble, ghost-like renewal of old feelings, in such a golden noontide and amidst so fair a landscape as that which lay around the home of Richard Redmayne. Several times had Mrs. Bush repeated her remonstrances, with every variety of rustic eloquence and much amplitude of speech, but to no effect. Mr. Redmayne declared most decisively that he would have no share in the

day's rejoicings.

"A pretty figure I should cut among a pack of fools dancing and capering!" he cried, contemptuously. "I should seem like a ghost come from the grave."

"Both as we might if you more in that shall."

"Perhaps you might, if you went in that shab-by old shooting-jacket as you wear Sundays and work-a-days, which is a disgrace to a gentleman as well-to-do as you are," replied the plain-spoken Mrs. Bush, who seemed to think that the inhabitants of the spirit world might suffer from a want of good clothing; "but not if you dressed your-self in some of the things you've got hoarded up in those two sea-chests of yours, o' purpose for the moths, one 'ud think, to see the way you let 'em lie there. Now do smarten yourself up a bit, and trim your whiskers, and all that, Mr. Redmayne, and don't be the only person within twenty miles of Clevedon to hang back from go-ing. It looks so pinted. It looks almost as if you'd committed a murder, or somethink dreadful, and was afeard to face the light of day."

This last argument touched him a little, indifferent as he professed to be about the world's es-It was not of himself he thought even in this, but of that dead girl who had made up his world. Was he quite true to her memory in holding himself thus utterly aloof from his kind? Might he not by that very act have given occasion for slanders, which might never have arisen but for that, or which, at any rate, might have been crushed by his putting a bold front on matters, and finding some answer for every question that could be asked about his lost girl?

"Good God!" he said to himself, strangely affected by this random shot of Mrs. Bush's, "I may have made people think that things were

worse than they really were, by my conduct."

He brooded on this idea a good deal; but it was scarcely this which influenced him on Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday, when, about an hour and a half after the Bushes had departed, radiant in their Sunday clothes, and with faces varnished by the application of strong yellow soap, he suddenly made up his mind to follow them and share the pleasures of the day. They could be no pleasures to him. That was out of the question. But he would go among the noise and riot, and eating and drinking, and hold his own with the merriest, and let the world see that he was Rick Redmayne still, as good a man as he had been six years ago, before he sailed across the world to redeem his fortunes.

Strange how lonely the house seemed to him that summer day, when Mrs. Bush and her goodman had shut the door behind them, after much scudding to and fro and up and down, at the last moment, in quest of forgotten trifles. It was not that he had ever affected Mrs. Bush's company, or that he had ever found her any thing but an unmitigated bore. Yet no sooner was she departed than he sorely missed the clatter of her pattens, the cloop of her pails, the noise of her industrious broom sweeping assiduously in passages where there had been no footsteps to car-ry dirt. Dreary and empty beyond all measure emed the old homestead which had once been so blithe. He went in and out of the rooms without purpose, into that tabernacle of respectability the best parlor, where not so much as the posi-tion of a chair had been altered since his wedding-day; where the chintz covers, which had been faded when he peered into the mystic chamber wonderingly, a baby in his mother's arms, were only a little paler and more feeble of tint to-day. Nothing could wear out in a room so seldom tenanted; it could only moulder imperceptibly with a gradual decay, like furniture in the sealed houses of some lava-buried city.

To-day that pale presence of the dead, whereby these rooms were always more or less haunted, smote him with a keener anguish than he could bear. The empty house was insupportable with that ghostly company.

"And yet, if she could take a palpable form and come back and smile upon me, God knows that I would welcome her fondly, even though I knew she were dead. Why can not our dead



come back to us sometimes, if only for one sweet solemn hour? Is God so hard that He will not lend them to us? Oh, Gracey, to have you with me for ever so brief a span, to hear from your own lips that heaven is fair and you are happy among the angels, to tell you how I have missed you! But there only comes the dull shadow, the dreary thought; no dear face, no gentle loving ever?

ing eyes. Many and many a time he had sat in the sunshine, in the moonlight, lost in a waking dream, and wondering if Heaven would ever vouchsafe him a vision, such as men saw of old, when angelic creatures and the spirits of the dead seemed nearer this earth than they are to-day. Many a time he had wished that the impalpable air would thicken and shape itself into the form he loved; but the vision never came. The rooms were haunted, but it was with bitter thoughts of the past; his sleep was broken, but only with confused patches of dreaming, in which the image of the beloved dead was entangled in some web of foolishness and bewilderment. Never had she appeared to him as he would have her come. serene and radiant with the radiance of a soul that wanders down from heaven to comfort an

earthly mourner.

He went out into the garden and smoked a pipe under the cedar, but here too the solitude which had been the habit of his life lately seemed strangely intensified to-day. It might have been that sound of distant joy-bells, or the knowledge that all the little world within a twenty-mile radius was making merry so near him. It would be difficult to define the cause, but a sense of isolation crept into his mind. He smoked a second pipe, and drank a tumbler of spirits-and-water, that perilous restorer to which he had too frequent recourse of late; sat for an hour or more under the low-spreading branches which scarcely cleared his head when he stood upright, and then could endure this oppression of silence and loneliness no longer, and resolved to go to the Clevedon festival.

"I needn't join their tomfoolery," he said to himself; "I can look on."

He went up to his room, and dressed himself in some of those clothes which had lain so long idle in his sea-chest. He was a handsome man even now, in spite of the gloomy look that had become his natural expression; a fine-looking man still, in spite of his bent shoulders; but he was only the wreck of the man he had been before his daughter's death; only the wreck of that man who sailed home from the distant world, fortunate and full of hope, coming back to his only child.

The dinner for the cottagers, farm-servants, gardeners, gamekeepers, and small fry of all kinds was to begin at half past one; the dinner for the superior tenantry, to which Mr. Redmayne was bidden, at three o'clock. He had plenty of time to walk to Clevedon before the banquet began, if he cared to take his place among the revelers, but he did not care about the ceremony of dining. He meant only to stroll about the park, take a distant view of the rejoicings, and walk home again in the twilight. The Bushes did not expect to return till midnight, as the fire-works, which were the great feature of the entertainment, were only to begin at ten; but Richard Redmayne had no idea of staying to stare at many-colored sky-rockets, or showers of falling stars, or Catharine-wheels, or Roman candles.

He took the short-cut to Clevedon, the path that skirted meadows and corn fields, by those tall hedge-rows which had sheltered Grace and her lover in the fatal summer that was gone. Slowly and listlessly he went his way, stopping to lean against a stile and smoke a meditative pipe before his journey was half done; lingering to look at the ripened corn sometimes, with the critical eye of experience, but not with the keen interest of possession. Even if these acres had still been "in hand," it is doubtful whether he would have surveyed them with his old earnestness. The very key-stone of life's arch was gone. He had no motive for wishing to increase his store, hardly any motive for living, except that one undefined idea of a day of reckoning to come sooner or later betwixt him and his child's destrover.

To-day, dawdling in the sunshine, amidst that peaceful landscape, going on such a purposeless errand, hardly knowing why he went, there was surely nothing farther from his thoughts than that the day of reckoning had come.

$\mathbf{CHAPTER} \ \mathbf{XXXVIII}.$

"OF ALL MEN ELSE I HAVE AVOIDED THEE."

PERHAPS, if a man must throw his money away somehow or other, which appears to be almost an absolute condition in the lives of most men, there is no pleasanter mode of scattering it than upon such a rustic carnival as Georgie Clevedon and her father had organized for the celebration of the baronet's twenty-ninth birthday. In that cup of pleasure one would suppose there can be scarcely one bitter drop, provided always that every body within a certain distance is invited; that there is no forgotten fairy to mutter her maledictions in the midst of the banquet, and invoke misfortune upon the prince or princess of the house. And yet who can tell, even in that simple world, what heart-burnings may disturb the joy of Susan Jones at sight of Mary Smith's new gown, what a sense of humiliation may depress Mrs. Brown on beholding Mrs. Robinson in a new bonnet, while Brown's scanty wage has not afforded his partner so much as a yard of ribbon to smarten her faded head-Or who shall presume to say that the jealous pangs which gnaw the entrails of some rustic Strephon at sight of his Chloe's flirtation with Damon are not as fierce an agony as the torments of any brilliant dandy in the Household Brigade distracted by the infidelities of a countess?

Sir Francis Clevedon did not consider the thing so deeply as he looked out on the tents and flags and flowers and fountains and gayly dressed crowd scattered over a vast green amplitheatre under the noontide sun—a cheerful picture framed by a background of old forest trees, amidst whose cool umbrage the scared deer had fled for sanctuary. He thought that Georgie had hit upon a very pleasant manner of fooling away two or three hundred pounds, whatever Mr. Wort—with a pencil behind his ear and an ancient little account-book in his hand—might say to the contrary.

"You're sure you're pleased, then, Frankie?" says Georgie, in her little coaxing way, sidling up to her husband as she stands by him on the terrace walk before the house, looking down at the crowd. "I should be quite miserable if you didn't like it at all. You see, it seems such a dreadful thing for you to marry a girl without sixpence, and for her to begin by spending your money at such a rate; but then it's only once a year, and it's all for your sake, so I do hope you're pleased."

As if I could help being pleased with you in that bonnet," said Frank, surveying the bright face framed in white azaleas and blonde. Georgie is all in white to-day, an airy sylph-like costume, in which she looks scarcely seventeen. Sibyl is near her, also in white, dotted about with little bouquets of forget-me-nots, and with forget-me-nots in her bonnet; and Sibyl is very agreeably occupied in a flirtation with her brother's friend, Captain Hardwood, of the Engineers. The Clevedon guests from outside have not yet begun to arrive; the visitors in the house circulate languidly-looking out of windows, or sauntering up and down the terrace, watching that crowd of creatures of an inferior order from afar, with a kind of mildly curious interest which one might feel about common objects by the sea-shore, and with hardly any more sense of affinity than one has with a jelly-fish or any other invertebrate animal.

"I am so glad they have a nice day, poor dear things," said Mrs. Cheviot, who was good-natured, but not of the district-visiting order, and who had no personal acquaintance with these helots.

"Yes," drawled Weston, "I suppose we ought to be pleased for their sakes; but it would have been more fun to see them struggling in the rain with umbrellas. I was at York summer-meeting the year that Moor-hen was expected to win, but didn't; and the rain was incessant, and I can assure you the people on the shilling stands and places were very good fun. I think we should have had more amusement to-day if the weather had been bad; to see the girls dancing in pattens, for instance—a pas de pattens—would have been caried."

tens, for instance been capital."

"I suppose that's what they mean by a patten fair?" said the youngest Miss Stalman; "because it always rains in Ireland, you know."

Mrs. Harcross sat in a garden-chair near this group, and looked listlessly at the people in the park, sauntering to and fro to the music of a local brass-band braying out the march from Gounod's Faust in abominable time, with a kind of staggering sound, as if a regiment of gigantic toy-soldiers were lifting their clumsy wooden legs to the music. There was a good deal of talk and merriment already among the rural visitors. An Aunt Sally had been set up under the trees, and the lads of the village were pelting the grim old lady's visage; but every one felt that dinner was to be the first great event of the day, and that every thing before dinner was merely preliminary and unimportant. The tenants, whose appetites had been sharpened by a longish drive through the morning air, were rather inclined to envy the peasantry their earlier meal; but then there was a satisfaction in knowing that their banquet would be a joy in the present when the plebeian feast was only a memory of the past.

Very bitter were the thoughts of Augusta Harcross as she looked across that festive crowdthe tenants and retainers who should have been the tenants and retainers of her husband. She did not grudge Sir Francis Clevedon the cheap popularity of to-day; indeed, she considered the whole business a foolish and frivolous waste of money. Not such renown as might be won by hogsheads of ale and roasted oxen did sho desire for her husband, nor would she have valued the commonplace distinction of a Lady Bountiful for herself. She thought of what Hubert might have made of these advantages which Sir Francis held to so little purpose. She thought of him not wasting his powers upon the dryasdust arguments of law-courts or committee-rooms, but mounting that splendid ladder of statemanship whereby man achieves that renown which must ever seem the chiefest of earthly glory to the British mind. Now he spent his labor for that which profited him naught, since committee-rooms and arbitration cases, though remunerative enough in a sordid sense, were hardly on the high-road to the woolsack; but with six or seven thousand a year of his own, and the status of land-owner, it would have been different. Such an income, augmented by hers, would have enabled him to

shold any position.

"He shall go into Parliament next session," she said to herself. "He shall win a name that men will respect. I will not let myself be crushed by this horrid secret. A barrister's fame is so common. I might be proud of him, if he were to distinguish himself in the political world; I might be proud of him, in spite of what I know."

It was a strangely blended sentiment of selfish shame and regretful affection for him. If she had loved him less, she might have felt her own wrong less bitterly; but she did love him, and she was sorry for him, and there was a relenting tenderness in her mind, even in the face of that coolness between them which she would

have been the last woman in the world to dispel by any word or act of hers. She had no fear that their estrangement would be a matter of very long duration. He would humble himself, of course, sooner or later; and when he had done so—when he had fully repented himself of this tacit rebellion, she would receive the prodigal, and propose the seat in Parliament and a partial cessation from his legal labors. She would remind him of a fact which had been perhaps too much ignored by both—that her fortune was his fortune, and that the renown which might achieve by a disinterested pursuit of fame would be dearer to her than any of those sordid successes which were only estimable by the amount of pounds, shillings, and pence that they brought with them.

She meant to do all this in good time. She was not an enthusiast, who, on being inspired by a new idea, runs off flushed and eager to communicate it to the ear of sympathy. She made up her mind with deliberation, and allowed her purpose to incubate, as it were, in the silent calmness of her soul. She felt that she was taking a generous—nay, even noble—view of her husband's position, and that he could not fail to receive her proposition with ready assent and some gratitude.

"There are women who would part from him forever after such a discovery," she said to herself; and such a parting had indeed been her first thought, strangled in its birth by the consideration of the world's wonder. Mrs. Harcross was a person who could not permit the world to wonder about her.

Mr. Harcross had his duties as steward; and before one o'clock he and Captain Hardwood, Weston Vallory, and Mr. M'Gall, the reviewer, were among the crowd, duly blue-ribboned and rose-budded. Weston found his way to Miss Bond, radiant in her pink dress. She had contrived to slip her moorings from her father's arm; and while that seriously minded gentleman was arguing on the subject of justification by faith with another seriously minded gentleman, Jane had drifted as far away from him as she could, and was receiving the compliments of rural swains, with all the more freedom on account of the enforced absence of Mr. Flood, who was on duty in the stables at this hour, assisting in the putting up of wagonettes and Whitechapel carts. The barouches and landaus and omnibuses of the gentry were only just beginning to arrive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Boston fire has been the occasion of bringing down upon the Mansard-roof and its inventor a violent storm of abuse. Indeed, amidst it all there seems to have been a good deal of uncertainty as to the inventor himself; his name has been misused and misspelled; his identity has been confounded with others; the time when he lived has been a matter of dispute.

his name has been misused and misspelled; his identity has been confounded with others; the time when he lived has been a matter of dispute. François Mansart—as the name is properly spelled—an eminent French architect, was born in Paris in 1598. He began to distinguish himself in his profession at the age of twenty-two by his exquisite taste, his fertile imagination, his strong mind, as well as by his great industry. His chief fault was instability of purpose, which led him, while aiming at perfection, to alter his designs during their execution, and to demolish what was already done. This trait brought him into collision with Anne of Austria in 1645, while employed upon the fine abbey of Val-de-Grace, in Paris, and the direction of the building was taken away from him. He, however, constructed many adifices which are reckoned as among the finest architectural monuments of the age, and he invented the curb or Mansard-roof. He died in 1666, and should not be confounded with his nephew, Jules Hardouin Mansart, who was born in 1645, studied under his uncle, and became the favorite architect of Louis XIV. François is regarded as the greater genius, although Jules met with the most ergenius, although Jules met with the most crease, and executed many important works, among which the most famous is the Palace of Versailles. Jules Mansart amassed an immense fortune, having been appointed by Louis XIV. royal architect and general superintendent of the royal buildings, arts, and manufactures.

the royal buildings, arts, and manufactures.

Many of the towering structures placed upon buildings are not Mansards at all, according to the original design of the architect, though they bear the general name. It is generally conceded that the great danger arising from the Mansardroof lies in the material of which it is often constructed—combustible timber. If made of absolutely fire-proof material, the style itself might not be objectionable.

Two hundred and eighty-five sedate cats are now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, or were at last accounts. This is the fourth show of the kind, and is really a beautiful one, they say, the creatures all being well kept and in fine condition.

The first snow of the season fell in New York city on November 16. Similar favors were distributed in Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Virginia City, and, of course, in all Eastern and Northern cities. At the same date telegrams were received from Europe reporting a terrific tempest, which swept over the northern portions of the Continent, and caused fearful disasters along the Baltic coast, among the islands of the Danish archipelago, and far out in the German Ocean.

One of the most charming pictures we have lately seen in our painting galleries is Reinhart's "Evangeline." The sweet, serene, yet bright and buoyant face is worthy of study. From such a picture one reluctantly turns away, feeling happier, better, and purer, which is much more than can be truthfully said after viewing many of the paintings that are on public exhibition. A picture, to be good in the highest sense, must be ennobling and purifying in its influence; otherwise, no matter how beautifully it may be executed, it is unworthy a place in our galleries or in our homes. Artistic and moral beauty should

be so linked together in the public taste that no artist of reputation will ever be tempted to separate them.

In the Chicago fire the main gasometer of the city blew up with a terrific explosion almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the fire. In Boston several of the smaller gasometers blew up after the fire had been in progress many hours, but the great gasometer of the city remained untouched.

A happy difference between the fire in Boston and that in Chicago is the comparative absence of personal distress from lack of food, clothing, and shelter. In Boston the fire chiefly consumed substantial stores and warehouses, and the losses mainly fell upon men of property, though of necessity thousands of others are involved; yet the homes of the citizens in general were untouched. In Chicago thousands and thousands were turned houseless into the streets, having lost literally every thing.

A stranger in Japan might imagine that a Japanese lady, with her extensive head-dress, a hump upon her back, her body thrown forward, and walking with mincing steps, was caricaturing the ultra-fashionable belies of other lands. But no: she is only dressing and walking as Japanese ladies have dressed and walked for centuries. Her obi, or girdle, is a toilette article of great importance. It is of bright colors, and arranged with great care so as to form a very fashionable American "camel's hump."

A most magnificent opportunity for employment is offered in a London paper, as follows:

"Wanted, a Christian young lady to take the charge of five young children, to whom she will be expected to devote the whole of her time, and whom she will have to instruct in English, the rudiments of French, music, drawing, the elements of natural science, and calisthenics. To a person of high Christian character this will be found a most destrable home. Salary £15 a year, and washing. Address," etc.

Carmine, the most beautiful of all red colors, is obtained from the cochineal insects, which were originally found only in Mexico, but are now successfully raised in many other countries. They feed upon the prickly-pear, on which the females fix themselves, and, being wingless, they never move from them. At a certain time in the year they are gathered from the pear by means of a brush, and they are then plunged in hot water and exposed in the sun to dry. When dried they have the appearance of small berries or seeds, being of a grayish-purple color, and in this state they form the cochineal of commerce. It takes 70,000 of the dried cochineals to weigh a pound. The preparation of carmine is a very delicate operation, requiring great care and skill.

Presence of mind is a valuable gift, and few mothers could have exercised it in a more heroic manner than one of whom we have just read. Her little boy had exhausted the resources of the house during a long rainy season, and had been left in a chamber while she went into the opposite room. Buddenly, across the entry, through the open door she saw the brown head of her four-year-old darling, with his frightened eyes peering above the window-sill. He was out of the window, hanging by one hand! Shaking off by a strong effort the horror of the moment, with rare presence of mind she refrained from any outcry which might cause the startled child to lose his hold, and saying, calmly, "Hold on tight, Neddy! hold on tight!" she stepped composedly yet swiftly to the rescue. It seemed an age until she reached him, his appealing eyes fixed on her all the while, though he spoke no word. At last with one firm grip of the hand he was drawn into the room, and the mother sank down, her strength utterly gone. Had she startled the child by scream or sudden exclamation, he would doubtless have fallen.

The London Zoological Gardens are rejoicing in the presence of a young hippopotamus, which "Madame Hippo," as the huge mother is humorously called, has been kind enough to add to the collection of animals. The little creature only weighs about one hundred pounds, and is about three and a half feet long. Eleven hippopotami have been born in Europe—six at Amsterdam, two at Paris, and three in England; but they have all died in their infancy. Hence great care is taken of this young specimen; and being very well at the last reports, it is fondly hoped that it may have a "long life and a merry one."

Three hundred young Russian women have applied for admission to the medical school at St. Petersburg, which, we are informed, accommodates but seventy. What are they all to do?

The "horse disease" is by no means a new thing, as was at first supposed. It seems, from investigating the history of that useful animal, that between 415 and 412 B.C. a similar disease raged in Greece, Italy, and Sicily; and numerous periods since that time are mentioned when horses, dogs, cats, and oxen have been attacked with this special species of influenza.

During the past year forty-six friendless children have been placed in good homes through the agency of the "Five Points Mission," which was established twenty years ago on the site of the "Old Brewery." This is but one single item of the work of the mission—a manifold work it is, and one which at this season needs the support of benevolent contributions.

Champagne drinkers feel melancholy at the vintage reports from France. Very little wine, comparatively, remains in stock, and the demand is great. The yield from vineyards last year was only about one-third the average amount.

A few earnest Brooklyn ladies have been instrumental in establishing a home for business women, which promises to be at once comfortable and attractive. In fact, the home has really been in successful operation for several months; but recently additions and alterations of various kinds have made the building peculiarly light, airy, and cheerful, and capable of accommodating about seventy-five. Arrangements will be made to give the inmates, of the home instruction and amusement by means of lectures, readings, and other entertainments.

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Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET HAT.

ishments for eighty years, succumbed to the charms of pretty Jane Lindsay, just out of her teens. He certainly got the best of the bargain, for he is de-

scribed as having both legs drawn up to his ears, his arms twisted backward, and almost every part of him out of joint: at any rate, this queer specimen of humanity had to be carried to the "marriage-house" upon the shoulders of a friendly porter.

A wedding once came off in Berkshire between a bride of eighty-three and a bridgroom of eighty-five; the bridemaids were none of them under seventy, and all of them spinsters. Four of the lady's grandsons sang an epithalamium, composed for the occasion by the parish clerk, and half a dozen of the gentleman's

granddaughters strewed flowers before the happy pair of octogenarians. The last couple had certainly arrived at years of discretion, but they were chickens comparatively to Mr. Patrick Stephens and Mrs. Bar-ry, who were married at Dublin in 1772, for the for-

Winter Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1-7.

Fig. 1.—Black velvet hat, with broad rim turned up at one de. A white feather encircles the crown. The hat is trimmed with bows of black velvet and roses.

Fig. 2.—Gray gros grain bonnet, trimmed with rolls of pink silk. Pink and gray gros grain ribbon wound in a roll as shown by the illustration and a pink and gray feather complete the

Fig. 3.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with rolls of pink vel-

vet. In front is a bird-of-paradise with spread wings. Strings of black velvet bound with pink.

Fig. 4.—Black velvet hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, black lace, and sprays of red coral. Long veil of black silk tulle and lace.

Fig. 5.—Violet velvet hat, trimmed with ruches and bows of violet and purple silk and feathers of the same colors. Fig. 6.—Pale blue faille bonnet with soft crown. The diadem-



Fig. 2.—GRAY GROS GRAIN BONNET.

shaped front is cut in tabs, which are edged with narrow black lace. The trimming consists of a spray of roses and black velvet ribbon. Strings of black silk tulle and lace.

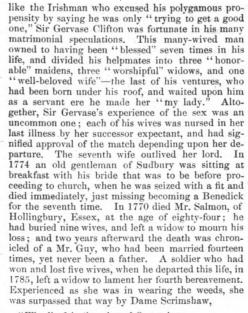
Fig. 7.—Brown gros grain hat. The rim is turned up in revers and lined with dark brown velvet. brown feather and a spray of leaves in different shades of brown form the trimming. Scarf of brown silk tulle and brown lace.

ODD MATCHES.

CCORDING to the old saying, A CCORDING to the for every Jack there is a Gill, and some very ugly Jacks contrive to obtain very pretty Gills. Even Crutchy Jacks of Leeds, a man of thirty-six inches, found a spouse; for when he died, at the age of sixty-two, he left behind him a widow and four children, the youngest a boy of five. In 1749 a noted Scotch bluegown, named William Hamilton, after



Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET HAT.



"Who lived in the reign of Queen Anne,
And was debonair, buxom, and thrifty;
Who married five times, as you see by these rhymes,
And died at one hundred and fifty.
Unlike modern lasses, she scorned to wear glasses,
And without them used needle and thread:
As you may all see, without favor or fee,
Although she so long has been dead."

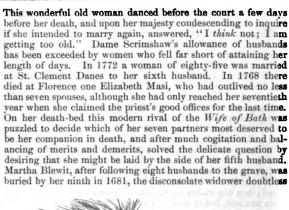




Fig. 3.—BLACK VELVET BONNET.

deriving much consolation from the sermon preached upon the occasion from the text, "Last of all, the woman died also." If St. Jerome is to be believed, as of course he is, there once lived a woman who would have laughed at the moderation of those of her sex who stopped at seven or eight husbands; for she buried twenty-one, and then found a man brave enough to become her twenty-second; but he was almost her equal in experience, having enjoyed con-nubial bliss with twenty fair ones in turn. Patience is a very good thing, but, like other good things, folks may have too much of

may nave too much or it, as was the case with Robert Philips, broth-er of the "Cider" poet, and his lady-love, An-nie Bowdier. This faithful pair formed, when young, an attach-ment quite strong enough to marry upon, but with unexampled deference to the objections of disapproving relatives, were content to carry on their court-ship for sixty years, only bringing it to its proper end when death removed the objectors. Then they plucked up courage and went to church, when each



Fig. 5.-VIOLET VELVET HAT.



Fig. 6.—PALE BLUE FAILLE BONNET.



Fig. 7.—Brown Gros Grain Hat.

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SAVING BOOKS FROM THE ESCURIAL LIBRARY.

THE thunder-storm of Tuesday, the 1st of October, raged with such fury in Madrid that the shops were shut, the streets deserted, and scarcely a soul left out-of-doors. The consequence was that few of the inhabitants knew

the Biblioteca, or library, to which the flames spread very rapidly. The inhabitants of the little village, men, women, and children, to the number of 700, lent willing hands to clear the salon of its precious contents, which in a few hours were all safely removed. This is the scene depicted in our sketch. Some of the rarest old books and MSS, in the world are among these contents.

WOMEN AS THEY WERE.

Let us follow an English lady of gentle blood of the time of Edward IV. through her occupations of a day. She rises early—at seven or half past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows; and this is her costume: a silk gown richly embroidered with fur, open from

inclined, go to chapel; if not, to the garden and weave garlands. This occupation, enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her till noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning-wheel. At six o'clock supper is served, after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or possibly a dance. Of the latter our young



THE LATE FIRE AT THE ESCURIAL-RESCUING BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY.

till next day of the imminent risk of destruction which the mighty Palace of the Escurial had encountered. Considering that the village was provided with only two fire-engines, and that the palace was destitute of lightning-rods, it is a marvel that it has so long stood unscathed, and that, when struck by lightning, comparatively so little harm was done. Our present business is with

Originally there were 30,000 printed volumes, and nearly 3000 manuscripts. During the French invasion, however, they were all removed to Madrid, and not nearly all found their way back. Among the chief curiosities are a fine copy of the Koran, a translation of St. John, which belonged to the Emperor Conrad in 1039, and a large number of Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic MSS.

the neck to the waist in front, and having a turnover collar of a darker color; a broad girdle with a rich gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple-cap, with its pendent gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer she will possibly, if religiously

lady is extremely food, and has been known once or twice, when aggreable company was in the house, to commence dancing after dinner and to continue until supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carole; and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France. Later on another meal is served, called the rere-supper, or banquet, after

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which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go a-hawking, or ride on horseback or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or witness bear-baiting, or some other such refined amusement.

WARNED.

THEY stood at the garden gate. By the lifting of a lid She might have read her fate In a little thing he did.

He plucked a beautiful flower, Tere it away from its place On he side of the blooming bower, And held it against his face.

Drank in its beauty and bloom, In the midst of his idle talk; Then cast it down to the gloom And dust of the garden walk.

Ay, trod it under his foot. As it lay in his pathway there; Then spurned it away with his boot, Because it had ceased to be fair.

Ah! the maiden might have read The doom of her young life then; But she looked in his eyes instead, And thought him the king of men.

She looked in his eyes and blushed, She hid in his strong arms' fold; And the tale of the flower, crushed And spurned, was once more told.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] Mr. Ruskin's Periodical.—A Scotch Grievance. Meves's Emperor and King.—The Pall Mall.

OU are aware, I suppose, that John Ruskin Y is the editor and proprieter of a periodical which appears when he is in the humor to permit it, and is to be procured, for the present, only by application at a little cottage in Kent. It is addressed especially to working-men, and entitled -by way of making itself acceptable and intelligible to them at the outset—Fors Clavigera. If you do not know what that means, Mr. Editor, I am sorry to say that I can't help you. Mr. Ruskin is just now astonishing his readers (who, of course, are not the working classes) with the information that it is immoral to lend money on interest, and a very pretty quarrel is going on between him and the political economists in con-sequence. "The Times and daily press in general," says the once famous Oxford graduate, "would no longer be able to assert untruths in political economy if the nominal professors of the science would do their duty in the investigation of it. Of whom I now choose for direct personal challenge the professor at Cambridge" (blind Fawcett). "I charge him with having advanced in defense of the theory of Interest on Money four arguments, every one of them false, and false with such fallacy as a child ought to have been able to detect." As for capitalists, Mr. Ruskin does not challenge them, since "moneyed men generally are ignorant enough to believe and assert any thing." Now this last sarcasm does not annoy your R. Kemble, of London. I never have any money to lend, nor do I, unhappily, find any capitalist so ignorant—at all events of the doctrine of probabilities—as to let me borrow of him. I approach the subject, therefore, without a shadow of prejudice; but I should like to know how Mr. Ruskin (who is a rich man) contrives to receive his dividends without touching the interest of his money. To be sure, he makes the proviso that "we must not confound money and capital," and they do say that J. R. is in the wine trade, which probably explains the whole matter. He must write these wonderful

letters on tasting days.

The Scotch have just received a grievance at English hands which really ought to have happened to the Irish; first, because nothing makes the latter so happy as a grievance, and secondly, because there is a humorous contradiction about this particular wrong which the North Britishers are unable to appreciate. The surgical operation required to make them understand it can not be performed upon the whole nation.

The Wallace Monument at Stirling is not so

ess as it was honed ism would make it; but still it is finished as far as it is likely to be, and the curators thereof applied to government for the Wallace sword, hich from time immemorial has been preserved in Dumbarton Castle, in order to place it in this more appropriate shrine. At first they were put off with evasive replies, but at last the truth came out. This sword was carefully examined by experts, by order of the late Duke of Wellington, and discovered to be not only not the Wallace sword, but one belonging to one of our own hated Edwards! At that time the relations between the two countries were such that it was judged inexpedient to reveal this melancholy mistake, and for near half a century this weapon has continued to extort the national reverence (at saxpence a head) under false pretenses. But it was felt that to permit it to be placed in the Wallace Monument was going a little too far; so now a clean breast has been made of the whole matter. Not only not Wallace's, Mr. Editor, but King Edward's—"Eh, mon; think o' tha-at!" As some sort of compensation, however, to the injured nation, it has recently been discovered that William Tell (who has been threatened by historians with total annihilation for years) did really exist, and was a Scotch-

It is, indeed, very difficult in these days to identify historical characters, even if they be alive. One of Mr. Augustus Meves's sons is again, it is understood, about to ventilate his claims to be the lineal descendant of Louis Capet. The Comte de Chambord is not to talk about his being the Hope of France because "the only representative of divine right;" for, says Augustus de Bourbon (or is it his brother? I have an idea that one of the Meveses died the other day), "I happen to be that individual myself." His story, as you may remember, is that Tom Paine, being then a member of the National Convention, wrote in September, 1793, to a Mrs. Carpenter, begging that a youth, answering to a certain description, might be looked out for and sent to Paris. This youth was discovered in the person of Augustus Meves, born in 1765, and living with his father in Bloomsbury Square. Mr. Meves entered into the scheme, took his son to Paris, obtained an interview with Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, and agreed to substitute his son for the dauphin on the first opportunity. The opportunity occurred, and the dau-phin was smuggled out of prison like Falstaff in a basket of dirty linen, and Augustus left in his stead. Mrs. Meves objecting rather strongly to this (as she well might), a deaf and dumb boy was afterward substituted for Augustus, which explains the reason why the supposed young prince could never afterward be induced to speak by his jailers. But never mind him; let us stick to the real dauphin, now in Bloomsbury Square. Mr. Meves brought him up as a musician, with-out acquainting him, until the year 1818, of his royal origin; nor was it till 1880 that he began to bestir himself to acquire the throne of his ancestors. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, then at Holyrood, would have nothing to say to him; but "a section of the French nobility" admitted his claims. Le Comte Fontaine de Moveau exhis claims. Le Comte Fontaine de Moveau examined "with singular interest" some blood spots on his breast, "resembling a constellation of the heavens," which had distinguished the young prince, and the Comte de Jouffray was equally startled; "only," said he, "there is great danger in acknowledging you, as from the energy of your character you might put all Europe in a ferment, since you are not only King of France in right of your birth, but also heir to Maria Theresa, Emperor of Germany." Of course this story is improbable enough; but it may be true, and if so, what becomes of the Comte de Cham bord and his white flag, and his perpetual hold-ing himself in readiness "to save France and the papacy?" As an independent looker-on, and one with a turn for humor, I confess nothing would please me better in the shape of a historical occurrence than to find Meves (at present of Islington) establishing his claim to be "the eldest son of St. Louis, and also of Rudolf of Hapsburg." This would be the more entertain-ing since, if he knows no more of French or German than (to judge by his printed appeals to the public) he does of English, he would require an interpreter to make his royal wishes known to

both his subject nations It may not be generally known that the terrible Turk, "Azamat Batuk," who used to electrify us in the Pall Mall Gazette, is but a retable gentleman of the name of Thieblin; and its lions generally, when they put their manes and tails aside, are very harmless ani-mals. The history of this famous paper is curious. It took its name, as you doubtless remember, from a suggestion made in fiction. "The Pall Mall, a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen," had its first existence in Mr. Thackeray's Pendennis, from which hint it started as a real paper, price twopence, was then reduced to a penny, at which it did not succeed, and is at present twopence again, with a large circulation among perhaps the most intelligent class in the metropolis. "He writes for the Pall Mall," is now whispered of every rising young fellow, as used to be said of the Saturday, which, in losing Fitz-James Stephen and Vernon Harcourt, lost much of the clan for which it had been once distinguished, and has

long played second fiddle to its younger rival.

Mr. Leslie Stephen (brother of Fitz-James), the eat Alpine climber, and editor of the Cornhill Magazine, Mr. Greenwood, whose experiences as the "Amateur Casual" first appeared in its columns, and Mr. Calverly, whose Fly-Leaves have been lately attracting so much attention, are supposed to be among the chief supporters of the Pall Mall. This last gentleman's works deserve to be better known in America than I understand is the case. It was he who wrote the famous "ABC upon a Ball," which for unlabored wit and happiness of rhyme eclipses all other poetical alphabets:

"A was an Angel of blushing eighteen;
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;
C is the Chaperon who cheated at cards;
D is the Deuxtemps with Frank of the Guards;
E is the Eye which those dark lashes cover;
F is the Fran it peeped wickedly over;
G is the Glove of superlative kid;
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;
J is the Juvenile who hurried to hand it;
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;
L is the Lace which composed its chief part;
M is the old Maid who watched the girls dance;
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;
O is the Olga (just then in its prime);
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;
Q w a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers;
S is the Supper, where all meet in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be going;"
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in w's the Waiter who sat up too late;
X is his Exit not rigidly straight;
Y is a Yawning fit caused by the ball;
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 48, page 788.) LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SWINDLE WHICH THE LAW PROTECTS. KNOWN BY THE TITLE OF DISCRETIONARY INVESTMENTS

ALL Mr. David Sheldrake's calculations were conducted in such a manner as to cause Number One to eclipse all other figures, single or in com-bination. Number One was the only figure in which he took a real interest; the other figures could take care of themselves. He made it his business to look after the humblest of them all, and it is but a fair tribute to his genius to state that he made Number One a brilliant success. It has been shown how cheaply he bought the reputa-tion of being Alfred's sincerest and most generous friend, and how he received back through his agent, Con Staveley, all the money he lent to Alfred; and in common justice it must be shown how he made Ivy Cottage—the cottage which, out of ostensibly benevolent motives, he had taken for Mr. Musgrave and Lizzie-one of the most profitable speculations in which he had ever

With his eye ever on the main chance (which may be briefly described as Number One, surrounded by a glory), Ivy Cottage became, under his instructions, the secret centre of a system known among sporting men as Discretionary Investments, one of the shallowest swindles of the day, and yet one which has been successful in emptying the purses of greedy gulls, and filling the purses of needy sharks. No money was received in Ivy Cottage, as in the event of discovery the law could punish the receivers. But it being a peculiarity of the British law that in so far as it affects racing matters a man may pick his neighbor's pocket in Scotland but must not do so in England, a garret was taken in Glasgow, and thither Con Staveley bent his steps to per-form his part in the Discretionary Investment scheme—which consisted in receiving and pocketing the money of the gulls. Innocent readers who are not acquainted with these matters may doubt the statement that a man may rob in Scot land with impunity; but it really is the plain, sober truth, and it is a proof that what is known as the British Constitution is, after all, but a tched and ragged garment, and that, notwithstanding its patches, it has many a rent in it which the law (having, as I have said before, a squint in its eye) can not or will not see. A day before the Millennium it may make up its mind to catch a glimpse of these rents, through which rogues laugh and snap their fingers in the faces of their dupes.

As it was necessary that the operations should be conducted in secrecy, Ivy Cottage, very soon after its new tenancy, had in it a Blue-beard's room, to which neither Lizzie nor any of her friends had the right of entry. The only persons who ever entered it were Mr. Musgrave and Mr. Sheldrake. There the announcements of the new scheme of Discretionary Investments were prepared and launched upon the world in the names of Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy, Mr. Sheldrake knowing from profitable experience that high-sounding names were the best bait for gudgeons. Their first public announcement led the uninitiated to believe that the firm was an old one, that it had been established for many years; but we know differently. However, as there is absolutely no such thing as fair dealing among betting men, this was but of a piece with the rest of the machinery. The circular (of which a copy lies before the present writer) is-sued and advertised by the myths, Montague and D'Arcy, commenced by declaring in large letters that a certain fortune without the slightest risk was within the reach of the humblest, and that Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy had conferred an incalculable boon upon the public at large by reducing speculation on horse-racing to a means by which immense sums of money might be re-alized weekly by a small stake. Fortunes, said these public benefactors, were being daily realized by investing in accordance with their Marvelously Lucrative and Ever Triumphantly Successful Method of Turf Speculation. Many gen-tlemen who never back a horse for a shilling held large stakes in the system, as the safety of capital and the immense profits that were weekly realized and promptly paid rendered it a perfect El Dorado to the fortunate investors. Many of the largest speculators now entirely confined their operations to Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy's should prove a sufficient inducement to those who hitherto have not speculated to join in realizing the golden harvest. As, however, skeptics would always be found, these public benefactors offered to forward to those who doubted the most unexceptionable references—to noblemen, officers, gentlemen, and tradesmen-as to the marvelously successful nature of their system, which by its heavy and never-failing success had fairly eclipsed and distanced all other modes of speculation. It had the advantage of combining the two great desiderata of immense and ever-increasing profits, combined with absolute and perfect security of capital.

Facts, however, spoke stronger than words hence, in appending the following list of amounts won last season at a few of the principal meetings, the projectors were well satisfied to leave gentlemen to judge for themselves as to the correctness of the assertion that the winnings realized week by week by the investor in accordance with this method were far in excess of the amounts that could by any possibility be realized by any other mode of investment: JAST SEASON'S OPERATIONS

At Lincoln	£100	stake	won	£4840				
" Liverpool	96	44	44	1280				
" Chester	10	44	44	240				
" Newmarket	50	66	46	1004				
" Bath	5	66	66	184				
" Epsom	50	46	66	1450				
" Ascot	25	46	66	740				
" Windsor	25	44	66	1020				
" Goodwood	90	46	66	648				
" Doncaster	50	46	44	2104				
" Newmarket	5	44	66	825				
"Livernool	10	66	66	521				
" Shrewshury	or.	46	64	1000				

During the whole of the season a loss never occurred. In indubitable proof of which Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy publicly expressed their willingness to forfeit the sum of £1000 to any investing client at the above-named meetings who did not receive the amounts in full, as stated above, or in due proportion to the amount in-

But pleasant and profitable as were the results of last season's operations, by which men of the most moderate means had obtained affluence and wealth, the present campaign promised to throw those magnificent results in the shade. At Newmarket, for instance, the most extraordinary and almost marvelous success had attended their operations in the first three days—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. They had not had time to make out a careful statement, and could not do so till Saturday, as the meeting extended to Friday, but they roughly estimated up to Thursday night, each investor of

To suit small speculators investments would be taken by Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy as low as five shillings, but the nobility could forward as high a stake as One Thousand pounds. this point they stopped, for the line must be drawn somewhere. They would not take less than five shillings from each man of moderate means, nor more than One Thousand pounds from each nobleman.

In conclusion, Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy announced themselves as members of all the West End clubs (without mentioning names), and gave as their bankers the Royal Bank of Scotland, and as their address the garret in Glasgow rented by Con Staveley, where clients could send checks, post-office orders, bank-notes, or postage

The advertisements and circulars contained a great deal more than is given above, and the nost infamous artifices were used to fire the imagination of clerks and apprentices; for it was really from such unfortunates as these that Mr. Sheldrake and his confederate netted the greater part of their large gains. They pointed out how those who desired to speculate might commence in a small way, and creep up gradually until they became wealthy; and many weak men and boys studied the figures, and borrowed, mortgaged, or stole to make the venture—which, indeed, was no venture, but a certainty; for it is needless to say that no penny of the money sent to the garret in Glasgow ever found its way back. To some extent a semblance of fair dealing was kept up, and where Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy thought they saw a chance of the dupe being farther duped they forwarded him a tabulated statement showing how his money had been invested upon the wrong horses, and how he was in their debt a trifling sum. This statement was accompanied by a lithographed letter, detailing how all the race-meetings upon which the speculator had not invested had turned out marvelously profitable, and how the particular race-meeting upon which he had desired his money to be invested had "for the first time during the past five consecutive seasons turned out a failure." However, they consoled their unfortunate client with the assurance that at the race-meeting which would take place next week "winning was reduced to an absolute certainty," and that as there was not the slightest chance of losing, they trusted that their client "would take their advice and invest £25, £50, or £100, and realize a few thousands forthwith." Remaining, his faithfully, Montague and D'Arcy. Of course if more money were sent, it shared the fate of the first; and notwithstanding the groans and curses of those who were thus robbed in open daylight, the ball rolled on right merrily. No one knew that Messrs. Montague and D'Arcy were identical with David Sheldrake and Con Staveley. Their faces were never seen in the transactions, every thing being conducted under seal, and no personal interviews on any consideration ever being allowed. And in the event of some irate clients making the name of the firm and their address notorious, it was the easiest thing in the world to change their names and take another garret, perhaps in Edinburgh this time instead of Glasgow. It is but fair to some of the sporting papers in which these lying advertisements were inserted for the trapping of apprentices and others to state that in their Answers to Correspondents" such answers as these appeared week after week: "An Anxious Inquirer. They are swindlers." "A. Z. You should not have trusted your money to them." "R. H. C. We do not recommend Discretionary Investments." "Fair Play. You have been swindled." And many others to the same effect. But they continued to open their columns to the advertising cheats, who, without this means of publicity, would find their schemes fall compara-

tively fruitless to the ground.
Said Alfred to David Sheldrake, in the course of conversation, being artfully led to the subject : 'Those discretionary investments seem to be an easy way of making money. Did you see the advertisements of Montague and D'Arcy in the

paper this morning?"
"No," replied Mr. Sheldrake. "Montague and D'Arcy! I fancy I have met a Mr. Mon-

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tague at some of the meetings. If it is the

"It must be the same," cried Alfred. "Look here," pulling the paper out of his pocket; "a £100 stake realized £1300 at Newmarket last week in three days."

"That seems good enough, Alf," was Mr. Sheldrake's comment.

"If I had £20 or £30," said Alfred, with an anxious look at Mr. Sheldrake-

"You'd try your luck with them? Well, I see what you're driving at, Alf. I'll give you a check for £20, made payable to them, and you can have a dive."

"Ah, you are a friend! If I win I shall be able to give you a good sum off what I owe you."
"All right, my boy," said Mr. Sheldrake, heartily, and then drew the check and gave it to Alfred, and two days afterward received it back from Con Staveley in Glasgow.

In this and other ways he drew the mesh round Lily's brother, until he had the infatuated gambler completely at his mercy.

CHAPTER XXXII. "THE POLISH JEW."

A REMARKABLE change had taken place in Mr. Musgrave, dating almost from the day on which he took possession of Ivy Cottage. Those who had known him when he lived in his garret and bought gin on the sly, and who knew him now, were amazed at the transformation; for it was nothing less. The vice that appeared to have been so bred in his bone as to be ineradicable had disappeared. He drank no more. Whether he considered it was due to his altered position, whether it was from gratitude or fear, or from whatever other unknown cause, it is certain that the respectable old man known now as Mr. Musgrave and the disreputable tippler known some months since as old Muzzy were distinctly different types. The change really commenced within the first fortnight of his re idence in Ivy Cottage. Within this time Lily and Alfred had come by invitation to take tea with Lizzie, and to spend the evening with her. The young people were in good spirits, and Mr. Musgrave sat in his corner listening to their light-hearted chatting. In the course of the evening Lily sang two or three old-fashioned, simple songs, and altogether the time was a happy time. Then Mr. Sheldrake dropped in, what little part Mr. Musgrave had played in the proceedings was over from that moment. But when Lily and Alfred were going home, Mr. Musgrave, with hands that trembled from eagerness, held Lily's mantle for her, and pressed her hands, and said that she had made him young again, and that he had spent the happiest evening he had spent for years. He entreated her to come again, and to come often, and she said, gayly, she intended to, for Lizzie and she were sisters already. When they were gone-Mr. Sheldrake accompanied Lily and Alfred home-Mr. Musgrave and Lizzie sat up for a little while talking, and he told her how pleased he was she had made such a friend. That night when he went to his bedroom he took from a place of concealment two time-honored friends—to wit, two flat bottles, in which he used to carry away his gin from the public houses. With these under his arm he stole down to the garden, and hurled them over the wall as far as his strength would allow him, thus bidding good-by to them. On that night, before he retired to rest, he knelt by his bedside for the first time for many, many years, and thought, if he did not say, a prayer.

Mr. Sheldrake noticed the change in him, and

commented on it.

"Why, Muzzy," he said, "you have grown quite respectable." 'I hope it does not displease you, Sir," was

Mr. Musgrave's reply.
"No, indeed," said Mr. Sheldrake; "it is a compliment to me, for I think I have had some-thing to do with it."

"Yes, Sir, you have."
"And you will be the better able to attend

"You shall have no cause to complain of my want of attention, Sir."

Mr. Sheldrake clapped him on the shoulder. "Never too late to mend, eh, old man?"
"I hope not, Sir."

And yet it is to be doubted whether Mr. Sheldrake was quite pleased at this remarkable change in his servant. He liked to hold a power over a man, and if that power sprung from a man's weakness, or even vice, he was all the more gratified, so long as it did not affect him. But, however, there it was. There was no doubt that Mr Mus. grave was endeavoring to become a respectable member of society, and that he had, in real soh earnest, turned over the new leaf which Mr. Sheldrake had proposed to him.

On a cold evening in March Lily and old Wheels were sitting in their room in the little house in Soho. There was no change in its appearance. The portraits of Lily were on the mantel-shelf, and a bouquet of flowers was on The old man was making casters for a little cigar cabinet which he had bought second-hand at a shop a day or two before. had cut holes in the bottom of the cabinet, so that the casters were almost hidden from sight, and he had devised a false bottom so as not to interfere with the usefulness of the box. His work being done, he put his tools aside, and rolled the cabinet toward Lily, asking her what she thought of it, and whether Felix would not be pleased with it.

"Oh, then," said Lily, with a faint smile, "it is for Felix. You did not tell me that. I was wondering whom it was for.

"Are you glad or sorry, Lily, that I am going to make Felix a present?"

"I don't know what I should do now without him, said old Wheels, with assumed carelessness, but really watching Lily's face with more of keenness than his words warranted: "I have grown so used to his coming in here often, and have so grown to like him, that if he were to go away I should feel quite lost."

You are more often alone now, grandfather, than you used to be," said Lily, sadly and quietly. "Yes, my darling, when you were at the music hall I saw more of you than I do now. But it can't be helped, I suppose, Lily, can it?"

Lily put the needle in her work, and laid it on the table; then rose from her chair, and sat upon a stool at the old man's feet. He looked down upon her fondly, and raised her to his knee, where she sat with her arm round his neck,

and her face close to his.
"That's my own Lily," murmured old Wheels.
"That's my own dear darling! And you have not learned to love your old grandfather less?' "Grandfather!

"Forgive me, Lily-old men grow foolish, and do not know what they say sometimes. I, of all the world, should not say any thing to hurt my Lily's feelings—my Lily, that I love more than

all the world besides! Forgive me, darling!"
"You must not ask me to do that, grandfather," said Lily. "What have I to forgive? What other feeling can I have for you than one of gratitude and love for all your care of me? Don't think, dear, that I have no consciousness of it. If you were to look into my heart you would see yourself there. Kiss me, my more than father, and say that you forgive me for my petulance, for my sadness, which I know pains

you, but which I can not help feeling."
"There, there, my pet! We kiss each other, and forgive each other. But you must not be sad. I want you to be bright, as you used to be not so very long ago, Lily. I want you to smile and to be glad, as youth should be. I want you to confide in me, if you have any trouble. Lily, my child, my daughter! I am an old man, worn out and useless, but if I had within me the life and the strength of twenty men, I would yield

them gladly to make you happy."
"I know it, dear;" and Lily with her lips to his cheek, nestled to him as a child might have done; "I know it, and there is part of my sadness, part of my pain. Don't ask me too many questions, grandfather. Let us hope every thing will come right, and that we shall be happy by and-by. By-and-by!" she repeated, almost in a whisper. "When we are at rest!" whisper.

Old Wheels held her face from him to see it nore clearly. "Lily!" he exclaimed, "what more clearly. "Lily!" he exclaimed, "what makes you say that?"

"I can not tell you. Let me lie on your shoulder, dear, and believe that I love you with

all the love a daughter can give to a father. my heart aches, it is not your fault. And byby we shall be at rest, thank God!"

"Yes, thank God, as you say, my darling!" replied old Wheels. "To the old the thought comes naturally—and often thankfully. But to the young! no, no! It is not natural to hope for the time to come. You have a bright life before you, my dear, and you must not despond. Why, , nearly two generations older than the little flower lying on my bosom, do not wish yet for the rest you sigh for! I want to live and see my flower bright and blooming, not drooping as it is now. Come, cheer up, little flower!" Old Wheels forced himself to speak cheerfully. "Cheer up, and gladden me with smiles. Here's an old man who wants them, and whose heart warms at the sight of them. Here am I, old winter! Come, young spring-flower, give me a glimpse of sunshine."

Lily looked into the old man's eyes and smiled, and although there was sadness in the smile, he professed himself satisfied with the effort.

"That's right, and now let us talk about some thing else. Let me see. What was I saying? Oh, about Felix. He is getting along well. Do you know, Lily, that though he has never spoken of it, I believe he endured hardships when he first came to London? But he bore them bravely, and battled through them, never losing heart. Does this interest you, Lily?"

"Yes; go on.

"Felix is a good man, high-minded, honora-ble, just. He knows how to suffer in silence, as do all brave natures, my dear. Men are often changed by circumstances, my dear; but I am sure Felix would not be. But natures are so different, my dear. Some are like the sea-sand. running in and out with the waves, never constant. Others are like the rocks against which the waves beat and dash, as they do at Land's End, where I was once. It would do you, my darling, good to go for change of air and scene to the North, and breathe the purer air that comes across the sea. Perhaps we will manage it byand-by-you and I alone. I was a young man when I was there, but it is the same now as it was then; it is only we who change. Felix laughed at us the other day-laughed at you and me and himself, and every body else in the world. 'Go where you will,' he said, 'you find us crawling over the face of the earth, wrapped up in ourselves, each man thinking only of himself and his desires, and making so little of the majesty of nature as to believe himself of more importance than all the marvels of the heavens and the earth. But he was not quite right, and I told him so. I told him-no, I should rather say I reminded him-that every man did not live only for himself. That in the lives of many men and women might be found such noble examples of rightdoing and self-sacrifice as to be worthy to be placed side by side with the goodness and the majesty of things. 'Right, he answered at 'nature does not suffer-we do.' he asked me to account for the suffering that often lies in right-doing. I could not do this, of

course. I tried to maintain the side I took in

the argument by saying that the suffering springs out of our selfishness; out of our being unable, it were, to wrest ourselves from ourselves, and to live more in others. And then, after all, it was but for a short time. Think of the life of a man. How short it is in comparison with time. 'We are in the world,' he said, 'and should be of the world.' 'Not against our sense of right,' of the world.' 'Not against our sense of right, I answered. 'The noblest phase of human na ture is to do what we believe to be right, though all the world is against us, though we suffer through it, and lose the pleasures of the world. And what do you think this ingenious young fellow did, Lily, when I said that? Laughed at me, and asked in return whether there is not a dreadful arrogance in a man placing his back against a rock and saying to the world, 'You are all wrong; I only am right.' Do I tire you, my child, with an old man's babble?"

"No, my dear," answered Lily; "I love to hear you talk so, although I can not understand the exact meaning of all you say.

Indeed, this "old man's babble" was soothing to Lily. His gentle voice brought peace to her troubled heart.

'I have found out, my darling," continued old Wheels, with a secret delight at the calmer manner of his darling, "that this foolish young man, whom I love like a son-ay, Lily, like my own son-is fond of arguing against himself, of placing himself in a disadvantageous light, of saying things often that he does not mean. But I know him; I see his heart, and the rare nobility of his nature. Our argument ended thus. Come,' I said, 'answer me fairly. Can you believe in a man giving judgment against him-self?' 'If,' he said, 'by "yourself" you mean your hopes, your desires, your heart's yearnings —and these being in the life of a man, comprise himself—I answer, yes. I can imagine a man loving a thing, thirsting for it, believing that his life's happiness is comprised in the possession of it, and yet standing by quietly and letting it slip from him, with his heart aching all the while! There is a higher attribute than love, he said. I asked him what it was, and he answered, 'Duty!'

Lily raised her head from the old man's breast; her eyes were bright, her face was flushed.
"Do you believe this, grandfather?"

The old man returned her earnest gaze, and was silent for many moments. Some deeper meaning than usual was in their gaze, and although neither of them could have explained how it had come about, both, by some mysterious instinct, were aware of the solemn significance which would attach to the answer of the girl's question. He placed his arms tenderly about

her, but not so as to hide his face from her.
"Yes, child," he said, gently, "I believe it.
But"—and his voice trembled here, and his gaze grew more wistful—"not mistaken duty. If I had a friend whom I loved, whom I trusted faithfully and implicitly, whom I believed to be honest and true and single-hearted, I should—if such a crisis as the conflict of love and duty should unhappily arise in my life—take counsel from him.'

Her eyes drooped before his, and the next mo

ment her face was hidden on his breast again.
"Tell me," she whispered, so softly that he had to bend his head to hear, "do you think that such a crisis has arisen—"
"Go on, my child," he said, in a tone almost

as soft as hers, for she had paused suddenly. "Speak what is in your heart."

Do you think, grandfather, that in Felix's e—whom we both of us honor—"
"Yes, dear child, whom we both of us honor."

"That such a crisis has arisen in his life?" "I do, dear child."

"And he has not confided in you, who are, I

am sure-he knows it as well as I-such a friend to him as you speak of."
"No, dear child; he has not confided in me

in words; but I see it for all that. I see his struggle, and I admire him the more for it,

He would have said more, but she begged him, with a tender caress, not to speak for a little -to let her rest. He called her again his sweet flower, his spring flower, and obeyed her. They remained silent for a long while, and old Wheels thought she had fallen asleep. But Alfred's light step upon the stairs undeceived him.
"Lily," cried Alfred, as he entered the room.

"Yes, dear," said Lily, rising from the old man's knee.

"Why, you look as if you have been asleep!" exclaimed Alfred.

Lily did not answer him; but when he drew her toward him she placed her arms round his neck, and put her lips to his neck. Looking down upon her face, Alfred was surprised to see

that her eyes were closed.
"I think she is asleep!" exclaimed Alfred; and then cried, "Lily! Lily!"

Aroused by his cry, she opened her eyes, and said, smilingly, as if she had not before seen him,
"Is that you, Alfred? I am so glad you have

Alfred returned the kiss she gave him, and looked at his grandfather for an explanation.
"She is not quite well, Alfred," said old
Wheels. "I have been thinking that a little

change would do her good.

"So it would," replied Alfred. "She only wants rousing—eh, Lily?"
"Yes, dear."

"She's too quiet, that's what she is, grandfather. When she was at the White Rose she had excitement, and that kept her going. citement—that's what you want, Lil, and what every body wants—and change, too, as grandfather says. Wait till the summer comes; I'll take you into the country, Lil, and we'll have a regular time of it. Well, now, I've come to give you a bit of change, Lil; I've come home pecially. So I want you to have tea quick, and

dress yourself out. I've got an order for the theatre.

"Oh, Alfred!" exclaimed Lily, "you are kind.

I shall dearly like to go."
"It's a box, Lil, for the Lyceum. Mr. Sheldrake gave it to me, and he's coming with Lizzie to fetch us. We'll have to be quick; so bustle, Lil, and get tea ready. See, grandfather, she has a color already. Excitement, that's she wants.'

Old Wheels said nothing, but cast a furtive glance at Lily, who, however, did not observe it; and soon tea was ready and over, and Lily went to her room to dress. When she came back in her pretty warm dress, the old man said.

I'm glad you have put on that dress, Lily. I was afraid you were going to dress yourself out, as Alfred said. Shall I come to the theatre and fetch you?"

"Oh no," replied Alfred, who, having just come into the room, had heard the question; we'll bring her home all right. There's the cab!"

He ran down stairs, and Mr. Sheldrake came in, with a flower in his coat, and another in his hand, which, with a bow and a few pleasant words, he handed to Lily, who placed it in her hair, thanking him. Between old Wheels and Mr. Sheldrake nothing but the commonest commonplaces of conversation ever passed; they did not get along very well together, and although neither could have complained of the other for want of politeness, each knew that the other was not his friend. With Lizzie and old Wheels it was different: Lily always expressed herself so enthusiastically about her friend that the old man, first out of love for his granddaughter, and afterward for Lizzie's own sake, had grown to like her.

"We're going to have a pleasant evening," said Lizzie, who had dressed herself in her brightest. "I wish you were coming with us, Mr. Wheels."

"I wish so too," said Alfred; "and it's a

"I wish so too," said Airred; "and its a pity that they only allow four in the box. Isn't it so, Mr. Sheldrake?"

"The order says for four," replied Mr. Sheldrake, politely; "but if Mr. Wheels wishes—"

"No, no, thank you," said old Wheels, with a hurried motion of his hand, "Lily is quite safe in the company of her brother" in the company of her brother."

"And in mine," added Lizzie, with somewhat of earnes ness in her merry rejoinder.
"I think she is, my dear," said old Wheels.

So that, to adopt a common term, Mr. Sheldrake was "left out in the cold." He did not seem to feel it, however, and in a few minutes the party were on their way to the theatre. When they were gone old Wheels paced the room thoughtfully, then sat down and wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which he put in the top drawer of the cabinet he intended to present to Felix. Felix seldom missed an evening, and at about seven o'clock his welcome knock was at the door.

"All alone, Sir?" he asked, looking round. Old Wheels nodded. "I thought Lily would have spent the evening here with us quietly, Felix; but she has gone out with her brother. Fe-, I want you to accept a little token from me. I know you smoke, and passing a shop where I saw this cabinet for sale, I thought you would like it as a small remembrance from a friend. See, I have made casters to it, so that you can wheel it noiselessly across the table to a friend, and so be unostentatious in your hospitality.

Felix entertained very enthusiastic notions respecting presents. It pleased him mightily to receive them, and he would not part with the smallest token ever given to him for its weight in gold. "They are testimonies of character," he would say, laughingly, when he showed his few trophies of friendship. He thanked the old man warmly, and said he was afraid it would lead him into extravagance, as it necessitated an immediate investment in the best cigars. Opening the top drawer he saw the paper which old Wheels had placed there. The old man's back was toward him as he took out the paper and read the few words written on it. They were merely to the effect that Mr. Sheldrake had given Alfred a box for the Lyceum Theatre that evening, and that Lily had gone there in the company of her brother and Lizzie and Mr. Sheldrake. These few simple words produced a great effect upon Felix. He crushed the paper in his hand, and stood silent for a few moments with a disturbed look in his face. When old Wheels turned to him he asked.

"Do you know what they are playing at the Lyceum

'No, Felix."

"They are playing a piece called The Bells, founded on an Alsacian story, the Polish Jew. I have seen it, and it deals in a terribly realistic manner with the influence of mesmerism upon a disturbed mind. I had rather Lily had gone to another theatre; however, it can't be helped now. Perhaps I shall not see you again night, and if you will allow me I will leave the cabinet here until to-morrow.

He shook hands with old Wheels, and walked swiftly to the Lyceum. The only place he could obtain in the theatre was at the back of the pit; but as he could see the box in which Lily was seated, he was satisfied. Lily and Lizzie were sitting in the front of the box, and bending over them occasionally were Mr. Sheldrake and Al-A great many opera-glasses were leveled admiringly at the box, at which marks of attention Mr. Sheldrake was mightily pleased, taking to himself, and with justice, the credit of having brought to the theatre the two prettiest girls in it. Soon after Felix's entrance the curtain rose upon the dramatized version of the Polish Jew.

The gloom of this play was perfect; there was no light in it. No interest was taken in the love-story comprised in the courtship of Christian and Annette; no spark of tender sympathy



was touched in the breast of one of the spectators. The attention of all was centred in the figure of Mathias, the burgomaster, and in his varible story. When, at the end of the first act, the curtain fell on the agony of the undiscovered murderer, every trace of color which the animation of the theatre and the excitement of the lights and bustle had bron; ht into Lily's face had departed from it. Mr. Sheldrake was loud in his applause. "It was a wonderful piece! A grand conception! And how well the principal actor plays the part of the burgomaster!" of the girls liked it. Toward the end of the act Lizzie wanted Lily to shift her seat to the back of the box, but Lily whispered "No, no!" and was not conscious that she spoke. She was fascinated, and could not move. The two men, of course, went out for refreshment, and sent in some for the girls, which neither of them touched. "The second act commenced and progressed, and he horror of the piece increased in intensity. When the curtain again fell upon the wild de-lirium of the murderer, Lily shuddered as if she were suffering his agonies. Alfred and Mr. Sheldrake addressed her, but she did not answer, did not seem, indeed, to heed or hear them. Seeing that Lily would not move from her conspicuous position in the box, Lizzie shifted her seat to the back of her friend's, and put her arm round Lily's waist, and clasped her hand. It was nearly cold, notwithstanding the heat of the crowded theatre.

Lizzie whispered to Alfred not to speak to Lily, but to wait until the ghastly piece was over, and she whispered also that she wished he had taken them to see something lighter and more lively. Alfred, feeling remorseful at first, said he did not know what kind of a piece it was, and then turned petulant, and called Lizzie ungrate ful. On another occasion this would have led to a lover's quarrel, but Lizzie's attention was otherwise occupied just now. During the prog-ress of the horrors contained in the last act the hand which Lizzie clasped grew icy cold, and Lizzie herself was compelled to turn her face from the ghastly picture upon which the curtain

finally fell.
"Come, Lily," said Lizzie, in a cheerful voice, delighted that the horrible curiosity was at an

But Lily's feelings were overwrought, and for answer she sank fainting to the ground.

"Get away from her!" cried Lizzie to Mr.
Sheldrake, who was stooping to raise her.

Mr. Sheldrake, amazed at the fierceness in the girl's voice, bit his lip and obeyed her. If he

had put his thought into words he would have said, "You little tiger-cat, I will pay you for this!" Lizzie drew Lily to the back of the box, this!" Lizzie drew Lily to the back of the box, out of sight of the audience, whose attention had been aroused by the bustle. "That pretty girl has fainted," said some; "did you see how white she turned before the piece was over?" The rising of the people in the pit prevented Felix from seeing what had occurred; but he had noticed Lily's pallor, and the horrible fascination which the drama had for her. He had resolved upon his line of action, and now he hurridd out of the theatre and expressed a cerb.

ried out of the theatre, and engaged a cab.
"I want you," he said to the cabman, "to follow a party that I shall point out to you, who



"HE SHOOK HANDS WITH OLD WHEELS."

will either walk or ride, and to follow them in such a manner as not to be observed. If you succeed in this, double fare.

The cabman knew a gentleman—that is, a man whose money was sure—when he saw him, and he raised his whip to his hat, and said, "All right, Sir, I'm awake. I'd best take my place on the opposite side of the Strand;" and drew his cab to a convenient spot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

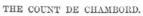
THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CHAMBORD.

THE well-known maxim promulgated by the author of the Biglow Papers, "Never prophesy unless you know," is especially applicable to those daring persons who attempt to forecast the future of French politics. What will be the character of the French government ten years hence? Will France by that time s made up her quarrel with the Bonapartes? will she have established a constitutional Or-leanist monarchy? will she cling to the republic either in its present sober costume or in a dress of a redder tint? or will she have once more yielded allegiance to her ancient line of monarchs? All these contingencies are possible; we will not venture to say that any of them are probable. We will only recapitulate a few genealogical facts. The bifurcation of the French royal family took place in the seventeeth century.

Louis XIII. had two sons. One of them, Louis

XIV., was the ancestor of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and his brothers Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Charles X. had two sons, the Duc d'Angoulême, who died without issue in 1844, and the Duc de Berri, assassinated by a fanation named Louvel, February 13, 1820. Louvel hoped to exterminate the race of Henry IV.; but he was disappointed, for on September 29 following the widowed duchess gave birth to the present Comte de Chambord, who was called by the friends of the family "L'Enfant du Miraand was baptized with great pomp in water brought by Chateaubriand from the river Jordan. The cannon of the Invalides announced the birth, but ten years later the revolution of July drove both grandfather and grandson from France. "Take great care of this child," said Odillon Barrot, perhaps prophetically, to the ex-iled king; "he will one day become the salva-tion of France." During the conference at Antwerp last February, when royalists flocked from all parts of France to salute him whom they believed to be their legitimate king, an English newspaper correspondent contrived to "interview" the count, and appears to have been charmed with him. He was the youngest and freshest-looking man of fifty-two he had ever seen, not looking more than forty; his manners were simple and frank, while his conversation proved him to be a man of extensive reading, acute observation, and liberal ideas. His opponents have unjustly represented him as a narrow-minded bigot. The correspondent concluded by saying that if France wants a king, she might go a long way farther and fare a great deal worse. After quitting France in 1830 the Count de Chambord traveled over Europe to complete his education, and in 1843 resided in Belgrave Square, London, where he made a kind of political début, claiming the crown of France, and receiving legitimist visitors with the etiquette of a court. In 1846 the count married the Princess Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They have no children surviving, so that at present the Count de Chambord, or Henri V., as his followers delight to style him, is the last representative of the direct line of the French Bourbons. His nearest relative is his sister's son, the Duke of Parma, who is debarred from succession by the salic law.







THE COUNTESS DE CHAMBORD. Digitized by Gogle

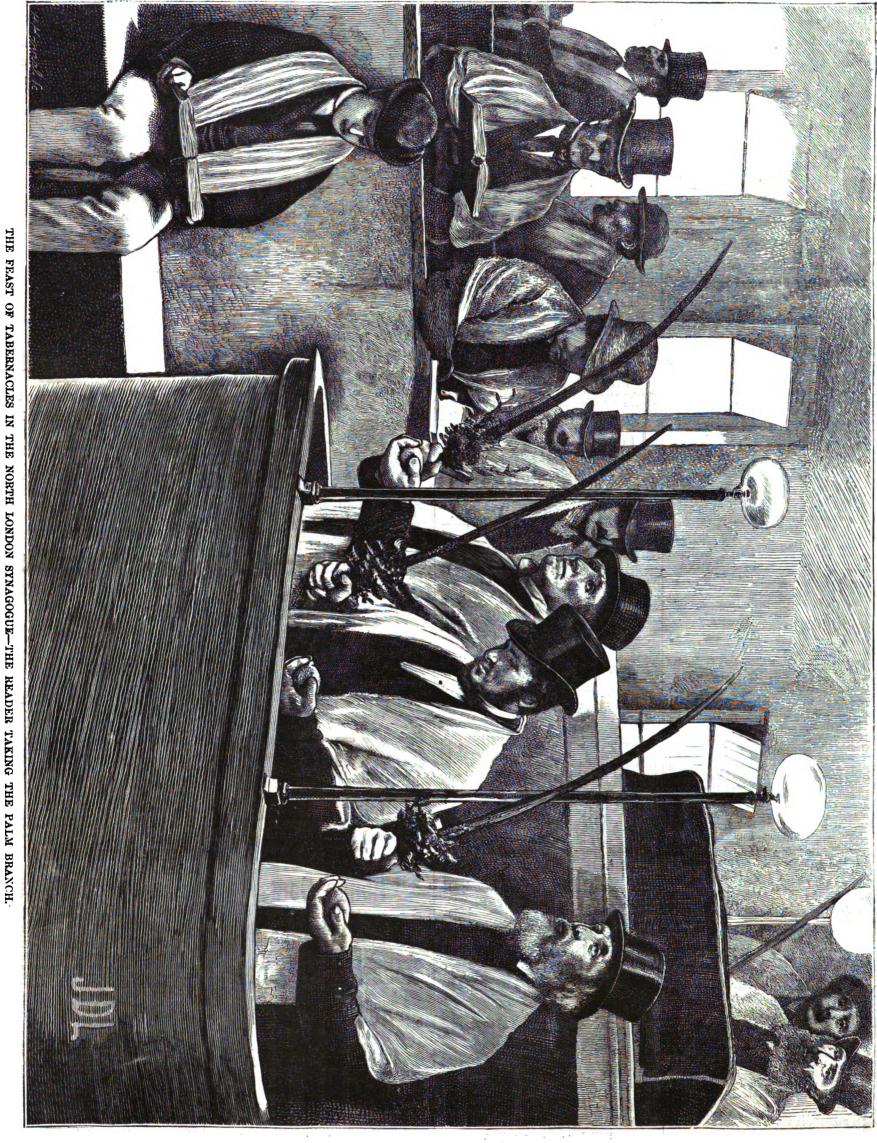
A LONDON SYNAGOGUE—THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

A MONG the numerous ancient rites and ceremonies practiced by the modern Jews none are more impressive or interesting than that called the Feast of Tabernacles, which takes place annually in October, or, according to the Jewish calendar, the month of Tishri, and is designed to

citron, have been placed in his hands by the Shom'mus, or beadle. At the Barnsbury or North London Synagogue the two sides of the building are lined with seats used exclusively by males, the females occupying a gallery above, where they may see and hear all that takes place, although not permitted to participate in the service. The men wear their hats while in the synagogue, and are also attired in white silk scarfs,

placed in the centre of the building, is a kind of raised platform, in front of which are three seats occupied by officials connected with the place. The platform itself is occupied by the reader and members of the choir, the reader's desk facing the ark, and the space between the platform, the ark, and the rows of seats being kept clear of obstacles. In front of the ark a small lamp, suspended from the roof, is kept perpetually burn-

prayer-books in Hebrew, or in Hebrew and English. As the service proceeds, the Shom'mus brings in branches of palm, myrtle, and willow, together with citrons, which are handed to the reader and other officials, also to certain members of the congregation. Each person has one palm branch and citron, two branches of willow, and three of myrtle, the emblematical significations of which are explained in the passages



commemorate the dwelling of Moses and his followers in tents during their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. During the celebration of the festival the interior of the synagogue presents a curious and somewhat picturesque scene, especially at the moment represented in the engraving, when the principal reader, chanting words of thanksgiving, waves the branches of pam, willow, and myrtle which, together with a

about the size of ordinary shawls, the ends being each embroidered with five blue stripes, in token of the ten commandments. The wearing of these scarfs is explained in Numbers, xv. verses 37–39. At the eastern end of the building is a lofty arched recess, in which, approached by five massive steps, is placed the ark, the doors being concealed by curtains of rich crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold. Facing the ark, and

ing, in compliance with the mandate in Exodus, xxvii. 20, 21.

The morning service commences about nine, and consists of prayers and passages from the Old Testament, alternately chanted or intoned by the principal reader and the congregation, the effect, notwithstanding a certain degree of monotony, being extremely musical. No music-books are used, but nearly all present have

chanted by the reader. At certain portions of the service the various branches are waved in various directions by their respective holders, and after a short time a procession, headed by the reader, is formed, consisting exclusively of persons carrying branches, and which slowly makes the circuit of the building. More prayers, more chanting, and then the Shom'mus, attended by two members of the congregation, proceeds to-

ward the ark, where—the heavy curtains being drawn aside, and the massive doors opened-the five MS. books of Moses are disclosed to view. The books consist of great rolls of parchment covered with Hebrew characters, and protected by thick covers of velvet, adorned with gold and silver ornaments. Two of the books are taken out, and, after the doors of the ark have been carefully closed, are conveyed to the platform, where, with many impressive formalities, the passages for the day are read aloud. Then in like manner the books are restored to their places in the ark. Jews bearing the name of Cohen or Levi are selected to remove and replace the Books of the Law, such persons being regarded as the descendants of Aaron, "Cohen" in Hebrew significing "priest"

nifying "priest."
More chantings and intonings yet, and then the Shom'mus, accompanied by two attendants carrying towels, proceeded toward the steps of the ark, at each side of which stood a pedestal, surmounted by a silver basin and ewer filled with water. Here came the reader, followed by all the Cohens and Levis in the congregation. ing their hands, and covering their heads with their scarfs, they stood bowing before the ark while the chanting was being continued. In a few minutes they covered their faces still more closely, and then turned toward the congregation, the bowings being continued. A few minutes more and they had descended the steps, when a loud strain of rejoicing, followed by a sudden silence, brought the morning celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles to an end.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPECTANT.—Get a dress of some light neutral tint of silk, such as Ophelia (a creamy shade), pearl, or opal, for your quiet wedding. Have it made with a demitrain, trimmed with two wide gathered scalloped founces on the back breadth, with many narrow ruffles in front, joined by bows on the sides. Have a worth over-skirt, and a jockey basque edged with Valenciennes lace, headed by a side pleating of fine tulle. The sleeves are plain to the elbow, with lace and tulle ruffles below. Cut the neck in heart shape, with an erect ruffle of Valenciennes and tulle pleatings; also a jabot down the whole front of the basque put a corrage bonnust high on the left side of the Put a corage bouquet high on the left side of the front. Make your black silk by the Louis Quinze pattern, illustrated in *Bazer* No. 46, Vol. V. Get an olive or a sea blue cashmere, and make by pattern of Doublereasted Redingote, shown in Bazar No. 46, Vol. V.

breasted Redingote, shown in Bazar No. 48, Vol. V. Trim with ruffles faced with silk.

K. K. K.—The princesse polonaise is appropriate for a black silk for an elderly lady. The pattern you ordered was mailed September 24. We are at a loss what advice to give you about selecting silks. Experienced merchants are puzzled by the artifices manufacturers now resort to. All tests fail, and investing in

slik has become a sort of lottery.

Mrs. J. S. W.—The scarf mantle is best made in soft woolen fabrics, not in velvet. You do not require a pattern, as an illustration and full directions for making are given in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. V., under the name of Woolen Plaid Bedouin. Read New York Fashions

for further hints.

Mas. A. C. B.—Make your black silk with flounced Mag. A. C. H.—Mage your black slik with nounced back breadths, apron front, and basque. Trim with velvet. For your boy of five years use the Donble-breasted Jacket Suit illustrated in Bazar No. 39, Vol. V. SURSORIBER.—Bazar No. 36, Vol. IV., will give you illustrations and full descriptions of infants' dresses,

petticoats, etc. Patterns of the important articles of an infant's wardrobe are sold in a set. Twenty-five

cents is the price of all these together.

Mrs. O. P.—Maroon, with facings of the same shade. will be pretty for a dressing-gown, or else gray with cherry or blue silk. The cashmere polonaise will be sultable for your black skirt. Over-skirts are now made in such various shapes that the short ones of two years ago can be used again.

LILLIE.—Make white alpaca and tarlatan dresses with four or five flounces covering the back breadths, two flounces and an apron in front. The corsage should be a postilion-basque, or else the low round Josephine corsage described in Bazar No. 42, Vol. V.

INQUIRER.—The Dolman is made in various shapes o suit both small and large ladies. The three back to suit both small and large ladies. The three back breadths of skirts are covered with kilt pleating, leaving one side gore plain. As you have not seen these dresses, your safest plan will be to make regular back breadths of cambric, and cover them with kilting of the dress material. Make your black silk with flounced akirt, apron-front over-skirt with wide sashes for back

breadths, and a basque of velvet with silk sleeves.

E. A. S.—A camel's-hair suit, very lightly embroidered and edged with yak lace, would cost you \$250. The furnishing houses quoted in our columns would fur-

S. H. H.—We can not tell you where to procure the

STUPIDITY.-The Bazar Book of Decorum will be mailed to you from this office on receipt of \$1. When maned to you from this once on recept of st. when a gentleman and lady make a call together, the lady should always be the first to propose to leave. The propriety of making a Christmas gift to a gentleman depends on such a variety of circumstances that we can not decide in your particular case without know ing more about it. A young lady may do so with the approbation of her parents.

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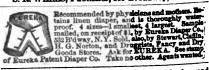
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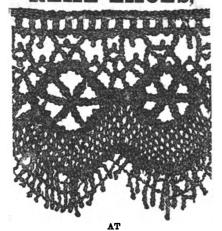
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FACETIÆ.

Wny is a hen-pecked hus-band like an opera-hat?— Because he's very big when he's out, but immediately ahut up when he gets home.

Contentment is the true philosopher's stone—neither has yet been discovered.

The most careful of buyers must needs make a mess over a purchase of new boots, for the first one he tries on he is sure to put his foot in it.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPERTI-MENCE—Asking a Jew what his Christian name is.

a dispute, grew abusive.
"Enough, Sir," said be, loftily; "I can't argue with a fool!"

"You underrate your pow-ers," replied Stinger: "you are just up to that."

What do you expect to see reflected in your inamorata's eyes?—Yourself—if she is a good looking-lass.

The following advertisement appears in a Canadian

nent appears
paper:
"Will the gentleman who
stole my meions last Saturday night be generous
enough to return me a few
of the seeds, as they are a
choice variety?"

A veteran observer says:
"I never place reliance on
a man who is telling what he
would have done had he been
there. I have noticed that
somehow this kind of people
never get there."

"I feel very queer!" was
the remark of a "corpse" in
Chicago, with whom a party
of friends were sitting up.
This little deviation from the
general conduct of corpses
made the sitters-up feel very queer too, and they capered out of there, leaving the individual supposed
gone to better society than that which was sitting up
with him to recover at leisure.

An English paper states the following to be found in Ercall Magna church-yard, in Shropshire:

in Ercall Magna church-yard, in Shropshire:

Elizabeth,
The wife of Richard Barklamb,
Passed to Eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797,
in the Tist year of her age.
Richard Barklamb,
The Affi-spouse uxorious,
Was interred here, 27th January, 1806,
in his 84th year.
William Barklamb,
Brother to the preceding,
September 5th, 1779, aged 68 years.
When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Then celestial virtues, with their full, effulgent, brilliant essence,
Shall, with beaming beauteous radiance, through the
ebuilition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical, sublime;
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate
such effulgent lasting sparks,
Where homest plebelans ever will have precedence
over ambitious great monarchs.

The other day there appeared upon the place.

The other day there appeared upon the placard of a daily paper an announcement of "Fatal Cases of Drowning." We hope that when any cases of drowning that are not fatal occur they will be carefully reported.

We don't hold with Darwinism. We are not related to the animals. See here. Among birds the hea is always the dowdy, quietly feathered, humble-looking creature, while the cock (peacock and pheasant, for instance) blazes out in splendor. While among ourselves—but you perceive the argument.

TRIUMPH OF MECHANICAL SKILL—"Calculating Tables" and "Intelligent Farms."



A GRACELESS CHILD.

Uncle George. "'For all that we're going to receive," etc. Tiny Tim. "Now read your Plate, Aunt Mary, and see what that says!"

It is refreshing to come across such a gem as the "The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
But ere he had sounded a note
He fell from the limb—a fead bird was him:
The music had friz in his throat."

A man thus related his experience in a financial way on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:

"As soon as I heard of it my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 's'posing I've got any bills on that bank! I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact!' So I put on my coat and 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I ran all the way; and when I got there I looked keerful, and found that I hadn't any bills on that bank—nor any other! Them I felt easier."

THE WORST TAX OF ALL-Attacks of gout.

New Housekeeper's Guide.—A party who proposes to publish a new housekeeper's guide sends the following extracts from the forthcoming work: "Plain sauce—an interview with a railway clerk. To make a good jam—ask any horse-car conductor. To boil tongue—drink scalding coffee. To make a good broil —leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it."

Although fishes have no voice, yet people have been known to make a fish-bawl.

Here is a story about a remarkable lunch. The Tzeremisch Tartars have no particular religion, and have an odd way of excusing this. They say that they once had a religious book for their guidance, but one day a cow came and ate it.

A MIGRATORY BIRD-A traveling crane.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN DENTISTRY.—Little Twitters, who is possibly nervous, says he can never bear to have his teeth drawn. He shall have them photographed instead, he declares. He says that it will be easy by this means to get them out—of focus.

EXTEUMPREY.—A well-known and popular landlord at a watering-place, smit with poetic raptures, evaporated his burning soul in the following bulletin, knocked out of him by an embarrassing collision of guests:

"Do, for Heaven's sake, say
If you're going to stay,
Or are going away,
That the proprietor may,
Without further delay,
Give the new-comers a ray
Of hope for to-day,
And then all will be gay!"

NO FOR AN ANSWER.

OBTHODOX BUT CLOSS-FISTED RECTOR (in answer to solicitation from Bishop on behalf of Building Fund). "Subscribe to new church, Sir? Sorry to decline, Sir, but can't possibly, and never could, subscribe to any thing beyond the Thirty-nine Articles."

An Armsr's Reproof.—A jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the "knight of the brush" painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

"I'm not in mourning," said a young lady, frankly, to a lady querist, "but as the widows are getting all the offers nowadays, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

A tourist who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most replied, "When I was going to Berne."

A jury was brought into court in order that one of their number might be instructed upon the following point of law: "If I be-lieve that the evidence way, and the other eleven believe difother eleven believe dif-ferent, does that justify any other juryman in knocking me down with a chair?" The judge an-swered in general terms.

A good hotel-keeper is a man that one can al-ways put up with.

A young man who went West from Danbury a few months ago has sent only one letter home. It came Friday. It said, "Send me a wig!" And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

A rocking-horse in a family of our acquaintance has two yards of red fiannel about its neck, and smells strong enough of arnica to knock over an apothecary. The youthful owner can not go to school because his horse is sick.

In what way should the nations of Europe take the rooks as an ex-ample?—Never to fight without caws.

A STANP YOU GAN'T BUY — The stamp of a gentleman.

A young lady recently betrothed says that "C. O. D." (Gash on Delivery) means "Call on Dad."

Incredible as it may seem, many of the rich-est planters of Jamaica live on the coffee grounde

Was William Penn's pocket-handkerchief the original pen-wiper?

"I wonder whither those clouds are going?" said a poetic contributor to a magazine, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky outside the editor's window.

window.
"I think they are going to thunder," said the editor.

The Western wits now call bigamy Utah-lizing the ic-male sex.

"Do you like to go to church?" said a lady to Mrs. Partington.
"Law me! I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

It takes three springs to make a leap-year.

Some trademen not only take pleasure in what they serve you in, but are also glad to serve you out with their little account afterward.

If shoe-makers had a strike, it might make all the others bootless.

Why is a captain harang-uing his crew like an uphol-sterer?—Because he's a deck-orator.

If the burglars carry of your plate, why is it all right?—Because it's not left.

Need a vendor of chessmen be a pawnbroker?

What do you think of this motto for a Mammon-worshiper: "Take the gods thy goods provide thee?"

There is difficulty in finding a jury when an Indian comes before an Omaha court. One of the panel, being asked if he had any prejudice, replied, "No; only I've been chased by 'em, been in several battles with 'em, and would hang every man Jack of 'em at sight."

"WE AIN'T GOOD FRIENDS GENERALLY."

North Carolina, since the close of the war, seems to be acquiring an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and crime. As a specimen of the way in which the peaceable avocations of life are carried on in the "Old State" we give the following incident as we find it reported:

"Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbor of earther as the latter was divined home engineers.

ported:
"Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbor of another, as the latter was driving home one of his stray kine.
"No, not by a good deal," was the reply.
"Well, I guess I'll take her, then."
"That means one of us, I take it," said the owner of the cow, drawing a pistol.
"Well, it does," coolly replied the other, also drawing a revolver.

"Well, if does," coolly replied the other, also drawing a revolver.

Shots were instantly exchanged, and the firing was kept up until the pistol chambers were exhausted. Each man was slightly wounded, and one went into his house and the other drove his cow home. The traveler who witnessed the nexpected sfirsy had the curiosity to ask the cow-driver what occasioned it.

"Oh, nothing "tickler," was the reply; "we ain't good friends generally, and so we jee let drive whenever we gits an excuse."

CHILDREN OF THE BLUND SCHOOL-LOVETS

A LITTLE ANEODOTE FOR AMATEUR AUTHORS.—A would-be author was advised to try the effect of one of his compositions on the folks at home without confessing its authorship. His mother fell saleep, his sister groaned, his brother asked him to shut up, as they had had quite enough of shower of words without wit, and at last his wife tapped him upon the shoulder, with the sweetest possible "Won't that do?" He then saw how it was himself, buried his portfolio, recovered his digestion, and has been a happy man ever since.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MEAL—A domestic broil.



TRUE CONJUGAL IMPARTIALITY.

"I can assure you, Sarah, that I'm not at all the sort of Woman who can't see a Man's Faults because the happens to be Married to him. On the contrary, I'm quite convinced that if dear Robert were not Absolutely Faultless, as I must say he is, I should be the very first Person to find it out!"



CHURCH AS A FLIRTING RETREAT.

This Couple occupying the First Seat by the Door are enabled to carry on an Animated Conversation, and yet can say they have been to Church.

Vol. V.—No. 52.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

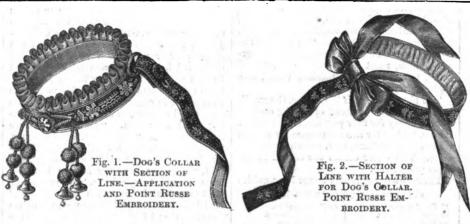
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Dog's Collar with Line and Halter, Figs. 1 and 2.

This collar consists of a strip of blue cashmere sixteen inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, which is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with application figures of red cloth and with button-hole and herring-bone stitching of red saddler's silk. The applique figures are set on with point Russe stitching of red silk and knots of blue silk. This strip is lined with red enameled cloth. and trimmed on one side with a box-pleated ruffle of red worsted braid seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is set between the material and lining. A button covered with blue cash-mere and ornamented with an appliqué figure, and two loops of red worsted cord, close the collar. These loops at the same time cover the seam made by setting on two pieces of blue worsted cord each four inches long, and which are trimmed with clipped red worsted balls and small bells.

In the middle of the collar is an oval brass ring covered with blue silk, and on this ring is fastened the ribbon designed for the line with a button and button-hole. The line consists of a strip of blue cashmere seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is orna-mented with point Russe embroidery of red silk and a piece of red satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, which is stitched on the cashmere strip. Fig. 1 shows the collar with a section of the line, and Fig. 2 shows a section of the line with the halter.



The latter is made of the same material, and similar to the line, over a covered steel ring. The line is finished at the halter with a bow of blue and red ribbon.

"RESERVED SEATS."

THERE may be some advantages in having reserved seats at our public entertainments. There are those who are willing

to pay more for them than for ordinary sittings, and that is a pecuniary gain to the man-agers. There may be many reasons why one should prefer reserved seats -reasons of sight, reasons of hearing, reasons of the indulgence of vanity. It is a distinction in a public assembly to have a "re-served seat." Every one who does not recognize you as a "dead-head" supposes that you have paid more for that seat, and that your exchequer enables you to make this advance upon the price of an or-dinary sitting.

In view of all these things it does not seem probable that we shall be able to do away with this arrange-ment. But, with-out any sternness, we desire to submit to those who are able to have this indulgence in blic a question which seems to us to have a moral aspect, as all questions of manners really do: Is it right for any man to stay away until after an entertainment has begun merely because he has a reserved seat and does not choose to be present at the beginning of the performance? Ought we not to settle the question whether the managers sell with their reserved seat the right to two or three individuals to break in upon the comfort of a

whole assembly by distracting attention from something of great interest at the moment by

an untimely and fussy entrance?

It must be generally noticed that those people who make late entrance ordinarily do it with some peculiar flourish, as if they would call attention to the fact that they could afford to stay away as long as they chose, and afford to come when they chose, and afford to be looked at by thousands of eyes.

As the seats at Cooper Union and Steinway and Association halls are arranged, if persons who have sittings nearest the aisles arrive early, those who hold the centre seats and come late, in making endeavor to enter with the utmost quietude, occasion the necessity for those who are at the end of the row to rise in order to allow them to pass in. This will make some disturbance, and attract some attention. Is it properly considered by these late-comers that they inflict an injury upon a

late-comers that they inflict an injury upon a lecturer who may have been ten minutes in propitiating and interesting his audience preparatory to a particular effect which he wishes to produce by some passage of argument or description, the whole of which effect is utterly broken by the entrance of some simpering young miss in her gewgaws with her little dandy escort twirling his mustache, or his rattan a hair or two thicker? This is an evil which can be cured in only one of two ways, unless reserved seats be totally abolished. One is the adoption of the rule that the moment any performance begins the holder



Fig. 1.-GROS GRAIN DRESS.-BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.



Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DRESS.—FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

of a reserved seat loses it if any one else chooses to occupy it. Another method of cure would be to make it unfashionable to enter a reserved seat after the beginning of the performance.

In good society every fashion should have some foundation in reason, and have no opposition from morality. It is a violation of the golden rule to make an unnecessary disturbance of the pleasures of others. This these late-comers do. In all our best circles the sentiment should be cultivated that punctuality is one of the essential decencies, and the want of it a decided characteristic of low-breeding. If this opinion can prevail, the nuisance complained of will be abated. It is believed that this is the general sentiment of our very best society, as it has been generally noticed that those who create these disturbances do not usually belong to our best circles, and if known at all, are recognized for some distinction of vulgarity, or for sudden riches too lately acquired to give their possessors space for cultivated manners.

It would be a benefit to all parties if every man who had a ticket to any entertainment knew to what seat it entitled him, and if he made it a point of honor as between himself and the lecturer to be in his seat when the first word of the performance was uttered, or have the manliness to deny himself pleasure to be bought at the expense of others. That consummation is so greatly to be desired that every influence must be brought to bear till it can be attained.

FALLING SNOW. By MARIAN DOUGLAS.

My roses and my marigolds, My pinks and purple phlox,
My lily-flowers and gillyflowers,
And rows of hollyhocks— In summer-time how fair were they! But since the frost, alackaday On broken stalks their dry buds swing; Their blackened leaves together cling; They are as drear in their decay As they in bloom were bright Fall softly, pitying snow-flakes, fall, And hide them out of sight!

Proud hopes that made my heart beat fast, Love's dreams, too full of bliss to last, How sweet, how bright, they used to be When Life's glad summer shone for me! The frost has come: this winter day What mocking memories are they! Ah! would upon them all might rest, Since each is touched with blight, The snow-fall of forgetfulness, And hide them out of sight!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

🚱 In a few days Harper's Weekly will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Bridal, Walking, Visiting, and Evening Dresses for Dolls of various sizes; Infants' Hoods and Caps; a choice assortment of Ladies' and Children's Winter Walking and House Dresses; Opera Hoods; Cravat Bows, Collars; Kitchen Aprons; Lamp Shades; Photograph Holders; Pen-Wipers; Napkin-Rings; Tablets; and numerous other Fancy Articles; together with varied literary and artistic attractions.

BILLS OF FARE FOR SUPPER-PARTIES.

By PIERRE BLOT.

TOR soirées and parties the service, as well as the dishes and dessert, generally depends upon the kind of party given. At a wedding party, for instance, the plates a baskets of dessert, as well as the light beverages, are not so numerous as they generally are at evening parties. A dancing party requires more light beverages than any other, because dancing, like all bodily exertions, creates a desire for and a natural need of drinks. After having danced for some time one would feel rather uncomfortable if there were nothing to appease the hunger and thirst; hence the custom of giving a supper in the course of the evening. Young people of both sexes eat much more than older ones; the quantity of edibles, therefore, should depend upon the average age The older the guests, the of the guests. richer the drinks should be, and vice versa.

Rich consommé is one of the best dishes that can be offered to elderly persons. It is as easy of digestion as it is nutritious. It has been called the staff of old age, which appellation it certainly and fully deserves.

The beverages as well as the edibles may be simple or complicated, few or numerous, more or less costly, according to taste or means, or both.

Some of the dishes and beverages served at parties are warm, but the majority are served cold. The principal warm ones are oysters, stewed and fried, consommé, chicken soup, ris au lait, fillet of beef, roast birds, fritters, rice pudding, etc.; the cold ones are salmon en Bellevue, lobster-salad, fillet of beef en Bellevue, tongues with jelly, roast beef, roast turkey, chicken, and other birds, corned beef pressed, roast veal, ham, chicken-salads, boned turkeys, boned chicken and other birds, sandwiches, cakes, mottoes, candies, ice-cream, Charlotte-Russe, wine jellies, baskets of fruits, etc.

Boned turkeys and other boned birds may be served whole or in slices, or in both ways —that is, have one served whole and another in slices. The one served in slices may be ornamented in different ways (after the slices have been tastefully placed on a dish), by cutting jelly in fancy shapes and placing it around the dish or in the middle of it, or even with a piece of it between or upon every slice.

Flowers are also used for decorations.

Petals of red roses put here and there on certain dishes look well, and may be eaten.

Judgment and tact may be used to advantage in making a bill for a supper. For instance, if there are more ladies than gentlemen, have more ice-cream, Charlotte-Russe, chicken-salads, éclairs, small cakes, candies, bayaroises, milk, and lemonade; while if the gentlemen are more numerous, more lobstersalad, ham, roast beef, sandwiches, boned birds, tongues, punch, bischof, wines, and liquors are needed.

The more numerous the dishes, the smaller they may be. Instead of having enough boned turkey for fifty persons, have ham for fifteen, turkey for fifteen, tongue for fifteen, roast beef for fifteen, thus catering to every taste. The other dishes are served in the same proportion.

The following bills may be used as a guide: SUPPERS FOR TWELVE PERSONS.

50 Fried oysters. 60 Stewed oysters. 25 Sandwiches. 1 Boned turkey. Ice-cream for eight. Cakes, candies. Mottoes, fruits.

40 Fried oysters. 60 Stewed oysters. 25 Sandwiches. 1 Ham. Ice-cream for six.
Cakes and mottoes.
Fruits.

It is the duty of the mistress of the house to give proper orders about bread, butter, crackers, coffee, tea, chocolate, lemonade, orgeat, groseille, etc., all of which must be plentiful and at the disposition of the guests whenever wanted or asked for. It is the duty of the host to see to the bischof, punch, wines, and liquors, which must also be at the disposition of those of the guests that desire

SUPPERS FOR TWELVE PERSONS.

50 Fried oysters.
60 Stewed oysters.
95 Sandwiches.
1 Ham.
1 Boned chicken.

Ice-cream for eight. Charlotte-Russe for

1 Basket of cakes Plates of candles. Plates of fruits.

Charlotte - August six.
Assorted cakes.
Assorted candles.
1 Basket of fruits.
Mottoes, wine jelly. SUPPERS FOR TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS. 80 Fried oysters.
195 Stewed oysters.
50 Sandwiches, assorted.
Lobster-salad for ten.
Chicken-salad for 12. 100 Fried oysters. 125 Stewed oysters. 50 Sandwiches, assort-Lobster-salad for ten. Chicken-salad for fif-

40 Fried oysters. 50 Stewed oysters. 25 Sandwiches. 1 Boned turkey.

1 Beef tongue.
1 Recream for twelve.
Charlotte-Russe for

Chicken-salad for 1%.
1 Boned turkey.
10 Pounds of corned
beef, pressed.
2 Beef tongues.
10e-cream for twelve.
Charlotte-Russe for Cold roast turkey. Cold roast chicken. Pâté of game. Ice-cream for fifteen. Charlotte - Russe for

Sponge-cake. Biscuits. Kissea. Eclaira Baskets of fruits.

Baskets of candies. Vases or baskets of flowers are desirable

Baba. Madeleines. Madeleines.
Savarin.
Pyramid of cakes.
Madeira jelly.
Plates of fruits and candies. Mottoes.

2 Baskets of iced fruit.

ornaments; so are baskets of cakes, of candied or iced fruit, of candies, and of the different kinds of fruits that are in season. The company may sometimes be too numerous for accommodation in the diningom at one time. In that car

to serve only half of the dishes at once, so that it will not look as if the second table had only the leavings of the first. Waiters who understand their business will know how to manage this if told in time by the host.

Our readers can see by the above bills that they are not obliged to have just such dishes and just so much or so many of them, or to have them served exactly in this or that style. It would be rather tiresome and monotonous for a person to go to half a dozen parties in succession and have every where exactly the same dishes served in the same way. Young housekeepers must re-member that if a ham en Bellevue was served at Mrs. X——'s party, they are not obliged to have the same dish in order to be as fashionable as she is. Two or more beef tongues

• 17 made with tongue, 17 with corned beef, and 16

en Bellevue are just as good and as ornamental. Two boned chickens are as good and look as well as one boned turkey, and vice versa. Instead of a boned turkey or boned chicken a boned capon or boned grouse may be good substitutes, if not improvements: A recherché dish is boned quails or partridges, tastefully served en Bellevue, or some other similar birds. A fillet of beef en Bellevue is also a fine dish-as good as it is pretty.

We have put two bills side by side to show as much as possible how one dish can be substituted by another, etc.

Such dishes as oysters, sandwiches, icecream, cakes, mottoes, candies, and fruits are, like bread, butter, crackers, coffee, tea, and lemonade, a matter of course. Punch, lemonade, and wines are offered now and then with small cakes before and after the supper at many parties. It is also the habit of persons who receive much company to offer bavaroises to ladies and warm punch to gentlemen just before they are leaving. Both customs are matters of taste.

We shall continue the subject in a future number.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD. of Erimming.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,—At one of the late concerts I was sitting near a group of young women, with whom I had been enjoying the marvelous skill of one of the singers. Her voice was very sweet and clear, and her singing was admirable, and I could not but think how happy she must be to make others so happy. My neighbors were silent in eager attention, and after the singer had withdrawn I could not help hearing what they said. "Did you observe it?" asked one. "Exquisite!" said another. "Beautiful!" added a third. Leaning forward toward them, I smiled and bowed, and said, "Excuse me, young ladies; but as I have no one to speak to, will you allow me to say that I agree with you entirely?" And I smiled again, while they stared at me so coldly that I instantly saw I had gone too far, and I said, "I beg your pardon, ladies; I meant no intrusion.

Then the older-if such a word may be used of nymphs so blooming with youth: perhaps I should rather say one of the graver— of the young women looked at me kindly, and "Did you observe it ?" The question was a little disconcerting, but I replied instantly that I certainly had observed it, and that I thought it one of the sweetest voices I had ever heard. But with an air of amusement she answered, "We were not speaking of her voice, but of her lace." Of her lace! I suppose that I said it as well as looked it, for the young women laughed pleasantly in chorus, and they all asked together, "What do you know of lace!" The people who were sitting near us turned as if they were aware that there was some excellent jest, and I confess that I was a little confused by the merry laugh of the young women and the bright battery of their eyes. "It is not her singing, but her trimming that we admire," said one of them; "and what do you know of trimming ?" They laughed again, and as she spoke I was conscious of the very charming impression that she made upon me, so charming that I remarked her closely, when the prima donna appeared again and sang another song.

It was so beautiful and touching that I sat in a delightful reverie when it ended, spell-bound by its soft tenderness, which seemed to affect the whole audience as it did me, until I heard one of my lovely neighbors eagerly whispering, "There, Imogen, I told you that it was not carried up behind: of course not. It would never do." It was the nymph of the charming impression who said it; and I turned to her gravely and asked, "My dear young lady, is it possible that you can think of the trimming of her dress instead of the beauty of her voice?" But with a smile in her eye she said to me, "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Bachelor?" I bowed. "Will he, then, tell me," she continued, "whether he would be so much impressed and fascinated by this sweet singer if she were shockingly ugly in her person and dowdy in her dress? could not help answering that I supposed I should not. "Of course not, Mr. Bachelor," she replied; "the trimming is a very important element in life." "Your name is Portia, I presume," said I, smiling. "At your service, Mr. Bachelor," she answered, and her companions, who had heard the little conversation, again broke out into a ringing laugh.

While we were speaking the prima donna had begun another song, and the audience was electrified. She threw out a brilliant shower of notes, which seemed to sparkle in the air and to flash all about us, so that Portia said to me, "She is the fairy princess whose words are pearls and diamonds." Roulades and trills and cadenzas followed each other swiftly and gayly, until the song

seemed to be a clear winding stream flowing steadily on, and overshot with exquisite evanescent colors, and wreaths of mist, and delicate waving flowers, and rainbow spray. It was eximilarating and inspiring. The audience was enchanted. "Viva, viva!" "Bravo, bravo!" "Ah, ah!" were the cries that rang from our generally staid and cold fellow-hearers, and I hope that you were fortunate enough to be there. As the song ended, and the singer, bending low, smiled at the storm of enthusiasm which she had evoked, Portia turned to me again and whispered, "Do you doubt that trimming is a very important consideration?"

The audience was now rising and rustling as it moved out of the hall. My sprightly neighbors were wrapping furs and mantles about them, and the fathers and brothers who were to accompany them home appeared with smiling faces. It was agreed that the concert was "splendid," and one of the youth said to Portia, "Did you see how superbly graceful she was, and what taste and beauty in her dress?

"'She walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies.'"

The enthusiasm was delightful. "On the day that I leave off admiring," says Thackeray, as Solomon Pacifico, "I hope I may die." I commend the remark to my young I commend the remark to my young friends who think that enthusiasm is queer, and that an air of indifference is the highest breeding.

As I walked home, and as I sat with my feet in slippers before my fire, I thought of the sweet music that I had heard, but I thought also of Portia's wisdom. The impression of the singer was unaffected by any thing disagreeable. It was true, as my young friend had said, that I did not find myself saying, "If she were only handsome!" or "What a horrid gown!" or "How awkward and clumsy!" or "If she only knew how to use her superb voice!" As I reflected upon the evening I discovered that the charm was a totality of exquisite details. I thought of her noble attitudes, of her frank and generous expression, of her Hebe bloom of beauty, of the delicate taste of her dress, of the fairyfine cadenzas that be witched the dullest ear, of her manner, so gracious and feminine that she seemed a new revelation of her sex: of all these I thought, and my heart and mind echoed with entire approval the remark of my neighbor, the merry-eyed Portia, "Trimming is a very important element in life."

The next morning I went out to call upon Minerva, one of the best and most sensible women that I know. I resolved that I would ask her opinion upon the subject of trimming, for her judgment is singularly sound. As I entered her house I remarked, what I had not observed before, that the carpet in the entry was green and the wall-paper brown, and that the figure of each was unhandsome and mean. The entry chairs were ugly in form, also, and my eye seemed to be rebuffed instead of welcomed. But I ran up into the drawing-room, and there were a bareness and hardness in every thing that I saw that were very unpleasant. Minerva entered, and I observed that her dress was a kind of toilette of defiance. It was ill cut and ill made. She is a young woman, but she stooped, and her movement was a waddle. Providence seemed to have afflicted her with hands; for she plainly could not dispose of them. She played with her fingers upon the table, and rubbed her hair, and leaned on her elbows, and was evidently overwhelmed with the responsibility of hands. Minerva is a wise woman, but her house is tasteless, and she is dowdy and awkward, and I was so uncomfortable that I made but a short call, and left without asking her views of trimming, for her appearance and manner told me all.

I know not what led me from her house to Aspasia's, who lives only a few doors bevond. The moment that I passed her threshold the harmony of color and form softly saluted me. Aspasia is not rich, and nothing in her house is very costly; but the opening door admits you to a cheery welcome, and as you ascend to the drawingroom you are not passed on by stately servants in livery, but you are conscious of The little omnipresent taste and care. drawing-rooms are full of agreeable objects, and although nothing is expensive or extravagant, every thing is charming. Happy husband of the princess of this lovely bower, you say, as the door opens and Aspasia enters. Erect and bright and blooming—exactly Minerva's age—she greets you with frank and cordial dignity, and seats herself with swan-like grace beside you. Her dress is perfectly simple and cheap, but neatly made and not odd, and her manner is so composed and gracious and refined that you do not wonder the poets and the painters frequent her house, and that the charm of so many of the figure pieces in the exhibition has been evidently studied from Aspasia.

Yet she is not a remarkable woman, neither very intelligent nor very cultivated,



while her neighbor, Minerva, is full of genius, and the most sagacious men consult her. Yet the result is not that they agree that if a woman have sound sense she need have nothing more. On the contrary, Minerva does her sex a serious injury, for Pericles and Socrates both say, as they leave her house, "Why must clever women be tasteless and angular and dowdy? Why can not Minerva be as charming as Aspasia?" My dear Clarence, Minerva despises trimming. But if she were wiser-if she would only trim her life as Aspasia trims hers-if her house were beautiful, not with rose-wood and ebony, but with taste-if her manners were thoughtful and winning-if her port were erect and her dress neat and becoming, how much more a woman, how much more beneficent, she would be!

You think, perhaps, that this is artificial; but so is dress itself of the simplest kind artificial, so is the most ordinary courtesy artificial. If you will say "good-morning, why not put a good morning into the words? If you will clothe your child, why not clothe her so as to enhance, not conceal, the natural grace of her age? Is the love of beauty less natural, less to be regarded and indulged, than the love of wisdom? My dear Clarence, I see now that the instinct which led the old painters to represent the Madonna as the most perfectly beautiful of women, pleasing to the eye and to the imagination, was the same that made the singer that I heard so charming, and that justifies Portia in saying, "Mr. Bachelor, trimming is a very important element in life."

AN OLD BACHELOR. Your friend.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. EVENING DRESSES.

THE approaching holiday season brings new evening dresses into requisition. Fine silk gauzes are in especial favor this winter. Instead of the striped gauzes so long worn, the preference now is for clouded damask gauze, or else lustrous polka dots on a dull surface. Plain gauze is also much used. Pure white gauzes, or else those with white grounds strewn with colored arabesque figures, are most admired. fabric is far finer and more expensive than the sleazy grenadines that merchants sometimes label Chambery gauze. A lining or foundation of silk for the corsage and skirt is necessary for this transparent material. The flounces and puffs of gauze are then mounted on this silk skirt, and a separate skirt of gauze is unneces-Side pleatings of tulle are found to be the most effective trimmings for edging gauze flounces; figured gauze does not fold smoothly enough for such pleatings; lace is not considered congruous with this thin fabric. Garlands of flowers are used in profusion.

The round Josephine corsage is adopted by lovers of novelty, though many low-necked basques and pointed corsages are still being made. The Josephine waist has a seam down the middle of the front, with a single dart on each side of it; the back is often made without side forms, and is fastened by eyelets and a silk lacing-string. A bertha of puffs or of Grecian folds trims the low neck, and often conceals the short puffed sleeves. A wide belt with fancy buckle and sash accompanies this corsage, but is dispensed with by many ladies, as it makes a

short waist look too thick and clumsy.

A lovely gauze dress prepared for a Christmas party is of snowy whiteness. The silk skirt is covered to the hips by three gathered flounces of polka-dotted gauze, edged with a three-inch side pleating of white tulle, folded double, and laid in very small pleats. The over-skirt, with short apron front and long undraped back breadths, is of clouded damask gauze, trimmed with a tulle pleating. A garland of white roses falling into decay, with leaves browned by the frost, surrounds the apron front. The low round corsage has a bertha of tulle folds, a white sash tied on the side, with rose clusters stuck in the front of the belt and on each shoulder. Another dress for a holiday reception is of pink tulle and satin. The trained skirt has three deep side pleatings of tulle, with flouncings of satin cut in leaf points showing under the pleatings. The over-skirt is of pink satin, trimmed with a flounce of round point lace half a yard wide. A garland of pink roses extends down each side and trails behind like a sash; low basque-waist with lace bertha. A sky blue polka-dotted gau trimmed with garlands of mixed roses, dark crimson, pale pink, and creamy tea-roses, with foliage turned by the frost.

EVENING SUITS.

Polonaises form parts of some of the reception and dinner dresses lately imported, hence these costumes are called evening suits. The polo-naise is usually of some dark shade of velvet, while the sleeves and demi-train are of faille of a far lighter shade. The vest-polonaise is in favor for such suits, and a quantity of white lace is the very effective trimming. A superb costume of this description has the skirt and sleeves of faintest sky blue faille, while the polonaise is velvet of the darkest sapphire hue. The trimming is shell-like jabots of wide Valenciannes Another suit is silk of the pale, creamy Ophelia tint, with a polonaise of golden-brown velvet. White point duchesse lace flounces, with crimson roses and brown foliage, are the garniture.

MORNING BUDICES.

Cashmere bodices with silk revers are much used for morning and house toilettes. blue, pink, or buff cashmere bodices are worn with skirts of black or other dark silk. garment is merely a blouse or chemise Russe, cut long enough to fall over the hips underneath the dress skirt. The front is double-breasted, with revers of silk. Half a dozen buttons are placed in two rows down the front. The tight sleeves have a rounded cuff of silk. A light blue bodice made in this way has mixed black and white Cluny lace bordering the revers and cuffs. Sometimes a tiny pocket is on the left breast. A sash of cashmere doubled, fringed out at the ends and knotted on the left side, is worn with the blue bodice just described. A pale buff cashmere blouse has revers of black velvet and a black velvet belt fastened by a jet buckle; a third bodice is of crimson cashmere, trimmed with black yak lace. These waists save the basques of silk dresses, and are far more dressy than house jackets.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

The sailor bonnet worn far back on the head is the shape that has met with most favor this season. In Paris this is called the Rabagas bonnet, a name adopted from one of the characters in Sardou's suppressed play. Among round hats the Rubens is found to be the most becoming. This falls low on the forehead, and is turned up on one side only. Seal-skin turbans of very simple shape appear on cold days. The reils most worn are of black tulle, with thickly wrought dots at wide intervals. Tulle that is closely dotted and the half-transparent dots of thread net make shadows on the face, and are very unbecoming. The veil is cut in a deep point that falls low in front, and has tabs fastened behind by a shell or jet pin. A row of thread lace or of Spanish blonde edges the entire veil. Pale gray grenadine squares are used for ordinary veils; dark bottle green grenadine is also occasionally seen; blue and brown tissue veils have fallen into disfavor.

OLD LADIES' DRESSES.

There is little to be said about old ladies' dresses, because they differ but slightly from those described for young ladies. Basques of simple shape, with a single skirt trimmed with flat pleatings and folds, are worn by stout old ladies, while those who remain the slenderness of youth add upper skirts that are not very bouffant. Black silks, cashmeres, and alpacas re-main their favorite dress, but the dark, quiet cloth colors now in vogue are also used for their costumes. Easy-fitting sacques of seal-skin, and ample Dolmans of black cashmere, velvet, or gray camel's-hair, are the wraps worn. A scarf of India cashmere or a fur boa is added for warmth. Gray hair is more often arranged in puffs or tresses above the forehead than in the Pompadour roll of last year. Bonnets of black velvet, trimmed with fine lace, ostrich tips, and cut jet ornaments, are made for old ladies. which appears and disappears almost as regularly as the ebb and flow of the tide, is in great favor this winter in Paris, where it is seen on the richassementerie trimmings for dresses and wrappings, and is also used for bonnets.

YOUNG MISSES' COSTUMES

Young girls in their teens wear dress skirts reaching to their ankles. The skirt proper is often formed entirely of kilt pleating, a comfortable fashion for winter, provided the skirt is not made too heavy for young hips to carry. Graceful short upper skirts, with apron fronts and simple jockey basques, complete such dresses. Sleeveless basques of velveteen of the same shade are worn with dark brown and olive suits of cashmere, serge, merino, or empress cloth. These basques are dressy and inexpensive, as they require only a yard of velveteen, and are simply trimmed with a thick cord of silk. Dressy suits for young girls are also made with a polonaise over a kilt-pleated skirt. One of these has an olive brown silk skirt, with its full length in kilt pleats, and a Marguerite polonaise of réséda silk. The edge of this polonaise is scalloped, bound with silk, and a s ide pleating appears below the scallops. A belt of brown silk is laid in four folds, and a sash is knotted on the left side. Another pretty dress has a skirt of blue poplin, with a bodice of white cash-mere. The over-skirt of blue silk is formed of an apron front rounded, and a single side gore, to which is attached on the sides a sash of blue silk, tied up intricately to form a back drapery. White guipure over black lace edges the over-

The sailor suits for young girls have become so popular that they are no longer confined to blue flannel. flannels as well. A black flannel suit for a girl of twelve years is made with the pretty loose sailor blouse falling over the hips and a single skirt; this is brightened up by scarlet cashmere trimmings, such as a square sailor collar, square cuffs, pockets, and bias bands on the skirt, stitched there with white silk. A sash of scarlet cashmere is sometimes worn knotted on the left side. These dresses cost from \$10 to \$15, according to size; the cashmere sash is \$1 25 extra. The felt Tyrolienne hat is universally worn by young girls. Bands of Swiss muslin with lace ends. or else a standing ruffle of muslin and lace, complete the dress around the neck.

VARIETIES.

Blue-black kid gloves are the latest importa-on from Paris. These are worn with black tion from Paris. and other dark suits.

French corsets, bound top and bottom with white plush, are daintily finished around the neck with a frill of real Valenciannes lace, held

in place by narrow blue or cherry velvet ribbon run through beading: price \$14.

Bows of two colors are worn in the hair to match the neck-tie about the throat.

Black velvet spencers or sleeveless jackets are much worn. These have the advantage of being economical, as they can be worn over frayed waists, the sleeves of which are still in good re-With colored over-skirts and sleeves these spencers make a pretty and becoming Henri III.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, in his new book on Brides and Bridals, thinks that the custom of throwing an old shoe after a newly wedded pair represented, first, the hurling of missiles at pair represented, first, the nuring of missiles at a man engaged in a forcible capture of a wife, and, later, the transference of authority from the parents to the bridegroom, the shoe or sandal having ever been an instrument of domestic correction. It is not without hesitation that we venture to differ from this weighty authority on a point of such importance, but we suspect that by the old shoe or slipper—for we never heard of a new one being used on the occasion that by the old shoe or slipper—for we never heard of a new one being used on the occasion—are signified rather the wishes of their friends -are signified rather the wishes of their infented that the marriage may prove a happy one, and that the young pair may fit each other as the slipper fits the foot; in short, that they may be a "comfortable couple."

—Professor HERMANN, of Heidelberg, who is a start that the seal them of the start the seal them.

described as a liberal theologian, has been appointed president of the Supreme Consistory of the Prussian Established Church. Professor SCHULTE, of Prague, the president of the late

Old Catholic Congress, has been appointed Professor of Canon Law at Bonn.

—It is one of those odd things "no fellow can find out" that CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG should

be so clever in light operas when she weighs one hundred and sixty pounds.

—Madame Ocker-Boulacre, who died a few days since at Geneva, and who was famed for her beneficence, has left bequests to the amount of 155,000 francs. Among others, one of 40,000 francs to the Bureau des Familles, one of 10,000 francs to the National Hospital, and one of 25,000 francs to the Cartes of Hospital, and one of 25,000 frances to the Cartes of Hospital and one of 25,000 frances to the Cartes of Hospital and one of 25,000 frances to the Cartes of Hospital and one of 25,000 frances to the Cartes of Hospital and one of 25,000 frances to the Cartes of Hospital and Hospi

france to the Cantonal Hospital. Irancs to the Cantonal Hospital.

—Miss O'NEILL, who died recently in Ireland at the age of eighty-two, is said to have been the best Juliet known to the stage. She was the contemporary of Mrs. SIDDONS, the KEMBLES, and KEANS. Mrs. SIDDONS was her only rival. She retired from the stage fifty-three years ago, in the most brilliant part of her life, having married. in the most brilliant part of her life, having married Sir William Becher. Her career was as short as it was bright, and in writing of her death, "it was hard," says one, "to think of this impassioned spirit, and fair, lithe form, and the sympathetic soul, within Juliet's soul, as an old women of foursors vests to be laid in the old woman of fourscore years, to be laid in the

-Professor Tyndall thinks that Emerson is by far the greatest mind in our literary annals. It is a noticeable peculiarity in TYNDALL that along with his study of material forces he has

along with his study of material forces he has always maintained a lively and sympathetic interest in the subtler refinements of imaginative or metaphysical thought, and that side by side with his scientific formulæ has always lain, half hidden, a spring of fresh poetic feeling, which has permeated and adorned all his severer labors.

—WILLIAM EDWARDS, of Essex County, New York, is one of those old parties we read about. He is almost ninety-five, and the other day the gay old fellow married a gushing creature of seventy. He was one of WELLINGTON'S soldlers, and was twice wounded at Waterloo; yet he is well and hearty, and has been an inveterate smoker for eighty-two years. His grandfather lived to be one hundred and four, and his greatgrandfather one hundred and fourteen; but his father was cut off in his youth when only sixty-

Lord Brougham's authorship of the novel —Lord Brougham's authorship of the novel of Arthur Lunel having been questioned, the London Spectator says, on authority of letters of Lord Brougham recently printed for private circulation, that he was its sole author.

—General Herry A. Barnum's grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Willis Pixley, died a few days since in Syracuse at the age of one hundred years two months and fourteen days.

—The Prince Imperial of France and young Conneau, son of the emperor's old and fast friend and physician, have joined the Royal Military Academy of England as gentlemen cadets.

Since the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne — Since the marriage of the marquis of Lorine
the gossips have been assigning the hand of the
Princess Beatrice to almost every "eligible"
nobleman in the kingdom. At one time it was
the Marquis of Hartington, then the Marquis of
Stafford, and now her latest assignment is to the Earl of Aberdeen.

Earl of Aberdeen.

—It is not generally known that the poet
SHELLEY at one time of his life was an agitator
in Ireland, and contended stoutly for "home
rule." This, with many other new facts and
writings of the poet, will be given in the new
life of SHELLEY, by Mr. DENIS FLORENCE MACAETHY, which will be shortly published.
—Madame RUDERSDORFF, the oratorio singer,

has some literary as well as musical repute abroad, and occasionally contributes to the press here. She is, moreover, a very charitable lady, and is now giving, in Boston, concerts for the benefit of the working girls who suffered from the great fire.

the great fire.

—The daughter of Sir Anthony Rothschild The daughter of Sir ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD is about to break with the traditions of her fumily and the teachings of her religion by bestowing her fortune and heart on a poor young man and a Christian—the Hon. Mr. YORKE, a son of the Earl of Hardwicke. But she is not going to embrace Christianity nor renounce Judaism. She will remain a Jewess, and her husband will continue to be at least nominally a Christian. The disapproval with which the aged and excellent baronet, her father, regards the match is said to be increased by his failure to discover in his prospective son-in-law any qualities either of his prospective son-in-law any qualities either of head or heart which could justify or even exnead or neart which could justify or even excuse what he regards as his daughter's infatuation; but then it must be remembered that he is not in love with Mr. Yorke, and that his daughter is, and this makes all the difference in the world. The Rothschilds have long formed

a sort of royal family of their own—intermarry-ing only with their cousins—and it is said that every possible means of persuasion have been brought to bear in vain upon this young lady to induce her to abandon her resolve. The reluc-

induce her to abandon her resolve. The reluctant consent of her father, or rather the withholding of his positive prohibition of the marriage, has at last been obtained, and the marringe, it is said, will soon be celebrated.

—Mr. Ruskin recently made the following criticism upon himself: "I was obliged to write too young, when I knew only half-truths, and was eager to set them forth by what I thought fine words. People used to call me a good writer then; now they say I can't write at all; because, for instance, if I think any body's house is on fire I only say, 'Sir, your house is on fire;' whereas formerly I used to say, 'Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of your youth is in a state of inflammation,' and every body used to like the effect of the two and every body used to like the effect of the two p's in 'probably passed,' and of the two d's in 'delightful days.'"
—Mrs. Sarah W. Lander, a sister of the late

—Mrs. Sarah W. Lander, a sister of the late General Lander, died a few days since at Salem. Massachusetts. She had fine literary ability and taste, particularly in juvenile literature. Of her series of sketches of foreign countries, published under the title of Speciacles for Young Eyes, some 35,000 copies have been sold.

—"Gail Hamilton," who is always saying things good and quaint, lately made an excursion down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay. It was not altogether a delicious trip: for saith

sion down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay. It was not altogether a delicious trip; for salth she, "Nevertheless I am glad I went to the Saguenay. Something is accomplished when you have found one place in the world that you never want to go to again."

—General PILLOW, of great fame in the Mexican and other blood-thirsty campaigns, married Mrs. TRIGG, an accomplished lady of New Orleans, the night before Thanksgiving.

—Madame RATAZZI, one of the brightest, spiciest, spunkiest women abroad, was the purchaser of the library of the ex-Empress Eugénie, recently sold in Paris.

chaser of the library of the ex-Empress EUGENIE, recently sold in Paris.

—Mrs. J. Baenes has presented to the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, the valuable law library of JONATHAN BARNES, who died in 1861. For thirty years he was a trustee of the university.

—Marie Antoinette's work-table has been placed in the Louvre. The Empress Eugenie bought it at a sale some years ago for \$8600, and it was fortunately saved from the Tuileries before the fire.

fore the fire.

The Grand Duke ALEXIS is to bow himself to the people in print. He kept a diary while here and wherever he has traveled, and the matter is to be worked up into a volume of travels by a man who understands how to do that sort

by a man who understands how to do that sort of thing.

Mr. Justice Hannen, the new Judge of Probate, of England, is the youngest judge on the bench. The salary of his office is \$25,000 a year, with a retiring pension of \$17,500 after fifteen years' service. The position is difficult and arduous, but the temptation to take the post is that the judge of this court is an autocrat, and is always appointed a member of the Privy Council, and has more patronage at his disposal than all the rest of the judges put together. When the English probate system was remodeled, in 1858, the various ancient courts, both civil and ecclesiastical, for proving wills were, at a stroke, superseded by the Court of Probate, and in their stead forty "district registries" established over the country, at large towns, where and in their stead forty "district registries" established over the country, at large towns, where wills are proved. A new will must now be proved within the district in which the testator died, or at the principal registry in London. The judge of the court appoints all these registrars, both in town and country, and in this way has patronage to the extent of about \$850,000 a year. Justice Hannen's successor as puisne judge is Mr. Archibald, brother of the British consul-general at this port.

—Some months ago an actress, Miss Swansorough, while traveling on one of the English railways, was seriously hurt in a collision between trains. She sued the company for damages, and the measure of damages turned mainly upon the effects of a scar on the forchead. The counsel for the company thought the matter entirely too sentimental for the consideration of the court, but Mr. Justice Blackburn said it was a serious thing for an actress to have

adid it was a serious thing for an actress to have a disfiguring mark on her face. Lord Chief Jus-tice Cockburn dwelt on the effects of the acci-dent upon the lady's professional career, and the result was that she got a verdict of \$8000

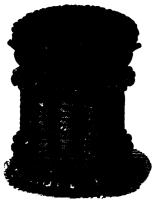
damages.

—Captain James Grant's novels are to be done into Russian, and dedicated to the Grand Duke Alexis, at whose request they have been translated.

translated.

—Many of the prominent literary men of En-gland hold positions under the government. Sir ARTHUR HELPS is Clerk of the Privy Council, an ARTHUR HELPS is Clerk of the Privy Council, an office from which he derives \$8500 a year. Sit HENRY TAYBOR, the author of Philip von Artewide, has \$5000 a year as one of the senior clerks at the Colonial Office; and Mr. J. W. KAYE, who began his literary life as the editor of an Indian journal issued in London, and whose works on Indian listory are so highly valued, is the political and secret secretary at the Indian Office. Mr. DASENT, formerly sub-editor of the Times, a writer of novels and translations from the Norse, is the Second Civil Service Commissioner, at a salary of \$6000; while Mr. WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, the poet and critic, has \$4000 a year as an assistant secretary at the Inland a year as an assistant secretary at the Inland Revenue Office. Mr. W. RATHBONE GREG, who succeeded M'CULLOOR, the political economist, as the head official at the Stationery Office, enjoys \$7500 a year; while Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE has \$10,000 as permanent under-secretary. as the nead official at the Stationery Office, enjoys \$7500 a year; while Mr. Herman Merivale has \$10,000 as permanent under-secretary at the Indian Office. Mr. Galiton is a director of works at Whitehall; Mr. Frank Buokland has \$5500 a year as an inspector of salmon fisheries, and Mr. Lionel Brough \$3000 as an inspector of coal mines; Mr. F. T. Palgrave is an examiner at the Educational Council Office, and Mr. Matthew Arnold holds the post of inspector of schools; Mr. C. Pennell, the piscatorial writer, gets \$2500 as the inspector of oyster fisheries, while Mr. J. Glaibers and Mr. Edwin Dunkin do not get more between them for inspecting the stars; Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the Edinburgh Review, has a very good position; while offices are also enjoyed by Mr. J. R. Plancer, Sir T. Duffus Hardy, Mr. T. Walker, Mr. G. Scarf, and other writers, whose names are less familiar to the general public.





PEN-WIPER.

Crochet Shooting Cap.

This shooting cap is cro-cheted with sixfold dark gray zephyr worsted all in sc. (sin-gle crochet). Instead of crocheting the cap, it may be made of strong woolen material from the patterns given by Figs. 22 and 23, Supplement. Begin the crochet-work from the upper middle of the cap with a foundation of 6 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on it crochet 20 rounds of sc., al-ways going forward. In the 2d round widen 1 st. (stitch) on every st., so that this round . counts 12 sc.; in working the 3d-15th rounds widen 6 st. in

every round, working in the 3d round 2 sc. on every second following st. of the preceding round, and in the 4th-15th rounds always 2 sc. on the first of the 2 sc. worked on 1 st. in the preceding round. The 15th round counts 90 sc. Crochet the 16th-20th rounds without changing the number of stitches. The crocheting should be done loose. The part just finished should correspond with the upper part of Fig. 22, and should reach to the beginning of the line indicated for the slit. In order to form the slit in the middle of the back, work nine rounds, going back and forth, so that one round appears right and the other round left, always surrounding both veins of the sc. in the preceding round, and without changing the number of stitches. Then crochet from Fig. 22, Supplement,



CROCHET SHOOTING CAP. For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 22 and 23.

Pen-Wiper.

This pen-wiper consists of a card-THIS board tube three inches high and eight inches in circumference, which is covered on the inside with white watered paper, and on the outside with pinked cloth strips half an inch wide, in several shades of fawn, as shown by the illus-tration. The cloth strips are fastened together with point Russe stitches of brown silk. The upper and under edges of the tube are trim-med with a ruche of brown silk ribbon tiree-quarters of an

front, simulating

a shield, is made



WATCH-CASE.

inch wide. A brush an inch and a quarter high, made of black worsted threads, which are sewed on a foundation of enameled cloth, is fastened on the upper end of the tube, and forms the penwiper. In the under end of the tube insert a card-board box to suit the inner circumference of the tube, and an inch and threequarters high, which is designed to hold pens, postage stamps, etc., and at the same time forms the bottom of the pen-wiper. A sponge may be substituted for the brush, if preferred.



Fig. 1.-Dress for GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. -BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 14-21.

outer edge free, seven rounds on each half of the crochet part, wid-ening several st. each on the front edges, according to the pattern. Make a separate foundation of 28 ch., and crochet one round in connection on the st. of both halves of the crochet part,

and at the same time on the ch. cast on between these st. After this round work 17 similar rounds, but narrow at irregular intervals 3 st. each in the 4th-7th of these 17 rounds, 2 st. in the 8th round, 1 st. in the 9th round, 2 st. in the 10th round, and 1 st. in the 11th round. rowing of 1 st. is done by taking up 2 st. from 2 st. side by side in the preceding round and working them off together, drawing the thread through once. In the 11th round, underneath the point where the projections lower chiral course the projection of the 11th round. projecting lower chin piece is separated from the upper part of the cap, insert two rounds of 17 st. each. The 16th and 17th rounds should not extend to the back edge (slit) of the crochet part, but are shortened at both sides, according to Fig. 22. This completes the cap. Work the bosom from Fig. 23, Supplement, beginning on the

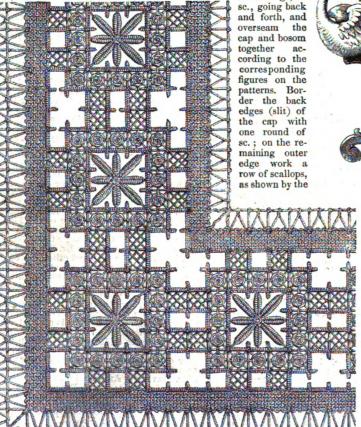


Fig. 1.—Corner of Border in Florentine Guipure.



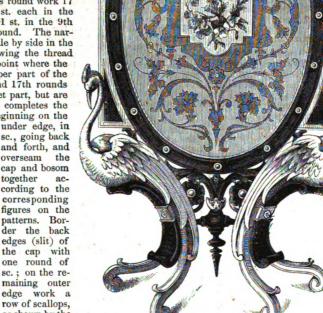


Fig. 1.—FIRE-SCREEN.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY. [See Page 845.] For design see Supplement, No

illustration, consisting of the following three rounds: 1st round.—On each edge st. work 1 sc. 2d round. On every second following st. 1 sc., then always 3 ch. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, 3 double crochet on the middle st. of the following ch. scallop, always 1 ch. before and after the 3 double crochet. Through the edge stitches at both sides of the slit run crosswise both halves of a piece of crochet gray worsted cord, the ends of which are trimmed with tassels, and set a tassel on the middle of the top of the cap. The wrong side of the upper part of the cap should come on the outside. This cap is extreme-The wrong side of the ly warm and comfortable, and may be also used as a skating cap.



Fig. 2.—Dress for GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.-FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 14-21.

of light gray silk, ornamented with a monogram worked with maroon saddler's silk and gold thread and point Russe embroidery. Above the embroidery is a small bronze hook, to which the watch is fastened. The box fastened on the back, which is designed to hold the chain, is covered with silk on the inside. The medallion may be ornamented with petit point or satin stitch embroidery, instead of with the monogram.

Point Russe and Crochet Sofa-Pillow, Figs. 1 and 2.

The cover of this sofa-pillow consists of six strips each twenty inches and seven-eighths long, three of which are made of brown cloth two inches and a half wide, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown filling silk and saddler's silk in three shades, as shown by Fig.

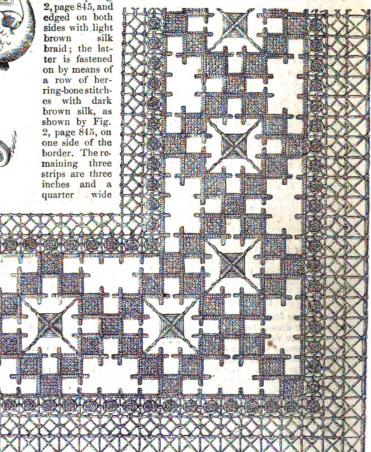


Fig. 2.—Corner of Border in Florentine Guipure.



2.—Section of Embroidery for Sofa-PILLOW.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 844.]

row of diamonds as before, and continue in this manner until the strip is of the requisite length. The finished diamond strips

diamonds as before, but fasten each of these, with the last foundation st. (stitch), to the free point of the next diamond in the preceding row. Having finished this second row of diamonds, crochet 8 ch. for the other side of the strip, then again in the opposite direction work one

each, and consist of crochet diaconnection in cross rows as follows: Make a foundation of 9 ch. (chain stitch), and on it crochet (paying no attention to the last ch.) 6 rounds of sc. (single crochet), going back and forth, and always inserting the nee-dle in the front veins of the stitches: before turning the work always work 1 ch. This completes one diamond. In connection with this

work two diamonds more in a similar manner. Work 8 ch. for the side edge of the strip, then work in the opposite di-rection one row of three

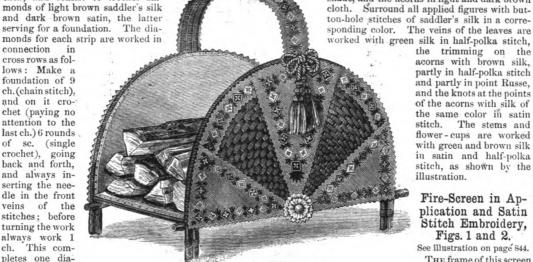


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WOOD-Box.

shade, and the acorns in light and dark brown cloth. Surround all applied figures with but-ton-hole stitches of saddler's silk in a corre-sponding color. The veins of the leaves are

> partly in half-polka stitch and partly in point Russe, and the knots at the points of the acorns with silk of the same color in satin stitch. The stems and flower-cups are worked with green and brown silk in satin and half-polka stitch, as shown by the illustration.

Fire-Screen in Application and Satin Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 844.

THE frame of this screen is of black polished wood, ornamented with bronzed metal. The foundation for the application embroidery which surrounds the medallion in the centre is of gray cloth; the design figures are applied in silk of a darker shade. The manner of work-



Fig. 2.—Section of Embroidery FOR WOOD-BOX.—FULL SIZE.

ing this application embroidery is explained in the description of design
Fig. 1 on the Embroidery Supplement of the present
number. (Pay no attention to Fig. 2.) The foundation of the centre medallion is of white cloth; the
embroidery, which is shown in full size by Fig. 2, is partly worked in dovetailed and partly in straight satin stitch with split zephyr worsted and saddler's silk in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves.

Silk is used for all the lighter parts and for the veins of the flowers and leaves; instead of silk, gold thread may be used. For the edge which surrounds the satin stitch embroidery sew on gray silk braid or sontache. A lining of gray silk covers the wrong side of the embroidery.

Corners of Borders in Florentine Guipure, Figs. 1 and 2.

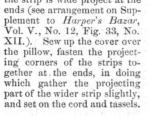
See illustrations on page 844.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming covers, pillow-cases, etc. The foundation is worked in straight netting, and filled, as shown by the illustration, with twisted cotton or me-dium-sized thread in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise, and with wheels and threads stretched diagonally. The outlines of the design fig-ures are button-hole stitched closely, in doing which at the same time work the projecting picots. For each picot work from three to four button-hole stitches on the nearest thread (bar) of the foundation, and then carry the working thread back through the button-hole stitches to the point from where the work is to be continued. After finishing the embroidery

cut away the netted bars between the design figures close to the button-hole stitches, as shown by the illustration.

ARSENIC IN CARPETS.

IT is well known that the green, as also some other tints of paper-hangings, contain more or less arsenic, sometimes in a quantity sufficient to produce serious injury to health. It is now known that both the green and the red coloring matter of certain carpets contains arsenic, especially the brilliant dark reds now so fashionable. Samples of these carpets being experimented on, burned with the blue arsenic flame and gave off the characteristic garlic odor. Enough color to give a distinct arsenic reaction could be rubbed off with the finger. A solution in hydrochloric acid produced with copper the usual grayish precipitate of metallic arsenic. T is well known that the green, as also some other tints of paper-hang-



are fastened on the satin foundation along the ch. crocheted

for the side edge. Join all the strips on the sides with long

button-hole stitches of brown

silk, letting a piece as long as the strip is wide project at the

Embroidered Wood-Box, Figs. 1 and 2.

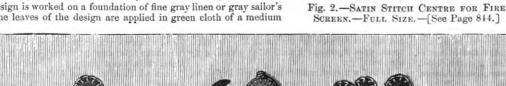
This wood-box is made of willow wicker-work and strong wooden bars, and is varnished brown throughout. The sides are trimmed on the outside, as shown by Fig. 1, with a bor-der and with three-cornered pieces of light brown cloth, ornamented with application embroidery and pinked on the outer edge. Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the border. The diamond-shaped applique figures are alternately of brown velvet and brown silk, orna-mented with point Russe stitch-ing of light and dark brown

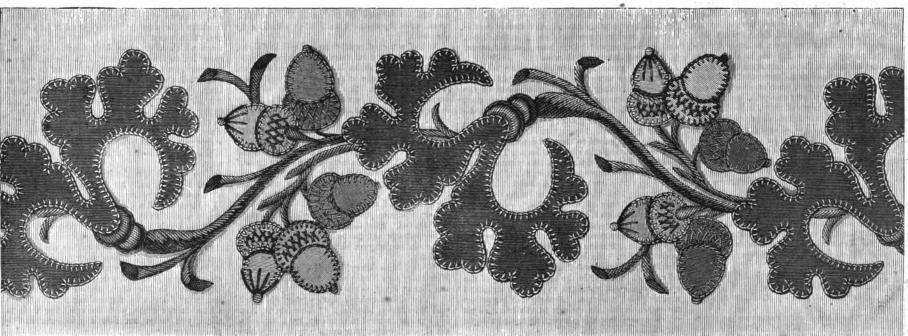
and the standard shown saddler's silk, and edged with button-hole and half-polka stitches of similar silk. The point Russe embroidery between the applied figures is worked with brown saddler's silk of a medium shade. The joining point of the three triangular pieces is covered by a

rosette of pinked brown cloth strips gathered. The handle is trimmed with a cloth strip arranged like the border. A lining of brown enameled cloth, and brown worsted cord and tassels to finish the handle, complete this pretty box. These wood-boxes may also be made of white or black varnished wicker-work instead of brown, and may be trimmed with gray cloth ornamented in Turkish embroidery and with variegated cord and tassels.

Application Embroidery for Gun Sling.

This design is worked on a foundation of fine gray linen or gray sailor's cloth. The leaves of the design are applied in green cloth of a medium





Application Embroidery for Gun Sling.—Full Size.—[See Page 849.]

A WASH-DAY ROMANCE. FACTS WITHIN FACTS.

BETTY is at the wash-tube, Her arms in the lather white; At the scullery door, with a basket, The baker, her own true knight.

"Set down the loaves," said Betty, In a voice of careless scorn. "Don't ye mind I am busy a-wringin'? Bring rolls on the morra morn.

"Ah, Betty, Betty, Betty, It's always wringin' to be!"
Sighed the baker, moving streetward; 'And the thing ye wring is me.

Then quick a thought came o'er him,
And back he stepped to say,
"Is it muffins ye'll be a-wantin',
Or buns, for the missus' tay?"

Now stands she by the boiler, Laden with clean, wet clo'es; Her eyes are bright as the morning, Her cheeks as red as a rose

"Och! go yer ways. We'll be sendin'; I haven't the time to say; I must mind me bleachin' an' bluin' Awhile I've the best o' the day.

She ran to the garden grass-plot, While he went out to the street: "It's me ye are bleachin' an' bluin', O Betty, so pretty and sweet!'

At noon, in ending his circuit, 'stopped to see Betty a minute;" The kitchen was open and sunny, . But sorra a Betty was in it.

Soon, eagerly, through the window Her little form he was spying. He called. But she answered him, coldly, "It's hangin' I am, while's there's drying.

"It's hanging I'll be, cruel Betty!" He said to himself, at the hint.

"For the matter o' that, I am thinkin'
My hangin' would make her contint."

Once more, in the top of the evening, When supper was all cleared away, Our baker, in holiday raiment, Dropped in, and had courage to stay.

On the clothes-line that criss-crossed the kitchen Hung snowy white things, chill and damp; But the coals in the range crackled brightly, And Betty had lighted her lamp.

Full thickly the garments were hanging-Grim collars and shirts, nearly dried, And, largest of all, near the dresser, A table-cloth, snowy and wide.

"The shower wet me wash afther dinner. An' I hung 'em within so, to dry. Och hone! but I wish you was married!" Said Betty, pretending to sigh.

"Is it married ye wish I was, Betty?
Faix, meself does be wishin' that same;
An', in thruth, that I'm single this minute
It isn't mesel' that's to blame."

"And who, thin?" asked Betty, akimbo, "Go and have her, for all I would care!"
Then stepped out of sight, quite forgetting
The lamp with its tale-telling glare.

Now up starts the gallant young baker, For dark on the cloth he espic As it hangs there, the shadow of Betty, Her apron held up to her eyes!

"Arrah, Betty, me darlint, what ails ye? Sure it's you has been kapin' me lone; An' it's you can be makin' me married— Say, will you, dear Betty Malone?"

Only two empty chairs by the fire, And two shadow forms on the cloth; But love is the same the world over, And Betty no longer was wroth.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BUT a year and a half, no more, separate us from the disasters of the first and second sieges of Paris; yet, in spite of the ravages of the enemy and the petroleum of the Commune, the city is as brilliant as ever; the hotels are overflowing with guests, and the theatres with spectators; and from two to six in the afternoon the Avenue des Champs Elysées is almost im-passable through the file of carriages flocking to passable through the file of carriages meaning to the Bois. It seems like a dream that this magnificent, hospitable, gay, and intellectual city should so lately have been besieged, bombarded, and fired. It has a good right, indeed, to the device of its significant armorial bearings, a ship bearing the motto, Urbi et orbi; Fluctuat nec

For people amuse themselves at Paris as much, if not perhaps in the same way, as before; and when the gloomy fanatics reproach them for not bowing down in sackcloth and ashes, they smile at these reproaches; for they look beneath the surface represented by a few wealthy idlers, and see the great nation redoubling their labor and economy, and say to themselves that the decline predicted by the envious is still far distant, for it never accompanies labor and the care for the future represented by saving.

"And dress!" exclaim the Puritans; "do you deny that it is as extravagant as ever? Nevertheless, it is the standard by which to measure human folly!"

Agreed; but I am about to astonish the grumblers by revealing to them that the really extravagant fashfons are made in Paris, doubtless, but

for the foreigners who desire them-yes, demand them—and are then adopted by but a very small number of Parisians, and chiefly by those who consort much with foreigners, and who, while living in Paris, are themselves of foreign extrac-England and Germany are the countries that contribute most largely to this class, in which France and l'aris have but few representa-If I should undertake the difficult task of showing the difference between one of these Parisian ladies and another, pure-blooded, high-minded, and distinguished, I should represent them both in the same costume, only the first would wear it of comparatively showy colors, while the second would have chosen black, or at most maroon or dark olive; the first would have a Dolman with immense sleeves, the second would have sleeves long and full, without being immense; in a word, the first would make it her endeavor to exaggerate, and the other to tone down, the fashion. This is the whole thing in a nutshell; in this art is found the imperceptible shades of good taste. The women who possess, or desire, or learn it are the born Parisians, in whatever latitude they may have the light; while the others-how can it be helped?—the others are those of whom a true Parisian would say, "She is not one of us!" For ball and even for dinner and reception

dresses of light fabrics, crinoline is wholly abandoned. It is replaced by immense petticoats of strong muslin, which are trimmed with flounces edged with very narrow lace. The back breadths of these petticoats are so long that one exclaims at first sight of them that it is impossible that they should ever be worn. But the dress-maker draws two strings that are run through a shirr. when suddenly an immense tournure is formed and the skirt becomes of a wearable length.

If the dresses worn in the daytime are invariably of the darkest tints, those for the evening, on the contrary, give full scope to light colors, thin fabrics, and Pompadour designs. This has always been the case, but not so generally as this winter. The fashion of Russia and England, as well as of the Faubourg Saint Germain, is becoming more and more universal; light dresses are worn for the smallest family dinner-party, silk gauzes and crépe de Chine are employed for over-skirts and polonaises, and waists are low, or half-high at most. For these occasions beauty of color is much more regarded than costliness of fabric; foulards with a white ground, pink linos, or blue sultanes often compose these fulldress toilettes, which are much less expensive than black or brown satin or velvet suits.

A revolution is predicted in hair-dressing, and the definitive return, till further notice, of the fashion of 1830, with its high coques massed on the crown of the head, leaving the nape of the neck completely destitute of chignon or other appendage. What will the bonnets be in this case?

At this moment almost, or, in fact, all, the bonnets are in the shape of a gentleman's round hat-box; and on this scaffolding is built up the pile of flowers, laces, and feathers that serve to adorn the head. A sort of queue, somewhat resembling that of the helmets worn by the dragoons, but composed of flowing ends of lace and ribbon, is fastened behind, over which fall in turn sprays of flowers with flexible stems.

A pretty fancy is a black tulle fichu trimmed with lace, with a small hood and very long ends. This may be worn in a variety of ways on the head, with the ends crossed around the neck, one falling in the back and the other brought round to the front; or over a high corsage, with the ends not crossed in front, but passed under each arm, and forming a large bow in the back, in which fashion it closely resembles the Figaro, or Spanish vest; lastly, it may be worn in the same manner with the ends crossed in front and tied behind, so as to form a Marie Antoinette fichu. When worn as an opera coiffure, a pur-ple or pink rose, or else a few hair-pins set with precious stones, are fixed in the hair at the side, and make it a most becoming head-dress.

I will describe a model dinner dress for a young girl. Skirt of gray percaline, trimmed on the bottom with a box-pleated flounce of plain light blue foulard three-eighths of a yard wide, surmounted by a second gathered flounce of white foulard, with narrow blue stripes, sprinkled with blue rose-buds, and a third pleated flounce of plain blue foulard. Over-skirt of white foulard like that of the second flounce, trimmed with a plain white pleated ruche. Basque-waist of the same material as the over-skirt, open in front to the belt, over a white embroidered muslin chemisette. The sleeves are half-flowing to the elbow, and are finished with r deep blue pleated flounce. Muslin and lace under-sleeves.

Another more costly, if not more elegant, dress for the same purpose has a light manve satin skirt trimmed with a pleated band of the same satin sixteen inches wide, edged on each side with violet lace laid on flat. Princesse polo-naise of mauve silk gauze. The front breadth of the polonaise is separate from the side breadths, and joined to them by a trellis-work of narrow insertion of violet silk lace. The same lace edges the tunic, which is also trimmed with a bias fold of mauve silk gauze, edged on each side with very narrow lace. A similar fold edges the neck. Half-flowing sleeves reaching to the elbow, and trimmed with a flounce of gauze, edged with a bias fold, and violet lace like that of the over-skirt. This flounce only veils the elbow, the sleeve being filled up with several rows of lace. Similar lace also fills up the squarenecked waist. Six-button pearl gray gloves. Necklace of three rows of amethyst beads, fastened on each side and in the back by clasps of the same amethysts, arranged so as to be detached and worn as brooches. Amethyst Marguerites mounted on flexible springs in the hair. old-fashioned mounting is coming again in vogue for all kinds of stones.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

NANNY'S SUBSTITUTE.

T was in the war time, not so very long ago, L though it seems long, that the town of Barford was thrown into a great excitement by the announcement of a fair for the Sanitary Commission. Barford isn't the real name of the town, you know, pets, so you needn't try to hunt it up on the map. Of course there was a Soldiers' Aid Society there—where was the town or village that hadu't one in those days?—and of course the Soldiers' Aid Society got up the The good women of the place had been pickling, preserving, scraping lint, and knitting stockings for the army for three long years, till the ends of their fingers were half worn off, and the last rag had vanished from the garrets. But their good will never failed, nor ever would, I do believe, if the war had lasted fifty years instead of five; and when they heard of the great fairs in Chicago and Cincinnati and Boston, and how much money had been made by them, they resolved that Barford must have one

Here is somewhat the way the thing grew:

This is the Soldiers Aid Society.

These are the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid

These are the young gentlemen more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid Society.

These are the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentlemen more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid Society.

These are the contributions which were sent in by the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentlemen more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid Society.

This is the big barrack building which received the contributions which were sent in by the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentlemen more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid So-

This is the sympathizing public who poured into the big barrack building which received the contributions which were sent in by the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentlemen more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid So-

This is the blessed money expended by the sympathizing public who poured into the big barrack building which received the contributions which were sent in by the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentle-men more or less in love with the young ladies who belonged to the old ladies who belonged to the Soldiers' Aid Society.

These are the great boxes of stores which were bought with the blessed money expended by the sympathizing public who poured into the barrack building which received the contributions which were sent in by the business men of the place who were "waited on" by the young gentlemen more or less in love with-

Let me stop to take breath. There is a great deal more of it, showing how these are the brave fellows who unpacked the boxes, and these are the homes to which these brave fellows (some of them) went back safe and sound in consequence of the comforts contained in the big boxes, and these are the wives and the little girls who helped the wives and the little boys who helped the little girls help the wives drive the nails into the boxes which helped the brave fellows, etc. But if I were to tell it all I am afraid Jack's house would never be built. we will go back, instead, to the Barford fair, which was not to open till day after to-morrow, and had only got so far as to be a big boarded inclosure, with a canvas flap over the gate, on which "No Admittance" was written in black letters. A noise of hammering came from within, and some children were peeping through

a hole near the bottom of the canvas.
"Oh, Nanny O'Neil!" cried one of them to a little girl who was going by, "do come! We can see the rope of the tent, and Mr. Crowell's boots, most up to the knee! He's standing by the tent!"

Nanny, a pretty, neatly dressed child of eight as only too glad to share this glorious opportunity. She put down books and slate at once and applied her eye to the hole. It was as the children had said. A rope and a pair of bootheels could plainly be zeen. This was intensely interesting, and made her want very much to see

"Oh, don't you wish they would let us in?" she cried, almost dancing with excitement.

"Do you expect you'll come every day?" asked il Lee. "It's a quarter each time, you know." Nanny's face fell, and she gave a little sigh. Quarters were not very plentiful in her home. "But once! Mother ill surely let me come she said to herself.

A lady passing just then marked the little sigh, and smiled. She followed, as Nanny walked rather soberly up the street, and just as she turned in at the gate laid a gentle hand on her

Why, Miss Mary!" cried Nanny, joyfully.

Miss Mary was Nanny soundard Nanny loved her dearly.

"You didn't know I was so near, did you?"

"The fact is, Nanny laughing. "The fact is, Nanny laughing." ny, I rather hurried to catch up, for I wanted to ask if you thought your mother would be willing to let you help me for a while at the fair. I have

charge of the refreshment-room, and I want twelve little girls to act as waitersand plates, you know, run to and from the kitchen, and be generally useful. Eleven have promised me; most of them are a little older than you, but that is no matter. Should you like to be the twelfth? I see by your face you would. The fair lasts three days, but one of them is Saturday, so you would only have to miss school Now run in and ask mamma if she is

twice. Now run in and ask mamma it she is willing to give you up for those two days to oblige me—and the Aid Society."

"Oh, Miss Mary," gasped Nanny, hardly able to speak for pleasure, "I never did hear of any thing so beautiful! And I know mother II say yes, for she'd do any thing in the world for

the soldiers."

Sure enough, Mrs. O'Neil did say yes, and willingly. It would have been hard to resist Nanny's pleading eyes in any case; with the soldiers in question resistance was not even thought of. So Tuesday passed, and Wednesday. On Wednesday evening the fair opened. Miss Mary said, "Be there early." So Nanny dressed herself in the cunning ruffled apron and cap which was the uniform of the little waiters, and by six o'clock, looking very shy and pretty, she was holding up her ticket at the door there existed a happier little girl in Barford at that moment.

For the first moment it was all bewildering. The band was playing; lights shone every where; there were pillars wreathed with green and flowers; tables heaped with beautiful things; and oh! so many people walking about! Nanny almost lost her breath. She had never imagined that a fair could be such a delightful place. She stood smiling and dazzled, looking this way and that, and not knowing where to go first.

Miss Mary came by before long, and led her

away to the refreshment-room, a great canvas tent at the side, hung with fings, and set full of little tables, at which, early as it was, people were already seated, eating strawberries and ice-cream, and drinking coffee. Little girls in smart ruffled caps were running to and fro; all looked bright and merry. Nanny was frightened at first, and inclined to cling to Miss Mary, but soon that wore off. She was shown where the clean cups and plates were kept, and the ice-cream, the sugar, the fruit, and which was the door of the kitchen tent. In half an hour she was quite at home, and flew about with the rest, taking orders and carrying trays so modestly and deftly that ever so many people smiled at her; and one old gentleman, taking out his pocket-book, wanted to know what the little one would take for two kisses. "Here's a chance would take for two kisses. "Here's a chance to make money for the soldiers," he said; and though Nanny laughed and blushed, he had such white hair, and seemed so nice and merry, that she didn't mind. So she gave him three, without fixing the exact price; and then the old gen-tleman, smacking his lips and looking very comical, rolled something up into a ball and put it in her hand. "I tell you what, girls, I've got more for my money than any of you," he said to his party. They laughed, but Nanny almost screamed when she unrolled the ball and found it was—a five-dollar bill! How she ran with it to Miss Mary! Five dollars! Only think! she had earned five dollars for the soldiers! Here would be something to tell mother when she went home.

Table-waiting kept them all pretty busy for two hours; then Miss Mary called Nanny and another little girl, and told them to take a rest, and walk about the fair. What fun it was! There were all sorts of wonderful things—pincushions, embroidery, worsted-work, baby-clothes with cunning little ruffles and tucks, fanciful knittings, many-colored fans, Chinese boxes and screens, cone-work and birch bark, bead every things, besides horses and buggies and sleighs, a patent churn, a steam-engine, a statue of Mr. Lincoln, an enormous shoe, in which sat Mother Bunk with her huge family of dolls—oh, I can't pretend to tell you all there were. But Nanny cared little for plows and engines, and the thing that delighted her most was a baby-house-

a baby-house as is not seen every day.

I must tell you about it, for I doubt if there will ever be another made so large or so com-plete. It was a regular little house, six feet high and five across, with a French roof, a porch covered with ivy, a front-door, with door-plate, scraper, steps, and a bell which rang inside when pulled, and windows which opened and shut. You went in at the front-door (if you happened to be a doll), and there was a pretty hall, paved with marble, from which a staircase with black-walnut baluster led to the upper story. In the hall was a hat-rack, on which hung a hat and an overcoat, and, yes! an actual umbrella, about three inches On the floor stood a green embroidered long. traveling-bag, with initials on it. Evidently one of the dolls had just come home from a journey. A cuckoo clock hung on the wall. On the table was a card-plate full of cards, and under the stairs you saw the baby's perambulator, with an afghan in it, shoved in there to be out of the

You peeped into the left-hand door, and behold! the kitchen. Such a beautiful kitchen, with a range, a roller towel, a sink with faucets that turned, and a dresser full of crockery and bright tins! Dinah, the cook, was just dishing dinner—a very nice one, with chops and green pease, chicken, roast beef, lobster-salad, a don't know what. In the opposite room Cato, her husband, had just finished setting the table. It looked very grand, with its glass and silver and snowy napkins; the dessert stood by on the sideboard; in the open drawer you saw the spoons and forks in a glittering row; the sun shone on the grate, with its crackling fire—in short, you could not find a pleasanter dining place any where.

Up stairs was another pretty hell, carpeted



and papered, with pictures on the wall and flowers in the window, and a second staircase run-ning up still higher. Here was the library, all oak and green; with book-cases and tables and family portraits; grandfather reading a paper, grandmamma on the sofa knitting, with an em-broidered cushion slipped in Jehind her back; books, photograph albums; a German studentlamp; every thing else that could be thought of. Crossing the hall again, you behold the parlor a magnificent apartment, in gray and crimson, with beautiful tufted furniture, with tidies on the backs of the chairs, a clock, a marble angel, a piano which played real tunes; Mr. Doll, the head of the family, in his dinner suit; Mrs. Doll, all lilac and lace; the little Dolls playing enchre beside the fire with a pack of cards about a quarter of an inch long; a pet dog asleep upon his rug—in short, a scene of the utmost domestic prosperity.

And what would you have said if taken up stairs again and introduced to the hedrooms Each had its lace-curtained bed, with ruffled pillow-cases; each its toilette-table, with a mite of a pincushion, and an ivory comb and brush. On the towel-frames hung tiny fringed towels, marked "Doll." There were shovels and tong for the fires, and cunning brass coal-hods full of cannel-coal, and comfortable rocking-chairs to rest in when tired. In the nursery were Hepsy and Cassy, the two colored nurses, with the younger children. One little boy was splashing merrily away in his tub; another had just upset the baby's basket, with its powder-puff, sponge, towels, and soap; and Cassy, with the baby in her arms, was supposed to be scolding him. Never was any thing so pretty or so complete, and it is no wonder that our little eight-year-old Nanny stood looking and looking and looking, and feeling as if she never wanted to go away from this delightful plaything.

"Oh!" she said at last, half to herself, "will

any little girl have it for truly her own?"

A lady standing by laughed. "You may be that little girl yourself if your mother buys you a ticket," she said. "The baby-house is to be raffled for, you know; a hundred tickets at five dollars each.

Five dollars!" cried Nanny. ron, but mother wouldn't give all that—couldn't, I mean," she added, correcting herself.

Somebody beside the lady marked the wistful look with which she turned away, and that somebody was no other than the old gentleman who had just paid so handsomely for his kiss. Nanny did not notice him or the long whispered confabulation that went on behind her. Absorbed in the baby-house, she never guessed that the kind old gentleman was playing good fairy in her behalf, and when the lady in charge asked her name, just answered, "Nanny O'Neil, please, without turning her head. Presently a little girl came to say that Miss Mary wanted her, and with one longing, lingering look, off she ran, unconscious of the good luck which had befallen her, and that on the raffle-book her name stood recorded as possessor of ticket 37, with a two-hundredth chance in the final disposition of the baby-house. "I'd like to look at it for a whole year," she told Miss Mary.

All the next day and the next, whenever the chance came, she stole in for more peeps at the It seemed to grow more beautiful as she studied its perfections. "I wish I knew whose it is going to be," she thought many a

Saturday she was late in getting to the fair. Mrs. O'Neil was poorly. The baby had kept her awake, for one reason; for another, she was anxious and troubled about something. What? Nanny did not know; only she vaguely comprehended that it referred to her father. So the dear little thing, watching her mother's pale face, held the baby, brought wood, swept, dusted, did all she could to assist, and it was past noon before she reached the fair.

"At two o'clock the baby-house is to be raf-d for," said Miss Mary. "Some of you have fled for," said Miss Mary. tickets in it, I know, and you had better go and see the drawing."

"I haven't any," said Nanny, softly, "but I would like to go too. May I, Miss Mary? I would so love to see the little girl that gets it, and hear what she says!"

A great crowd had come together to see the drawing. The marshal raised his gayly colored There was raffle-box, and shook and twirled it. a moment of suspense—once, twice, thrice, and again; up and down and round and round; then somebody's hand went in and drew out a ticket. "Number thirty-seven," called out the mar-

shal. "What name is attached to number thirty-seven, Mr. Crowell?"

Mr. Crowell flirted over the leaves of the book

"Thirty-seven—thirty-seven—ah, here it is!
'Number thirty-seven—Miss Nanny O'Neil.'" All the pink went out of Nanny's cheeks for a

moment; then it rushed back again, and her looked large and round. She hardly lieved her ears. Before she could speak a lady came up. "Ah, here is the little girl," she said. "Mr. Crowell, here's Nanny O'Neil."

"No, no!" cried Nanny, grasping the lady's cess. "It isn't me. I didn't have any ticket!" "Ah, but you did," replied the lady, merrily, "for I wrote your name down myself! Who gave it to you? A fairy, perhaps. Any way, the baby-house is yours, dear"-laughing down into the amazed eves.

to the amazed eyes.

It took another minute or two to convince

"Oh,
"Oh, Nanny. Then she gave an ecstatic skip. "Oh, what will mother think?" she said, laughing to

"Really, this is most annoying," panted a stout, fussy gentleman, as he pushed his way through the crowd. "I bought fifty tickets because my daughter's heart was so set on the thing. And now I have lost it, after all. I would rather have taken the whole hundred than

disappoint her. Who did I understand had won

"This little girl," replied the lady in charge, drawing Nanny forward.

"H'm," said the stout gentleman. pose she doesn't want to part with it, does she? What did you say was her name? O'Neil? What, O'Neil the mason's daughter? Ah, I see. Well, Nanny, you have drawn a big prize. Don't you want to get rid of it? I think your mother will be puzzled to know what to do with such a large thing in her little house. You'd better sell it to me. Come, I'll give you two hundred dollars for it. Stay, I'll give you

three," watching Nanny's face.
"Oh, Sir," cried Nanny, blushing a great
deal, but by no means inclined to yield, "I'd rather have the baby-house than all the money in the world."

"Tut, tut!" replied the stout gentleman. "You're a very foolish child, in my opinion."

But Nanny didn't care for the stout gentleman's opinion one bit. Her one desire was to get home and tell the wonderful news to her mother. So she asked Miss Mary's leave, and down the street she flew. Rushing in at the gate, she flung open the door, and had just begun, "Oh, mother, such a splendid thing!" when suddenly she stopped, silent and sobered at what she saw.

Her mother was lying on the lounge, face downward, sobbing as Nanny had never heard her sob before. Beside her sat Mr. O'Neil, looking grave and sad; the baby was crying un-heeded in the cradle. What did it mean? "Is mother sick?" whispered Nanny.

"No, dear, not sick," answered her father, but grieved like. She's in trouble, Nanny, and so am I. Not that I want to shirk my duty, he added, rubbing his sleeve over his face.

But what is the matter, father? "I'm drafted, dear, that's all."

Drafted?" said Nanny, puzzled. "Yes. You don't know what that means, do von? It means that we've been drawing lots for who shall fight the rebels, and I've drawn a lot to go. God knows I wouldn't ask better if

it wasn't for you all; but who'll care for you while I'm away—and mother ailing as she is And Mr. O'Neil looked troubled "Does every body that's drawn have to go?"

asked Nanny.

"Every body who can't get a substitute, child. And how am I to get one, and the control of the co hundred dollars to pay? Squire Elkins's son, he was drawn, and he's to send Jim Sawyer in his place; and Bob, his brother, who hasn't a chick or child, would be glad to go in mine. But I haven't the money, I haven't.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the poor wife. "I said I'd give all I had to the country, Bryan, and so would, but not you. How can I? How can I?" and she broke again into sobs.

Nanny was gone. Standing by her father's side, a lump in her throat, and great tears well-ing into her eyes, the words "three hundred dollars" reminded her suddenly of what she had for a moment forgotten—namely, the baby-house and the gentleman's offer. There was just one great pang of disappointment, then her mind was made up, and she slipped quietly away without saying a word to any one. The stout gen-tleman was fussing about, and had just picked out a gorgeous and expensive doll to console his Georgiana with, when a soft touch fell on his hand, and turning round, there to his great sur-prise was Nanny, with tears still standing on her cheeks, but a wistful, happy light in her blue

"If you please," she began-"if you please, Sir, you may have the baby-house for your lit-tle girl."
"So," cried the stout gentleman, "your moth-

er said I was right, did she, eh?'

"No, Sir," replied Nanny, flushing. "I didn't ask mother. I changed my mind my own self."
"You did, did you?" said the gentleman. "You're a more sensible child than I thought. Well, I'll give you the money—or, stay—you'll lose it, or spend it in candy. I'd better hand it to your father, and then it 'll be safe.

"Oh," cried Nanny, much disappointed, "please don't! I want to take it to father

myself, and tell him that he needn't go away."
"Go away where?"—sitting down and drawing Nanny nearer. "Where is your father going, and how is the money to keep him at

So Nanny told the story. As she went on the stout gentleman seemed suddenly taken with the head. He blew his nose many times, and kept letting off such ejaculations as "Bless me!" "Upon my word!" "Bless my soul!" like minute-guns. When Nanny got through he blew his nose for the last time, gave When Nanny got her the money, kissed her quite hard two or three times, saying, "There's a dear child! I wish my Georgie had done the same"—and let her go. Nanny couldn't tell what to make of him.

I can not attempt to describe the scene which took place when, ten minutes later, Nanny rushed into the kitchen with the money in her hand. At first all was questions and exclamations. Then, when explanation came, Mrs. O'Neil fell to crying harder than ever, and her husband seemed overtaken by a cold as bad as the stout gentleman's. Nanny was hugged and kissed and blessed, and passed from one to the other as if she had been some large sort of sugar-plum
—as indeed she was. Did she have one pang of regret as she recollected the lost baby-house Not one. She watched the smiles come back again to her mother's pale face, and was just about the happiest little girl in the whole coun-

And as they all sat round the tea-table that evening a knock fell upon the door, and a parcel was brought in. It was a large parcel, with Nanny's name on the outside. She opened it with trembling fingers. It contained a big, beautiful doll, all dressed in red, white, and blue -the most beautiful doll Nanny had ever seen, and pinned to her dress was this note:

"The baby-house sends a 'substitute' to Nanny O'Neil."

Of course it was the stout gentleman who wrote it.

Nanny is a tall girl now, almost fifteen years old. Her cheeks are as pink and her eyes as bright as ever. But she says, and always will say, that the very happiest day of her life was that on which she put aside the tempting baby-house for which she longed, and, instead, sent to the war a substitute for her dear father. "Though as for that," she tells him, as she perches on the knee which, tall as she is, is still her favorite sitting-place, "there isn't any real 'substitute' for one's own papa, is there, father darling?-not one."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE funeral of Horace Greeley took place on December 4, at the Church of the Divine Pa-ternity, where the deceased had long been a regu-lar attendant. The remains had lain in state the day before at the Governor's Room in the City day before at the Governor's Room in the City Hall, where thousands paid sorrowful respect to the memory of a kind, genial, and useful life. Yet crowds thronged the doors of the church at an early hour of Wednesday, vainly hoping for admittance. As the church could seat only about 1600, it was necessary to permit only those to enter who held tickets of admission. The interior of the edifice was heavily draped in black, and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, in various emblematical devices, filled the house in various emblematical devices, filled the house with fragrance. A magnificent arch of white flowers spanned the pulpit, while on a white ground beneath were wrought in crimson blosoms the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." At the right of the pulpit stood a large floral gift from the Common Council. Among the most consultance of the tributes was a plow the most conspicuous of the tributes was a ploy composed of camellas and white roses, with a groundwork of violets and other simple blos soms with green. At the head of the coffin was a cross between a heart and an anchor, made from the choicest white blossoms, with the simple and touching word "Father" woven in it—the last filial tribute of the great journalist's orphan daughters, Ida and Gabrielle. A sheaf of wheat from Chappaqua, surmounting an are and a pen, was placed back of the pulpit. It is impossible to even mention all the floral gifts sent by loving hearts—crosses, wreaths, tablets, crowns, and many other significant devices. And the last words of the deceased, "It is done," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were many times repeated in the emblems. Mr. Greeley's pew was decorated with crape, and a heavy festion of the same material was suspended from the wall. The seat was covered with flowers, and the wall. The scat was covered with flowers, and a floral tribute from a young lady of the congregation, representing a broken lyre, was placed in his accustomed seat, while running vines and ivy gracefully intertwined with the sable trappings. The body of the church was filled with relatives, representatives of various organizations, and public men who desired to pay their tribute of respect to the honored dead. Among these were President Grant. Vice-President Colfax. Senresident Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Senwere President Grant, Vice-President Collax, Senator Wilson, and many other distinguished men. The pall-bearers were, Chief Justice Chase, Senator Trumbull, Thurlow Weed, I. Chamberlain, Rev. Dr. Bright, William Orton, D. W. Bruce, Sinclair Toucey, Dudley S. Gregory, A. J. Johnson, William M. Evarts, John E. Williams, Senator Fanton, Franton, Franton, Robert Rouner, R. M. clair Toucey, Dudley S. Gregory, A. J. Johnson, William M. Evarte, John E. Williams, Senator Fenton, Erastas Brooks, Robert Bonner, R. M. Hoe, Peter C. Baker, J. G. Lightbody, Charles S. Storrs, and John R. Stuart. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher made a brief address, and Dr. Chapin, pastor of the church, spoke more at length. Miss Kellogg sung, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" Miss T. Werneke, "Angels ever bright and fair;" and Miss Sterling, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping." The choir sang the hymn, "Sleep thy last sleep." At the conclusion of the services the funeral cortége, forming an imposing procession, passed through the city on its way to Greenwood. Thousands thronged the streets all along the route with tokens of the universal sorrow felt at the sad termination of the great journalist's life. He had been a friend of the people, particularly of the working classes, and the people mourned for him. Political differences were forgotten in the respect and honor which all hearts paid to the man. Slowly and silently the funeral procession moved through the city, flags were flying at half-mast, symbols of mourning displayed from many public and private buildings, and business to a great extent suspended. Through Brooklyn and at Greenwood Cemetery similar indications of love and respect were manifested. Horace Greeley was laid to rest from his "busy life" in the famand respect were manifested. Ho was laid to rest from his "busy life" ily vault on Locust Hill, where rest also the re mains of his wife—who died a month before him self—and two children.

The following interesting incident is related in an exchange by one who, on Christmas-night of 1871, sat beside Horace Greeley in Steinway Hall during the performance of Handel's Masiah. During most of the evening Mr. Greele siah. During most of the evening Mr. Greeley sat apparently lost in thought, if not in a doze, and seemingly oblivious to all that was going on. But when Miss Kellogg appeared and sang the great soprano solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he roused up, his face was suffused with joy, his bright eye was dimmed with a tear, and he listened with that steady earnestness so peculiar to him when interested. When it was finished no hands more loudly applauded than his, no face beamed forth greater satisfaction, and he murmured to himself those grandest of all the words of the world. "I know that and the words of the world, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then again came the absent, preoccupied look; nor did it-change until Miss Sterling sang the contraito recitative, "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory," when the same joyous look lighted up his face. Less than a year from that time, while he turned wearily on his bed of pain, the old light came back as he muttered, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and shortly after his spirit passed from earth. A few days later, at the funeral of

Horace Greeley, Miss Kellogg again sung with touching pathos, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

We are sorry to say that, at Mr. Greeley's funeral, among the throng of well-bred and refined ladies that filled the galleries were some specimens of the rude and selfish women who never fail to make their presence unpleasantly felt in feminine crowds, and who treat the most solemn occasions as mere spectacles. Two examples of these we quote from personal observation. of these we quote from personal observation. Though no seats were supposed to be reserved, the ladies in one pew succeeded in saving three places for their friends by keeping off the first comers, who were entitled to them by equity. In another instance, when the ladies in the back In another instance, when the ladies in the back row of seats rose to view the entrance of the fu-neral cortége, as they were forced to do by the rising of those in front of them, three persons, standing in the open space behind the pew, clambered cat-like over the back, and coolly seating themselves on it, with their feet on the enshions, remained seated there during the entire service, forcing the original occupants either to stand constrictionally or to sit on the edge of the beach conspicuously or to sit on the edge of the bench uncomfortably bent double. It is such occasions that are the test of genuine good-breeding and courtesv.

The present Old South Church, of Boston, was erected about 1730, and has in various ways played an important part in the affairs of State and country. There it was that public business was transacted in Revolutionary times. On one occasion the British soldiers took possession of the edifice, and turned it into a drill-room for their cavalry. During the late civil war it was used for patriotic purposes. When the question arose whether the building should be loaned to the government for a few years to be used as a post-office, there was a strong popular feeling against it on the ground of old associations. Nevertheless there are cases, and this may be one, when considerations of utility should outweigh those of sentiment. At least so think many of the

It is said that probably no-museum in the world possesses a collection of antique Greek and Egyptian glass-ware which can be compared with that which forms a part of treasures recently secured by Mr. John Taylor Johnston for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. These treasures were found chiefly in the island of Cyprus by General Di Cesnole and consist of statue was General Di Cesnola, and consist of statues, vases antique lamps, and golden ornaments, fragments of sculpture in marble and bronze, in addition to more than two thousand pieces of glass-ware.

The "Infant's Pavilion" will be a notable feature of the Vienna Exposition. Within this pavilion, gathered from all nations, will be grouped the various contrivances used in the care of children. Those that minister to the physical needs, those that amuse and develop the mental needs, those units amuse and the linds, will find a place there. This is not all. It is the design to present the various plans and systems used in present the various plans and systems used in charitable movements for the care of children, and the medical methods and inventions used for remedying physical defects and malforma-tions. The idea of the "Infant's Pavilion" cer-tainly commends itself to the feelings of every

Cast-iron stoves are regarded by certain French physicians as an absolute source of danger to those who use them, instances being cited where a feverish epidemic has been superinduced by cast-iron stoves which heated large establish-

Prophets predict that Lake Erie, now the pathway of a mighty commerce, is slowly but surely filling up from the accumulation of sediment from various sources. Some people may feel anxious about this, but we don't think it will happen in our day.

Many persons are in the habit of using chloroform, to obtain temporary relief from pain, without the advice of a physician. The danger of this practice is shown by the sad and sudden death of the wife of a well-known citizen of San Francisco. The project ledy had been for Francisco. The unfortunate lady had been for years afflicted with severe neuralgia, to ease which she had resorted to the use of chloroform. For several days previous to her death she had For several days previous to her death she had been suffering severely, unable to obtain relief. Her husband went to call in a physician. On returning with the doctor, they both went to the room of the invalid. They found her reclining on a sofa, with a handkerchief over her face. The physician immediately removed the handkerchief, but life had fled. The lady had saturated her handkerchief with chloroform, and becoming stupefled, was unable to remove it, and it thus caused her death.

The Britannia is the first of a new fleet of fer-The Britannia is the first of a new fleet of ferry-boats for crossing the English Channel. Whoever has crossed that tumultuous strip of sea
has doubtless a most vivid remembrance of
deathly seasickness. It is now proposed to arrange matters more comfortably, and to banish
that distressing malady, for which, if it really
comes to pass, all travelers will be devoutly
grateful. The "Bessemer saloon" is the proposed method by which this much-desired result is to be accomplished. This contrivance—
which takes its name from the inventor—is, in
print a centrally attented saloon. "O feet long. which takes its name from the inventor—is, in brief, a centrally situated saloon, 70 feet long, 30 wide, and 20 high, with promenade deck above, so poised and managed that the slightest deviation from the horizontal position is prevented, and all the ordinary motions of a vessel are neutralized. Thus it is expected that all that motion which produces seasickness will be prevented. It would seem that there must be many and great mechanical difficulties at-tending the operation of such an arrangement. But it is to be tried; and if successful on the English Channel, why not upon the ocean in large steamers? Then, indeed, there will be some comfort in crossing the waters.

Statements in English papers show that latterly the departures of ships from Liverpool to the United States have averaged more than one a day, while emigrants have flocked westward at the rate of 12,000 a month. Many of these are English artisans and laborers, who are attracted by the inducements which an independent republic offers to the industrious and enterprising.



with these pass over 2 st.

these two rounds continually, but in

the course of the work crochet the stc. on the ch. of the round before the last, thus also surrounding the sc. of the preceding round. Besides this fasten

on a scale after every fourth st. in every round consisting entirely of sc., as shown by Fig. 2, which gives a full-

sized section of the crochet-work. In the second to seventh stc. rounds widen at both sides of the crochet part, thus both in the middle and at the end of

> correspond ing round always working twice 2

stc. separated by

2 ch. on 2 ch. of

the round before

the last. Work

rounds without

changing the number of stitch-

ing the crochet part fold it flat,

remaining

After finish-

the

Game-Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

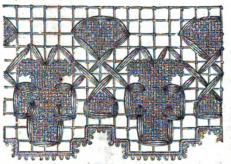
This game-bag is made of gray sailor's cloth, and is lined with dark green enameled cloth. The flap is ornamented in application embroidery with green and brown cloth in-several shades. The pocket fastened on the bag underneath the flap is crochetod with twisted gray cotton on which are strung scales of pine cones, Figs. 33 and 34, Supplement, give one-half of the pattern for the bag. To make the bag cut of the materials



CRAPE, INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 29.

named the back and the flap from Figs. 33 and 34, each in one piece; for the front cut one piece also from Fig. 33, which, however, should only reach from the under edge to the straight line on the pattern. Having worked the appli-cation embroidery on the outer mate-rial of the flap according to the design given and the description accompanying the embroidery design for gun sling, page 845, baste the material and lining

of each part together, ornament the front and the flap of the pocket at some distance from the outer edge with two rows of stitching with green silk as shown by Fig. 1, and join the front and back by means of a soufflet of the material and lining. This soufflet consists of a straight strip twenty the state of the st ty-three inches and a quarter long, which is an inch and three-quarters wide in the middle and only seven-eighths of an inch wide Overseam the upper edge of the flap and the back



NETTED GUIPURE EDGING.

together according to the corresponding figures (for the present the upper corners of the flap project free from the dotline), and along the outer edge set a braid made of four pieces of gray twine and four green worsted Set a simcords. ilar braid on the front along the outer edge, in doing which at the

same time fasten in the pocket made previously on the upper edge. This pocket is somewhat narrower than the bag and about four inches longer. To work it first bore holes in a number of small scales of pine cones, and string them on gray cotton, then begin on the under edge with a foundation of 60 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and now work, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—On each stitch work 1 sc. (single crochet). 2d round.—Always alternately 2 st. (chort trable)

-Always alternately 2 stc. (short treble



Fig. 1.-CRAPE, TULLE, AND LACE FICHU. -BACK. For pattern and description see Sup plement, No. VII., Figs. 24-26.

LINEN AND LACE STANDING COLLAR.



LACE COLLAR FOR HEART-SHAPED DRESS. scription see Supplement.



Fig. 2.—CRAPE, Tulle, and Lace Fighu.—Front. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 24-26.



LINEN AND LACE STANDING COLLAR.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 31. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 32.

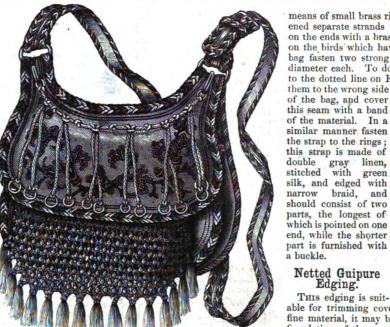


Fig. 1.—GAME-BAG.—[See Page 849.] For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 33 and 34.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 27 and 28. so that the widened stc.

INSERTION AND LACE

COLLAR.

come exactly on the side edges, and tie fringe tassels on the under edge and on a part of each side edge, as shown by Fig. 1. Sew two long brass hooks on the back of the bag to the points marked * on Fig. 33, Supplement, so that the points of the hooks are turned up, and press the front part through the double ment, No. XII., Fig. 32. material of the front of the bag. On these hooks hang crochet gray cotton cord by means of small brass rings, as shown by Fig. 1, on which are fast-

ened separate strands worked in a similar manner and furnished on the ends with a brass ring; these strands are designed for tying on the birds which have been shot. On the upper corners of the bag fasten two strong brass rings an inch and three-quarters in diameter each. To do this slip the projecting corners of the flap to the dotted line on Fig. 34, Supplement, through the rings, sew them to the wrong side

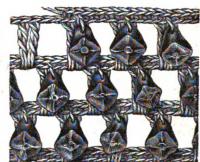
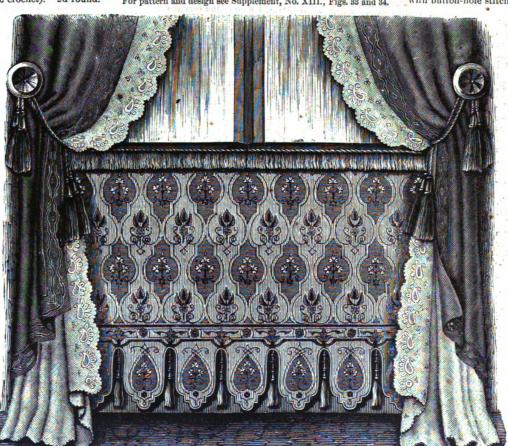


Fig. 2.—Section of Crochet Founda-TION FOR GAME-BAG. -FULL SIZE.

Netted Guipure Edging. THIS edging is suitable for trimming covers, small curtains, etc., or, if worked with fine material, it may be used for handkerchiefs. Darn a netted foundation of the requisite size in point de toile with mediumsized thread. Edge the design figures with a threefold thread, observing the illustration, and border the edging on the outer edge with button-hole stitch scallops and woven picots.



S. IT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11-18.



WINDOW-SCREEN. - APPLICATION EMBROIDERY. - [For design see Supplement, Fig. 20.]



SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-7.



Dog's Crochet Blanket.

THIS blanket is worked with sixfold light blue zephyr worsted in a variety of the Tunisian (Victoria) crochet stitch, and is edged with a fringe border of black and red worsted. After cutting of net or paper one whole piece from Fig. 30, Supplement, begin the blanket on the left front edge with a foundation of suitable length, 13 ch. (chain stitch) in the original, and



-FRINGE OF ROUND CORD AND SADDLER'S SILK FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

CROCHET BLANKET FOR DOG. For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 30.

on this foundation crochet in rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately take up 1 st. (stitch) from the next foundation st., t. t. o. (thread thrown over). 2d round.—Cast off together each t. t. o. with the next st. of the preceding round. These two rounds form one pattern row, and are repeated continually. In the first round of every following pr. (pattern row), however, take up each st. from the st. and t. t. o. of the preceding round, thus always fastening the t. t. o. and st. together. At the beginning of the 5th-9th pr. widen several st. according to the pattern. In connection with the 10th pr. make a

thread thrown over in the preceding round as one stitch. 6th round.—* Knit two stitches together, one stitch knit plain, two stitches knit together, throw the thread over twice, and repeat from *. 7th round.—Always alternately three knit plain, thread thrown over twice, and drop the thread thrown over in the preceding round from the needle. Like the 7th round work 11 rounds more, then tie a fringe tassel always into three stitches of the preceding round.

Fig. 2.—Knitted and Crochet Fainge. This fringe is used for trimming covers, and may be worked with white knifting cotton or with colored worsted. With coarse steel needles make a foundation of the requisite length, and knit, always going back and forth, as follows: 1st and 2d rounds.—All knit plain. 3d round.—Always alternately throw the thread over, knit two stitches together. 4th and 5th rounds.-All knit plain, and in the fourth round always knit off the

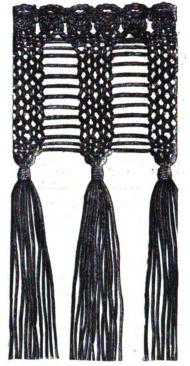


Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

Window-Screen in Application Embroidery.—[See illustration on page 848.]

THESE window-screens are hung on windows or balcony doors to keep out the draught. Frieze, cloth, flannel, or coarse woolen material in a medium shade of gray or brown may be used. The embroidery is worked partly in application and in satin stitch, and partly with colored round cord or soutache and braid, as shown

by the design, Fig. 20, Embroid-ery Supplement, and the accompanying description. Instead of application embroidery, these screens may be worked in tap-estry from the design given (see description referred to). After finishing the embroidery, line the screen with woolen material, enameled cloth, or coarse linen, bind the outer edge with braid, and set on worsted tassels of the color of the foundation or the embroidery as shown by the illustration.

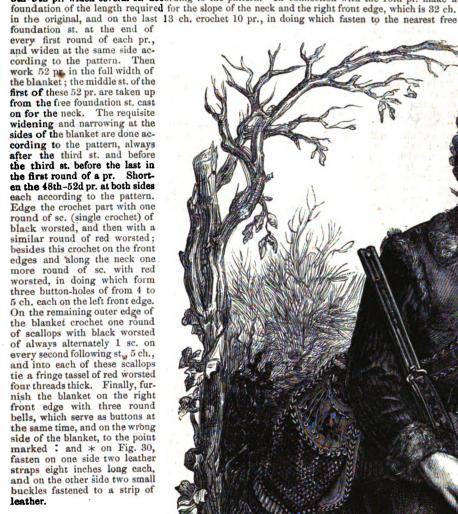
THE HAIR.

WE are often annoyed by the incapacity to see what is becoming to the face, or the reverse, as well as the utter disregard of anatomy evinced by the perruquiers and their pitia-bly blind and thoughtless vic-tims. When the style, beautiful and simple in itself, but usually most trying to the face, of wearing all the hair scraped back, and bound into a circle of close plaits behind, came in ten years ago, every woman discarded the slovenly net that had been ruining the backs of her dresses for ing the backs of her dresses for two years, and scraped her hair tight to her skull. She was right to discard the net, but she was mad to force the classic style upon herself, bon gré mal gré. The consequence was obvious hardly one woman in ten looked fit to be seen; for the head must be exceptionally fine, the features exceptionally regular, that can stand this treatment. Let every woman study her face before she dresses her hair, as she studies her feet before she buys her boots.

If she finds her forehead nar-

rowing above the cheek-bones, let her never fail to insert in her hair at the side. If it be a broad forehead, while her face is narrow, let her avoid this style rigidly, whatever be the fashion. If her head is slightly flat, plaits across it, or the hair turned over a cushion, are the only alterna-tives; but if naturally too high, let her give the fullness of hair to other parts. If the head be perfect in shape, still let her disregard the fashion, and make a point of showing a charm that is exceedingly rare. It would be simply waste and ruin to pad it into all sorts of shapes.

One word against the huge bundles of false hair now worn. Far be it from me to overcondemn the practice of wearing false hair. This fashion will never go out while hair is con-



Fringe for trimming Wrappings, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—FRINGE OF ROUND To make this fringe, which is especially adapted for trimming wrappings, and may be worked in any desired width with black or colored material, sew on round cord in scallops according to the design drawn on a foundation of paper or linen as shown by the illustration, and fasten these scallops together without passing the needle through the foundation. Inside of the cord scallops work with saddler's silk two rows of long button-hole stitch scallops, each of which is wound once with the working thread, going back. Fasten the upper cord scallops to a piece cord also ornamented with button-hole stitching. On each lower cord scallop sew a fringe tassel of saddler's silk.



GENTLEMAN'S SHOOTING SUIT.-[See Pages 844, 845, and 848.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8-10.

sidered a "glory" to a woman, and while, through age and other causes, the glory is liable to become "Ichabod," and to fall off.

Moreover, there are cases (since caps are not in use) in which a few bands of extra tresses are more than an improvement—even a necessity; witness, a very scanty supply of hair, or hair in patches, on a young head. And the practice is not a dirty one, as has been unjustly asserted, any more than wearing one's own hair. Be-sides, if one is careful and patient enough to collect it, one need never wear any thing but one's own hair.

But, O women! beware of piling on your heads a greater mass of hair than a human head is able to grow. The huge plaits of three, stuffed and padded, which are so obviously artificial; the mighty cables, half as thick as one's arm that rise up aloft and swell out behind, till the effect of them merely as a burden, not a beauty, in the effect of them merely as a burden, not a beauty, is quite painful to the eye; in addition to rows of ringlets, which in themselves would require the whole head of hair to form them—these debased fashions are a few of the many that detract from the beauty of the head and face, instead of enhancing it, imposed by foolish women on them-selves. The eye soon becomes vitiated, and does not perceive, in fact, the vulgar and painful effect that is instantly apparent to another.

AFTER ALL.

I'm sometimes puzzled which I most admire: Belinda's wealth of lovely golden hair, Letitia's jet black eyes of sparkling fire, Or bright Matikla's skin so dazzling fair;

But, after all, My little Flo' loves me, and I love her.

My fancy now and then is led astray By Lucy's graceful shape and slender waist; By Milly's dainty feet I'm drawn away, Or half beguiled by Dora's tact and taste;

But, after all, My little Flo', loves me, and I love her.

When steadily I think of her, I'm safe; My heart its loyal constancy avers; I'm not a fickle wandering stray or waif; I'm proof against all charms but hers; For, after all.

I love my little Flo', and she loves me.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] A little Stranger.—Frank Buckland and his Eccentricities.—Our Monitorial System.—Miss O'Neill.

NEVER since the birth of our heir-apparent has "welcome" been given to any "little stranger" more cordial than that which hailed the birth of the young hippopotamus on Guy Fawkee's Day. The report is not correct that the appearance of any "Guy" more fantastical than common, or the shouts and crackers that accompanied it, had any prejudicial effect upon the interesting condition of the mother: the in-fant was quite full grown, and is said to be the finest that has yet gladdened the eyes of its parents. The delight is the greater since this is the first of their offspring which has survived more than a few days, and which promises by its robust appearance to be a prop to their declining years. And yet it is doubtful whether their satisfaction is greater than that exhibited by Mr. Frank Buckland, who, as you are doubtless aware, is volunteer medical attendant and accoucheur extraordinary to all our fera natura. When roused from his bed on the 5th ult. by a special messenger from the Zoological Gardens announcing this important arrival, he is said to have exclaimed, "Hip—hip—hip—hurrah," then, correcting himself, to have added, "I mean—potamus." In all things connected with natural history, with savage life, or with eccentric forms of human existence, he is an enthusiast; and he has a genuine vein of rough humor. I remember seeing him at a sale of the effects of Consul Petherick, a gentleman sup-posed to have been lost in Central Africa, but who afterward turned up again without the in-tervention of a Stanley. The articles which the anctioneer had to dispose of were mostly from that locality, and comprehended war-clubs, gods, javelins, and similar domestic utensils. Among others there was a sheaf of arrows, which one of the porters was carrying rather carelessly to the rostrum. "If you value your life, Sir," cried Buckland, "be more careful with those arrows: do you not know that they are poisoned with the Don't-know-ye try-again-ia,* and that a touch of their barbs would be fatal?"

The porter dropped them like a hot potato, but the auctioneer disposed of them in separate lots at a good price.

"Why on earth," exclaimed I, afterward, "did you invent that tale about the poison?"

"Oh, things were going slack," replied Buck-land, "and Petherick was a good fellow." I remember a still better story of F. B.

He went to Cremorne one day to see "the long-haired negress" and the "Cornwall Giant:" the former had one long woolly lock, which the public were permitted to take hold of, and even tug at, in order to convince themselves that it was no chignon; the latter was a gentleman much above any such liberties, and, indeed, the tallest man we had at that time ever seen in London. Buckland was charmed with him, and, by help of a ladder, entered into confidential con-

versation with this son of Anak.

"You are the most interesting object I have met with this long time," he said; "it quite distresses me to see you on the same (moral) level with that long-haired negress, and even exhibited for the same shilling. You should look a little Ask Mr. Smith" (the proprietor of the Gardens) "to permit you to be exhibited alone; and if he refuses, set up on your own account.

That's my advice."

F. B. had the imprudence to leave his card, and in a few days this terrible catastrophe took place: The giant called at his address, with several hundred people at his heels. He had hired a hansom cab, but his head came right outside it, and interfered with the driver's vision, so that he had been obliged to walk, and half the population of the district N. W. were seeing him for nothing. "Well, Mr. Buckland," says he, "I have done what you told me, and Mr. Smith has kicked me out of the Gardens; so I am come to set up upon my own account, and in the mean time (for I have but a few shillings) to live with yos." And this he did for weeks, until poor Buckland was almost literally "eaten out of house and home." At last, however, he gave him "a very high recommendation"—which he very literally deserved—to some peripatetic showman of his acquaintance, and so got rid of him. Frank Buckland knows every body of that calling, and most people of all others; but in his youth he made himself very unpopular—for a few days—at Oxford. His father, Dr. Buckland, the great geologist, and afterward Dean of Westminster, was at that time Canon of Christchurch College, and his son lived in his house, A most shocking effluvium was at one time per-ceived to come from the canon's residence, which made every body very uncomfortable, except the doctor and his family, who were all scientific, and used to such odors. At last, investigation being made, a donkey was discovered in Frank's work-room, which had been dead about a month or so, and which he was engaged in dissecting very leisurely. So far had matters gone that it is spid that the remains of the departed had to be taken away in buckets. With that exception, Frank Buckland has made himself popular with all classes, not excepting even the g and it has made him an inspector of fisheries.

Nothing has been talked about so much of late

as the so-called "discipline" of our public schools. A boy at Winchester has been half killed by a thrashing administered to him under the color of authority by a prefect, or head-boy, and lo-cally termed a "tunding." This is always in-flicted by ash sticks, and if not salutary, must be rather hurtful, since boys have been lamed for life by it in more than one instance. The particular offense was that, as a new boy, the victim had omitted to make himself acquainted with the school terms for certain localities in the neighborhood. Under these circumstances you may be surprised to learn that a legion of fathers have written to the newspapers to say that they approve of "tunding," and were all the better for its infliction on themselves.

I think our public schools turn out a greater number of fools annually than all other educational establishments in the civilized world. More dogmatists, more prigs, more ignoramuses, they certainly do. I was at a public school myself, and ought to know. Nothing is learned there, or next to nothing, but Greek and Latin, "the dead and damned languages," as I am accustomed to call them, on account of the sufferings which they have entailed upon me. From ings which they have entailed upon mo.
£100 to £250 per annum is the sum paid for acquiring a smattering of these tongues and "the tone," which latter is nothing more than a frantic resolution to stand by the said institutions, with all their absurdities and extravagances, in the teeth of common-sense and good feeling. The sums paid to masters at our public schools are stupendous. The head-masters of Harrow and Eton, for example, have a gross income of little less than £10,000 a year, and the assistant masters in proportion. This is accomplished partly by the high prices of the school itself, but chiefly by keeping as few masters and as many boys as possible; and since, under these circumstances avery thing approaching to the superstances, every thing approaching to due supervision is impossible, the "monitorial," or "prefect," or "sixth-form" system is adopted, by which the proper work of the masters is shifted to the shoulders of the head-boys. They are supposed to look after the moral behavior of their younger school-fellows, and to punish them at their discretion. To persons acquainted with human nature this absolute authority placed in such hands will appear nothing else than a direct encouragement to tyranny; and so it turns out to be. Very few grown men are fit to wield such power, and, of course, still fewer half-grown ones. Dr. Arnold, who I am sorry to say in-augurated this system, mitigated its abuse by studying the character of his boys, and only intrusting this dangerous prerogative to those he considered would use it judiciously; but in less conscientious hands the effect has been deplora-Whenever I see an outrageous prig in society I say to myself, "Surely that man has been a 'monitor' at some public school," and I am almost always correct in the surmise. popular notion-which I need not say is encouraged by the masters—is that this method of supervision prevents deceit, for that boys will lie to their masters, but not to their comrades—a very curious theory of paterfamilias, and not exhibiting much confidence in the integrity of his offspring. Moreover, "A boy should rough it, Sir; it takes all nonsense out of him. When a lord, for example, goes to Eton, he gets kicked and bullied just like any other lad, and that prevents him giving himself airs in after-life." is by no means my experience, even if these premises were correct, that our lords do have "no nonsense about them," or omit to "give themselves airs" in after-life, but the fact is that the premises are not correct. Boys are often sent to Eton by rich fathers with the express intention—for education they must be sanguine

indeed to expect them to get there-of "form-

ing a good connection," of scraping acquaintance with the sons of noblemen, in order that they may "move in good society" in after-life; no do these young gentlemen despise the paternal advice, or exhibit their personal independence by maltreating our "junior nobility," I do assure you. That plant peculiarly indigenous to English soil, called Snobbism, is a very early grower, and begins to spring up in the breast of our British youth long before they take to coat tails; nor do I know any place wherein a young lord is more carefully "cultivated" than at our public schools. On one thing I will stake my exist-ence—no youthful nobleman was ever "tund-ed," nor ever will be.

Among our obituaries of the last few weeks there is none more noteworthy than the death of the once great actress, Miss O'Neill. It is the misfortune of persons in her profession when out of sight to be out of mind, and she had withdrawn from the stage so many years that I dare say many have supposed her to be dead long since On her marriage with Sir William Beecher, while yet a young woman, she left the stage, where she had made a figure (as Juliet, in particular) sec-ond to no English actress save Mrs. Siddons. Lady Beecher was tall and fair and stately still when I had the pleasure of staying in the same country-house with her twenty years ago, and was fond of recounting experiences of her old profession. I recollect her declaiming the poem Hohenlinden one evening in the drawing-room with remarkable force and fire—all now, alas! quenched forever. R. KEMBLE, of London.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON.

"THE LOYELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUD-LEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

"AND THERE NEVER WAS MOONLIGHT SO SWEET AS THIS.

WESTON VALLORY, being freed from his du ties by the breaking up of the party in the red-flagged tent a considerable time before Lady Clevedon's encounter with Mr. Redmayne, lost no time in seeking his rustic flame, whom he discovered with some trouble seated a little way

apart from the revelers, amidst a cluster of planteres, with Hubert Harcross stretched at her feet.

"I want to know why you used me so cruelly, Miss Bond," he said, with an air of being pro-Miss Bond, he said, with an air of being pro-foundly afflicted by her desertion. "I thought you had promised to sit next me at dinner." "Did I?" giggled the coquettish Jane, bri-dling and simpering after her kind. "I'm sure

I didn't remember any thing about it. But you do bother so, there's no knowing what one says."

"Upon my soul I consider your conduct most heartless," drawled Weston—"leaving me to the tender mercies of a stout lady in the laundress interest, and her still stouter sister-in-law, who mangles. It was like sitting between two animated feather-beds, with the thermometer at ninety-two—a sort of impromptu Turkish bath without any douches. The people are dancing out there, in a blaze of sunshine—capital exercise for reducing one's weight, I should think. Will you do any thing that way?"

"No, thank you; I'm engaged for the Lancers, and I don't think I shall dance any thing

else."
"What, not come unto these yellow sands, and there take hands, and so on? No down the middle, and set to partners, and that kind of thing?

"No, thank you," murmured Miss Bond, lan-

guidly, fanning herself with her pocket-handker-chief; "it's too 'ot for dancing."

She glanced archly at Mr. Harcross, who had lifted himself into a sitting position, and was sur-veying Weston lazily between his half-closed eye-

lids.
"I see you're better engaged," said Mr. Vallory, turning on his beel.

It was a paltry triumph; but Mr. Harcross felt a malicious gratification in "taking it out" of Weston even in so small a matter as this. There are people who seem to occupy the same rank in creation as black beetles—the only possible pleasure we can have in relation to them is

in treading upon them.

After this he was bound to devote himself to Jane Bond, however wearisome her society might be to him. They strolled away from the crowd and that wearying sound of popular dance music, walked into the wilder part of the park, and Mr. Harcross tried to abandon himself entirely to the amusement of the moment. He tried to interest himself in the analysis of this vain, shallow nature; made the girl tell him all about herselfher engagement to Joseph Flood, her flirtation with Weston Vallory, and those foolish dreams of some high fortune awaiting her in the future which that insidious flatterer had awakened in her mind. He gave the girl a little good advice upon this; warned her to beware of such flatterers as Weston Vallory, whose homage was very worthless compared to the honest attachment of Mr. Flood.

"As for the good fortune which may befall a

pretty girl like you, if the right man happens to come across her pathway, that must always remain an unknown quantity," he said, gravely; "but I believe that for one pretty girl who marries above her station there are a hundred pretty girls who live and die happily enough—per-haps quite as happily as the hundred-and-oneth -in their own sphere. I wouldn't break Mr. Flood's heart, if I were you, for the sake of a hypothetical offer, or what the lawyers call a contingent remainder."

"I'm sure I like Joseph well enough," the

girl answered, shrugging her shoulders, and not at all gratified by the practical turn which the conversation had taken. "I know he's very fond of me, and has stood more from me than most men would stand from any girl. He'd been following me over a year before I ever said a civil word to him—following me as faithful as a dog; but he's so common! And if I marry

a dog; but he's so common! And if I marry him, I shall have to work hard all my life."
"My dear Miss Bond, if you married a duke, you'd have to work a great deal harder."
"Like galley-slaves. And you'd have to work harder than a duchess to the manner born; for first you'd have to learn how to play your part—the stage business, as actors say—and then to play it. Upon my word, if you wish to take life easily, I wouldn't recommend you to aspire to the peer-age. An honest husband, a tidy cottage, a clean age. An honest husband, a tidy cottage, a clean hearth, and a little garden, with roses and sweet-brier and honeysuckle climbing about one's windows-good Heavens! I can imagine no existence more perfect than a cottage shared with the being one loves. Unhappily, it is only when we begin to descend the slope of the hill that we discover what the perfection of human life means."

He was thinking of the cottage at Highgate which he had meant to make so bright a bower, and of the bird that had flown heavenward from that fatal nest. "If I had only known!" That was the perpetual refrain of his lament, the threnody which his soul was continually singing. Miss Bond found this somewhat serious conversation less entertaining than Weston's soft nothings; but there was a satisfaction in the idea of taking a solitary stroll with one of the gentlemen stewards instead of dancing with the common herd, who made themselves so obnoxiously red and warm and breathless with their exertions, and, as it were, a spectacle for the eyes of non-dancing mankind; like wine-flushed Helots gyrating for the warning and instruction of Spartan youth.

Perhaps the best part of the whole business, to Miss Bond's mind, the circumstance that gave to hiss Bond's mind, the circumstance that general sest and flavor to this quiet saunter, was the idea that Joseph Flood, lashed into fury by the panga of jealousy, was following her at a little distance, under cover of the wood, meditating vengeance upon her and her companion, and gnashing his teeth in impotent rage. The damsel had some-thing of the angler's instinct, and it was nothing to have hooked her fish unless she could have the pleasure of playing him a little, to his ineffable torture.

"I shall have a nice scene with Joseph tomorrow, I dessay," she said to Mr. Harcrose "What, will he be jealous—even of me?"

"Lord bless your heart, I should think he would. He can't abide for me to speak to any one. I think he'd like to have me mader lock and key in Maidstone jail rather than that I should enjoy myself a bit, making free with a

Weston Vallory walked away from the grassy circle on which the dancers were disporting them-selves, smarting under Miss Bond's rebuff, and yindictively disposed toward Mr. Harcross as the primary cause of his humiliation. It was a very small thing, of course, this repulse from a pert village beauty. Mr. Vallory admired the damsel, but it is not to be supposed he cared for her; and yet he felt the affront as keenly as if he had been stung by a woman he adored. He was a man who felt small injuries; indeed, his whole existence was made up of petty things. He had never cherished a wide aspiration in the whole course of his career. His value as a business man had chiefly consisted in his appreciation of detail, his rapid perception of minutise. He was a man who deeply resented trifling affronts; and an affront from Hubert Harcross was thrice as bitter to him as an affront from any one else. That unforgiven wrong concerning Augusta rankled and festered. It seemed as if this man was always blocking his pathway, and after having spoiled the entire scheme of his life, must needs oust him even in so trivial a matter as a flirtation with a pretty peasant girl.

After this vexation he was in no humor for any farther exertions for the amusement of the populace. He had been immeasurably weary of the banquet in the tent, the stifling heat, and noise and riot. Had he not been bound to perform the duties imposed on him by Lady Cleve-don in an agreeable manner, so as to secure his future consideration in a very pleasant house, he would have seen this vulgar herd sunk in the nethermost shades of Orcus sooner than he would have endured so much of their company; but of course he must fall in with the humor of the chatelaine if he wished to secure a hearty welcome at Clevedon in seasons to come; and as the house was agreeable, the cusine irre-proachable, his bed-chamber spacious and facing the southeast, he did not object to take some trouble to please his hostess. The thing was done, however; and he washed his hands of these bucolic swains and their apple-cheeked sweethearts. He left them to tread their measures without him, and strolled away toward the sunny old garden, where Lady Clevedon was accustomed to hold her kettle-drum.

There was no kettle-drum in the garden this afternoon. Times and seasons were out of joint; those formal meals which mark the passing hours mon the social dial were exploded or topey-turvified. It was now five o'clock, and the luncheon in the great dining-hall was only just over: servants were dispensing coffee on the terrace, where the aristocratic guests had gathered to watch the dancing, and some of them to do a little flirtation on their own account. Mr. Vallory had no more inclination to join this privileged class than to caper with panting nymphs and shepherds on the sun-lit grass. In plain English, Mr. Vallory was out of temper, and wanted to calm himself down with a quiet cigar. He was very glad to find the garden deserted,



A very good scientific title, by-the-bye, for any hot-bouse flower whose name should be inquired of you, Mr. Editor, by any of your fair readers.

the roses and carnations wasting their spicery on the empty summer air. He smoked a couple of cigars, strolling up and down the broad gravel-walk leading to Lady Clevedon's favorite summer-house; and when he grew tired of this rec-reation seated himself comfortably in the summer-house, with his back against the wall and his legs stretched luxuriously upon a rustic chair. He sat thus, basking in the afternoon sunshine and meditating his injuries.

"Let me only get up a good case; put this little story of Miss Brierwood—no, Redmayne and the lodger into a practicable form, and I shall lose no farther time in letting my cousing Augusta know what kind of a husband she secured for herself when she jilted me. I wonder how she would take it if I unearthed Miss Redmayne for her, and convinced her that my friend Harcross is a scoundrel? I dare say she'd make a good deal of fuss about it, and threaten no end of legal separations, and in the end forgive him: women generally do: and yet she's a little out of the common line. I hardly think she'd stomach any carrying on of that kind. No; I think if I once opened her eyes upon the subject, my friend Harcross would have a bad time of it."

The sunshine, which glared full upon the summer-house at this time, began to grow trouble-some, so Mr. Vallory left that retreat and sauntered toward the house. The cockatoo was screaming on his perch, and he went across the grass to it, and amused himself a little at the creature's expense; then growing speedily weary of its indignant gobblings and snappings, he looked into the library, and seeing no one in the spacious cool-looking chamber, went in, and planted himself comfortably in an easy-chair by one of the windows, shut in completely from the rest of the room by one of those seven-feet-high book-cases which jutted out from the wall. In this sheltered nook he found Punch and a new magazine or two—just sufficient literature where-with to read himself to sleep. He opened one of the magazines, turned over the leaves listlessly, read half a page or so, and anon slumbered, let-ting the book glide gently from his relaxing hand. This happened about an hour before Richard Redmayne confronted Lady Clevedon in that room.

Nothing could be more placed than Weston Vallory's repose. The burden of his annoyances slipped away from him in the sensual delight of that perfect rest in a supremely comfortable chair, in a cool, quiet room, with the balmy breath of summer stealing gently across his face as he slept. For a long time his sleep was dreamless, his brain empty of every impression; then came a semi-consciousness of something, he knew not what, going on near him, a vague idea that he cought to be awake and up, and that he must break loose from that delicious bondage of drow-siness; and then, growing gradually louder, clearer, sharper, the sound of a man's passionate voice.

He pulled himself up suddenly at last, and sat with open eyes and ears listening to a speaker who was only divided from him by that screen of books. His chair was placed in the extreme angle formed by the book-case and the wall, so that he was entirely hidden from any one in the cen tre of the room.

He awoke in time to hear the speaker say "You have heard of me perhaps, Lady Cleve-don; my name is Richard Redmayne."

He heard this, and all that followed this, and

was quick to perceive that the farmer had taken Sir Francis Clevedon for Hubert Harcross.

"A strange turn for events to take," he said to himself, "and I should imagine very likely to lead up to a crisis. Now I know what kind of man this Redmayne is, I shall be able to tackle him. A passionate fellow, it seems; a fellow who would stick at nothing, I should think, when his blood is up."

He smiled—a slow, meditative smile.
"Upon my word, I don't believe Mr. Harcross

has heard the last of this Redmayne's daughter,' he thought, as he rose from his seat in the corner and peered cautiously into the room. It was quite empty; but Mr. Vallory preferred to make his retreat by the garden, whence he departed in

quest of Richard Redmayne.
"I'll take the trouble to enlighten him as to the traitor's identity," he said to himself. "Francis Clevedon is a good fellow, and it's too bad that he should carry the burden of another man's sin upon his shoulders."

He spent some time looking for Mr. Redmayne among the crowd, but failed to find him, and was ultimately pounced upon by Colonel Davenant, and told off upon some new duty of his stewardship, to his extreme aggravation

When the shadows thickened in the wood Mr. Harcross and his companion went back to the lawn, where the talk and the laughter and the music had grown louder. The local band had furiously, refreshed with strong drink, and more bold than careful in their instrumentation. Mr. Harcross and Jane Bond danced the Lancers in the twilight, while the lamps were being lighted in the wood, to the edification of Joseph Flood, who sat on a bench a little way off, biting his nails and watching them; and after the Lancers was over Mr. Harcross gave Miss Bond a lesson in waltzing, the damsel having grown some what reckless by this time, and not caring whether her father did or did not see her indulging in this forbidden exercise. Mrs. Harcross, who was sauntering to and fro with a Kentish magnate, distinguished her husband's figure among the dancers. She was a little surprised that he should push the duty of his stewardship so far, but had no jealousy of rustic beauties, only a languid disapproval of so unnecessary a condescension. She might have approved had he been canvassing the county, and these people his constituents. And so the day waned; the colored

lamps shone out of the dusky branches of the trees, and twinkled round the margins of the fountains Youthful minds began to languish for the fire-works; more world-weary spirits had a too frequent recourse to the tents where refreshments were liberally dispensed. The Colonel begun to grow a little uneasy in his mind as the crowd grew merrier. He had organized every thing to perfection except the dispersal of his guests.

"Bu they'll all go directly after the fire-works, course," he said to Mr. Wort, who stood beof course," side him at the entrance to the chief tent.

The steward groaned aloud.
"Go," he said; "yes, if I can find barrers mough to wheel 'em all away upon. That's about

the only chance there is of their going, I take it.'

Joseph Flood had consumed his share of the trong ale dealt out to the thirsty dancers, had tried to drown the green-eyed monster in cool draughts of wholesome malt liquor; but the more he drowned the demon the stronger it grew, until the groom's brain was on fire, and his mind distracted with darker thoughts than had ever en-

tered it before. That first lesson in the divine art of waltzing, under the harvest-moon, whose calm yellow splen dor rose high above those lesser earthly lights of green and red and blue and silver twinkling among the dark foliage, that novel sensation of revolving gently to the sound of music with a strong arm clasping and sustaining her, was highly agreeable to Jane Bond; all the more able on account of her conviction that her plighted lover was watching her from some coign of vantage in the background. Yes, this was something like dancing. How different from those jigging, jostling, jolting Sir Roger de Coverleys which she had been taught to regard as the chiefest delight of Terpsichore! This was

to live a new life, to feel her heart beating with

a new motion. Mr. Harcross danced well, although of late ears he had taken to dance rarely. There had vears he had taken to dance rarely. been a day when it was of some importance to him to be among the best waltzers in a ball-room. He had drunk more than he was accustomed to drink in the course of this festival day, and the influence of that unwonted indulgence made his waltzing somewhat wilder than the ordinary ball-room business. He told the band-maste to play faster, and spun Miss Bond round the grassy circle, amidst a few breathless ladies-maids with their laboring swains, in a waltz of furious as some unholy midnight dance of fitted and witches on the Blocksberg. And the dies maids and their exhausted partners broke down under the pace, and one couple after an-other dropped into the background, until Hu-bert Harcross and Jane Bond were spinning round alone in the summer moonlight.

The spectators applauded as the music ended with a sharp volley of chords, more or less together, and this last couple walked slowly away, side by side. Mr. Harcross, in sporting phraseology, had not turned a hair; but his partner was flushed and panting, and had somewhat of a Mænadic aspect in her streaming dress and loosened hair.
"I had no idea that waltzing was so beauti-

ful," said Jane, breathlessly.
"I had no idea that you were so beautiful till I saw you under the moonlight," retorted her partner, contemplating the handsome face and disheveled hair, the florid beauty chastened by that mellow light, with a purely artistic admiration. "You have a natural genius for waltzing; but you must have had some practice surely before to-night?"

"I have waltzed by myself sometimes in the garden, when I knew father was safe out of the way, and hummed the music all the time; but it makes one's breath go dreadful."
"You have waltzed by yourself in the garden!"

said Mr. Harcross, in a pitying tone. little girl!

This did really seem to him a pitiful picturethese yearnings for the pleasures of a bright un-known world, never to be gratified.

"What a pity there should be pretty girls in this walk of life!" he said to himself. "Strange that a wise dispensation did not provide for their all being plain

He fetched a deep glass of lemonade for Miss Bond from one of the tents, and having provided her with this refreshment, stood by her irresolute, wondering what excuse he could make for leaving her to her own devices. He was somewhat weary of his stewardship, had toiled hard since noon, and would have been exceeding glad to slip away and smoke a quiet cigar in one of the dim old stone colonnades, which were not light-

ed with colored lamps.

Miss Bond, however, having secured to herself an accomplished cavalier, was in no wise minded to let him depart until the fête was finished. At midnight the fairy dream would be ended, and she must be Cinderella again, witha lost slipper; but in the mean time, since she had the prince for a cavalier, she did not intend to let him go lightly. Nor did she much relish the idea of encountering the outraged Joseph un-protected. There was an agreeable excitement in provoking his wrath, but the wrath itself was thing to be avoided. She did not want to meet him until his jealousy had cooled a little, until he was in a state of mind to be soothed and wheedled into good humor. Of her father she had no present fear, as a friendly dairy-maid had informed her that he was safely bestowed with a little knot of gossips on a bench by the bowling-green, smoking and talking politics in a

sober way, as became a pious non-conformist.

"You'll stop and show me the fire-works won't you? she asked Mr. Harcross, as if aware that he was meditating his escape.

Do you think the Catharine-wheels and the Reman candles will be any better if I am by to expound them?" he asked, smiling, a little flat-

tered even by this peasant girl's desire for his company, and yet yearning for a peaceful cigar.
"I'm sure I shall like them better," replied
Miss Bond. "Do stay."

"Of course I will stay, if you really wish it. And in that case we may as well take a stroll in the moonlight. The fire-works will not begin for an hour. It is only just nine; and see how lovely the park looks over there, beyond those garish red and blue lamps, which remind me of my boyhood's paradise, Vauxhall."

Miss Bond would have infinitely preferred to circulate among the crowd with Mr. Harcross at her side, leaning on his arm perhaps, if he would only be polite enough to offer her that support, which he had not done since they had finished their waltz. It was of very little use to have secured an aristocratic admirer if she could not exhibit him before the envious eyes of her friends, the dairy-maids and laundry-maids of Clevedon. She was not at all sentimentally inclined, and she could see the moon-lit avenues of the park any night in the year from January to December, when there was a moon. But these many-colored lamps twinkling among the branches, or festooned from bough to bough, she could not see. It seemed a foolish thing to turn one's back upon them for the contemplation of moonbeams and shadows.

She assented to Mr. Harcross's proposition graciously enough, notwithstanding, for she had perceived his desire to leave her, and was proud of having retained him by her side. They walked slowly along the grassy avenue, leaving all the glare and noise of the festival behind them, with nothing before them but the utter peace fulness and perfect beauty of the moon-lit land-

Mr. Harcross was very silent. He had had quite enough of the toils of stewardship, and his thoughts had gone back to that one sad, sweet memory which could not be banished in this scene. So sweet, so bitter, so sad was the remembrance that it was an actual pain to think of it; and yet his fancies returned from every wandering track to hover round this one spot of Even the girl by his side to-night, so common a piece of clay, so wearisome a com-panion, by very force of contrast reminded him of that other one whose company had never been tedious, whose innocent lips had never shaped a sordid thought.

"I must get back to London at once, and start for Norway or some uncivilized place, where I shall be in danger of my life, and shall have no time for brooding," he said to himself. "I must make an end of this holiday-making somehow. It is murderous work. I think a week more of this neighborhood and these memories would be the death of me. I must invent some excuse for leaving to-morrow, whether Augusta likes it or not; and since she has chosen to make herself the supreme consideration, she must not be surprised if I too consult my own inclinations. She can stay here, and satisfy society. But I go tomorrow, come what may.'

CHAPTER XLI.

"DO EVIL DEEDS THUS QUICKLY COME TO END?

AFTER that interview with Lady Clevedon in the library Richard Redmayne went in search of Sir Francis, but did not succeed in discovering him among the crowd. The twilight deepened into night, and he was still looking for his ene-my in a desultory way, pausing to refresh himself with strong drink in one of the tents, speaking to no one, and receiving very slight notice from the busy pleasure-seekers, who were all intent on their own enjoyment. He was quite alone in that joyous crowd; he drank his liquor in moody silence, and departed as he came, to renew the search for that man whom he so desired to meet face to face.

When he came out of the tent the lamps were all twinkling in the dusky boughs, the crowd at its gayest, the music at its loudest. The dazzle and confusion of the scene troubled his overits gayest, the music at its loudest. charged brain. He stood for some time looking about him with a perplexed air. He had lived by himself ever since he came to England, and had come straight from those remote colonial pastures where the stranger's foot rarely trod. It was a new thing to find himself amidst a herd of men and women, talking, laughing, dancing, by the light of a thousand colored lamps, to the sound of joyous music. He looked at the scene for some little time, half stupefied by its unfa-miliar brightness; then turned suddenly away from all this riot, and plunged into the cool depths of the park, where the fern grew up to his knees.

He walked some distance, neither looking nor caring where he went, and only stopped when he stumbled across a prostrate figure lying at his very

A poacher perhaps; yet it was scarcely a night to be selected by any marauder with felonious intentions toward the game. The full moon and the festival together were strong reasons against the wiring of hares or the illegal slaughter of pheasants.

Mr. Redmayne stooped down to examine the individual who had become an obstacle in his path. It was a man lying face downward among the fern, with his hat off, and his forehead resting on his folded arms.
"What's up, my lad?" said Richard Redmayne.

somewhat alarmed by his attitude. . "Is there any thing amiss?"

Yes, there is," answered the man, raising himself from the fern with a sullen air, and then stooping to pick up a gun which had lain beside him. 44 Yes, there is something amiss; but nothing you can mend, unless you know any cure for

a woman's vanity and fickleness."

The speaker was Joseph Flood, the groom.

"What are you doing with that gun?" Mr. Redmayne demanded, sternly.

What's that to you?

"You've been after the birds." "No, I haven't."

"Then what can you want with a gun?" "Oh, I don't know. It might come handy, if I wanted to use it.

Is it loaded?" "Yes, with swan-shot. Let it alone, can't you?

"You've no business prowling about here with

a loaded gun."
"Haven't I? Have you any business prowling about here without a gun? I'm a servant up at the house yonder—Sir Francis Clevedon's own groom—and I've a right to be here if I

"Not with that gun."

"How do you know that? It's my own gun. Perhaps I wanted a pop at the wild-fowl down by the water yonder. There's some snipe, I've

"You don't want swan-shot for snipe.

"I'm not particular. Suppose I wanted to wing one of the cygnets to get a feather for my sweetheart's hat, you'd have no objection, I suppose, though you are so anxious about what concern you?" don't anyways

Richard Redmayne looked at the young man doubtfully. There was something queer about his manner; but that might mean very little. He had been drinking, most likely, and his predatory instincts had been stimulated by the drink. It mattered very little what he meant or did not mean, Richard Redmayne thought; so he let him go without farther questioning, but was curious enough to watch where he went, and to follow him at a little distance.

The groom went in and out among the trees by a circuitous track till he came to a classic temple on a little knoll—a somewhat dilapidated edifice, faced with stucco, which had peeled off in patches, leaving the brick-work bare. The charitable ivy, which covers and beautifies decay, had crept about the Doric pillars; the spider woven his web from column to column; the swallow had made his nest under the cornice. It was one of the fancies upon which Sir Lucas had wasted his substance, and Sir Francis intended to restore or demolish it as soon as his eisure and his purse permitted. In the mean time it was sufficiently picturesque under the moonlight.

Here Mr. Flood deposited his gun in a convenient hiding-place under a stone bench which had been provided for the repose of the wanderer—a bench on which lovers might sit hand in hand as one sees them in ancient engravings-Lavinia in a scanty petticoat, Eugenius in a tiewig. Richard Redmayne saw him put away the gun, and then depart by the opposite way, whistling as he went, but not merrily. When he tling as he went, but not merrily. When he had watched the young man out of sight, Mr. Redmayne mounted the little knoll, and seated himself on the steps of the temple.

He had his cutty-pipe in his pocket, so he was able to solace himself, or, at any rate, to tranquillize himself, with the aid of that comforter. He sat smoking in the soft summer moonlight, his figure half hidden by the shadow of the columns on each side of him and the cornice above his head. He sat and smoked watching the blue rings of vapor wind slowly upward in the clear air, with his mind full of gloomy thoughts, yet with a grim sense of satisfaction neverthe

He had found his man. The long hunt, which had seemed so hopeless even to the professional hunter, had come to an end. He had found his man. It was only a question of an hour or so, less or more, when he should stand face to face with his daughter's destroyer. And then—what then? What was to come of their meeting? He would accuse him, denounce him, disgrace him in the estimation of every honest man and woman; mark him out for all time to come as a liar and a seducer; set against the name he was doubtless proud of as foul a dishonor as ever blotted the reputation of a gentleman! But would this satisfy his long-cherished hunger for revenge? Would this slake that bitter thirst which had tormented him for years? Would this exorcise the demon of his dreams—give him peaceful slumbers in nights to come—a smooth pillow for his dying head? Would this set his angry heart at rest, and soothe his grief? A thousand times, no! Could words, empty words, avenge his daughter? Must he not have heavier payment than those? • What was it he had thought of far away, upon

those distant hill-tops, amidst the sources of those wider rivers that flow from the Cordilleras to the sea, in that wild solitude where Nature's lonely grandeur seems to widen the soul of man -what had he thought of there when he brooded on the day which should bring him face to vengeance made up of words, assuredly, mere empty breath, frothy threatenings that must end in nothing. What was the vow which he had vowed upon those empty hills, with a savage world around him and savage instincts stirring in his breast? He knew but too well what it It hardly needed the strong liquor he had drunk that day to rekindle that long-smouldering fire. The smothered embers had never grown cold; a breath was enough to fan them into

white heat.

He had a brace of revolvers in his bedroom at Brierwood. He had bought them at Melbourne, after his second outward voyage, for self-defense in the first instance, and with a legitimate motive enough, but not without a lurking thought of some distant day when he might find a dec use for them. He had hung them up by his bed-side, and had contemplated them meditatively many a time in the pause that a better or a happier man might have given to his prayers; had





turned on his pillow often in the cold gray dawn

He thought of his pistols now as he sat on the moss-grown steps of the Doric temple deliberating his revenge. He would have given half his estate to have had one of those grim companions lying snug in his coat pocket. Yet how should he have thought of bringing such weapons to a rustic festival—to the birthday feast of the model squire? His thoughts went to the gun lying under the stone bench loaded with swan-shot.

"What did that fellow want with his gun out here to-night?" he wondered, but did not per-plex himself long with that question. His uniplex himself long with that question. His universe was filled with his own great wrong. He had no concern to spare for another man's business, were it ever so desperate. He would hardly have stepped out of his own path tonight to prevent an assassination.

He filled his pipe a second time and smoked it out, and that purpose which had been cloudy and dim at first assumed a sharper outline.

Accuse him, denounce him, disgrace him? No.

Accuse him, denounce him, disgrace him? No. He would do what he swore to do on the day he discovered his daughter's fate—he would keep faith with himself and with her shade. Of after-consequences, of the price which he should have to pay society or his God for this bitter-sweet revenge, he thought no more than he might have revenge, he thought no more than he might have done had he been the darkest among pagans, and alone with his foe in an untrodden world where human justice was unknown. And having fully made up his mind upon this point, he sat and smoked his third pipe with a gloomy tranquillity, like a contented savage who has made tracks for his enemy's lair, and sits lurking in the shade of the gum-trees beside his wigwam, waiting till the unconscious victim shall come out and be the unconscious victim shall come out and be tomahawked. Yet he had no suspicion that his victim was very near him, was destined to smooth his way to that dark deed which had now taken its full form and pressure in his mind. Of the when and where the thing was to be done he

had no notion; he only knew that so soon as his opportunity came he would do it.

The harvest-moon rose higher, the clear, pure

night air grew still clearer, and that magical light which has a deeper charm, a more thrilling beauty, than any glory of sunshine spread itself over the enchanted woodland—a landscape which by day would have been comparatively commonplace, like unto many other pictures which adorn the earth, became poetical in its calm beauty. Richard Redmayne thought of Bulrush Meads, and the moonlights he had seen there; thought of that fond dream which he had once dreamed of his daughter Grace installed as the young queen of that fertile valley, of those far-spreading hills, fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level. It was all over, the dream. He should never see Bulrush Meads, the new home which he had beautified, any more; and the old home for which he had toiled and suffered had lost its glamour. Without Grace, Brierwood was worse than a desert; without Grace, the Australian homestead was only a strange dwelling across the barren sea. It seemed to him that he had lost his place and business on this earth in losing her. He had lived only to satisfy his appetite for revenge; had been nourished and sustained by that very hunger, like that monster which makes the meat it feeds on.

He felt himself to-night something more than a man, with a man's passions and a man's weakness and uncertainty; felt like a being fore-doomed to accomplish a certain end. If he had known any thing of those old Greek stories, in which the men seem shadows moving to the mu-sic of the Fates, he might have fancied some likeness between himself and those awful figures, destiny-impelled, forever trending blindly to one fore-ordained issue.

A distant clock chimed the half hour after nine. That sound pierced the stillness of the wood, although the vulgar dance music and the noise of many voices did not penetrate these



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

shadowy aisles. So early! He felt as if he had lived half a lifetime since Sir Francis Clevedon came into the tent.

His third pipe was half smoked out when he heard the faintest rustle of the fern in the distance; then saw the glimmer of a woman's dress, white under the moonbeams; then heard a woman's laugh, and a man's voice answering it; and then two figures coming toward him—a girl with

then two figures coming toward him—a girl with a man walking by her side, bending down with an air as of a lover to speak to her.

He laid down his pipe and watched them—at first idly, then with a sharp, sudden interest, afterward with a savage intensity. He crouched lower on the steps of the temple, his strong right arm stretched itself stealthily across the broken stone floor, his fingers groped under the bench among weeds and rubbish, and clutched the groom's gun. He drew it out, examined the lock and priming, and then carried it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim.

He had had plenty of exercise for his gun in Australia, when with empty heart and idle brain he tramped the woods and hills from sunrise to sunset, only anxious to get rid of his joyless day. The girl and her companion came nearer—the

The girl and her companion came nearer—the girl a mere peasant, he could see plainly enough; but the man a gentleman, whose face he fancied he knew as well as he knew his own. With what an air he bent to speak to her, and how the poor fool drank in his baleful flatteries! A man who lived only to play the seducer, thought Richard Redmayne. Was it not a righteons deed to rid the earth of such vermin? They came to within about twenty feet of the temple, neither of them looking to the right or the left. The man walked on that side of the grassy alley The man walked on that side of the grassy alley nearest the knoll, the girl on his right hand. When they were conveniently close to him Richard Redmayne fired, covering the man's breast with his gun.

He dropped face downward on the grass: the girl looked round her wildly for a moment, gave a shrill, piercing scream, and fell on her knees at his side. Rick Redmayne flung the gun into a ferny hollow, and walked quietly away.
"I am glad I have done it," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOSEPHINE EVENING DRESS.

THIS tasteful dress for balls and receptions is of white Chambéry gauze. The demitrained skirt is of white silk, trimmed above the knee with puffs of white gauze finished by a ruffle. The long plain over-skirt is not looped; its trimming is a flounce arranged in fluted boxpleats, each pleat being gathered an inch below the top. The Josephine corsage, without points or basque, has a square bertha of gauze puffs. Grape clusters with embrowned leaves on the left shoulder and in front of the corsage; a gar-land of grapes and foliage is on each side of the upper skirt. A scarf-sash of rose-colored China upper skirt. A scarf-sash of rose-colored China crape is knotted loosely on the side. The blonde hair is arranged in a Josephine coiffurer. Coral and gold jeweiry.



JOSEPHINE EVENING DRESS.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S.—Cashmere is far handsomer than satine for a suit, and at \$1 95 a yard is not much more expensive. Satine does not wear satisfactorily. Use the Loosepolonaise Suit pattern, illustrated in Bazar No. 29, Vol. W, and trim with gros grain facings and fringe. A Dolman of the same is the wrap. Get a gray or bronze empress cloth suit. Fifty cents a yard will buy a fair quality. Plum-color is dark reddish-purple. Bonnet strings should match the facing. The only colored sashes seen on the street match the costume with which they are worn. Spiral stude and large gold buttons are worn on shirts. H. T.—Cover the three back breadths with kilt pleat-

ing from the waist down. The basque has a postilion back, and is belted in front.

pack, and is belted in front.

Mis. Dz. M.—If the pleats of your first sample were half an inch wider, you would have the single-pleated bosoms now so much worn; add another pleat on each side, making four in all, and you will have the front with two wide pleats. Your pattern with no pleats is all right, but should be interlined with a layer of them making the bosom "threadle". To not not

of linen, making the bosom "three-ply." Do not put the cords so near the edge, but about a third of an inch from it, and very near the eyelet-holes used for MARION DE L. --Get West-of-England beaver--a thick,

soft, warm cloth—for your winter sacque. Dark blue beaver, trimmed with a facing, collar, cuffs, and pocket flaps of thick black gros grain, makes a very jaunty sacque. Two rows of large button-moulds covered

with groe grain are down the front.

Minnie P.—A postilion basque is what you want for your Irish poplin suit. Velvet is more stylish for trimming than sain. Use the new Worth Over-akirt pattern illustrated in Bazar No. 43, Vol. V.

MATTIE Y.—Make your brown alpaca by the loose colonaise suit pattern and trim with side pleatings of

MATTIE Y.—Make your brown alpace by the loose polonaise suit pattern, and trim with side pleatings of the same. Make the striped dress with a basque and over-skirt, trimmed with bias ruffles.

C. R. D.—Get dark gray or bronze cashmere for your traveling suit. Make with a princesse polonaise, and trim with silk facings. A Dolman of black velvet or of camel's-hair or black cashmere will answer with any dress, or as a wrap for the princesse polonaise.

AN OLD SURSANIER.—Itsh poolin is heavy enough

AN OLD SUBSORIER.—Irish poplin is heavy enough without skirt lining. If you choose you can put a lining of paper-muslin in each breadth, and a crinoline facing, but the dress-makers have quit lining skirts throughout; upper skirts should not be lined.

Mas. G. O. M.C.—Your dark brown switches will cost from \$10 to \$30, according to weight and length.

Annie.—We can not set prices on your goods. The black sample is velours. A skirt of it would look well under a polonaise of the figured goods. Trim with

facings of green valvet.

Edna.—Blouse is pronounced as if spelled blooms. Miss. S. S.—Four yards of Ponson's velvet will make a large talma with Watteau pleats—a stylish shape, and one that does not cut up the fabric. Make your black

one that does not cut up the rabric. Make your black slik with a basque and two skirts, trimmed with velvet.

Mrs. D. W.—For winter suits, quantity of material, style, etc., read New York Fashions of Bazer Nos. 41, 42, and 48, Vol. V.

P. G. C.—The Dolman is the pattern you want,

though perhaps a double cape would be better.

CAPTTAL CLUB.—Read answer above to "Mrs. D. W." We can not give addresses in this column, but believe you may learn what you sak from our advertisements. HOLLS.—Soft pressed fiannel, white, rose color, dark or pale blue, and the broken plaid fiannels, and also stripes, will make pretty dresses for your child.

They cost about 75 cents a yard, and are found at all the large stores here.

Maggir.—A white Swiss muslin polonaise worn over any blue, black, or scarlet dress will be appropriate for

a girl of fifteen at a party. A coral silk dress, with double skirt and a Pompadour basque fastened behind, is also pretty. A single chatelaine braid or a Chinese queue is the fashion for dressing young girls' hair. N .- Réséda is the French for mignonette. The color of that name is a greenish-gray, and is also called sage

PERFUMES OF NATURE AND ART.

ONE of the surest indices to refined taste and native gentility in man or woman is a generous fundness for the choice perfumes of nature and art. The language of flowers is communicated to the human soul through the avenues of sensi-bility, and its expression is in essence. Its silent articulation seems angelic-

"Like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odors!"

There is a kindly propinquity here on earth be-tween the spiritual nature of man and the nature of flowers, and, wherever this æsthetic communion exists, the measure of delight and inspiration accorded thereby to human beings is always in proportion as it is affinitive and intelligible. And what of the perfumes of Art? Ah! yes, let us consider for a moment how deeply we are indebted to the perfumer, whose creative ingenuity, moving like the spirit of a lesser deity over the chaotic waste of winter, conjures a physical paradox by blending summer with winter, dispenses with generous hand the choicest odors of nature, and all so vividly true! To a genius like LUNDBORG the lovers of nature—the gifted and owe an infinite amount of tr --[Com.]

EQUAL TO THE BEST AND CHEAPER than all others. Such is the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. Perfected after years of study and experimenting, simple, light running, and durable, does every grade of light and heavy sewing, and equal to the best sewing-machine made for family use, and is sold afteen dollars cheaper than all others. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want accords in country towars. (Com.) want agents in country towns.-[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. MARY SAN-DERS, Jersey City, N. J., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1868 constantly, on all kinds of sewing, without repairs, and broken but one needle (accidentally); would not sell it for \$1000 if she could not get anoth-See new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper. —[Com.]

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PROPER — The Youth's Componion of Boston is one of the most judicious and enterprising sheets in the country.—[Com.]

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MISTRESS. "I did not Ring, Mary."

MARY. "I know that, Mum; but as I was Moping in the Kitchen, I thought I'd come and Sit a bit with you!"

FACETIÆ.

A COMMISSION DEAT inquires whether the "turn-over," so often advertised for in connection with printing, is a species of tart. Surely he must have frequently heard of printers "pie."

NEWS-EXPRED.—The Belfast News-Letter apparently does not agree with its countryman, Goldsmith, and believes that's man drags a lengthening chain that attaches him to the land of his birth. The other day it recorded the decease at New York of a gentleman who had been "formerly a native" of Belfast.

A STRIKING FACE—The church clock.

THE AGE OF GOLD.—A French girl ages quickly; indeed, her wedding-day may be described as her dot-age.

HEADTFICATION-Bitter ale.

Not a Doubt about 17.—Some one who wishes to dispose of a business advertises, with engaging candor, "Good reasons for leaving." No knave would have committed himself to so naive a statement.

THE SAVING CLAWS—Hands clutching the drowning

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STRONG VERSUS WEAK.

A right-minded woman can make your life glad;
But the question of questions is, where can you get
her?
I admit that a strong-minded woman is bad,
But I fear that a weak-minded woman's no better.

"The seventeen Diets of Austria!" The people of that country are fortunate in having so many varieties of food. We hope to taste a few of them next sum-mer at the Vienna Exhibition.

MEM. FOR BACHELORS.—That poor Jones, who was siesed so long, has at last been found—married.

Wheezing, sneezing all the day; Eyes watery and streaming; Coughing in a shattring way; Poor nose red and poor cheeks gray; Now voiceless and now screaming.

Pains and aches in evry limb; Poor features sadly puffy; Hearing gone and eyesight dim; Sad, dejected, solemn, grim— Head heavy, hot, and stuffy.

To feel all this, and then be told, "My dear, you've only got a cold!"

A RUNNING ACCOUNT-The bankrupt's balance at the

Why is a volume of the *Bazar* bound in old calf like the Rock of Gibraltar?—Because it is *bound* to last.

Does it not seem to be strange that the public should find their coal *more* when the owners have all agreed

Query.-Can a plain cook also be a pretty one?

SUBLIME EVPRONTERY.—A Paris correspondent has discovered a man whose effrontery is sublime in its immensity. This is the story which he tells: "A gentleman walking with his little boy on the banks of the Seine, the child slipped over the bank into the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap."

A REFLECTION.

If Congress were but kinder,
Twould banish from our ground
The Italian organ-grinder
Who carries the monkey round.

For it makes you feel quite funky When you think, if Darwin's true, That you might have been the monkey— And the monkey might have been you!

A YOUNG BRUYE.—A boy was caught throwing reap-sing-hooks at a horse, which was so injured that it had to be killed. He was sentenced to one month's hand labor, with reformatory school to follow. Such a very lenient sentence smacks of sickle-y sentimentality.

CHURCH BELLES-The rector's daughters.

"You be blowed," as the gardener said to his exotics.
"We're not in the right frame for that," as the ex-

otics replied.
"I've taken panes enough for you, anyhow," said the gardener. Tue Ring.—What delty do pugilists usually invoke?

Bacchus!

THE BETTER HALF.

"How is your better half, young married swell?"
"Thank you," said Benedick, "I'm pretty well."

POPULAR DIET AMONG THE MORE

Mrs. Partington, noticing the death of Mr. Kyan, the well-known inventor, is extremely anxious to know if he is the same person who invented kyan pepper.

UNREDEEMABLE BONDS-Vagabonds.

"Hardly has Mr. Stanley returned from his African expedition," says a French paper, "than the English government sends Bartle Brothers" (Sir Bartle Frere) "to stop the slave-trade on the east coast."

THE ORIGINAL WATER-WORKS-Eve's eyes.

Men are frequently like tea, the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

STRANGE BEDGLOTHES-Three sheets in the wind.

If three miles make a league, how many will make a

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will be required to make a doubt?

Fishing is not always a remunerative business, neither does it always pay as a recreative sport. A man went out for a day's fishing last week, and when he returned he had walked fifteen miles, lost a gold watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled a ten-dollar pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught one bad cold and two toad-fish. On his arrival his favorite cat attempted to get away with a piece of clam that he had left on his hook, whereat said eat caught the hook in her throat and couldn't cough it up; and his son, in trying to assist her, got another hook into his toe, and the doctor had to cut it out; and to top all, his wife was disguated and snappy. He says fishing may do all very well for a man who is born lucky, but no more for him.

When it's muggy.

Do not infer that an individual is going to spin a yarn because he knits his brow.

A Memphis paper defines advertising to be "a blister which draws customers."

An absurd mistake led on one occasion to the temporary confinement of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland in a mad-house. His lordship had received an unfavorable report of this particular asylum, and being anxious to judge for himself, he drove up in a close car, without having sent any intimation of his coming. When the porter refused him admission, he said at last, "I am the Lord Chancellor."

"Oh, Lord Chancellor." said the porter, with a grin, as he opened the gate. "Step in; it's all right. We have seven of you here already. One got loose last week with the Emperor of China, but I thought both of you were back."

By this time his lordship was within the gate, and a batch of warders summoned by the porter took him in charge. It was not till he had sent for his secretary that he obtained release.

THE GREATEST ARMY CONTRACTOR-Peace.

HARMLESS PUGILISM—Striking attitudes.

TEXTS FOR SINNERS-Pretexts.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Sweet Willie. "Now, Grandma, which way would you like best to be killed? As the butchers do the sheep—or have your head chopped off—or be run over in the street? Or would you like to be hanged—or burned alive—or drowned in the sea?"

Grandma (rather deaf). "Any way, Sweet Willio—any way you like, my dear—just for a Quiet Life."



A CRYING SHAME.

GENTLEMAN. "I say, I've lost my Dog, and want it Cried!"

CRIER. "If to-morrow 'll do, all right, Sir. I've lost my Mother-in-law this morning, so I can't Cry to-day!



